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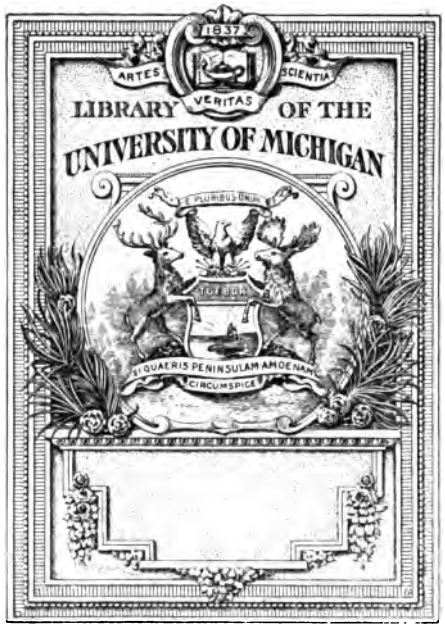
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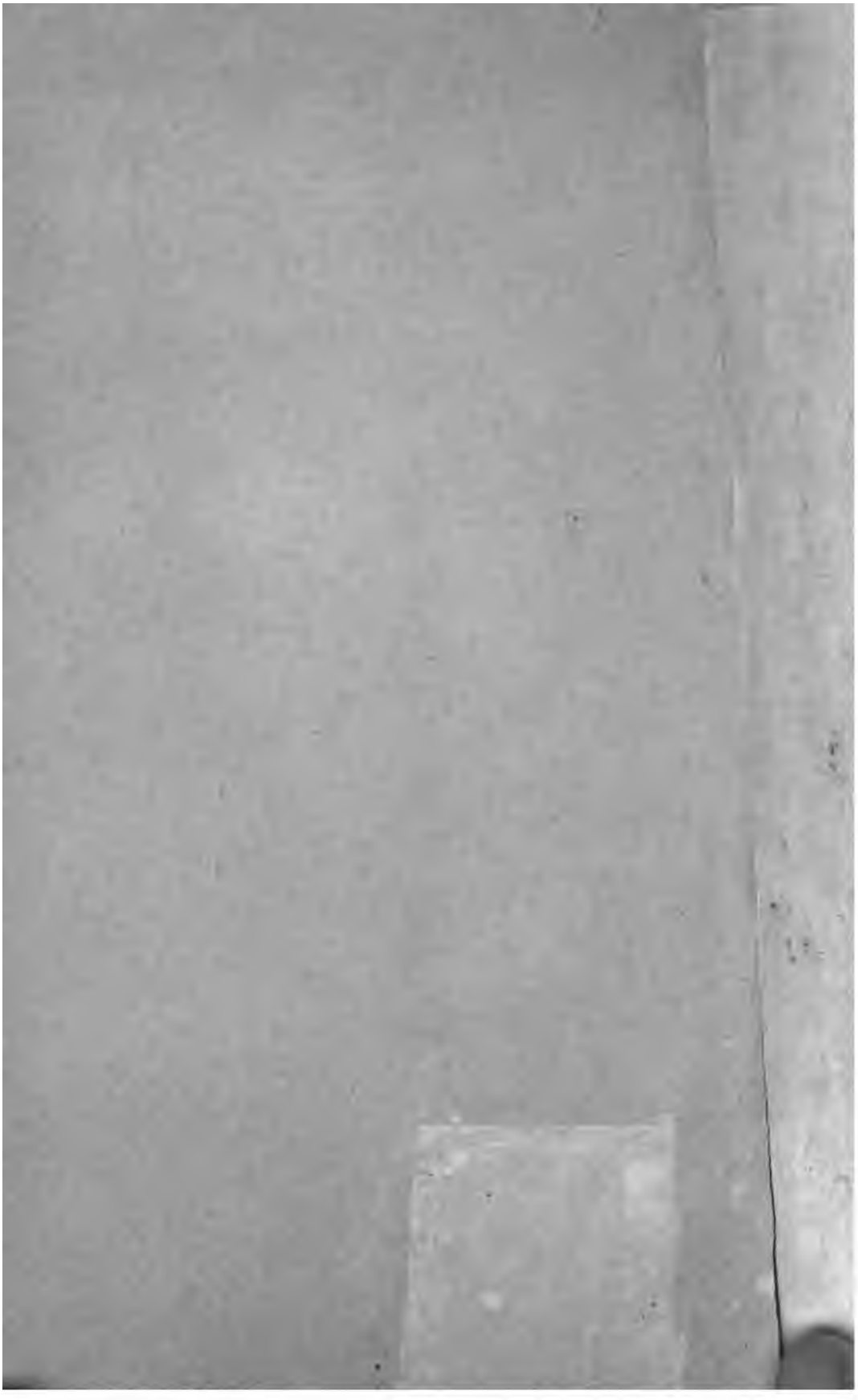

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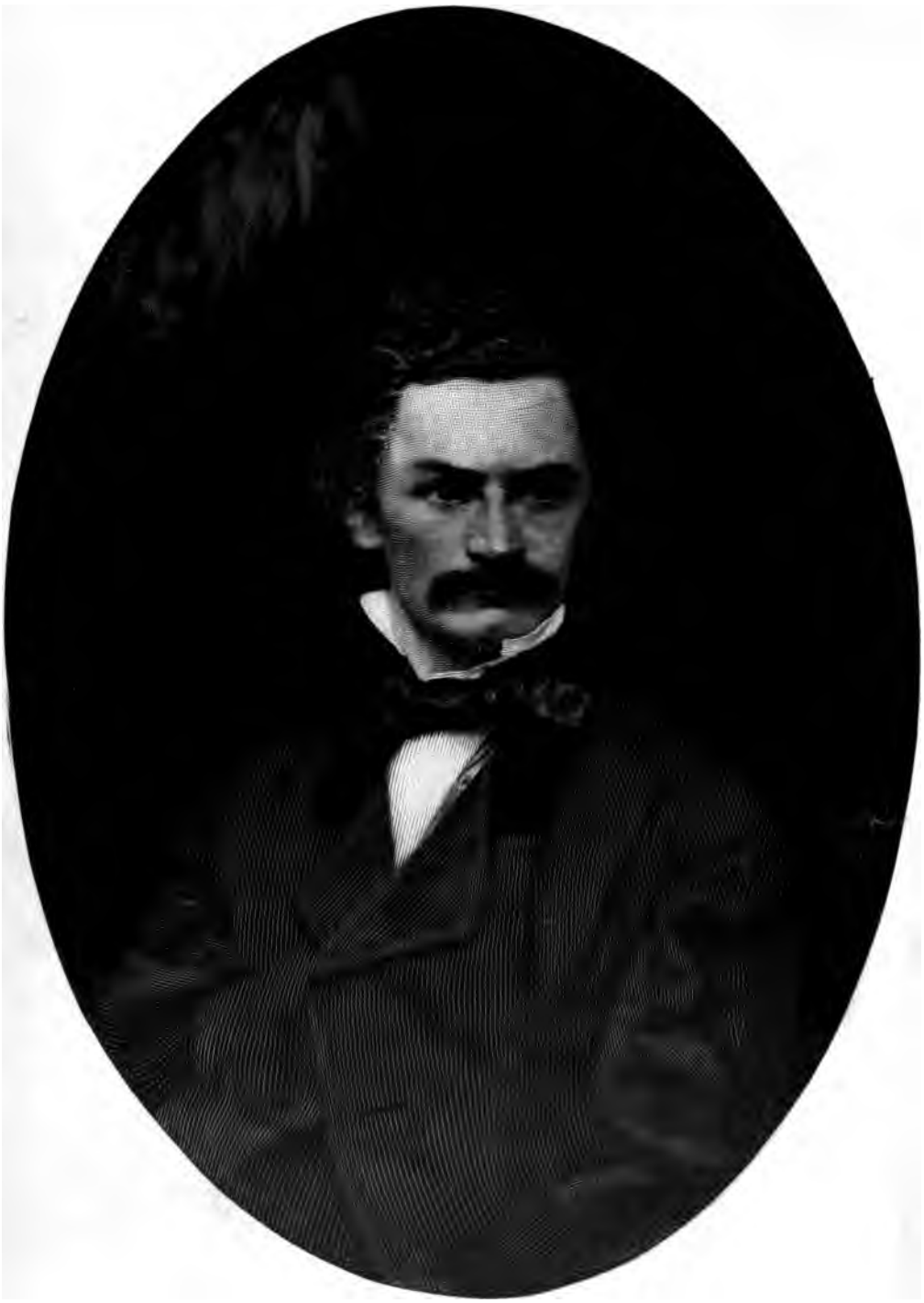

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CARL SCHURZ

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE SHORTLY AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN AMERICA

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

For November 1906

Vol xxviii —— No 1

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

SECOND SERIES

I

FIRST YEARS IN AMERICA

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS

ON the 17th of September, 1852, my young wife and I entered the harbor of New York on board the fine packet ship "City of London," after a voyage of twenty-eight days. There were in that period steamers — although only a few of them — regularly running between England and the United States. But a friend of ours who had visited this country several times had told us that a good, large sailing ship was safer than a steamer, and more comfortable to persons liable to sea-sickness, besides being somewhat more economical as to the rates of passage. Thus persuaded, we chose the packet "City of London," a full ship of about two thousand tons, magnificent to look at. And we did not repent of our choice. Our state-room was large and commodious, the captain, although a thoroughly sea-bred man, polite and attentive, the table not bad, and the traveling company agreeable. There were several hundred emigrants in the steerage, but only about twenty passengers in the cabin, among them a Yale professor and several New York merchants. I was not able to converse in English at that time; but as the Yale professor spoke some German, and two or three of the New York merchants some French, there was amusing and instructive entertainment enough.

Having determined to make the United States my permanent home, I was resolved to look at everything from the brightest side, and not to permit myself to be discouraged by any disappointment.

I knew that in this my buoyant Rhenish blood would help me much. But I was not so sure as to whether my young wife, whose temperament was not so sanguine as mine and who had grown up in easier conditions and in constant contact with sympathetic people, would be able readily and cheerfully to accept the vicissitudes of life in a new country and a strange social atmosphere. But we were young — I twenty-three years old, and my wife eighteen — and much might be hoped from the adaptability of youth. Still, I was anxious that the first impression of the new country should be bright and inspiring to her. And that wish was at once

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gratified in the highest degree. The day on which we arrived in New York harbor could not have been more glorious. The bay and the islands surrounding it were radiant with sunlit splendor. When we beheld this spectacle, so surprisingly entrancing after a four weeks' journey over the waste of waters, our hearts fairly leaped with joy. We felt as if we were entering through this gorgeous portal a world of peace and happiness.

As we skirted the shore of Staten Island, with its fine country houses and green lawns and massive clumps of shade trees a delightful picture of comfort and contentment — Staten Island was then still a favorite summering place — I asked one of my fellow passengers what kind of people lived in those charming dwellings. "Rich New Yorkers," said he. "And how much must a man have to be called a rich New Yorker?" I asked. "Well," he answered, "a man who has something like $150,000 or $200,000 or an assured income of $10,000 or $12,000 would be considered wealthy. Of course, there are men who have more than that — as much as a million or two, or even more." "Are there many such in New York?" "Oh no, not many; perhaps a dozen. But the number of people who might be called 'well to do' is large." "And are there many poor people in New York?" "Yes, some; mostly new-comers, I think. But what is called poverty here would in many cases hardly be called poverty in London or Paris. There are scarcely any hopelessly poor here. It is generally thought here that nobody need be poor."

In the changing course of time I have often remembered this conversation.

New York in 1852

It was not easy to find a place of rest for our first night in the New World. Our fellow passengers had recommended to us the Astor House as the best hostelry in New York. But the Astor House was full to overflowing, and so our carriage had laboriously to work its way through the confusion of omnibuses and drays and other vehicles up thundering Broadway from hotel to hotel. But in none of them did we find a vacant room until finally we reached Fourteenth Street, where the Union Square Hotel opened to us a hospitable abode — a very plainly furnished room, but sufficient for our needs.

The recollection of our first dinner at the Union Square Hotel is still vivid in my mind. It was a table d'hôte, if I remember rightly, at five o'clock in the afternoon. Dinner-time was announced by the fierce beating of a gong, an instrument which on that occasion I heard for the first time. The guests then filed into a large, bare dining-room with one long row of tables. Some fifteen or twenty negroes, clad in white jackets, white aprons, and white cotton gloves, stood ready to conduct the guests to their seats, which they did with broad smiles and curiously elaborate bows and foot scrapings. A portly colored head-waiter in a dress coat and white necktie, whose manners were strikingly grand and patronizing, directed their movements. When the guests were seated, the head-waiter struck a loud bell; then the negroes rapidly filed out and soon reappeared carrying large soup tureens covered with bright silver covers. They planted themselves along the table at certain intervals, standing for a second motionless. At another clang of their commander's bell they lifted their tureens high up and then deposited them upon the table with a bump that made the chandeliers tremble and came near terrifying the ladies. But this was not the end of the ceremony. The negroes held fast with their right hands to the handles of the silver covers until another stroke of the bell resounded. Then they jerked off the covers, swung them high over their heads, and thus marched off as if carrying away their booty in triumph. So the dinner went on, with several repetitions of such proceedings, the negroes getting all the while more and more enthusiastic and bizarre in their performances. I was told that like customs existed at other hotels, but I have never seen them elsewhere executed with the same perfection as at our first dinner in America.

I remember well our first walk to see the town: — the very noisy bustle on the principal streets; the men, old and young, mostly looking serious and preoccupied, and moving on with energetic rapidity; the women also appearing sober-minded and busy, although many of them were clothed in loud colors, red, green, yellow, or blue of a very pronounced glare; the people, although they must have belonged to very different stations in life, looking surprisingly alike in feature and expression as well as habit; no military sentinels at public buildings; no soldiers on the streets, no liveried coachmen or servants; no uniformed officials except the police. We

observed huge banners stretched across the street, upon which were inscribed the names of Pierce and King as the Democratic, and Scott and Gorham as the Whig candidates for the presidency and the vice-presidency — names which at that time had, to me, no meaning, except that they indicated the impendency of a presidential election and the existence of competing political parties. As to the American politics of the day, I had received only some vague impressions through my conversations with various persons. My friend Kinkel, who had visited the United States in 1851 in the interest of the revolutionary movement in Europe, had been received by President Fillmore and had described him to me as a "fruendlicher und wohlwollender Greis" (an amiable and benevolent old gentleman). Of the political parties he would tell me only that they both seemed to be dominated by the slave-holders, or at least to be afraid of the slavery question, and that most of the Germans in the United States were on the side of the Democrats because they were attracted by the name of democrat and because they believed that the Democratic party could be more surely depended upon to protect the rights of the foreign-born citizens.

We spent two or three days in trying to see what "sights" there were in the city, and we found that there were none in the way of museums, or galleries, or remarkable public or private buildings. Barnum's museum of curiosities on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, opposite St. Paul's church, was pointed out to us as a thing really worth seeing. In the shop-windows on Broadway we observed nothing extraordinary. The theaters we could not enjoy because I did not understand English. The busy crowds thronging the streets were always interesting, but strange: not a familiar face among them. A feeling of lonesomeness began to settle upon us.

Then my young wife fell ill. I called in an old American doctor who lived in the hotel. He seemed to be a man of ability; he certainly was very genial and kind. He knew some French, and thus we could converse. As the illness of my wife became known in the hotel, a spirit of helpfulness manifested itself among the guests, which surprised and touched me deeply — that American helpfulness which was then, and, I trust, is now, one of the finest and most distinguishing characteristics of this people. Gentlemen and ladies, one after another, called upon me to ask whether they could be of any service. Some of the ladies, in fact, now and then relieved me from my watch at my wife's bedside to give me an hour's breathing time in the open air. I then walked up and down or sat on a bench in the little park of Union Square which was surrounded by a high iron railing. Union Square was at that period far "up town." There were above Fourteenth Street many blocks or clumps of houses with large gaps between them, but, as far as I can remember, no continuous, solidly built-up streets. Madison Square showed many vacant lots, there being a field partly planted with corn and enclosed by a picket fence where the Fifth Avenue Hotel now stands. Wandering circuses used to pitch their tents on that spot. But although far up town, Union Square had its share of noisy bustle.

There, then, in that little park, I had my breathing spells, usually in the dusk of evening. They were among the most melancholy hours of my life. There I was in the great Republic, the ideal of my dreams, feeling myself utterly lonesome and forlorn. The future lay before me wrapped in an impenetrable cloud. What I had seen was not so different from Europe as I had vaguely expected, and yet it was strange and mysterious. Would my experiences here realize the ideal I had conceived, or would they destroy it? I had to struggle hard against these gloomy musings, and finally I roused myself to the thought that in order to get into sympathy with the busy life I saw around me, I must become active in it, become of it — and that the sooner the better.

During my wife's illness, which lasted nearly a fortnight, I had exchanged letters with some of my German friends in Philadelphia, especially with my "chum" of former days, Adolph Strodtmann, who had established in Philadelphia a small German bookstore and published a little German weekly paper — *Die Locomotive*, — and with Dr. Heinrich Tiedemann, a brother of the unfortunate Colonel Tiedemann, the Governor of Rastadt, on whose staff I had served as an aide-de-camp during the siege of that fortress. Dr. Tiedemann had settled down in Philadelphia as a physician and was in good practice. We longed for the face of a friend; and as there was nothing to hold us in New York, we resolved to visit Philadelphia, not

with any purpose of permanent settlement, but thinking that it might be a good place for a beginning of systematic study. This it proved to be. We soon found among the recently immigrated Germans, and also among Americans, a sympathetic social intercourse, and with it that cheerfulness of mind which encourages interest in one's surroundings.

Learning the English Language

My first task was to learn English in the shortest possible time. I have, of late years, frequently had to answer inquiries addressed to me by educators and others concerning the methods by which I acquired what knowledge of the language and what facility in using it I possess. That method was very simple. I did not use an English grammar. I do not think I ever had one in my library. I resolutely began to read — first my daily newspaper, which happened to be the *Philadelphia Ledger*. Regularly every day I worked through editorial articles, the news letters and dispatches, and even as many of the advertisements as my time would allow. The *Philadelphia Ledger*, which has since become a very excellent, influential, and important organ of public opinion, was at that time a small and ill-printed sheet, rather colorless in politics, which entertained its readers largely with serious editorial dissertations on such innocent subjects as "The Joys of Spring," "The Beauties of Friendship," "The Blessings of a Virtuous Life," and the like — sometimes a little insipid, but usually very respectable in point of style. Then I proceeded to read English novels. The first one I took up, if I remember rightly, was "The Vicar of Wakefield." Then followed Walter Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray; then Macaulay's historical essays, and, as I thought of preparing myself for the legal profession, Blackstone's "Commentaries," the clear and vigorous style of which I have always continued to regard as a very great model. Shakspere's plays, the enormous vocabulary of which presented more difficulties than all the rest, came last. But I did my reading with the utmost conscientiousness. I never permitted myself to skip a word the meaning of which I did not clearly understand, and I never failed to consult the dictionary in every doubtful case.

At the same time I practised an exercise which I found exceedingly effective. I had become acquainted with the "Letters of Junius" through a German translation by Arnold Ruge, and was greatly fascinated by the brilliancy of this style of political discussion. As soon as I thought myself sufficiently advanced in the knowledge of the language, I procured an English edition of Junius and translated a considerable number of the letters from the English text into German in writing; then I translated, also in writing, my German translation back into English, and finally compared this re-translation with the English original. This was very laborious work, but, so to speak, I felt in my bones how it helped me. Together with my reading, it gave me what I might call a sense of the logic and also of the music of the language.

When I began to write in English — letters or other more pretentious compositions — it happened to me not infrequently that in reading over what I had written I stopped at certain forms of expression I had used, doubting whether they were grammatically correct. I then sometimes tried to substitute other forms; but almost invariably I found, upon consulting competent authority, that the phrase as I had originally put it down, following my instinct, was better than the substitute. In less than six months after I had begun this course of study I was sufficiently advanced to carry on a conversation in English about subjects not requiring a wide knowledge of technical terms, with tolerable ease, and to write a decent letter.

Since becoming known as a speaker and writer in English as well as in German, I have often been asked by persons interested in linguistic studies or in psychological problems whether while speaking or writing I was thinking in English or in German, and whether I was constantly translating from one language into the other. The answer was that when speaking or writing in English, I was thinking in English, and when speaking or writing in German, I was thinking in German; and when my mind followed a train of thought which did not require immediate expression in words, I was unconscious of what language I was thinking in.

I have also often been asked in which language I preferred to think and write. I have had to answer that this depended on the subject, the purpose, and the occasion. On the whole, I preferred the English language for public speaking, partly on account of the simplicity of its syntactic construction, and partly because the pronunciation of the

consonants is mechanically easier and less fatiguing to the speaker. I have preferred it also for the discussion of political subjects and of business affairs because of its full and precise terminology. But for the discussion of philosophical matters, for poetry, and for familiar, intimate conversation I have preferred the German. And beyond this, I have found that about certain subjects, or with certain persons who understand English and German equally well, I would rather speak in English or in German, as the case might be, without clearly knowing the reason why. It was a matter of feeling which cannot be exactly defined.

Lucretia Mott and Jay Cooke

In Philadelphia I made my first acquaintances. At that period the Quaker, with his broad-brimmed hat, his straight coat, and his standing collar, and the Quakeress, with her gray dress, her white kerchief covering her shoulders, and her poke-bonnet, were still very familiar figures on the streets of that city. Foremost among them in public estimation at the time stood Lucretia Mott, a woman, as I was told, renowned for her high character, her culture, and the zeal and ability with which she advocated various progressive movements. To her I had the good fortune to be introduced by a German friend. I thought she was the most beautiful old lady I had ever seen. Her features were of exquisite fineness. Not one of the wrinkles with which age had marked her face, would one have wished away. Her dark eyes beamed with intelligence and benignity. She received me with gentle grace, and in the course of the short conversation we had she expressed the hope that, as a citizen, I would never be indifferent to the slavery question as, to her great grief, many people at the time seemed to be.

Another acquaintance of interest we made was that of Mr. Jay Cooke and his family. We met them at Cape May, where at the beginning of the summer of 1853 we went with our first baby to escape from the oppressive heat of the city. Mr. Cooke was then not yet the great banker and financier he became during the Civil War, but he was easily recognized as a man of uncommon ability, energy, and public spirit. The attention of the Cookes was mainly attracted by the beauty, grace, and ingenuous conversation, in her naïve German-English, of my wife; and as they were evidently good-hearted people of frank and simple manners, we soon became fast friends and remained so for many years. They were the first family of very strict and active church members we learned to know intimately; they had in their house their regular morning and evening prayers in which not only all the members of the family but also the servants took part, and in which the guests of the house were invited, and, I suppose, expected to join. But there was prevalent in the family an atmosphere of kindly toleration and of buoyant cheerfulness which made everybody feel comfortable and at home. When some years later I was, with many others, Mr. Cooke's guest at his country seat "Ogontz," I saw him one morning in the large hall devoutly kneel down with his family and household to lead in prayer, and then, as soon as the prayer was over, jump up, clap his hands with boyish glee, and cry out in his most jovial tones: "Now let's be jolly!" There was a sort of rustic heartiness in his looks and his whole being which was quite genuine and endeared him much to his friends. It is generally recognized that, as a financier, he rendered very valuable service to the country during the Civil War, and I do not think anybody grudged him the fortune he gathered for himself. When in 1873 he lost that fortune in consequence of his altogether too sanguine ventures in the Northern Pacific enterprise, and many others lost their money with him, he had much sympathy, and there was a widespread confidence that he would faithfully pay all his honest debts, which he did.

Democracy in Operation

During our sojourn in Philadelphia our social intercourse was necessarily limited. But I availed myself of every opportunity of talking with people of various classes and of thus informing myself about their ways of thinking, their hopes and apprehensions, their prejudices and their sympathies. At the same time I industriously studied the political history and institutions of the country, and as to current events and their significance my newspaper reading soon went beyond the columns of the *Ledger*. The impressions I received were summed up in a letter which at that period I wrote to my friend, Miss Malwida von Meysenburg. I had long forgotten it when years afterwards it turned up in her "Memoirs of an Idealist,"

an exceedingly interesting book which has so well held its place in literature that but recently, more than a quarter of a century after its first appearance, a new edition has been printed and widely read.

In that letter I described how European revolutionary idealists, as I knew them in the old world, would at first be startled, if not shocked, by the aspect of this really free people — a democracy in full operation on a large scale; the most contradictory tendencies and movements openly at work side by side against each other — enlightenment and stupid bigotry, good citizenship and lawlessness, benevolent and open-handed public spirit and rapacious greed, democracy and slavery, pride of independence and subserviency to party despotism and to predominant and intolerant public opinion — all this in bewildering confusion.

The newly arrived European democrat, having lived in a world of theories and imaginings without having had any experience of a democracy at work, beholding it for the first time, asks himself: "Is this really a people living in freedom? Is this the realization of my ideal?" He will be puzzled and perplexed until it dawns upon him that in a condition of real freedom man manifests himself, not as he ought to be, but as he is, with all his bad as well as his good qualities, instincts, and impulses: with all his attributes of strength as well as all his weaknesses; that this, therefore, is not an ideal state, but simply a state in which the forces of good have a free field as against the forces of evil, and in which the victories of virtue, enlightenment, and progress are not achieved by some power or agency outside of the people, for their benefit, but *by* the people themselves.

Such victories of the force of good may be slow in being accomplished, but they will be all the more thorough and durable in their effects, because they will be the product of the people's own thought and effort. The people may commit follies or mistakes ever so serious, but having committed those follies or mistakes themselves and upon their own responsibility, they will be apt to profit by their own experience. If those mistakes were rectified by some superior authority, the people would be apt to run into the same mistakes again. If the people are left to correct the mistakes themselves, they will more surely progress in wisdom as well as in the sense of responsibility. Whatever stands upon the bottom of the popular intelligence, stands upon far firmer ground than that which rests merely upon superior authority.

"Here in America," I wrote to my friend, "you can see daily how little a people needs to be governed. There are governments, but no masters; there are governors, but they are only commissioners, agents. What there is here of great institutions of learning, of churches, of great commercial institutions, lines of communication, etc., almost always owes its existence, not to official authority, but to the spontaneous co-operation of private citizens. Here you witness the productiveness of freedom. You see a magnificent church — a voluntary association of private persons has founded it; an orphan asylum built of marble — a wealthy citizen has erected it; a university — some rich men have left a large bequest for educational purposes, which serves as a capital stock, and the university lives then, so to speak, almost on subscriptions; and so on without end. We learn here how superfluous is the action of governments in a multitude of things in which in Europe it is deemed absolutely indispensable, and how the freedom to do something awakens the desire to do it."

Although I am well aware of its inaccuracies of statement, and of the incompleteness of its presentation of American conditions, I recall this letter because it portrays fairly the working of the mind of a young man who had been suddenly transplanted from the Old World — its ways of thinking, its traditional views of life, its struggles, illusions, and ideals — into a new world where he witnessed the working of elementary forces in open daylight, and the realities of free government in undisguised exhibition. I endeavored to get at the essence of truly democratic life, and I still believe that, notwithstanding some errors in the detail of my observations, my general conclusions as to the vital element of democratic institutions were correct.

Some excursions into the interior of Pennsylvania, and to Connecticut, where a distant relative of ours conducted a manufacturing establishment, enlarged the range of my observation. On these occasions I made the acquaintance of a few specimens of the old Pennsylvania Germans, and of the Connecticut Yankees, two distinct elements of the population — both native, for several generations of those Pennsylvania Germans had

lived in this country, but so different in language, in habits of thought, and in social traditions, customs, and notions, that the mere fact of their having lived, worked, and exercised the same political rights together in the Republic was to me a most instructive and encouraging illustration of the elasticity and the harmonizing power of democratic government.

Washington, a Big, Sprawling Village

But far more was my political education furthered by a visit to the city of Washington in the early spring of 1854. The seeming apathy of the public conscience concerning the slavery question was at last broken by the introduction of Senator Douglas' Nebraska Bill, which was to overrule the Missouri Compromise and to open all the National territories to the ingress of the "peculiar institution." While I could not take any interest in the perfunctory Democratic or Whig politics of the day, the slavery question, with all its social, political, and economic bearings, stirred me at once, and deeply. I could not resist the desire to go to Washington and witness the struggle in Congress. A student of medicine from Mississippi, Mr. Vaughn, whose acquaintance I had made in the Philadelphia boarding-house, and whose intelligence and fine character had greatly attracted me, offered me a letter of introduction to a friend of his family, Mr. Jefferson Davis, who was then Secretary of War. I also obtained letters to Senator Broadhead of Pennsylvania, Senator Shields of Illinois, and Mr. Francis Grund, a journalist who furnished the Washington news to various newspapers.

My first impressions of the political capital of the great American Republic were rather dismal. Washington looked at that period like a big, sprawling village, consisting of scattered groups of houses which were overtopped by a few public buildings — the Capitol, only the central part of which was finished, the two great wings in which the Senate and the House of Representatives now sit being still in process of construction; the Treasury, the two wings of which were still lacking; the White House; and the Patent Office, which also harbored the Department of the Interior. The departments of State, of War, and of the Navy were quartered in small, very insignificant looking houses which might have been the dwellings of some well-to-do shopkeepers who did not care for show. There was not one solidly built-up street in the whole city — scarcely a block without gaps of dreary emptiness. The houses were not yet numbered. The way they were designated was by calling them "the first of the five" or the "fifth of the seven" on Pennsylvania Avenue, or on Seventh Street, as the case might be. Pennsylvania Avenue, not far from the Capitol, was crossed by a brook called Goosecreek, alias "the Tiber," which was spanned by a wooden bridge; and I was told — perhaps falsely—that congressmen in a fuddled state, going home in the dark after an animated night-session, would sometimes miss the bridge and fall into the water, to be fished out with difficulty by the sergeants-at-arms and their assistants.

The hotel at which I stopped, the "National," the same in which Henry Clay had died less than two years before, was dingy beyond description, and there were hardly half a dozen residences, if as many, in the whole town, that had the appearance of refined, elegant, and comfortable homes. The streets, ill-paved, if paved at all, were constantly covered with mud or dirt. But very few of the members of Congress "kept house." Most of them took their meals in "messes," having clubbed together for that purpose. Washington was called "the city of magnificent distances." But there was nothing at the ends of those distances and, excepting the few public buildings, very little that was in any way interesting or pleasing. In many of the streets geese, chickens, pigs, and cows had still a scarcely disputed right of way. The city had throughout a slouchy, unenterprising, unprogressive appearance, giving extremely little promise of becoming the beautiful capital it now is.

The first call I made was at the War Department, to present my letter of introduction to the Secretary, Mr. Jefferson Davis. Being respectful, even reverential, by natural disposition, I had in my imagination formed a high idea of what a grand personage the War Minister of this great Republic must be. I was not disappointed. He received me graciously. His slender, tall, and erect figure, his spare face, keen eyes, and fine forehead, not broad, but high and well-shaped, presented the well-known strong American type. There was in his bearing a dignity which seemed entirely natural and unaffected —

that kind of dignity which does not invite familiar approach, but will not render one uneasy by lofty assumption. His courtesy was without any condescending air. Our conversation confined itself to the conventional commonplace. A timid attempt on my part to elicit from him an opinion on the phase of the slavery question brought about by the introduction of the Nebraska Bill did not meet with the desired response. He simply hoped that everything would turn out for the best. Then he deftly resumed his polite inquiries about my experiences in America and my plans for the future, and expressed his good wishes. His conversation ran in easy, and, so far as I could judge, well-chosen and sometimes even elegant phrase, and the timbre of his voice had something peculiarly agreeable. A few years later I heard him deliver a speech in the Senate, and again I was struck by the dignity of his bearing, the grace of his diction, and the rare charm of his voice — things which greatly distinguished him from many of his colleagues.

In Senator Shields of Illinois I found a very different character — a jovial Irishman who had won his high position in politics mainly through the reputation achieved by him as a volunteer officer in the Mexican War. He lived in a modest boarding-house near the Capitol, and the only ornament of his room, in which he received me, consisted of a brace of pistols attached crosswise to the bare, whitewashed wall. He welcomed me with effusive cordiality as a sort of fellow revolutionist from Europe — he himself, as an enthusiastic Irish Nationalist, being in a state of perpetual belligerency against England, which, however, did not interfere with his sincerity, zeal, and self-sacrificing spirit as an American patriot.

In the Senate he was naturally overshadowed by his colleague from Illinois, Senator Douglas. He would have been so had he been a much abler man than he was. He seemed to be fully conscious of this, for when I tried to obtain information from him about the great question then pending, he could only repeat some things Douglas had said, and predict that Douglas, the great leader, would have the people behind him. He altogether preferred to talk with me about my adventures in Germany and about the prospects of the revolutionary movements in Europe.

Statesmen and "Pickings"

The third letter of introduction I had was addressed to Senator Broadhead of Pennsylvania. I may have formed a wrong estimate of this statesman, but I had to confess to myself that I found him exceedingly dull. He sought to entertain me with a labored discourse on the greatness of this country, the magnificent resources of the State of Pennsylvania, the excellent character of the Pennsylvania Germans, the intelligence of the new immigrants who had been brought to this country by the revolutionary troubles in Europe, and the virtues of the Democratic party to which he, and, he was glad to know, all the adopted citizens belonged.

When I asked him for his opinion as to the right and wrong involved in the slavery question in general and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in particular, he answered, with the impressive solemnity of one who knows a great deal more than he feels himself at liberty to divulge, that the slavery question was a very important one, very important indeed; so difficult and complicated that one must take great care not to be carried away by mere sentiments in forming one's judgment about it; and that the Abolitionists were very reckless and dangerous men. He did not satisfy me, and I continued my inquiries; whereupon he assured me that every good citizen must follow his party and that, as to the Nebraska Bill, he, as a good Democrat and as an Administration man, would faithfully follow his party's lead. And then he wound up with this sentence: —"On the whole, I do not take so much interest in measures and policies as in the management of men."

The next day I met Mr. Francis Grund, the "veteran journalist," whose acquaintance I had made in the meantime. I asked him what Senator Broadhead might have meant when he said that he did not take so much interest in measures and policies as in the management of men. "Bless your innocent soul!" exclaimed Mr. Grund with a hearty laugh, "he meant that he does not care whether his party leads him this way or that way, but that his main business is to get post-offices and government clerkships and consulates and Indian agencies for the party hacks and his personal hangers-on. And he must keep on good terms with the Administration to get those things."

NEW YORK CITY FROM THE STEEPLE OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, 1854

From the contemporary engraving by Henry Papprill

I was astonished. "And there are statesmen in positions as high as that of a United States senator who consider that their principal business?" I asked. "Yes," said Mr. Grund, "lots of them." And he counted off by name a large number of senators and a much larger number of representatives, of whom he said that the distribution of the patronage, the public plunder, was their principal, if not their only occupation in which they took any real interest.

What was it that made so many people so hungry for office? "Partly the distinction and influence which official position confers," said Mr. Grund, "and partly the pecuniary emoluments." I inquired about the salaries attached to various offices and found them rather low. "Well," said my mentor, "but there are the pickings."

"Pickings? What is that?"

"The money an office-holder can make through the use of his opportunities — sometimes honestly, sometimes otherwise."

"And that is permitted?"

"Not exactly officially permitted," said Mr. Grund, "but it is treated with generous leniency. When an office-holder is caught in bad practices, the congressman who has recommended him for office usually tries to protect him to the best of his ability. In common talk, the value of an office is according to the salary and the pickings. You hear that matter discussed among politicians with great frankness. Only, when it comes to a notorious scandal, the public talk becomes quite virtuous."

Remembering the renown of Prussian officialdom for the severest kind of honor, I was much startled.

"And how," I asked, "is the public business done by such office-holders?" "Oh," was the reply, "it might be done much better and much more economically, but we are jogging along. This great country can stand a good deal of hard usage."

JAMES AND LUCRETIA MOTT

From a daguerreotype

"Are there many corrupt men in Congress?"

"No," said Mr. Grund, "there are few, very few men there who could be bought with money. But there are more, perhaps many, who would tolerate corrupt men around them and protect corrupt hangers-on."

Later inquiries and a longer acquaintance with public men and things convinced me that the pictures Mr. Grund had drawn for my instruction were substantially correct. The spoils system was in full flower but had not yet brought forth its worst fruit as we now know it. In some respects, the state of public sentiment created by it was indeed worse than that which we now witness. The cool indifference, for instance, with which the matter of "pickings," was spoken of among politicians, even of the better sort, would now not be tolerated for a moment. The public mind has become much more sensitive to the character of such abuses. Neither was there any active opposition to the spoils system in general. A few of the older members of the Senate and of the House of Representatives would indeed occasionally express their disgust, and their misgivings as to the dangerous influences exercised by it; but, notwithstanding the criticism now and then

called forth by the more scandalous excrescences of the system, it was on the whole accepted as a permanent thing which in this country could not be otherwise, and attempts to change which would be utterly vain. But it had at that period not yet evolved the "boss" and the "machine," those perfect agencies of party despotism, as we now know them — although a sinister beginning in that direction was already made in the State of New York, where unscrupulous leadership found the most and the fittest material for a mercenary following, and where selfish personal politics had the most promising field of operation.

Congress, Dress Coats and Tobacco

As to the slavery question, which interested me more than all else, Mr. Grund's moral nature did not seem to be so much wrought up as mine was. He had hoped that the Compromise of 1850 would keep that question in the background for a long period. But the introduction of the Nebraska Bill had disturbed him very seriously, and he now feared that a decisive crisis would ensue. I diligently visited the galleries of the Senate and of the House to listen to the debates. I cannot say that the appearance of either body struck me as very imposing. I had attended as a spectator a sitting of the German Parliament of 1848 at Frankfort, several sessions of the French National Assembly in Paris in 1851, and one of the British House of Commons in 1852. Of these parliamentary bodies the Frankfort Parliament seemed to me the most dignified and orderly, the French Assembly the most turbulent, the House of Commons the most businesslike, and the American Congress I saw in 1854 — and in succeeding years — the most representative. It was representative of its constituents in average ability, character, culture, and manners. There was an air of genuine naturalness about the looks, the bearing, and the conduct of the members as well as of the proceedings — no artificially put-on dignity; commotion enough, but little affected furor, except with some Southerners, the business being done without much restraint of logic or method. The congressman with bushy chin-whiskers, wearing a black dress coat and a satin vest all day and vigorously chewing his tobacco, as in these days we sometimes see him as a comic figure on the stage, was then still a well-known type on the floor of the Senate and the House. There was much tobacco chewing with its accompaniments, and much lounging with tilting of chairs and elevation of feet on desks — much more than there is now in the same places; but then it seemed more natural and less offensive than it does now. There were also more evidences of a liberal consumption of intoxicants. I do not mean to say that there were not men of refined presence and bearing among the congressmen. There were, indeed, not a few; but the majority struck me as rather easy-going and careless of appearances.

Listening to running debates and to set speeches, I was astonished at the facility of expression which almost everybody seemed to command. The language may not always have been elegant or even grammatically correct; it may sometimes have been blunt and rough; but it ordinarily flowed on without any painful effort, and there was no hemming and hawing. Of the set speeches I heard, not a few were remarkable as specimens of "beautiful speaking," so inflated with extravagant conceits and big, high-sounding words, that now they would only provoke laughter, while at that time they were taken quite seriously or even admired as fine oratory. Now and then one would hear in the course of a speech an old-fashioned Latin quotation, usually coming from some Southern man or some New Englander. But I also heard several speeches which were not only rich in thought but in an eminent degree vigorous, sober, and elegant in language.

Douglas, Parliamentary Pugilist

My most distinct recollections are of the Senate. The most conspicuous figure in that body was Douglas. He was a man of low stature, but broad-shouldered and big-chested. His head, sitting upon a stout, strong neck, was the very incarnation of forceful combativeness: a square jaw and broad chin; a rather large, firm-set mouth; the nose straight and somewhat thick; quick, piercing eyes with a deep, dark, scowling, menacing horizontal wrinkle between them; a broad forehead; and an abundance of dark hair which at that period he wore rather long and which, when in excitement, he shook and tossed defiantly like a lion's mane. The whole figure was compact and strongly muscular, as if made for constant fight. He was not inaptly called "the little giant" by his partisans.

VIEW OF WASHINGTON IN 1852

From the contemporary lithograph by E. Sachse showing the Capitol before the present dome was built

His manner of speech accorded exactly with his appearance. His sentences were clear-cut, direct, positive. They went straight to the mark like bullets, and sometimes like cannon-balls, tearing and crushing. There was nothing ornate, nothing imaginative in his language, no attempt at "beautiful speaking." But it would be difficult to surpass his clearness and force of statement when his position was right; or his skill in twisting logic or in darkening the subject with extraneous, unessential matter when he was wrong; or his defiant tenacity when he was driven to defend himself, or his keen and crafty alertness to turn the defense into attack, so that even when overwhelmed with adverse argument he would issue from the fray with the air of the conqueror.

He was utterly unsparing of the feelings of his opponents. He would nag and nettle them with words of challenge and insult them with such names as "dastards" and "traitors." Nothing could equal the contemptuous scorn, the insolent curl of his lip with which, in the debates to which I listened, he denounced the anti-slavery men in Congress as "the Abolition confederates," and at a subsequent time, after the formation of the Republican party, as "Black Republicans." But worse than that: he would with utter unscrupulousness malign his opponents' motives, distort their sayings, and attribute to them all sorts of iniquitous deeds or purposes of which he must have known them to be guiltless. Indeed, Douglas' style of attack was sometimes so exasperatingly offensive that it required on the part of the anti-slavery men in the Senate a very high degree of self-control to abstain from retaliating. But so far as I can remember, only Mr. Sumner yielded to the temptation to repay him in kind.

While for these reasons I should be very far from calling Douglas an ideal debater, it is certain that I have never seen a more formidable parliamentary pugilist. To call him so must not be thought unbecoming, since there was something in his manners which very strongly smacked of the bar-room. He was the idol of the rough element of his party, and his convivial association with that element left its unmistakable imprint upon his habits and his deportment. He would sometimes offend the dignity of the Senate by astonishing conduct. Once, at a night session of the Senate I saw him, after a boisterous speech, throw himself upon the lap of a brother senator and sit there, talking and laughing, for ten or fifteen minutes, with his arm around the neck of his friend who seemed to be painfully embarrassed, but could or would not shake him off. It might be said in extenuation, however, that then the general tone of the Senate was not so sober and decorous as it is now. After he had married his second wife, a lady of beauty and culture, who not only presided over his household but also accompanied him on his electioneering journeys, he became more tidy and trim in his appearance and more careful in his habits, although even then there were rumors of occasional excesses. The bullying notes in his speeches remained the same until after the election of 1860.

The Anti-Slavery Senators

There could have been no more striking contrast than that between Douglas and the anti-slavery men in the Senate as I saw them and listened to them from the gallery. There was to me something mysterious in the small, wiry figure, the thin, sallow face, the overhanging eyebrows, and the muffled voice of Seward. I had read some of his speeches and admired especially those he had delivered on the Compromise of 1850. The broad sweep of philosophical reasoning and the boldness of statement and prediction I found in them, as well as the fine flow of their language, had greatly captivated my imagination. I had pictured him to myself, as one is apt to picture one's heroes, as an imposing personage of overawing mien and commanding presence. I was much disappointed when I first saw that quiet little man who, as he moved about on the floor of the Senate chamber, seemed to be on as friendly terms with the Southern senators as with the Northern — his speeches were always personally polite to everybody — and whose elocution was of dull sound, hardly distinct, and never had a resonant note of personal attack or defiance in it. But he made upon me, as well as upon many others, the impression of a man who commanded hidden, occult powers which he could bring into play if he would. Indeed, I heard him spoken of as a sort of political sorcerer who knew all secrets and who commanded political forces unknown to all the world except himself and his bosom friend, Thurlow Weed, the most astute, skilful, and indefatigable political manager that had ever lived. It is quite probable that the flavor of weirdness in his personal appearance and voice and

the oracular tone of many of his utterances did much to strengthen that impression. I have to confess that he exercised a strong fascination over me until I came into personal contact with him.

Salmon P. Chase, the anti-slavery senator from Ohio, was one of the stateliest figures in the Senate. Tall, broad-shouldered, and proudly erect, his features strong and regular and his forehead broad, high, and clear, he was a picture of intelligence, strength, courage, and dignity. He looked as you would wish a statesman to look. His speech did not borrow any charm from rhetorical decoration and was clear and strong in argument, vigorous and determined in tone, and of that frank ingenuousness which commands respect and inspires confidence. He had drawn up an address to the country setting forth the true significance of the Nebraska Bill, which went forth signed by a few anti-slavery men in Congress, and, without being so intended, proved to be the first bugle call for the formation of a new party.

Douglas, who seemed instinctively to feel its importance, emptied all the vials of his wrath upon the author of the manifesto, and it was to me a most inspiring experience to see the majestic figure of Chase standing with serene tranquillity under the hail of the "little giant's" furious vituperation.

I missed at that time hearing Charles Sumner speak, except once when he made a very few remarks in a calm tone to correct some misapprehension. The impression he made was that of a gentleman of refinement and self-respect, reminding me of some Englishmen of distinction I had seen. He was tall and well built, his handsome but strong face shadowed by a wealth of dark locks. He was justly called "good-looking." His smile had a peculiar charm. He was talked of as a man of great learning and culture, and of that kind of courage that is unconscious of difficulty or danger, and which was already said to have made the Southern pro-slavery senators stare in angry wonder.

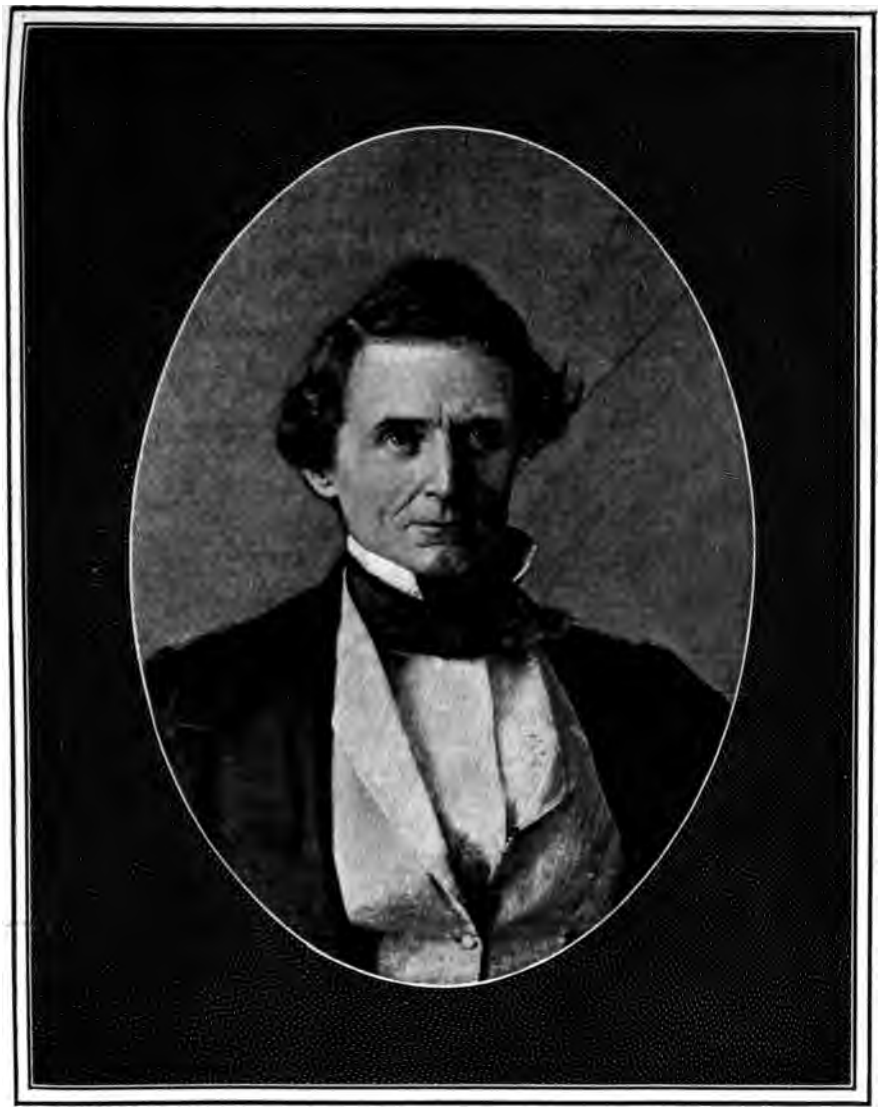
I was introduced to these anti-slavery champions by Senator Shields in the lobby of the Senate, but these introductions led to nothing but the usual commonplace remarks and the customary shake of the hand. Only Sumner, who seemed interested in my European experiences, expressed a hope that he would see me again.

A Troupe of Pro-Slavery Leaders

Of the Southern senators I observed from the gallery, I especially remember three who struck me as types. One was Senator Butler from South Carolina. His rubicund face framed in long silver-white hair, the merry twinkle of his eye, and his mobile mouth marked him as a man of bubbling good-nature and a jovial companion. He was said to have had a liberal education and to be fond of quoting Horace. On the floor he frequently seemed to be engaged in gay and waggish conversation with his neighbors. But when slavery was attacked, he was apt to flare up fiercely, to assume the haughty air of the representative of a higher class, and in fluent and high-sounding phrase to make the Northern man feel the superiority of the Cavalier over the Roundhead. This was what subsequently brought on his altercation with Sumner which had such deplorable consequences.

Of the more agressive — I might say belligerent — type was Senator Toombs of Georgia — a large, strong-featured head upon a massive figure, his face constantly alive with high spirits, as capable of a hearty, genial laugh as of the look of anger or menace; his speech rather boisterous, always fluent and resonant with vigorous utterances. Nobody could be more certain of the sanctity of slave property and of the higher civilization of the South. He would bring the North to its knees; he would drive the anti-slavery men out of public life; the righteous victory of the South was to him sure, and it would be so overwhelming that he would live to call the roll of his slaves in the shadow of the Bunker Hill Monument. He was, it seemed to me, the very picture, not of the Southern aristocrat, but of the overbearing and defiant Southern middle-class allied with the rich slave-holding aristocracy. With all this there was, to me, something sympathetic in the man, as if I would have liked to know him personally.

Still another type was represented to me by Senator Mason of Virginia, a thick-set, heavily-built man with a decided expression of dulness in his face. What he had to say appeared to me to come from a sluggish intellect spurred into activity by an overweening self-conceit. He, too, would constantly assert in manner, even more than in language, the superiority of the Southern slave-holder

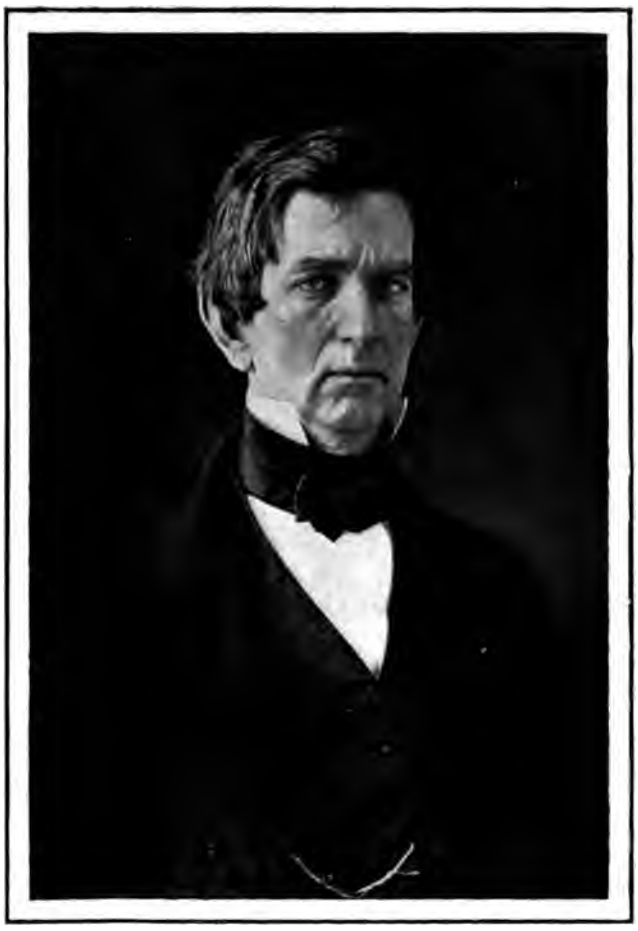


JEFFERSON DAVIS

From a daguerreotype made about 1853 and here published for the first time through the courtesy of Mrs. Jefferson Davis

over the Northern people. But it was not the prancing pride of Senator Butler nor the cheery buoyancy of the fighting spirit of Toombs that animated him. It appeared rather to be the surly pretension of a naturally stupid person to be something better than other people, and the insistence that they must bow to his assumed aristocracy and all its claims. When I heard Senator Mason speak, I felt that if I were a member of the Senate, his supercilious attitude and his pompous utterances of dull commonplaces, sometimes very offensive by their overbearing tone, would have been particularly exasperating to me.

After the Senate, on the morning of the 4th of March, 1854, had passed the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, I returned from Washington to Philadelphia. I took with me some profound impressions. I had seen the slave power officially represented by some of its foremost champions — defiant, dictatorial, vehemently demanding a chance for unlimited expansion, and, to secure its own



WILLIAM H. SEWARD

From a daguerreotype made in 1851 and here published for the first time through the courtesy of Frederick W. Seward

existence, threatening the most vital principles of free institutions, the right of free inquiry and of free utterance — aye, threatening the Union, the National Republic itself. I had seen in alliance with the slave power, not only far-reaching material interests and a sincere but easily intimidated conservatism, but a selfish and despotic party spirit and a reckless and unscrupulous demagoguery making a tremendous effort to confuse and to subjugate the moral sense of the North. I had seen standing against this tremendous array of forces a small band of anti-slavery men fighting the battle of freedom and civilization. I saw the decisive contest rapidly approaching, and I felt an irresistible impulse to prepare myself for usefulness, however modest, in the impending crisis; and to that end I pursued with increased assiduity my studies of the political history and the social conditions of the Republic, and of the theory and practical workings of its institutions. To the same end I thought it necessary to see more of the country and to get a larger experience of the character of the people. Especially did I long to breathe the fresh air of that part of the Union which I imagined to be the real America, the "great West," where new states were growing up, and where I would have an opportunity for observing the formative process of new political communities working themselves out in the raw. I had some relatives and some German friends living in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Missouri, and I went to visit them in the autumn of 1854.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MAKIN'S OF A HAYRO

BY

G. W. OGDEN

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

JACK RYAN, foreman of section three, was giving his gang one of his periodical lectures, pacing up and down the center of the track with his hands clasped on the small of his back, while the jerries tamped at the cinder filling with their bars, tamped softly, carefully, as if they were afraid they might crush a clinker or knock a splinter off a tie. Jack's reason for the lecture was twofold. He held, in the first place, that the section-man was an underrated person, that the obloquy of the trainmen and the dull indifference of the public were not warranted, and it afforded him great relief of mind to express himself fully and clearly on that point once in a while. In the second place, Jack believed it made the men steadier and more contented with their heavy portions, this holding up to them that *they* were the responsible factors in the operation of a railroad, notwithstanding trainmen, roadmaster, and resident engineer. As for trainmen, what did they come to in the end, anyway? Flagging a crossing or walking track, they were glad, sure thing, to get a job on the section when their brief day of glory was past.

"What is a hoghead, that he must pride it an' take the rise of you an' me?" said he, pausing in his walk and sweeping a questioning gaze around. "What is he? Nawthin' but a man that's been puffed up an' blowed up an' made big by the paypers, nawthin' but a felly that had his *big*innin' scrapin' cinders out of th' firebox of some owld dirthy ingin. Don't I know? Wasn't I a wiper mesilf whin I was a kid, comin' up to it from pit-man, whin I wheeled away th' ashes from th' clanin' of tin ingins? 'Oh,' says th' paypers, 'th' brave *ingin*eer stuck to his post an' was kilt savin' th' lives of th' passengers'; but you know an' I know that he was smashed jumpin' off. When two ingins comes togither, where do you find th' brave ingineers whin th' dust settles? What? Nine times in tin, somewhere down th' track settin' on a soft spot on th' dump. That's why us fellys has t' keep th' right-o'-way mowed, so th' brave ingineers can pick out soft places to light on, so they can dodge th' rocks. I'm goin' t' git up a petition t' th' comp'ny t' pad th' right-o'-way with feather-beds.

"What does th' man that writes it up in th' payper know about railroadin'? No more than a ingineer. An' what does a ingineer know about keepin' up track? No more nor my owld woman, nor as much. What does one of thim hogheads know about th' elevation to give a five degree curve, 'r th' len'th of th' easement, 'r th' settin' of a frog? Sure, one of thim fellys couldn't no more put in a switch than he could navigate a ship from New York t' Dublin. Nor could a conductor nor a brakesman, ayther, less they'd served good time on th' section, like th' best o' thim has.

"Let y' have a wreck, an' what — Burns, don't y' know no more nor t' tamp a tie clane out t' th' ind? Ye'll snap thim off like matches doin' that, mon, whin th' weight of thim new ingins hits 'em — let y' have a wreck, an' what do they say? Sure, th' cariner's jury does wan of two things if annybody's kilt, blames it onto Providence 'r th' track. Seldom they say th' hoghead was aslape an' roond past his orders, but we are th' fellys that knows that's th' only time a hoghead ever gits smashed with his ingin, — whin he's aslape.

"Of course, me brave cariner's jury, it's th' fault o' th' track, an' th' section boss is th' lad th' blame rests on. Say it *was* th' track, say a rail give way on a curve an' spread out o' gage — but I've made it a p'int t' try th' gage on th' track after ivery wreck on my section, an' th' track howlds, min, six times in sivin — say it *did* spread an' let 'er off, who's to blame f'r rotten ties? Ain't it a

"GIVING HIS GANG ONE OF HIS PERIODICAL LECTURES, PACING UP AND DOWN THE CENTER OF THE TRACK"

standin' order, tacked up in th' tool-house where all o' y' can read it if y' wants to, that no foreman's t' put more nor two new ties t' th' rail in gineral repairs without special orders from th' rizident ingineer? Two new ties, mind y', out o' fifteen t' th' rail. Me conscience won't lave me kape that order, they's too many lives in th' pa'm o' me hand day in an' day out f'r that. I look t' be fired on account of it yit, but what's two good ties agin thirteen y' can pull th' spikes out of with y'r fingers?

"Some of th' foremin sticks t' th' rule f'r straight track, th' grane wans, 'specially. But they ain't wan o' thim that kapes it on curves. No mon, not even Burns there, who don't know no more about railroadin' than my little b'y Johnnie, now look at 'im, look at 'im, will y'? not wan o' thim would be such a fool as to lave th' curves go. They kapes th' curves solid, grane wans an' all. Why, thin, do they go off on th' curves?"

When Jack had a point to clinch, he singled out some one of the gang to act in the capacity of clincher, of wedge held against the point of his spike. It was an honor, and duly appreciated as such by all the old-timers. This time he picked Doohan.

"Why," he repeated, "*do* they go off on th' curves? Because, th' min that makes thim new ingins don't know nawthin'. They builds 'em with their tenders top-heavy, I tell y', an' whin they strike a curve they climbs th' rail. They climbs, I tell y'. Doohan."

Doohan fiddled away at a wee rock that had become mixed with the cinders, trying, with delicate punches, to force it under the tie with the upper end of his bar. The etiquette of the situation demanded that he stand at attention while the boss was addressing him, and that he voice the sentiments of the gang, which he represented, in an unqualified and hearty expression of approval or concurrence. Jack was nettled by his inattention and repeated severely: "They climbs, I tell y', Doohan, they climbs th' rail."

"Sure," said Doohan, his eyes intent on his aim, "sure t'ing."

Jack stepped a little nearer, with a disapproving scowl. "Sure," he repeated derisively, "sure they do, don't I tell — what th' divil 'r y' doin', Doohan, playin' pool? Don't be choogin' away there like an owld woman stoofin' sausages, but tamp it ha-ard. mon, innunther th' ball o' the rail! Sure, y' wouldn't crack an egg with your ladylike pokin' an' peckin', mon."

Jack was thrown off the channel by Doohan's discourtesy, and took a longer turn than usual down the track. The men thought the lecture at an end, and chided Doohan, who drew his shoulders up in a scornful hunch, flung his bar down, and went to the water-keg. Jack doubled back and took up the thread of his discourse.

"Hoghead, they're well named. Some of thim 'r good min, but most of thim is overbearin' fellys that niver read a buk o' history in all their days. I mind wan in th' ya-ard at Kansas City whin I was foreman there. He was on th' night gang, roonin' an owld taypot that sounded like a whale blowin', whin she moved a wheel. That felly thought he was a king among min, an' because I used t' give 'im th' laugh, he set out to have me fired. Night after night he had me out o' bed t' git his owld ingin back on th' rails, him a-roonin' 'er off an open switch, bein' in cahoots with a Dutch switchman that I give a poke in th' jugglin' vein o' th' nick wanct, an' thin reportin' me th' next day for bad track. Little good it done 'im, Dave Hoolihan was th' roadmasther, but he kep' it up f'r a mont', an' thin I got tired. They rises me out o' bed wan rainy night on th' same owld story, 'Bailey's ingin's off,' an' I goes t' th' ya-ard.

"'Hoghead,' says I, goin' up t' him, 'y' loomp o' grase, y're well called,' an' I brings 'im a wallop in th' jaw with a number two."*

"Now!" fervently ejaculated Burns in a sort of amen of approbation, "sure y' did, mon, wasn't I there?"

Jack eyed him with a sidling glance, half-humorously, half-threateningly, but otherwise ignored the break. "And," he continued evenly, "I didn't have a ingin off for three mont's after that. Hoghead, indade. Th' mon that invinted that name knew th' manin' of a worrud.

"Take a pencil an' figger a bit, an' y'll find who is th' big mon, th' raysponsible mon, in th' roonin' of a railroad. Who is he, th' hoghead? No, not him, not th' hayro of an ingineer. Anny wan o' y' could do th' worruk of an ingineer, shut off an' turn on, stop an' start, as aisy as y' can put th' brake on th' hankyar. If I thought I had e'er-a-wan o' y' that couldn't, I'd fire 'im. No,

*A section-man always speaks of a shovel as a "number two," that being the size of the tool in general use on railroads.

th' hoghead is not th' big mon. He takes his ingin at T'peka, an' pulls th' train t' Kansas City, an' he's two hours doin' it. Two hours wanct or twict a day th' hoghead is raysponsible, along with th' conductor, for th' safety of th' train, f'r kapin' awake an' not roonin' past flags an' orders, puttin' 'is head out o' th' windy t' scorn at th' likes o' you an' me, that makes th' road safe f'r him to pass. Two hours out o' twinty-four he's raysponsible f'r th' people he pulls, an' the rest o' th' time he spinds a-lookin' in th' glass t' git used t' bein' so clost t' a great mon, like th' paypers says he is.

"Now, let y' take a look at you an' me. What air we? Jerries, tarriers, hoboes, bums. We ain't nobody t' consider at all on th'.face o' th' livin' worruld. But you an' me air th' lads that howlds life an' deat' in th' closin' of an eye, in the slippin' of a cog-wheel in the head. Tin passenger trains a day we have, lads, an' say aich o' thim carries a hunnerd sowls. That 's a thousand human lives we have th' raysponsibility of, not two hours in th' day, but ivery hour of th' twinty-four we have th' weight of thim on us. They don't all go by at wanct, an' have done with it, but they come an' go in the dark an' th' light, day in, an' wake in, an' year in. It 's a line o' life marchin' across you an' me, lads, an' if owld Jack Ryan goes to slape, if owld Jack Ryan overlooks th' gage o' th' p'int of a frog, if he goes off his nut an' raises th' wrong side of a curve, if he goes about 'im not spyin' an' pryin' an' lookin' at th' j'ints, an' misses a broken rail 'r splice, what happens? Hey? No, owld Jack Ryan don't do thim things. He is th' mon that worries an' thinks, an' wakes up in th' night list'nin' f'r Number Six t' hit th' frog forninst th' toolhouse, rakin' an' pokin' an' stirrin' his brains, askin' himself, 'Did y' forgit annything, lad? 'R y' sure th' whole o' th' sivin miles o' y'r section is without a loose bolt, 'r a rail an inch out o' th' gage?'

"An' th' passengers aslape in their boonks wakes up whin they hears her crackin' her heels over th' frog there on that six degree curve — a divil of a place t' put a switch, Mr. Tweed, a h —— of a place for a pile-up whin some stiff journal binds a wheel an' catches th' p'int one of these days — an' they thinks maybe she's off, but they hear th' ingineer blow f'r th' crassin' down below, an' they have a sigh of relafe. 'It's all right,' says they. 'Th' brave ingineer will take care of us,' just like he was th' Almighty, an' could howld her on if owld Jack Ryan an' his min forgot to do some little thing, sometimes as little as th' drivin' of a spoike. Do they say, thim passengers, 'Thank God f'r th' brave section boss an' his min, that binds an' builds an' hammers an' howlds this line in saf-etty innunther th' wheels?' No, they don't. They don't know nawthin' about us, lads. Th' paypers ain't niver put us in, an' they ain't no buks, with red lids t' thim, an' gowld hankyars printed on th' front, tellin' about th' deeds o' you an' me.

"Hayros nawthin'. A mon ain't no hayro because he hoomps up in th' cab of an ingin an' roons it sivinty-five miles, two hunnerd miles a day. I had a sthraw boss wanct on th' *Pas*-a-fic, named Mooney, Tom Mooney, that had th' stuff in 'im like Napoleon. We wor unloadin' steel whin he got th' weight of an eighty-pound rail acrass th' body of him, crooshin' him like a glass chube. I saw he was a dead mon, an' I says t' him, him bein' a marrud mon, 'Tom, what worrud have y' t' sind t' Maggie?' says I. He was lyin' on th' back of him, gaspin' like a mon that had roond a hunnerd miles, an' he stiddies himself an' looks me in th' eye, as bowld as if he was goin' with the sins lifted off th' sowl of him, an' he says, 'Jack,' says he, 'Jack, me b'y, give me regaards t' th' roadmaster,' he says, an' closed his eyes an' died.

"That's a hayro f'r y', lads, juty t' th' ind of it, juty before love, an' friends, an' wife, an' home, *an'* kids. *That's* th' makin's of a hayro, th' likes of poor Tom Mooney, an' him not livin' t' inj'y th' glory of it."

Jack walked away from the gang a few paces, and fell silent, as if his mind had gone out from its dwelling-place to follow the memory of Tom Mooney. He stood looking into the west, where the sky came down to meet the haze above the rails.

"Let ye's take y'r shovels, lads," said he kindly, "an' dress up th' shoulther. It'll be freezin' before th' marnin'."

II

True to Jack's prediction, the winter broke over the land that night with a roar. The ties were cemented in their ballast beds by its coming, making track-raising out of the question until spring. With the blizzard came instructions to Jack to reduce the gang

"BILL REELED ASIDE AND THE CYLINDER HEAD CAUGHT HIM AS SHE PASSED"

to three men, two for day service and one night track-walker, "and give the married men preference," wrote Claridy, the road-master, at the end of the note.

And so it fell that Bill Davies, being a married man and the oldest "in point of service," became night track-walker on section three. Bill was a Welshman in blood, an Englishman by birth, and the sea had taken the best years out of his allotment. His last cruise had been out of 'Frisco on a whaler, with the lay of an able seaman, and it marked three of the hardest, emptiest years of his life. It ended with a few barrels of oil, and Bill went ashore with the glad promises the sea had held out to him in youth withdrawn. Then he took to rail-roading, working gradually away from the sound of the breakers, which always seemed to chide him and call him back, at length finding a harbor with Jack Ryan, where never a hint of the sea reached him, and the memories of its hardships and ingratitude became as pictures in a dream.

It was a little place, where the squat depot, the section foreman's dwelling, and the tool-house, all painted in a dull, sulking, heavy red, the company's red, were indicated on the railroad's map by a dot and identified by a name. There Bill took possession of an acre and a half of land that nobody appeared to own, and built a small shelter out of scrap lumber that came under his hand from the leavings of buildings, platforms, fences, and the wrecks of cars. In time the sprightliness of a sea-going man went out of him, and Bill became an ordinary section laborer, with the stamp of one who had always been serving, one who would always serve. When he walked about on a Sunday, he clasped his hands behind his back and leaned forward like an old man, or one who has dragged a heavy load so long that the straining posture has grown upon him. He wedged quite naturally into the place fate had reserved for him, and married Pat Dunnigen's girl, Mary Ann.

The winter that Bill became a track-walker was the year of the big snow. To-day it requires no other date in the valley where Jack Ryan herded his gang of terriers on section three, because it remains an unparalleled event. The lanes were filled, fields were buried until shocks of corn on level ground showed only their tips above, and the courses of streams were not marked by their banks, but by the clean, white avenues that wound and curved between the fringing trees. For weeks it smothered the earth, thawing a bit by day and freezing by night, until men walked over it, then drove teams over it; and they will tell you about it to-day, with some lingering awe over the unusual doings of nature, some pride in the recollections of their own intrepidity.

Not that it added anything to the burden of Bill, the track-walker. On the other hand, it rather made things easier, covering the ballast and improving the footing, besides adding a certain security to the track. Splices and rails do not break when snow is packed around them. It is the snipping, spiteful, dry cold, the cold of a clear winter night, such as brings out spangles and stars and forests on the surface of smooth ice, such as crinkles one's hair like a flame, that snaps steel. That's when you must drive the rails down for twenty, thirty lengths, to gain two inches and close up the gap where the splice has pulled apart under the heavy strain of contraction.

It was a fourteen-mile tramp every night, setting out from the tool-house at seven o'clock and making it back to the section-house at six the next morning. It was a harder watch than any Bill had ever stood at sea, and longer, and lonelier. From the time he passed the depot early in the night, with his red lantern in one hand, his white in the other, and the wrench, bolts, spikes, and short-handled spike maul in the bag across his shoulders, until he made the return trip in the morning, he met no living creature of his kind.

There was not much company in the silent farmhouses, glooming through the thick night out in the frost-bound fields, and there was small comfort in the thought that there were human beings aboard the trains that swept past him as he stood aside, shielding his red light under the skirt of his coat, so that no hoghead would mistake it as a stop signal and curse him, afterwards report him, for his carelessness. Human beings they were indeed, but such as would not claim that relationship with him, the hobo, tramping the track, watching it with a full realization of the straining responsibility that rested upon him, stooping over it in his dim light with a mother's anxious care, beaten by the storms that scorned him, chafed and numbed and buffeted by the winds that prowled out of the

dark places like bony wolves, awed into a shuffling, silent, songless, wordless thing by the muffling blackness that capped the world.

Bill, in his solitary watches, found much food for reflection in comparing his own hard lot with that of other men, and his mind often reverted to the teachings of Jack Ryan and found a certain comfort in them. It was something to know and feel the weight of importance, no matter how one might be underrated by those whose interests he served, whose safety he insured. Something, indeed, but Bill had his own longings, his own ideas of what a man might do and be a *man*, aside from Jack Ryan's hopeful philosophy.

So Bill turned his back to the trains when they passed, and they whirled up the snow, ground to powder under the flanges, and pelted him with it, clanking derisively. But then, said Bill, they would have pelted, likewise, a post, a captain, a conductor, or a king. It was the man they assailed, not his importance.

The night the ice went out fell with awesome strangeness, with a thin wind blowing, a wind that soaked like water through the heaviest clothing and crept along the skin with icy contact. It seemed to presage some menacing evil, some unrest in nature. Dogs burrowed far into the lee of stacks to escape the rigors of the night, and dumb creatures in their stalls dragged at their tethers and appeared to beg the comforting presence of man. They seemed to read an alarm that men were unable to feel or understand.

Why the ice went out in mid-winter, without any sign of a thaw, no man knew. It had done that before, and the theory of the most enlightened was that it came from a sudden rise in some underground source of the river. Bill found it groaning and cracking under its thick mulsh of snow when he reached the crazy old three-span wooden bridge, and it made him think of the ice fields of the northern seas, not to mention the brood of sailor superstitions it set flapping and winging in his head.

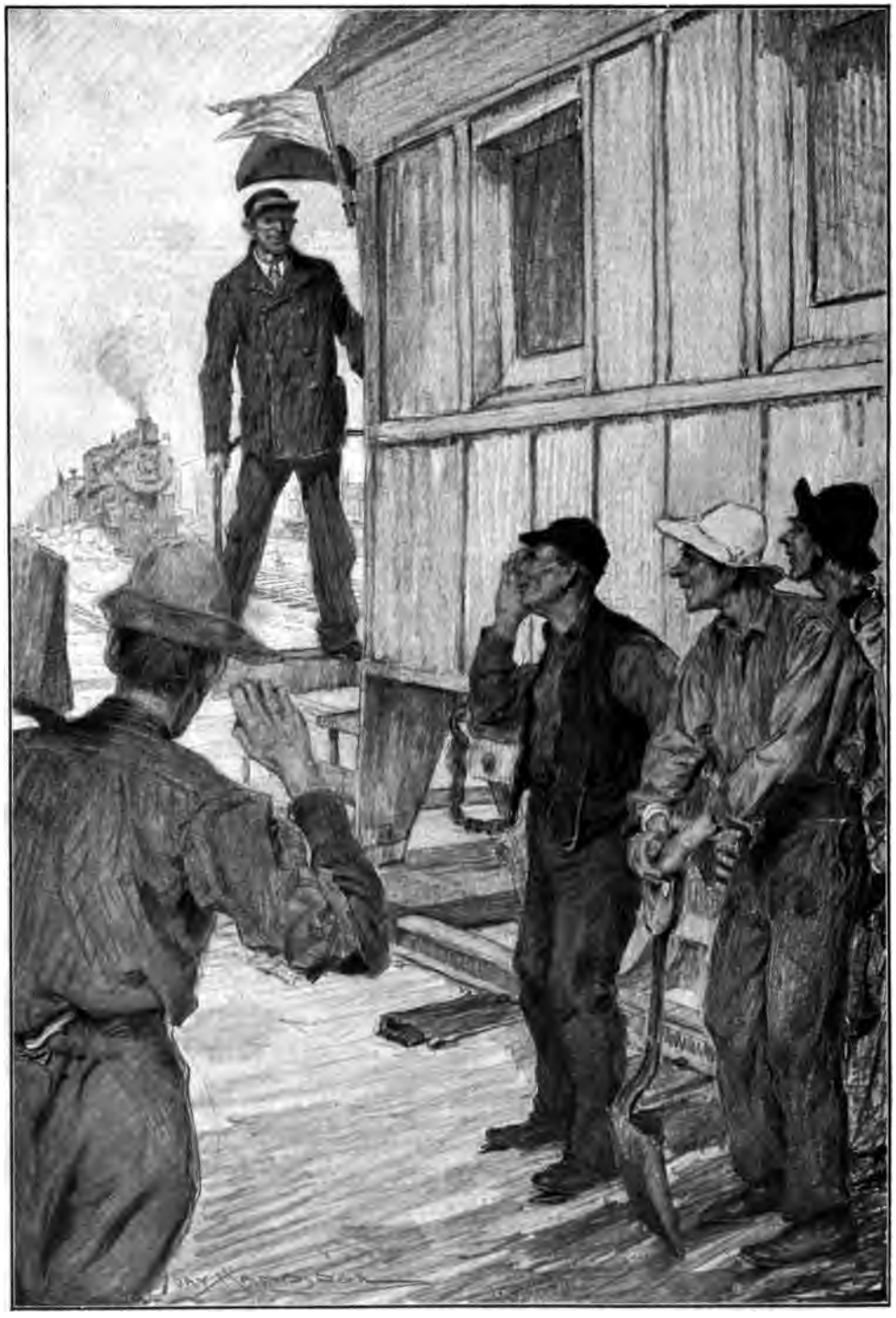
The bridge was three miles west of the station, and Bill had four more to cover before he reached the end of the section and turned back. It wasn't much of a bridge, and slow orders were out for it all the time, orders which were more or less disregarded by engineers. True, they generally shut down at the bridge, and allowed their trains to boom over it of their own momentum, wringing groans and threats from the weakened joints of the ancient structure and leaving it shivering long after their tail-lights had twinkled out of sight. It was built low, and driftwood and ice habitually packed against it, gorging the stream and worrying Jack Ryan more that all the curves together in the seven miles of his sinuous section.

The middle span was a draw, not because steamboats navigated the river, not because they had ever navigated it, but because the government surveyor who first took its depth charted it as capable of being navigated. The draw span was a monument to certain obstructionists who sought to block the progress of civilization. They insisted on having either a drawbridge or no bridge at all, and, the law being on their side, the turning span went in, plump over the channel, on a fat, low pier. Once a year Jack Ryan had to swing the span, with a great expenditure of black oil and profanity, to make sure it was in shape to let the fleet pass, and the rest of the time it was secured in the dogs with two switch locks at each end.

Bill found a big, black gap in the bridge, where the draw span had been, when he reached it on the homeward trip, and in the feeble glow of his lantern he saw the abutting wall of the gorge that had piled against it and carried it out when it broke. Great blocks of ice, still carrying their sheeting of snow, crunched and packed together in slow-moving procession through the narrow opening in the channel, and among them he could make out the skeleton timbers of the span, which appeared to have been just pushed over and left whole. In a measure Bill was glad, knowing what a weight it would be off Jack's mind. Then his heart contracted and almost flunked its trick at the pumps, and Bill began to examine the ties for wheel marks.

"I hope none of them that's passed from the heast never div in," said he, "an' I don't suppose as hanything never did. If she did, she done it d—— quiet an' neat. Lucky job this snow 's got 'em purty well tied hup. Nothin' but Number Seven an' a hextra freight has went west to-night."

Bill began to sweat. The load of responsibility, of which Jack so often spoke, was here suddenly increased, and never a minute's warning to a man so he might brace his legs. He was due, according to his unvarying



"HOLDING TIGHTLY TO THE RAILING . . . AND GRINNING HIS ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE GANG'S GREETING"

schedule, to meet Number Six two miles beyond the bridge. Bill wedged his red lantern between two ties, hurried back the regulation distance, and put out his torpedoes. Then he returned to his danger signal to face the question of getting over the ice-packed river to stop Number Six.

"I might flag 'er from 'ere if that curve on the other side was straight track," he reflected, "but it ain't. You got to go down the road an' meet 'er, Bill, you got to git hover, hold boy, no matter if you got to walk the hair."

Bill leaned over and looked at the deceitful river, lipping the pier with a warm gurgle one moment, grinding thick blocks of ice against it the next, flowing at its accustomed level. "Well, hold girl," said he, "you done your job that you've been layin' hup to do this many a year, didn't you? An' you done it easy, an' without no talk, that's what you done, an' Jack Ryan asleep in 'is bed, too. But, hold Bill Davies, *'e* don't sleep, 'e's the man that wakes an' worries an' walks the road o' night, lookin' hout for such traps as you set. An' it's a trap hold Number Six wouldn't never cross hover twict, no matter how often she don't ketch the p'int of the frog hopposite the tool-'ouse, that's what Bill Davies 'e says. But I'm a-goin' hover you an' beat you hout of Number Six, an' that's more what Bill Davies says."

It wasn't much of a job to swing down and hold on to the end of a tie, lantern over his arm, until a big piece of ice floated under his feet, and it wasn't an undertaking that appeared perilous to Bill to step from block to block and work his way across the channel. The ice was thick, and it ran sluggishly, with a threat of again blocking the river. The shore ice was sound, and Bill made for it steadily, although the stream was bearing him down. Four yards from the solid ice his legs went through a mass of snow which he mistook for safe footing. Bill threw himself forward and caught a cake within reach, losing his lantern in his effort to hold his head above water. It was a sharp fight for the shore, but Bill made it, drenched from soles to chin, his wits in a whirl, his garments stiffening on his limbs.

"Now, how're you goin' to stop 'er, Bill?" said he, setting off in a heavy run for the bridge, a good three hundred yards up stream. "If your matches ain't all wet, what you goin' to set afire to make a light an' flag 'er with? Your breeches is a hicicle, your coat's soaked, an' your shirt is, too. You're all wet, Bill, but the 'air of your 'ead, an' d—— if that ain't wet, too, but you got to stop 'er Bill, even if you got to ditch 'er some 'ow."

He clambered up the bank beside the pier of the bridge, and as he reached the track he heard her whistle, sounding with the regular beat of a telegraph-key, signaling the crossings as she spun along the snow-deadened road. "Minkel's crossin'," said he, stopping a moment to free himself of his coats which clung with the stiffness and weight of armor to his back, casting his bag of tools aside with them, baring his wet shirt to the stiffening touch of the wind. Then Bill ran, ran without any definite idea as to how he was to stop Number Six, but full of the necessity of getting as far away from the bridge as possible, and saving the women and children aboard of her.

It narrowed down to the women and children as Bill ran, his shirt as stiff as tin, his body aching with the poignant pain of cold that comes before numbness: the women and children, let the men look out for themselves. Who was he, the jerry, the hobo, that he should concern himself with saving those who had laughed at him all the heavy years he had been humping his back over a tamping-pick, who would go on laughing at him to-morrow? Well, let them go, let them jump, as Jack Ryan said all hogheads did. But the women and children couldn't jump with nothing but the hard snow to fall on, and roll and bounce, and then lie still, with red spreading in great spots all around them.

Bill's feet pounded the track without feeling, his limbs obeyed the onward impulse like nerveless shafts. Sometimes he fell, and once his cheek struck the rail, but he arose with a dim exultation, conscious that at another time, under other conditions, that blow would have hurt. Now nothing could hurt, not even the wind, crooning its tremulous dirge among the taut wires beside the track. Bill pulled at his cap, settling it a bit in defiance of the elements.

"The linin' of it, man," he cried, stopping and lifting his eyes to meet the head-light of Number Six, which winked around a curve not half a mile away, "maybe the linin' of it's dry, maybe it'd light! Here, she's comin', quick, man, a match, a match, I say! What a' you bunglin' over? Wait now, wait, easy, Bill, easy. Where *is* them matches, Bill? Did you burn 'em all hup in your d—— hold pipe, not leavin' one to start a fire to flag a

train, an' no knowin' how many women an' little ones aboard of 'er, God help you!

"No, no!" he screamed, "the match-safe was in the pocket of my overcoat, an' it's back there, miles back there beside the track, an' no man can save 'em now! Oh, Bill, Bill!" he sobbed, "that was one 'ell of a break, Bill!"

The light was wavering at his feet, and when he looked along the track toward her he could see the glint of it on the tops of the rails, and the black flange marks grooved in the snow beside them.

"Stop!" he yelled, swinging his arms, "look at me, you d——hoghead, stop, stop, stop!" Prancing, leaping, signaling, he strained his throat with the cry, and the wind shrieked down on him, caught his puny warning from his lips, and smothered it in the night.

The engineer of Number Six, looking straight ahead, saw something on the track, something that appeared to move; but he could not tell whether it was beast or human, or merely one of those fantastic shadows that flit in and out to unnerve a man on a night run. If a man, surely he would get off in time, and if a beast — well, the trans-continental mail could not be stopped on account of every creature that crawled in its path.

"He don't see me, the hoghead's asleep," cried Bill, "but I'll wake 'im, d—— 'im, I'll make 'im see me!" He felt the ground shake beneath the weight of the approaching train as he groped in the snow beside the rail, forgetting that he was a mite against the brutal, unfeeling force that roared on toward him.

She was only a few rails' length away when he stood full height again, something in his hand, something which he hurled with all his strength straight at the engineer's front cab window, as the bulk of the engine sprang upon him, and the gleam of the head-light fell beyond, leaving him in darkness. Then Bill reeled aside, and the cylinder head caught him as she passed.

The engineer heard the glass crash, felt the impact of something soft that hit him full in the chest, and then he saw. Shut off, air, reverse, all the work of a second, and when the panting engine stood still, the engineer put a match to his torch and looked at the thing that had struck him. It was a man's cap, and in it was a chunk of snow crust, rolled there to give it carrying weight.

Back a little way they found Bill Davies and puzzled over him, wondering why he had acted so "He 's a jerry," said the engineer; "he's worked on this section for years. He must 'a' gone nutty to throw his life away in that shape."

But the conductor, who was more of a man, having a wife and little ones of his own, said nothing, only looked ahead, waiting for the brakeman, whom he had sent down the line. He was coming, his lantern dancing up and down as he ran.

"The bridge's out," he gasped, "a span of it in the middle." Bill was much used up, together with the frost and the engine, but somebody noticed a flicker of breath, and they rolled him in blankets from one of the sleepers. He was able to talk with the company's claim agent in a week, and after that shrewd person had felt the way and found Bill in no notion of asking for a settlement, he said:

"Mr. Davies, there must be something better than a job on the section for a man of your capabilities."

Bill closed one eye tightly and fastened the other on the claim agent's face like the point of an awl. "Mean t' say the comp'ny'd give me somethin' easier if I wanted it?" he asked.

"Glad to do it, Mr. Davies, if you'll state your preference."

Bill raised himself on an elbow. "Look a-'ere, man," he cautioned, "don't you go a-makin' game o' me. If this 'ere comp'ny wants to do hannything for me, I tell you *my* preference is for a job of brakin' on a passenger train, that's what my hambition leans to, Mr. Hagent."

"Very well, Mr. Davies," the claim agent replied, "I guess that can be arranged."

Jack Ryan contrived to have his gang at work on the house track, beside the depot, the first trip Bill made. When Bill stepped off in his new uniform, with his cap flaring, his ears out, and his trousers reefed a couple of turns to make the length agree with the legs inside of them, Jack affably gave him the high sign.

"Billy means well," said Jack, as the train pulled away, the new brakeman holding tightly to the railing on the back platform and grinning his acknowledgement of the gang's greeting, "he means well, an' he have th' makin's of a hayro in 'im. But why didn't he sthrike th' comp'ny f'r a section, Meehan, why didn't he sthrike 'em f'r a section, an' be a mon?"

THE STORY OF MONTANA

BY

C. P. CONNOLLY

IV

THE SALE OF THE MONTANA LEGISLATURE, AND CLARK'S ELECTION

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

IT will be remembered that on the 10th day of January, when the first ballot for United States senator was taken immediately after the Whiteside exposure, only seven votes were cast for W. A. Clark.

On the 28th day of January, Clark was elected by fifty-four votes. Forty-seven votes were procured within eighteen days at a total cost of $431,000, not including $30,000 turned over to the State Treasury by Senator Whiteside. The memorial which was afterward addressed to the United States Senate charged that :

"For the purpose of securing the support of members of said legislative assembly to vote for and elect said William A. Clark, William A. Clark paid to C. C. Bowlen the sum of $10,000 ; to Jerry Connolly, $5,000 ; to Thomas P. Cullen, $15,000 ; to C. O. Gruwell, amount unknown ; to W. J. Hannah, $15,000 ; to S. S. Hobson, $50,000 ; to A. W. Mahan, $10,000 ; to Samuel L. Mitchell, $25,000 ; to Ben D. Phillips, $25,000 ; to W. E. Tierney, $15,000 ; to D. G. Warner, $15,000 ; to W. W. Beasley, $10,000 ; to Powell Black, $5,000 ; to J. H. Geiger, $15,000 ; to Stephen Bywater, $15,000 ; to W. C. Eversole, $10,000 ; to B. J. Fine, $10,000 ; to Robert Flinn, $10,000 ; to H. H. Garr, $6,000 ; to J. H. Gillette, $10,000 ; to H. M. Hill, $10,000 ; to A. J. Jaqueth, $10,000 ; to Dr. J. H. Johnson, $5,000 ; to F. W. Kuphal, $4,000 ; to W. H. Lockhart, $5,000 ; to C. C. Long, $10,000 ; to T. H. Luddy, $10,000 ; to G. W. Magee, $ 17000 ; to G. F. Marcyes, $15,000 ; to H. W. McLaughlin, $20,000 ; to E. V. More, $10,000 ; to L. C. Parker, $10,000 ; to R. M. Sands, $15,000 ; to M. Shovlin, $7,000 ; and to E. P. Woods, $7,000."

That the following sums were offered to other members of the legislature :

"To J. T. Anderson, $25,000 ; to J. R. McKay, $15,000 ; to G. H. Stanton, $10,000 ; to Henry C. Stiff, $20,000 ; to E. H. Cooney, $20,000 ; to H. A. Gallwey, $10,000 ; to Edwin Norris, G. T. Paul, and D. E. Metlin, jointly, $50,000 ; to T. F. Normoyle, $15,000 ; to P. G. Sullivan, $15,000 ; to R. J. Watson, $10,000 ; and to W. J. Bonner, $10,000."

Thirty-five men under oath not "to receive, directly or indirectly, any money or other valuable thing for the performance or non-performance of any act pertaining to their office, other than the compensation allowed by law," were not seduced without a struggle.

The story of those eighteen days was a story of consummate strategy and desperate conflict. The legislators went down one by one, were fought for man by man. This man-hunting had its intoxication, and the chase once begun, it made its own impetus and developed into a kind of frenzy. If a man had a weakness in his nature or an exigence in his circumstances, Clark's generals found it. His debts, his indiscretions in conduct, his best sentiments, even, were turned into effective weapons against him. His business was threatened ; his friendships were menaced ; his wife, his sister, and even his mother were often made intercessors for his tempters. His old associates, his creditors, his family doctor were put upon his trail.

HENRY C STIFF

The emotional strain brought to bear on men was so heavy, the promises held out to them were so alluring, and the reward of honesty seemed so bleak, that no anchor could hold a man except the needs of his soul. If he lived by bread alone, he went with the wind.

Attempts to Bribe the Speaker of the House

Henry C. Stiff, of Missoula, elected speaker of the House over the Clark candidate, had been the object of much adroit plotting, even before the legislature convened. He had been at times a strong opponent of the Daly faction and had been a law-partner of Walter M. Bickford from 1892 until 1897, when Bickford moved to Butte and became a member of W. A. Clark's legal staff.

In the forenoon of Sunday, December 11, 1898, Bickford went to Stiff's office in Missoula, and saw him alone. He presented to Stiff a sheet of legal-cap on which was a list of the property of H. W. McLaughlin, a member-elect of the legislature, from Missoula County, who had been known as a Daly man and had been elected on the Democratic ticket. The property was itemized in groups, and opposite each group were figures indicating the valuation. At the foot of the paper was a total valuation of $33,000. Below this was appended a statement, signed by H. W. McLaughlin:

"I agree to sell the above property at a discount of twenty-five per cent and accept employment in lieu thereof as mill-manager for a term of two years at $2,400 per year."

After talking in a general way of Clark's candidacy for the United States Senate, Bickford finally said to his old partner:

"We want your active support for Mr. Clark for the United States Senate. McLaughlin is going to support Mr. Clark, and I want you to examine the title to the property mentioned in this paper, and report to me your opinion of it. For this you will be paid $500. If you will support Mr. Clark you will be placed upon his roll of attorneys at a salary of several thousand dollars a year, for a term of years. Mr. Clark is going to purchase this property from McLaughlin, and McLaughlin is going to vote for him for United States senator."

Stiff said he was then too busy to examine the title. As he rose to leave the room, Bickford, taking a pair of scissors from the table, cut off from the paper the statement signed by McLaughlin, handed the rest of the paper to Stiff, and said: "Take this along with you anyway, and think about it." Stiff put the paper in his pocket, and Bickford left the room.

In the investigation at Washington, Bickford denied that he had cut off a piece of paper from the sheet of foolscap which Stiff had produced at the hearing. Senator Chandler, chairman of the committee, asked Bickford on the witness-stand to fold the paper which he held in his hand, as it had originally been folded, and as Bickford did so, the last fold of the legal-cap fell short by one and one-half inches, corroborating Stiff's testimony.

Stiff was also approached in his office by A. B. Cooke, a former State auditor of Montana, and offered $20,000 for his vote.

On the Monday preceding the Saturday on which the last ballots for the senatorship were to be cast, when the whole town was crazed with excitement, Cooke accosted Stiff in the lobby of the Montana Club, and under the pretext of showing him through the building, took him into a small card-room up-stairs and shut the door.

"I think you had better accept the proposition I made you at Missoula, and vote for Mr. Clark. He is gaining all the time and is clearly going to be elected. You had better take the $20,000."

Below in the lobby of the Montana Club Stiff had noticed Clark's agents in earnest

talk with members of the legislature, and, as he explained to the Committee on Privileges and Elections at Washington, he was anxious to find out at first hand just what was going on. He proceeded, accordingly, to draw Cooke out.

"Cooke," he said, "if Clark wants my vote, he can very well afford to pay me more than $20,000 for it."

"Well, how much more do you think he ought to pay?"

"I don't want to be understood as soliciting or making a proposition to the effect that I will vote for him for any particular sum; but if he wants my vote very badly, he can afford to pay me $50,000."

"I'll go to Mr. Clark, and see what he says about it," responded Cooke. "When can I talk with you again?"

"I'll meet you here at eight o'clock," replied Stiff. But he did not keep the appointment.

When he was asked whether he resented such proposals from his friends, Stiff said that he did not feel hurt in the least. "I knew my strength better than before. I have often since congratulated myself that I was able to resist the offers that were made me."

Trading in Men's Necessities

H. W. McLaughlin, of whose property Bickford had shown an itemized list to Stiff, had been sheriff of Missoula County and, before this memorable legislative session, had been a man whose honesty and integrity were unquestioned. He had been elected on the Daly-Democratic ticket and was known to be unfriendly to Clark, but he was in serious financial difficulties when he went to the legislature.

McLaughlin owned a planing-mill and several town lots in Missoula, and some timber-lands in the county. The planing-mill had not been in operation for several years, and had been stripped of its machinery. The shed and outbuildings were used as sheep corrals, and the main building and its equipments had rotted through disuse. He had removed the greater part of the machinery some years before, to a place called Ninemile, below Missoula, and there his second planing-mill, and with it the machinery, was destroyed by fire.

In September, 1898, he had written to Bickford, whom he had known in Missoula, asking if he could get a contract from W. A Clark to cut timber. Some time elapsed before he heard from Bickford, who waited for the nominations to be made at the county convention. Seeing McLaughlin's name among the candidates for the legislature, he answered his letter and told him he would speak to Clark in his behalf. McLaughlin took the train for Butte and saw Bickford, who questioned him as to his holdings in Missoula County, and advised him to return to Missoula and write him a letter, stating just what property he had, and placing a valuation on it.

McLaughlin put a valuation of $33,000 on his property. He received $24,000 for it, and employment for two years at $2,400 a year. Afterward, one witness testified that $10,000 would have been an exorbitant price for his holdings. A company called the Western Lumber Company was formed, composed of W. A. Clark, W. M. Bickford, A. H. Wethey, business-manager for W. A. Clark, and McLaughlin. McLaughlin received $16,000 in cash, and $8,000 in stock. Of the $16,000 in cash, Clark paid him $10,000 in December just after the legislature convened, and $5,000 in March, just after it adjourned.

H. W. McLAUGHLIN

McLaughlin was one of the few who voted for Clark on every ballot. "It is a matter of bread and butter to me and my family," was his explanation.

Case of Representative Woods, of Ravalli

E. P. Woods was a Democratic member from Ravalli County, in which Daly's great ranch lay, and he was supposed to be a Daly man. On November 17, 1898, a week after the general election, Walter M. Bickford wrote a letter to a friend of his, Dr. E. L. P. Ector, a dentist at Stevensville, Ravalli County, in which he said, referring to Woods:

"Write me and tell me what indebtedness, if any, our friend may have which is secured

or unsecured Is there any mortgage upon his ranch, or is he under obligations of a pecuniary nature to any person, and if so, how much is the amount, and when is it due, and is he being pressed for money or for the payment of the debt? I wish to make arrangements to take care of this myself, if there is anything of the kind. I want an immediate answer to this letter, so that I can complete arrangements before the middle of the next week."

E. P. WOODS

Dr. Ector replied that Woods owed about $6,500 for his ranch, was in debt for expenses which he had incurred during the illness of his wife, and Ector thought he could "handle him" for $7,000. On December 31st, two days before the legislature met, Bickford went to Missoula with $7,000, which he had received from Charles W. Clark, and offered to pay it into the hands of Dr. Ector to be held by him for Woods. Woods had told Dr. Ector the day before Bickford's visit that he could not afford to sell himself and his family, instructing Ector to have nothing to do with the matter, so Ector declined to receive the money. But the hounds kept in full cry upon Woods' trail, and returned from the chase with blood on their noses.

Dr. Ector, during the course of the attempt to "land" Woods, became alarmed lest he was not the only one authorized to "do business" with Woods, and on December 7, 1898, he wrote to W. A. Clark, himself, as follows:

"Dear sir:

Some time ago, Hon. W. M. Bickford came to see me in reference to one of the members of the legislature from this county as to his position on the senatorial question. He asked me to do certain things, which I did, and wrote to him over two weeks ago, but have not heard from him yet. Yesterday, in going to Missoula, I found another gentleman, Dr. Minchell, on the train, who wished me to do about the same things in regard to business in this county. Now, this places me at sea as to who does represent you in this case. As far as I can see, it will be who *sees* Mr. Woods first in this case — and while I represent Mr. Woods, I wish him to do the best he can for his own interests. There is also a fine chance to get one member from Missoula County. I wrote to you some weeks ago. Of course, I cannot and do not expect to hear from you, personally, but do expect to learn who I shall deal with in this matter. Of course, I am after what there is in it for me, and if you wish me to help in this matter let me hear from your man in this by return mail."

Clark replied to his letter on December 10th, as follows:

"Dear sir:

I have your esteemed favor of the 7th instant, and note contents. With regard to the business referred to, the matter was left entirely in the hands of Mr. Bickford, whom I met this morning. I spoke to him about it, and he told me that the party named went to Hamilton for an entirely different purpose and not to see the party that you refer to. Mr. Bickford will communicate with you on the subject, as I am not acquainted with the situation. I am very much obliged to you for the interest you have taken in the matter."

DR. E. L. P. ECTOR

Ector, according to his story, was to get ten per cent of whatever Bickford got from Clark for his services in matters connected with members of the legislature. But when he failed to "get" Woods, his appeals for remuneration, except

for the payment of about $300, were ignored by both Clark and Bickford. In retaliation, he later turned this correspondence, with more of an incriminating nature, over to those who were contesting Clark's seat.

Woods went to the legislature a poor man. The title to the ranch upon which he owed $6,500 was held by James W. Kemper, of Butte, a cousin of Mrs. Woods. About March 1st, immediately after the adjournment of the legislature, Woods' half brother went to Butte and paid Kemper $6,500 on Woods' account, and received a deed in the name of Mrs. Woods. He told Kemper that Woods could get the money at a lower rate of interest from Eastern capitalists. This tell-tale deed was never recorded. Nearly a year later when the ranch was sold, Kemper gave another deed in his own name as grantor, and no incumbrance appeared upon the property in the name of Eastern or other capitalists.

STATE SEN. HENRY L. MYERS

In November, 1898, Woods had borrowed $1,000 of John L. Miles, of Lo Lo, part of which was to pay his expenses at Helena. To secure the debt he gave a chattel mortgage on some live stock. The mortgage was payable in one year, but the payment was anticipated, and the debt discharged within a month after the legislature adjourned, seven months before it was due. Woods voted for Clark throughout the session.

Repeated Attempts to Secure the Vote of Senator Myers

State Senator Henry L. Myers, also from Ravalli County, was an able lawyer at Hamilton, the county seat. The shameless attempts made to buy his vote undoubtedly influenced him to assist Whiteside in exposing Clark's corrupt dealings with members of the legislature.

It was a favorite method of the Clark faction to influence a man through his affections, and to make his most trusted friends instrumental in corrupting him. Myers had an intimate friend, Dr. S. W. Minchell, a man of charm and cultivation, who lived in Montana because his health required a high altitude. He had been the attending physician in the last illness of Myers' mother, and had been exceedingly kind to the family in their sorrow.

After the general election in November, Minchell began discussing the senatorial situation with Myers. One day he informed Myers that he had been requested by Walter M. Bickford to see him and to say to him for Mr. Bickford that the Clark people wanted his vote. If he would vote for Clark, he would be given a position at Bridger — where Clark was interested in some coal mines — as Clark's attorney, at a salary of $2,500 for the first year, and $500 additional for each year thereafter. Minchell stated that he himself was going to move to Bridger after the legislature adjourned and take a position there, on salary, as physician for Clark's employees, and that he would like Myers to join him.

Two weeks later, Walter M. Bickford, himself, came to Hamilton, and repeated the proposition in more liberal terms. A day or two after this, Myers received this letter from Charles W. Clark:

"Dear sir:

I have to-day sent to Mr. Minchell $500 as retainer for your services, which are to begin with us at the Bridger coal mines. I am interested as well as my father in this proposition, and I am very much pleased that you will take charge of the legal work for us there. I expect to be in Helena some time next month, and will probably see you. Mr. Bickford asked Dr. Minchell to pay the amount to you."

This $500 in currency was sent to Minchell by express, although the check of W. A. Clark & Brother, bankers of Butte, was as

good as New York exchange anywhere in Montana.

Myers was surprised to get this letter, for he thought he had made himself clear to both Minchell and Bickford.

A day or two after the Whiteside exposure, early in the morning, Charles W. Clark came into the senate chamber where Myers was at work at his desk, and told him he wanted to speak to him privately. They went back into the rear of the senate chamber, and Clark said that he understood it was Myers' intention to make public in the joint assembly that day the letter he had written him at Hamilton; he hoped Myers would not do it; he had supposed it was all right when he wrote the letter. Myers told him he had no intention of reading it in the joint assembly. As a matter of fact, the letter was at that time in the hands of the Attorney-General for use before the grand jury.

Between the Whiteside exposure and the convening of the grand jury, Ben Hill, a fellow-townsman of Myers, came to him one evening. He had been trying to persuade Myers to vote for Clark, at one time telling him he could get him $25,000 for his vote. Hill now complained very bitterly that Myers had coöperated with Whiteside instead of with him. "Clark and Wellcome and A. J. Steele think that because I am so intimate with you, I must have known what was going on, and that I've played them false," said Hill. He seemed greatly distressed and begged Myers to go down to the Grand Central Hotel and tell A. J. Steele that he (Hill) had known nothing of the Whiteside affair before it became public.

"I didn't want to go," said Myers, "I knew what kind of a man Steele was, and it looked a little suspicious. I had had nothing to do with Steele, and wanted to have nothing. But Hill was so insistent that finally I told him if it would place him in a better light with his friends I would go."

The two went to a room in the Grand Central Hotel. Hill brought Steele in and then withdrew, leaving Steele and Myers alone in the room.

"Is there any consideration that can be named that will induce you to vote for W. A. Clark?" said Steele bluntly.

"There is none."

"Is there any consideration that can be named that will induce you to leave the State until this fight is over?"

"There is no consideration whatever that will induce me to do that."

Steele then drew from his pocket a paper. It was a statement purporting to come from Myers, denying any affiliation with Whiteside in the matter of the exposure, and contradicting *in toto* his own testimony before the legislative committee.

"I will not sign that. That is not true."

"Is there any consideration that can be named that will induce you to sign this paper?"

"Absolutely none. There is no use in our discussing this matter further. I came here for another purpose, and I see that I have been deceived."

Steele tore up the paper and threw it into the waste-basket.

"I guess that is about all I have to say," he observed.

Myers left the room.

Young Men Approached by Their Friends

Thomas F. Normoyle was a young bookkeeper who lived in Butte. At the time of his election to the legislature on the Democratic ticket, he had been for nearly two years deputy clerk of the District Court. Clark had spent a large amount of money to support the combined Clark-Republican ticket, and to defeat the ticket on which Normoyle was elected.

In the evening, on his way home from work, Normoyle was in the habit of stopping at Fair's drug-store, to wait for his car. Fair was a friend of Normoyle's, and when they were alone in the drug-store, one evening after Normoyle's election, Fair told him that he wanted to talk with him about voting for Clark for United States senator.

"You can get $10,000 for your vote," said Fair.

Normoyle, thinking Fair was joking, put him off in the same spirit. Fair resumed the conversation at different times after that, and made the remark that if Normoyle did not want to vote for Clark he might make as much by leaving the State and remaining away from the legislature.

"You can 'heel' yourself for life," said Fair. "You can leave Butte. You are not making anything here, and you might as well 'fix' yourself. I have seen W. A. Clark and his son Charlie, and I can arrange this."

"I will not vote for Clark," said Normoyle. "He opposed the ticket on which I ran, and I don't see how I can vote that way. There is no use talking to me about it."

In Helena, Normoyle was offered $12,000 for his vote and again refused.

When the revel was at its height on the night of Clark's election, and the bars of Helena served nothing but free champagne, Fair, the druggist, was there, and good-naturedly laughed his friend Normoyle down the wind.

Preachers of Helena Were Silenced

Rev. B. E. H. Warren, chaplain of the lower house during the legislative session, was pastor of a struggling little Methodist Church at East Helena. He had been ordained about eighteen years, serving about eight years within the bounds of the St. Louis conference, and the remainder of the time in Montana. He was a man of mettle. Once, down in the little town of Sweet Grass, in Eastern Montana, where he had served as pastor, a man had slandered him. Mr. Warren went meekly to him and demanded an explanation. The man called him a very harsh name. Mr. Warren promptly knocked him down with his fist, went to the little justice court, and pleaded guilty to a charge of assault.

REV. B. E. H. WARREN

Mr. Warren was frankly a Clark man at the beginning of the session. As the rumors of bribery thickened, he became perplexed. Four days before the final ballot which elected Clark, Mr. Warren and his friend, Charles Callahan, doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, were discussing the question of bribery, and wondering whether all they heard could be true.

"I am a friend of Mr. Clark," said Mr. Warren; "but if I could feel sure these things are true, I could not but repudiate him. I have a notion to go and see him myself."

Mr. Warren, accordingly, sought a personal interview with Clark.

It was just before noon when he rapped on the door of Clark's room in the Hotel Helena. Senator Clark answered the knock in person and gave the chaplain a hearty handshake. He then said he was busy dictating his mail and asked whether Mr. Warren's business would take much time.

"Only a short time," said Mr. Warren. He was invited into a side room.

"What is the prospect for your election, Mr. Clark?"

"I will be elected"—impressively. "But I do not want to be elected until I get a majority of the Democrats. If it were not for that, I could be elected any time."

"I heard a friend of mine, a Democrat, say he would support you for a consideration," said Mr. Warren.

"How much does he want?" asked Senator Clark.

"Ten thousand dollars, I believe."

The chaplain then told Clark who the man was. Mr. Clark reflected a moment.

"I can't do anything personally," he said. "It wouldn't do. But the matter will be arranged."

The next morning, in the lobby of the Helena Hotel, Clark came up to Mr. Warren and shook hands with him.

"Where is your friend?" he asked.

"I have not seen him this morning," answered the chaplain.

"Tell him I want his vote to-day. I must see him. This thing must come to a head."

"Charlie," whispered Mr. Warren to his friend Callahan, the doorkeeper, as he went into the House of Representatives that morning to offer up the invocation for the day, "there is no doubt in my mind, now."

"*Let us this morning offer up a petition for strength and wisdom for the members of this body, in view of the many and grave temptations with which they are beset,*" said Chaplain Warren in his invocation, immediately after the House had been called to order.

The chaplain appeared as a witness before the Supreme Court of Montana in the disbarment proceedings against John B.

Wellcome, ten months later. After his testimony was given in that court, slanderous stories were brought out against him, and he resigned not only his pastorate but the ministry. Feeling against him ran high in Helena. He had a wife and five children, and two of his sons, one eighteen and the other twenty-one, who were employed at a denominational hospital, were discharged, — through the influence of Senator Clark, as Mr. Warren's friends alleged.

When Warren had his conversation with W. A. Clark in his room at the hotel, Clark asked the chaplain how he was getting along in his church work. Mr. Warren replied that they were very much behind financially.

D. G. WARNER

When the legislature adjourned, and Clark returned to Butte, he sent the chaplain a check for $100. The chaplain acknowledged the receipt of the check, thanked Senator Clark, and congratulated him on his election. He used the $100 for personal expenses, but maintained that his church was in debt to him for more than that amount. After his resignation from the ministry, Chaplain Warren became a colporteur.

An Episcopal minister in one of the larger cities of the State, immediately after Clark's election, denounced him and his methods in a strong arraignment from his pulpit. Senator Clark and his friends beat the bushes along the back trails and raked up an alleged family scandal in which the minister was said to have been involved. The minister resigned shortly after, and accepted a pastorate in the East.

Senator W. J. Hannah, of Sweet Grass County, had been a minister also. Two months before the legislature convened he was in the Philippines with the Montana regiment. John S. M. Neill told Whiteside that Clark sent Hannah $2,000 by cable to pay his expenses home. He voted for his friend, Dr. J. M. Fox, for United States senator continuously up to the eleventh ballot, when he began voting for Clark.

About the time of the meeting of the legislature, W. A. Clark made a personal three-year loan of $25,000 to the Ross-Dyer Mercantile Company, of Big Timber, in Sweet Grass County. This concern later published, at Big Timber, a newspaper friendly to Mr. Clark, and after the adjournment of the legislature, Senator Hannah, who did not return to the Philippines, became its editor.

A Deal in Real Estate

Three of the Jefferson representatives were: Thomas C. Lyon, county attorney; D. G. Warner, sage and political soothsayer; and Pat Luddy, a political promoter.

Before the election, Lyon and Warner went to Anaconda to see Marcus Daly for the purpose of securing financial help for campaign expenses. They did not see Daly, but met John R. Toole, who told them that if he gave them money, and they went back to Boulder with it, their political enemies would at once cry "Anaconda boodle." He advised them to rely for support upon their local committee. This advice looked like very cold comfort to Warner and Lyon, and they stopped at Butte, which was on their way to Boulder, and interviewed W. A. Clark. In a few days John B. Wellcome was seen on the streets of Boulder, and Warner's financial circumstances suddenly became better. After the election, Lyon and Warner again went to Butte. Lyon saw W. A. Clark and told him he thought he could secure Warner's vote for him for $15,000. Clark informed him, as he had others, that he could not personally be mixed up in anything of that sort, but that the matter might be referred to his son, Charlie, or to John B. Wellcome. Lyon then piloted his partner in this questionable deal across the street to John B. Wellcome's office, where they met Charlie Clark. After introducing Warner to young Clark, Lyon left the office and remained out for some time. When he returned to the office, Warner had left, and Charlie Clark said to Lyon:

"The old — wants $15,000."

"He does?" said Lyon, in feigned surprise.

"Yes; and the trouble about it is, I have got to give it to him," said Charlie.

Charlie then said to Lyon that Warner would convey him some property in Boulder, and asked Lyon to act as grantee in order to cover up the transaction. Lyon said he would prefer not to become involved in any

WILLIAM E. TIERNEY

paper transaction which would place him within the pale of the law, and Clark said he would have to arrange in some way to veil the deal.

Two days before the legislature met, Warner's town lots in Boulder were turned over to a representative of Charlie Clark's, the consideration named in the deed being $7,500. This representative admitted that he bought the property for Clark, who, he said, expected a "rise" in Boulder real estate. The transaction was concealed, he explained, because if it became known that a wealthy man like Clark was buying lots in Boulder there would be such a demand for them that he would not be able to buy any more property there without paying fabulous prices. The principal industry at Boulder then was a small health resort. A year later, the lots bought for Clark were sold for taxes. At the time of their purchase on his account Clark had never seen them nor had the representative who negotiated the deed.

Warner borrowed of the Bank of Boulder $500 in December, just before the meeting of the legislature. On January 8th, a week after the sale of his lots, he deposited in that bank $8,000 and paid his note for $500

Several months after the legislature adjourned, Lyon told a friend of his that he had $2,000 on deposit, in his wife's name, had paid off a mortgage of $1,000 on his house, and had a small "nest-egg" left.

Lyon told Attorney-General Nolan later that Pat Luddy had received $7,500 for his vote.

Legislators Who Became Bankers

William E. Tierney was the State Senator from Broadwater County, and W. C. Eversole and Michael Shovlin were the representatives. Tierney was a member of the firm of A. M. Darcy & Co., and also of the firm of W. E. Tierney & Co., county mercantile establishments at Townsend. W. C. Eversole was a clerk in the employ of Tierney & Co., doing business for them at Hassel, in the same county.

When State Senator Tierney was elected to the legislature, A. M. Darcy & Co. (a firm composed of Tierney and a young woman named Alice M. Darcy), owed the Bank of Townsend about $10,000. This money had been owing a long time. Tierney was reputed to be worth, over and above his liabilities, about $5,000. Between March 1st and June 1, 1899, Tierney paid off his indebtedness of $10,000 to the Bank of Townsend. Most of this debt was paid in cash, and among the bills was one five-hundred-dollar bill. A large number of these bills which were paid into the Bank of Townsend were wet and sandy, as though they had been buried.

In June, following the adjournment of the legislature, Tierney himself organized a bank at Townsend with a capital of $25,000. Practically every dollar of the subscriptions to this capital stock was paid in currency. The day after the legislature adjourned, Representative Shovlin deposited $8,500 in currency in the Montana National Bank of Helena. Shortly after, Eversole, the other representative, bought out the interests of Tierney in the concern at Hassel, and both Shovlin and Eversole became stock-holders in the new banking enterprise at Townsend. Tierney's nephew, a clerk in a store, subscribed $4,000 of this new bank stock, his two sisters

W. C. EVERSOLE

E. C. DAY

$2,000 and his mother $1,000. Tierney, himself, subscribed $5,800, which he said he had had in cash in the safe of Darcy & Co. for years, — during the time his firm owed the Bank of Townsend the $10,000. This money, he said, was kept in the safe with slips pinned to it, showing it to be his personal property, and no record of it was ever kept in any book, though his partner, Miss Darcy, knew it was there. The roll of money in the safe was added to, from time to time, as Tierney accumulated currency from different transactions — or dug it out of the sand. The bank rose like a phœnix from the ashes of the legislature.

Tierney voted continuously for W. A. Clark from the first ballot, and Shovlin and Eversole from the sixth.

In one of the conversations that Whiteside had with John B. Wellcome very early in the session, Wellcome told Whiteside that Tierney was to get $10,000 for his vote, and also that the Clark forces had agreed to help him organize a bank at Townsend and to take some stock in the institution to help Tierney out.

Edward C. Day, the Clark candidate for speaker, was a very able lawyer in Helena of the firm of Cullen, Day & Cullen. He was apparently a man of unimpeachable integrity. After the Whiteside exposure, he denounced W. A. Clark, but a few days later he was found voting and working for him as vigorously as ever. He explained this by saying that in Helena the feeling for Clark was so strong that he was compelled to support him. The day after the legislature adjourned, according to Day's own admission, A. J. Davidson, one of Clark's most prominent lieutenants, went to Day's office and told him that he had come to express Mr. Clark's thanks for the services he had rendered, and also to present to him a testimonial of his regard. As he made this statement, Davidson handed Day an envelop bearing the business address of W. A. Clark & Brother, of Butte, in which were two certificates of deposit for $2,500 each, payable to Day's order. Davidson had carried these certificates in his pocket for a month. Whether he thought it might incriminate Day to pay him before the adjournment of the legislature, or whether he thought Day might regard it as more considerate in him to hold the money until after the excitement was over, can only be surmised. This $5,000, Day deposited to his personal credit in the Montana National Bank of Helena. None of it went to his firm. Clark also paid Cullen, Day & Cullen $5,000 for their services as attorneys in the Wellcome disbarment case, and for their defense of the Butte *Miner* in a suit for libel brought against it by Fred Whiteside.

A Representative Burned in Effigy

Representative Washington W. Beasley was from Big Timber, a town in Sweet Grass County. A few days before W. A. Clark's election, Beasley said confidentially to State Senator Worden, another Republican, that he had been informed that W. A. Clark had offered $150,000 for ten Republican votes, and that he thought it was too good a thing to let go by.

W. W. BEASLEY

Beasley was a Montana wool-buyer for a Boston wool-house. When he was elected to the legislature he owed a board bill of $400 to the Big Timber Hotel. Notwithstanding this fact, Beasley carried around in his vest pocket during the session of the

legislature, according to his own admission, $5,000 in bills. He explained that he carried this money about him to keep it from his creditors, who might attach it if it were deposited in a bank. But singularly, this excuse did not apply to a deposit of $3,000 that he had at the time in the Thomas Cruse Savings Bank of Helena. He declared that he had got the $5,000 from his son in St. Paul, just prior to the meeting of the legislature. Beasley, with ten other republicans, voted for Clark on the last ballot. The legislative record shows that two days after Clark's election he was granted leave of absence for ten days on the plea of sickness. It afterward was proved that he left that same night for St. Paul. There was a rumor that he had gone to St. Paul to deposit the money he had received for his vote, but this was never verified. Beasley declared that he voted for Clark because Clark had pledged himself, as a Democrat, to vote for a tariff on wool. Beasley took out a life-insurance policy in Helena shortly before he voted, giving his note for the first premium on his policy, though he afterwards claimed that he had $5,000 in currency in his vest pocket at the time.

S. S. HOBSON

The day after Clark's election, and within an hour after the news that Beasley had voted for Clark reached Big Timber, his effigy was hanging across the main street of the town. It was placarded "Beasley the bribe-taker," and "Beasley, traitor to Sweet Grass County." The next day the effigy was burned in the presence of the populace. Beasley brought suit for $20,000 damages for libel against his Republican neighbors, but lost his suit.

One of the Men Who "Came High"

S. S. Hobson, State senator from Fergus County, was chairman of the Republican caucus. In April, 1899, the month succeeding the adjournment of the legislature, there was deposited in the Continental National Bank, the Chicago correspondent of W. A. Clark & Brother of Butte, $25,000, to the credit of Senator Hobson. At least one telegram had passed between John B. Wellcome and this Chicago bank during the legislative session.

The night before the final ballot, the Republicans held a secret caucus to determine what course they should pursue. Shortly after the caucus was convened, William Lindsay, a representative from Dawson County, who knew that eleven Republicans had been bought and paid for, largely through the influence of Hobson, said: "Let us make short work of this, gentlemen. There is no use beating around the bush here. We know what this caucus is going to do. All you gentlemen who are going to vote for Mr. Clark to-morrow morning had better stand up"— and the solid eleven rose as one man and left the room to their four unbought colleagues.

Senator Hobson was president of the Fergus County Bank at Lewistown. Former United States Senator Thomas C. Power, of Helena, owned $46,000's worth of stock in this bank. Immediately after the legislature adjourned, W. A. Clark bought this stock of Senator Power at par, through the Montana National Bank, of Helena. The name of the purchaser was not disclosed to Senator Power by the bank. In February, 1900, a year after, the cashier of the Fergus County Bank knew that the stock had been purchased of Senator Power, but the stock book of the bank showed no transfer of this stock, and the stock was not even voted at the meeting of the stock-holders in January of 1900. Its identity had become lost.

In May, 1899, two months after the legislature adjourned, Senator Hobson paid off a personal indebtedness of $23,000 that he had long owed to his own bank.

It developed in the testimony, taken at Washington before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, that as Halsey R. Watson, a political friend of Senator Hobson, was leaving the Lewistown post-office one morning, three days before Clark was elected, he met several Democrats and Republicans who were earnestly discussing the senatorial fight at Helena. One or two Republicans were assailing Hobson and asserting that he was going to vote for Clark. Watson stoutly defended Hobson against this charge. His friends laughed at him and told him he didn't know what

he was talking about. Dr. G. L. Hogan, who was in the party, said to Watson: "Come down to my office and I will show you." Dr. Hogan, at his office, drew from his desk a letter from John S. M. Neill, addressed to T. J. Johns, of Lewistown. Watson was familiar with Neill's handwriting. "Clark will be elected sure," wrote Neill. "We have nine Republicans who will vote for him when the time comes. They came high, but we got them." Hobson's name was mentioned by Neill among the others.

At the investigation in Washington, Neill was notified by Senator Chandler Chairman of the Committee, to remain in attendance — that he would be called as a witness. The very morning Neill was called to the stand he returned his letter-book, which he had been requested to bring to Washington, to Helena by express. "If you have sent that letter-book back home since I notified you to remain in attendance as a witness," said Senator Chandler, sharply, "you send and get it back here" — and Neill promised; but when the final day of the hearing at Washington arrived, the letter-book was still missing, and it never was produced.

Eleven Republicans Cost $200,000

Ben D. Phillips was the State senator from Choteau County and, next to Hobson, the most active among the Republicans who worked for Clark. John S. M. Neill, in his letter to Johns, mentioned Phillips as one of those "who came high," but were finally landed. During the session, Phillips told State Senator Joseph R. McKay, of Custer County, that he could get him $15,000 for his vote. McKay was one of the four loyal Republicans who refused to join in the stampede for Clark on the last ballot. Phillips also told McKay that Representative George F. Ingersoll, of Custer County, had got $10,000 for his vote. One hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars was the price generally said to have been paid for the eleven Republican votes. This would be at the rate of $15,000 apiece. But Hobson and Phillips both received more than double this latter sum as brokers in the purchase and sale of their colleagues, bringing the cost of these eleven Republicans, which Clark had originally estimated would not exceed $5,000 apiece, up to $200,000 in round figures.

Thomas P. Cullen, the State senator from Dawson County, was a passenger conductor on the Northern Pacific Railway, in the eastern part of the State. After Cullen's election in the fall, he had an interview with W. A. Clark on his train, and promised Clark he would support him. Cullen told Whiteside that Clark at that time promised him $15,000 in cash, or $10,000 in cash and a permanent position on the new road, the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, which Clark was then building. Cullen voted for Clark, and sometime afterward went to work on Clark's Salt Lake road, and is still employed there.

B. D. PHILLIPS

It had been agreed between Cullen and Wellcome that Whiteside should hold Cullen's money. Before the arrangement was consummated, the Whiteside exposure took place. The night before the Whiteside exposure, and after the committee of investigation had been named, Cullen lay in bed in his room at the Helena Hotel, moaning and crying piteously. He sent for several of his friends and begged: "For God's sake, see that my name is kept out of that report." And it was.

B. J. Fine was a member from Virginia City, Madison County — the home of the road-agents and Vigilantes in early days. He admitted having received $5,000 from W. A. Clark; $2,000 during the session of the legislature, and $3,000 shortly after the adjournment. Fine claimed that he had rendered services for this amount of money, but was unable, when pinned down, to say what his services were.

One Man Who Didn't Sell

Edward H. Cooney, a representative from Cascade County, was a newspaper man, and connected with the Great Falls office of the Anaconda *Standard*. Thomas E. Butler had formerly been a newspaper man, but was now in the real estate business. Shortly after the Whiteside exposure, Butler came to Cooney's desk in the House of Representatives and told him he wished to speak to him privately. They walked down to the Helena Hotel, and

Butler said the Clark forces desired Cooney's vote and he had better "get into the band-wagon and get what was coming to him." Charlie Clark, he said, had agreed to put up $40,000 to improve the Butte *Miner*. Butler would be placed in charge of the *Miner*, and he was authorized to offer Cooney a salary of $2,500 a year, for five years, as circulation agent for the paper, This arrangement, Butler added, would not prevent Cooney from getting such additional cash bonus for voting for Clark as the parties might agree on. He told him that "all the boys from Bozeman got $10,000 apiece."

E. H. COONEY

Cooney replied that he lived at Great Falls, the home of Conrad, Clark's opponent; that he had been elected on a platform pledged to him. He could not go home and face his constituents if he voted for Clark.

Butler reported this conversation to Charlie Clark, who then told Butler that he "guessed there was no use trying Cooney out any further."

Cooney was offered $20,000 for his vote on several other occasions. Early on the morning of the day of Clark's election, Cooney rapped on the door of John R. Toole's room in the Helena Hotel. Toole was not up yet, but called to him to come in. Cooney was evidently laboring under great excitement, and beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. In his eye was the look of a hunted man.

"My God, this is awful," he said to Toole.

"What is the matter?" asked Toole.

"They have been on my track all night," replied Cooney. "They've shoved $20,000 in bills under my nose; they've told me Conrad would have no use for me after this thing was over — that I might as well take the money. They have said a dozen times: 'Here is $20,000 — put it in your pocket; don't be a fool!' They've tried to reach my family — have seen my wife — I wish they would leave my family alone. They have hounded my brother wherever he goes to get him to use his influence with me. They won't let me rest. I have got to talk with some one."

"If you have come to me for advice," said Toole, "I'm not going to give it to you. I'm not going to have you or your wife say I stood between you and fortune. If you took that money and were charged with the crime, and I sat on the jury, I would not vote to send you to the penitentiary. I realize the conditions that men are under here. Here is W —. His ranch is mortgaged; his children are barefooted; his wife has been sick in the hospital, and he has not been able to give her the necessaries of life. You can't blame men for taking fortunes under such circumstances — when this town is making a virtue of bribery. You might as well arrest a hungry boy for stealing a ripe apple hanging over the fence. But suppose you take the money; you will have no better appetite, you will sleep in no better bed. If you want my opinion about this thing, I'll tell you that if you take that money, in time to come it will be a canker at the heart of things. Twenty thousand dollars looks big at first, but it doesn't last long — not as long as the stain of the crime. All these men who are taking money to vote for Clark will pay a penalty for it; they may not serve time, but that is only one form of punishment — there are others."

On the final ballot Cooney voted for Conrad, as he had throughout the session. After he had looked on at the terrible scene in which individual legislators were publicly pointed at, and their price shouted at them, he said to Toole:

"I am the happiest man you ever saw."

A City Hysterical with Guilt and Greed

While the representatives of the people were thus being bought up singly and in delegations, public feeling in Helena had

reached the point of hysteria. Clark's campaign was carried on with the fanaticism of a holy war. The women of the capital threw themselves into the fight with intemperate, intolerant fervor. They carried on their crusade in their drawing-rooms, at their dinner-tables, and at church functions. They lobbied and entertained. They thronged the galleries of the State House.

The business men of Helena were almost a unit in declaring that bribery was a necessity, and in defending it. Hundreds of school children, when the corruption was at its height, might be seen wearing Clark badges on the streets. The man who stood out against bribes found that his old friends held aloof from him. His wife was often inconsolable. He became conscious of a lack of sympathy, of a curious isolation on the streets and at his club; found himself marooned upon a cold eminence of virtue.

H. H. GARR

The purchase of votes was talked about almost as freely as the weather, almost as familiarly as the markets. The members of the legislature openly discussed the sums they had been offered; what they had been promised, and what they had received. The morning salutation with everyone was, "What's the price of votes to-day?"

A warm wave of prosperity had swept over the city, weakening and debasing everything it touched — like the enthusiasm which accompanied it. Struggling professional men stepped into positions commanding large salaries; grocers became bankers; railroad employees became mine operators; clerks and bookkeepers wore diamonds and bought wine. Rolls of greenbacks were thrown over hotel transoms into men's rooms. A woman who let lodgings to members of the legislature, when she was making up the beds one morning, found ten one-thousand-dollar bills under the mattress.

On January 26th, two days before the final ballot, the grand jury called by Judge McIntyre reported. The proceedings of the grand jury were among the most brazen in the whole shameless trafficking.

Grand Jury Said to Have Been Bought for $10,000 Each

It was publicly rumored that each member of it had received $10,000, and the foreman $15,000, although the truth of these rumors was never proved. It was said that the grand jury would not have dared to make an adverse report in the face of the sentiment in Helena. Besides, everybody felt that Clark was going to spend the money anyhow, and why should the grand jury be neglected when everyone else was getting his share?

"We have carefully weighed all the evidence submitted to us," read the report of the grand jury, "and while there has been some evidence which tends to show that money has been used in connection with the election of a United States senator, it has been contradicted and explained in such a way that all the evidence introduced before us, taken together, would not, in our judgment, warrant a conviction by a trial jury."

Senator Whiteside Unseated

On the 26th day of January, two days before the election of W. A. Clark, the Senate decided to unseat Fred Whiteside and seat his Republican opponent, Geiger.* At the joint session on that morning, Whiteside, standing in front of the Speaker's desk, said:

"I understand that the fiat has gone forth, that this is the last day I am to be a member of this body; and if I failed to express myself at this time, I feel that I would be false to myself, false to my home, and false to the friends that have stood so manfully by me.

"Let us clink glasses and drink to crime. The crime of bribery, as shown by the evidence here introduced, stands out in all its naked hideousness, and there are forty

*Shortly after the election in the fall, a contest was instituted by John H. Geiger, the Republican opponent of Whiteside in the election of 1898. Whiteside had been elected by about eight majority. This contest was pigeon-holed in the Senate until after the Whiteside exposure, when the Clark forces, who were in the majority in the Senate, took up the contest and counted the ballots which had been sent for. Montana voted under the Australian ballot system, in which the voter checks by means of a cross opposite the name of the candidate he desires to vote for. In the recount of these votes in the Senate, the committee found seventeen ballots where the cross was after the name of the candidate instead of before it, as required by law. When the committee came to the first of these seventeen ballots, the cross was to the rear of Geiger's name, but the intention of the voter was apparent. He had intended to vote for Geiger. This ballot was, after some dispute, counted for Geiger. When they had counted clear through the ballots, it was found that of the seventeen erroneous ballots, a large majority were for Whiteside. The committee then reversed its previous ruling and discarded all these seventeen ballots, counting Whiteside out.

members seated here who, to-day, are ready to embrace it. And what is the motive? Answer me that question, you who sit with bloodless lips and shifting eyes — answer if you dare.

"There are some features of this senatorial contest which would be ridiculous if it were not for its serious import to the people of this State. It has reminded me of a horde of hungry, skinny, long-tailed rats around a big cheese. Something falls in the room." (Whiteside here referred to the morning of his exposure.) "There is a panic and stampede, and only seven have the courage to remain. As time goes on, their courage gradually returns; they smell the cheese, and one by one they timidly come out of their holes until the vanishing cheese is again surrounded and we can hear the chorus of 'Who's afraid?'

"I am not surprised that the gentlemen who have changed their votes to Clark recently, should make speeches of explanation, but I would suggest that their explanations would be much more clear and to the point if they would just get up and tell us the price and sit down.

"Mr. Garr stated in his explanation that he went over to Flathead County to consult with his constituents; but he might better have told the truth and said that he went over there to deposit a package of Clark money with D. R. Peeler. Deny it, sir, if you dare!" — pointing a finger at Garr.

Garr, a man past middle age, was seen to rise slowly in his seat, his face now red as fire and again a sickly, yellowish white.

"You are an infamous liar!" he shrieked. "You are a perjurer!"

Amid the uproar that ensued could be heard loud cries of: "Give it to him, Whiteside," "Give it to him, Garr," and the hands of many members went to their hip pockets. There were yells, screams, applause, and hisses, and one woman in the gallery fainted.

After the roll on the vote for senator had been called, Representative Garr broke down and cried.

The Terrible Day of Clark's Election

The morning of Saturday, January 28th, dawned crisp and clear. The sunlight flashed on the hills surrounding the capital, making the great combs on the mountain-tops glisten like diamond crescents.

A funeral pall hung over the Daly forces, while the Clark men, drawn and haggard from the strain of the long struggle, found relief in the fact that the die was cast and no power on earth could stay Clark's vindication. W. A. Clark's face was like that of a man crucified by suffering. His red eyes looked like the windows of a building within which a conflagration raged. Men who had barely slept for days and weeks had retired toward morning to snatch a few hours of rest. The wreck of battle was everywhere. Pencil memoranda, on which the prices of votes had been calculated, lay strewn upon the lobby floor of the Helena Hotel. The porters who were swamping the floor as the last weary stragglers were retiring to rest, picked up these bits of paper that told of reputations irretrievably lost — of compacts whose shame would haunt men year by year.

How would that courageous band of Daly men act their part now? They were sullen, uncompromising, defiant foes. Like sailors who know the ship will sink within an hour, they stood with their arms folded. It was strange that on this morning no Clark man felt elation. It was not in the air. The battle had been too bloody. They had these poor voters now, like rabbits in a warren, and would slaughter without mercy; but there was no exultation.

As early as eight o'clock, crowds of men and women could be seen moving toward the temporary capitol. At first they came in broken, irregular lines, and then in streams. Not one-twentieth of them could gain admission to the hall, but they stood outside the windows of the House of Representatives, and the streets were impassably blocked. Clark did not appear at the legislative hall, but John B. Wellcome, Charlie Clark, A. J. Steele, John S. M. Neill, and A. J. Davidson were there. The joint session met, the Senate filing in as the hour of ten arrived.

The first order of business after the reading of the minutes was the balloting for Senator. The roll was called amid breathless excitement, and the same vote was recorded as on the previous day. Then for the first time in the session a second ballot was demanded. E. C. Day, the leader of the Clark forces on the floor, moved that the assembly take a second ballot. State senator Stanton, of Cascade, a Conrad Democrat, moved as a substitute that the joint assembly dissolve for the day. The clerk called the roll on the substitute, and it was

lost by thirteen votes. The Clark forces had won their first open victory during the session. The roll on the second ballot then began.

Beginning of the Republican Stampede

When the name of State Senator John H. Geiger, who had been seated in the place of Whiteside two days before, was called, he rose from his seat and marched to the space in front of the Speaker's desk. Geiger was the member who afterwards admitted he had found an envelop containing $1,100 in his room which had been thrown over his transom during the night. His was the first Republican name on the roll, and his action would determine whether the Republicans had gone over to Clark or still stood true. Geiger's hair had been freshly oiled and plastered down, and he had all the appearance of one who realized he was to play a rôle that would become historic.

"Before casting my vote, I would like to have your attention for a few moments," he said. "I will not attempt to make any speech — if I wanted to I could not do it. But I realize that what is taking place in this, probably the most extraordinary assembly that has ever assembled on the American soil, is a grave and serious thing. I have studied this matter over and have come to a conclusion of my own. I stand here under peculiar circumstances. I am proud to say I belong to the minority of this body. The first vote I cast in this assembly, I cast for what I considered one of the leading young war-horses of the Republican party; but now the time has arrove — (laughter and shouts) — arriven — (uproar of laughter, after which Geiger desisted from the attempt to gather up his scattered sentence) I believe when I cast my vote I am only doing what I ought to do, and I say to you now, and I defy the wretch, or whoever he may be, man, woman or child (continued laughter), that I am about or going to be doing otherwise. I say to you, gentlemen, that I am doing this with hands clean, pockets empty (Geiger dramatically tapped his pockets amid increasing volleys of laughter) and conscience clear, and I am also doing it at the mandate and request of the Republican caucus, in which I did not vote. I now cast my vote for W. A. Clark, of Butte."

Geiger closed his speech amid applause, hisses, and cries of "traitor."

When the name of Marcyes, whose vote had been negotiated for $10,000, was called, he read a petition signed, he announced, by many Republicans of his county, praying him to vote for W. A. Clark.

"The Red Flag of the Auction-Place"

Representative E. D. Matts was next on the roll-call. In the legislature of 1893, he had eloquently denounced Clark as a bribe-giver. So far he had not once spoken during the session. As he rose everyone gazed expectantly in his direction.

"I have refrained from saying anything upon this contest during the entire session," he began, "and my sole reason has been that it would be utterly futile for anyone to talk upon the question of bribery if the men are here to sell themselves. There has been but one practical question, and that is: *How many men are purchasable in this legislative assembly at any price?* I did not think there were as many as there are. I have always opposed the election of Mr. Clark, because I believe him to be a bribe-giver; because his methods are vile and venal. If he is not a bribe-giver, then Senator Clark of Madison County and Senator Myers of Ravalli County and the others are perjurers. There are $30,000 in the treasury of this State that belong to somebody.

"I want to go on record as saying that this man cannot legally be elected, because you cannot elect a man by bribery and corruption, and have him legally elected. It is for the Senate of the United States to say whose $30,000 this is. I want further to go on record as defying all the millions Mr. Clark possesses. I am sorry to see that flag in its place. It would be better to put in its stead the red flag of the auction-place. You have not heard one third of the testimony. You will not listen. There is evidence connecting many members of this body directly with the crime of bribery. This must be exploited to the world, and the honor, the integrity and the credit of the State must be disgraced by such investigation. I am sorry to see this man go to the Senate of the United States, like Richard the Third, over the bodies of disgraced men. I am sorry it is necessary for the manhood of Montana to be dishonored in order that any man may attain his end."

As the names of the various members were called, applause and hisses were heard. The excitement became intense. Charges of bribery were bandied back and forth

upon the floor. The presiding officer rapped again and again for order, but in vain. As the men voted they were hissed and in one or two cases the price the voter had received was shouted at him in round figures.

The Grim Humor of the Vanquished

When the name of Miles Finlen (Marcus Daly's old friend, who had worked with him when both were miners in Nevada) was called, Finlen shouted in stentorian tones:

"W. A. Clark—"

There was consternation and panic among the Daly cohorts, and the friends of W. A. Clark broke into wild shouts of exultation. After the tumult had subsided, Finlen added in tones of derision:

—"of Madison County," voting for the State senator who had been instrumental in exposing the corruption of his namesake from Butte. Tumult upon tumult swept the floor and galleries. Numbers of men upon the floor were armed, prepared for any emergency.

The name of the Speaker of the House, Henry C. Stiff, was called. Stiff said:

"I am not so vain as to suppose that anything I may say at this time will change the result of this ballot. I do not believe if an election is declared here to-day it will be a valid election. I know there are some men here who are honestly casting their ballots for William A. Clark, — some of the Lewis and Clark delegation, — because of the unquestioned fact that the sentiment of this county, whether it be right or wrong, is in favor of his election. There are others voting for him, no doubt, because of their association with him in years long gone by, when they knew him to be a better man than he is to-day. Those gentlemen are so fearfully in the minority that they can hardly be taken into consideration. The question has been asked on this floor and elsewhere in this city: How do you actually know that bribery has been resorted to in this election? I say that I know this much: the only reason that I myself am not casting my vote under a bribe is because I refused to accept it — more money than I ever expect to have. All the millions that W. A. Clark possesses, in the face of these facts, could not induce me to cast my ballot for him. I can face my constituency and say that corruption, the gross corruption of this legislature, has never touched me."

The roll-call was finally finished and the clerk announced the vote for Clark as fifty-four. Four of the Republicans remained true. Eleven had gone over to Clark, and his election was declared by the presiding officer. Then came one wild, prolonged cheer from the galleries, and the crowd filed into the street.

Helena turned out in force that night to celebrate the success of her candidate. Handbills were distributed during the afternoon. They read:

THERE WILL BE A HOT TIME. GRAND CELEBRATION TO-NIGHT TO ENDORSE THE ELECTION OF HON. W. A. CLARK TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE. PROCESSION. FIREWORKS. MEETING AT THE AUDITORIUM. EVERYBODY WELCOME.

At eight o'clock, the procession formed on upper Main Street, and soon after started on its march. For days the saloons and hotels of Helena had been ordering by telegraph quantities of champagne from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco. All during Saturday afternoon and night most of the bars of Helena were free to the populace, and no one was allowed to order anything but champagne. Clark's champagne bill alone for that night was said by one of his leaders to be $30,000. Schoolboys were among the patrons of the bars.

Senator Clark gave a banquet for his friends and supporters at the Helena Hotel on February 7th, and again there was intemperate revelry. Neither Clark nor his friends ever imagined for a moment that the fight would be carried on to Washington. It was an unwritten law in the feud to accept the issue of every clash and abide by it stoically. Both Clark and Wellcome had been led to believe by assurances received from the Daly forces that the feud was finally over, and perhaps this fight would have gone no farther but for one unfortunate declaration made by Clark himself: the statement that the $30,000 produced in the Whiteside exposure was Daly's money.

"You can't pass a charge like that by," Daly said when he returned from New York in February. "He's gone too far this time. He said I put up that money. Let him prove it. We'll take the thing to Washington."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE HANGING OF MARY DYER*

BY

BASIL KING

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST LOVE FEAST," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PAINTINGS BY HOWARD PYLE

ON reaching Providence we went direct to Richard Scott's plantation. It was near nightfall, and we feared lest Mary Dyer should be already fled to Boston. We kept to the river, so as to avoid the Town Street; and thus, without detection, we drew toward the landing.

It was middle May, a warm season, and a silent, heavy-scented eve. The sun had set a full half-hour agone, and now the further shore of Narragansett Bay was barely to be seen, against a sky of many-colored burnings, like the far-off fires of Judgment.

"My mother would take that for a sign," said Hope Dyer, pointing to the west; "I pray she may not see it."

"Thy mother looks too far into Heaven to heed the light that shines outside."

'Twas Jeffrey Pryde that spoke — he who had convinced Mary Dyer of Friends' principles and was now late come among us on the Quakers' consecrated ship, the *Woodhouse*, their Noah's Ark, as they called her.

But late as he had come, 'twas no secret among Friends that he had won Hope Dyer's heart, and that the two were betwixt Yea and Nay.

Nor was it strange. They were both young, both of ardent temper — she the home-bred maid, and he the stranger knight. Moreover, they were both out of the common handsome — she slight and supple and not too tall, like a young Rhode Island sapling: he long and lithe in the limb, a man all fire and motion, not still and given to meditation, like so many of their sect, but eager, wordy, and ever readier to take the Kingdom of Heaven by violence than in any other way. Not two weeks was he landed from the *Woodhouse* before he was the idol of the Bay from Providence to Newport. Mary Dyer had told of him beforehand, and he had not belied her praise. Quaker and saint though she were, she had not been able to refrain from speaking of his blue eyes, and smiling mouth, and hair of such a weight and glow of gold as well-nigh to outdo Absalom's.

In beauty of body and eloquence of speech Jeffrey Pryde was all that we had heard, and more. Of learning he had little; but in tongue-work and eye-work and heart-work we had never seen his like, nor ever did see, not even when George Fox himself came preaching in our barns.

From William Dyer, who had small sympathy with Friends (his wife having had too much), to Samuel Gorton who could never stomach any other man's religion but his own, all were converted to the good looks and honeyed smile of Jeffrey Pryde.

For me, if I never loved the man, I trust I did not hate him, never denying that he had merits, but always believing that his house was built upon the sand. Yet, had it been falling into the sea itself, I should have been none the less glad of his help in the business we had in hand that May evening of 1660.

'Twas Samuel Gorton (ever hand in glove with Friends) who had passed me secret word that Mary Dyer had slipt her husband's leash, and was even at that moment on her way toward Boston. William Dyer was my trusted friend, and for Hope, his youngest — but of that anon. I was old, and she was young, and Jeffrey Pryde was there. 'Tis easy to submit when the heart is on the further side of forty. Suffice it, then, to say that while I wanted to be mixt in none of Friends' affairs, yet for that holy maid I would have walked hand in hand with the Grand Turk or Pope of Rome himself.

So when Samuel Gorton passed me the secret word (betraying Friends' confidence for a righteous end), I went incontinent to

* The hanging of Mary Dyer on June 1, 1660, was, perhaps, the most important single incident in the fight for religious freedom in America.

confer with him at Warwick. There we took counsel, the upshot being to say nothing to William Dyer, who was already half distraught, but to labor with Hope and Jeffrey Pryde to intercept Mary Dyer at Providence. If any human voice could counsel her 'twas Pryde's. If any heart could have power over her 'twas Hope's.

So, on a day, Gorton and his wife went down to Portsmouth to beg of William Dyer the favor of the maid's company for a few weeks' sojourning at Warwick.

"Take her," said the father, "but be precious of her, and let her not come near Friends. They who have stolen the mother may steal the child. The Lord's hand has been heavy laid upon me. He has given me the best and yet the most wilful woman man ever had to wife. I cannot say His Will be done, for that I know not what it is. What with my wife declaring the Lord bids her go again to preach Friends' principles in Boston, and John Endicott affirming that the same Lord bids him hang her if she come, I am clean perplexed. When she came down from her gallows last year at Boston, I became surety for her that she would no more cross the confines of the Massachusetts Colony. Now I have wintered her safe in Long Island; but I live in dread lest she may be at her practices again."

Howbeit, he suffered the maid to go, and with Gorton and his wife she set out for Warwick. There a junction was made with Jeffrey Pryde and me, and in the morning we two — Pryde and I — with the maid between us, set sail up the Bay to Providence.

By this time we had learned that Mary Dyer, having secretly crossed from Shelter Island, had passed up the old Pequot trail through Narragansett. At Providence she was to lie at Richard Scott's, but whether she had come or gone we knew not till we ourselves arrived at the plantation.

Therefore, having once touched land, I left the boat for Jeffrey Pryde to see to, and hastened with the maid across the meadow, toward the dwelling. Dusk as it was, our approach was perceived, for so soon as we came before the door, it was opened without our knocking.

"The God of peace be with you," said the voice of a woman, who had taken us for Friends. Then, seeing her error, she said, "I fear ye cannot enter. There is a meeting of the Lord's people here to-night. If ye seek shelter, go on to the plantation of Roger Williams or Chad Brown."

In the half-light I knew the woman to be one Betty Burrows, she that was servant to Hored Gardner of Newport, and had been, in the previous year, publicly scourged, with her mistress, for being found within the borders of Massachusetts Bay, they being Friends. The maid was by nature but a bouncing country wench, on whom her new crown of martyrdom set something awry.

"We seek not shelter," I replied, "we seek this maiden's mother, Mary Dyer."

"I can admit none but Friends," the wench repeated. "I have already hazarded my life unto death, as thou mayest have heard tell. It is no secret in the colony how I was scourged — Oh, la, Master Pryde!" she cried, with a change of tone. "Whoever thought to see thee here to-night! Thou art more than welcome, for there is Lord's work a-doing."

Jeffrey Pryde had now strode up through the gloaming.

"The God of peace be with thee," he said, taking the girl's hand, and looking at her with that blue, love-making glance which was the very sunshine of Friends' meetings.

"Oh, la!" said the wench again, setting herself to curtsey.

"See thou do it not!" cried Jeffrey Pryde, raising his hand in warning. "Outward honor is not for man. What questionest thou with these?"

"They be not Friends, and I am ordered ——"

"Admit them none the less. Place them where they may see, but not be seen. I will join myself to the Lord's people."

He spoke as a commander, and, pushing past the wench, entered the house. Taking Hope Dyer by the hand I followed him.

We found ourselves in a living-room of the kind common to all the houses in the plantations, but more spacious — Richard and Katharine Scott being people of high family and large substance, though that was little thought of among Friends. The room was dark, but a dim light streamed through an open door from a broad, square entrance-way, into which the stairs descended from the upper chambers. In the centre of this hall was a table on which were a Bible and three burning candles. Around the apartment Friends were already seated.

In the darkness of the living-room Hope and I sat down in a far corner, where we had

sight of all that passed beyond. Betty Burrows returned to her station at the window. Jeffrey Pryde strode into the assembly and sat down. At his appearance there was some commotion, but not much was said.

By the flickering candle-light I could see most of those who had come together. Richard Scott was there, a small, gray-haired, wiry man, with a face all impatient zeal, as though the Lord's time could not come quick enough. Katharine, his wife, was large and mild, tarrying the Lord's leisure with a saint-like gentleness. Like to her father was Patience Scott, she who, though but eleven years of age, had been imprisoned last year with Mary Dyer at Boston; a small, thin child she was, with yellow eyes, and yellow hair, and a look unnatural piercing, as though some elfish sprite were caged in a human body. Hored Gardner, of Newport, sat full before me, a comely woman, young, but aged before her time by the great suffering she had undergone last year at Boston. Others there were whom I also knew, but not so well; and all sat silent, mostly with eyes downcast, in a manner to recall the meeting of the Church upon the day of Pentecost.

Suddenly there was a stirring. Hope grasped my hand, and her breath came hard. On the stairway we saw Mary Dyer.

She came down slowly — simple, calm, and no sign on her of her wild journey up through Narragansett.

How shall I write of this woman? In what phrase shall I set forth her separation from the daily life of men? That she was most comely, all men know. That she was noble in mien, mild in manner, gentle in speech, is familiar matter in our colonies. But there was something else, something which cannot be writ down in words, but of which none was unaware who ever came into her presence. Woman-warrior, woman-mystic, woman-saint! — some grace flowed from her which made her passage among men a very benediction.

As she came down the stair, her air was not that of a simple colonist like any of ourselves, but of some strange visitant from far-off spheres. In feature she was neither young nor old, but as if already ageless and immortal.

There was neither word nor motion as she entered the company, and the silence lasted till she brake it.

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me."

Her voice was low and wondrous thrilling. All eyes were turned on hers. If she looked at any, 'twas at Jeffrey Pryde. Hope held my hand, catching her breath.

"Before I suffer," said Mary Dyer, her words falling like music on that breathless stillness; "before I die, I am moved to tell you why it is that I, a wife and mother, have loosed myself from all the ties of earth, to be bound with those of Heaven."

"Mother, Mother," whispered Hope, but I held her tight and calmed her.

I saw Jeffrey Pryde lean forward, his blue eyes aflame and his lips parted, as though it were hard to hold himself from speaking.

"For many years, as some of you may know," Mary Dyer went on, "I was a thirsty seeker after God, wandering far but finding Him not. Brought up in England, in Charles' time, in what they call their Church, I was as one who tries to warm himself in a winter sunshine; all was left cold within me. Then came Oliver with the new teachings in which we put our trust; but presently we found that we had only set Dagon in the place of Molech."

"Woe to all dumb idols," cried Betty Burrows. "Woe to all steeple-houses, and the jack-priests therein!"

"Then it was," said Mary Dyer, "that I moved my husband to go up from Egypt and seek the Promised Land. We had heard from many of the spiritual republics founded over seas, and so, forsaking all, we came to Boston. There, too, at first, there was much promise of true religion. But no long time had passed before I perceived that all were in spiritual slavery. Their priests were but blind leaders of the blind; their prophets prophesied falsely, and the people loved to have it so."

"Lord, open their eyes that they may see," cried Richard Scott.

"Seeing, they see not, and hearing, they hear not," quoted Patience Scott, in a piping, childish treble.

"Nevertheless," continued Mary Dyer, "I forsook not their steeple-house, nor failed to converse with many on religious things. One there was especially, Priest Wilson by name,* a great light among them, with whom I had many hours of pleasant, spiritual talk. Blind he was, no doubt, and yet not wholly so, for ofttimes he comforted me in moments of my soul's affliction. And yet, when I asked for bread, 'twas but a stone he gave me; when

*John Wilson, minister of the First Church, in Boston.

I sought for a fish, to stay my fainting spiritual life, he had nothing to offer but a serpent."

"Learn not to think of men above that which is written," cried Jeffrey Pryde.

"Yea, Friend," replied Mary Dyer. "I have tried to learn that lesson. Now I lean on none but on the Lord."

"Put not your trust in any child of man," said Katharine Scott, gently, "for there is no help in them."

"True, dear Friend," said Mary Dyer, "and 'twas chiefly for that reason that I withdrew from Priest Wilson's company, throwing myself wholly upon God."

"He stood by and saw me scourged, Priest Wilson did," cried Betty Burrows. "If they had not ceased to ply their knotted whip, I should e'en now have been among the angels."

"Later," Mary Dyer went on, "my husband and I went back to England. Not yet having found spiritual peace I returned to the worship of the steeple-house. And indeed I bless God for it, for 'twas thus that I first heard Jeffrey Pryde. I rely on no man, but never will I deny that 'twas he who first brought me to the light. I had gone on a First Day to the steeple-house (church, as they call it) at Brathay in the north country. The priest had spoke his bit of prophecy, and the shepherdless flock were about to leave the place. Suddenly a voice said, 'Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken!' I turned in my seat, and at the door saw him who is now with us, his face like that of an angel. If, dear Friends, an angel had in very deed spoken to me, I could not have better understood the true Word of Life. In the afternoon of that same day, a great company met on a hill called Loughrigg, which stands, as some of you may know, at the head of the lake named Windermere. Oh, blest day of light and peace! How can I forbear, as I take my last farewell of earthly things, how can I forbear to bring that picture back! The August day, the steep hillside, the sheep browsing amid the fern, the angel face, the prophetic voice! and, far below, the long, blue, broken-shored lake, reflecting the calm face of Heaven! There are moments when God Himself is well-nigh visible in the world, and one such was that. One such I have known since then. 'Twas in the autumn of last year, in Boston, when, as ye know, with the halter round my neck, I climbed the ladder which, I surely thought, would lead me up beyond the stars."

The tears stood in her eyes. Her face was radiant, as though some unseen light were shed upon it.

"Mother, Mother dear!"

'Twas Hope's stifled voice, but again I soothed her.

"Let her go on," I whispered. "Presently thy friend, Jeffrey Pryde, will speak, and dissuade her from this mad journey."

"From that day I saw my course before me," Mary Dyer began again. "That which I had found, I must make known to others. My husband had returned to Boston, and I resolved to follow him. There was my home, there were my children, there were the souls who had first need of me. I thought of the many with whom I had conversed in days gone by; I knew their spiritual thirst. Now I was coming with the wine and milk which were without money and without price. Oh, how I longed! Oh, how I hasted! The winds could not blow my vessel quick enough. My zeal outstripped the very birds, the very storm. For me, as I well knew, there was no longer to be in this world a place as wife, or a work as mother. From that I was, as it were, caught up into the clouds. Mistake me not, dear Friends. I have never ceased to love those to whom God had given me. Only, I had other work to do. I was called from them by an exceeding urgent calling. From the moment when I heard the Voice of God, I was consecrated to His highest service, and wifehood and motherhood must give way."

"Blessed above women!" cried Jeffrey Pryde.

"Yea, Friend," she made answer, proudly. "I am indeed blessed, in that I have been counted worthy to suffer for my Lord. And yet I have not suffered. Ah, no! It has been too sweet. In imprisonment it has been as though I were in Heaven. In rough handling by men it has seemed to me as though the Lord's own touch caressed me. In taunts and words of scorn I have heard the very hymns of Heaven. I declare to you all that never did man or woman know greater joy that when last year I went, with the Lord's two saints, to what I thought was to be my death. Why did they bring me back again? Why did they not let my soul break forth? And yet I know. My work was not done. I see it now. My task is this — this — this, that lies before me."

Her tone was rising. The gentle manner of her speech was giving way to exaltation.

"Ye know," she said, with an opening gesture of the hands, "ye know the manner of my home-coming. Ye know how the souls, whom I had thought athirst, received the living water. They had already passed their bloody laws, and I was first imprisoned, then expelled beyond their borders upon pain of death. Death, death, O God! Did ever any messenger of Thine fear that? Let Boston priests fear death! For us 'tis only a new rapture. Ye know how I returned to preach the Word again. Ye know how, with William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson, I was condemned to die upon the gallows they had set up in their common fields. Hand in hand all three, we walked from the prison. When the hour came, my brothers went into Heaven before me, and at the last moment I was — spared! Spared because I was a woman! Did ever any hear the like? Coming down from the scaffold I was shamed to think that I was living while my brethren had died. I went to my husband, I went to the shelter he found for me, as into exile, as into a country further from my Lord."

Suddenly a new power seemed to come upon her.

"But I have been reserved for this," she cried aloud, standing with outspread arms. "I have been reserved for this — to free the land from spiritual tyranny, to free the land from blood, to gain for all who are here to-day, and all who are yet to come among us, the right to believe in God, and serve God, and preach God, in full religious freedom. Scourgings have not been enough; imprisonments have not been enough; Robinson's death and Stevenson's death have not been enough; it needs also mine. Yea, Friends, it needs mine. Then shall this people's eyes be opened; then shall they see and know. Once let the land be moved as a woman's death will move it, and the work will be nearly done. Oh, do not think me wild! Do not call me crazed. I know that, if I willed it, I might live. I know I could go back to my peaceful home again. But be sure of this, as I am sure of it, that, fleeing, I should carry with me all that is best in this dear country's freedom; that, hidden in the seclusion of my home, I should bury with me our people's right to serve their God. I fight not for Friends alone. I fight for all. I die to gain the liberty not of to-day, but of all the future centuries. I am called to this. I have no choice but to go."

"And blessed be thou of the Lord in going," cried Jeffrey Pryde, springing up. His blue eyes shot flame; his spirit was enkindled with Friends' zeal. I saw that he had failed us. "Go forth, go forth," he went on, in that sort of taking with which he was accustomed to address the meetings. "Heed not the tempter's voice bidding thee to stay. Go, where they will lift thee up ——"

But Hope Dyer sprang from my side. In an instant, before I could say her yea or nay, she was in amongst their company.

"Peace, peace, man," she cried out, "or never speak the word of love to me again. My mother shall not die, my mother must not die."

By this all were on their feet and in a great commotion.

Mary Dyer seized the maiden in her arms, and, for once, forgot that she was called to more than motherhood.

But to all her daughter's pleadings the woman only said, "My child, I am chosen of the Lord. I love thee well. I love thy father, and all that are at home. But I am already as one dead. Had God taken me by sickness thou wouldst have mourned for me, but not rebelled against His Will. Think of me as one taken by His Word. Think of me as one whose soul could no longer stay, because the Voice of the Beloved called it home."

And indeed, as the night wore on, and the strange woman talked always thus, sweetly but without sadness, gently but without uncertainty, she ended by leaving the girl half-convinced. Little by little Hope pleaded more faint-heartedly, till at last, when the two had prayed together, the maid put up no more petitions that her mother should return.

"I, too, will go to Boston," cried out Jeffrey Pryde. "The day that Mary Dyer mounts the scaffold I will mount it, too."

"See that you do it, then," I said, roughly, having lost my temper at his desertion of our cause.

"I pray that thou mayest see it, too."

"Then," said I, in heat, "there will be a traitor the less in Rhode Island. Having come here to save yon woman, you have urged her on to her destruction."

"We are doing it for thee, dear Friend."

"Do not 'dear Friend' me," I cried. "I am none of your sect, nor want to be."

"My last prayer upon the scaffold shall be that thou mayest live to belie those words."

"'I HAVE BEEN RESERVED FOR THIS—TO FREE THE LAND FROM SPIRITUAL TYRANNY'"

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More was said in the same strain, which is not worth the setting down. Suffice it to say that before the meeting ended 'twas understood that Mary Dyer and Jeffrey Pryde should begin at dawn their martyr's pilgrimage toward Boston. All the concession we could wring was that Hope Dyer should not be parted from her mother, and that I should go with them to protect the maid. With that I left them, and went to pass the night at Chad Brown's plantation.

No two lovers ever went through summer woods more joyfully than Mary Dyer and Jeffrey Pryde rode along the trail to Boston. All day long did they flash back and forth the answer and the smile. It was plain that she was in an ecstasy; it was no less plain that his spirit burned from hers. I knew the man; I knew his kind. Not without virtues was he, not without some strength; but his religion was like a light reflected in a mirror, making a great burning, while the true lamp is elsewhere. His was a nature lit from others. With the cold he was ever cold; with the zealous, zealous; and now with Mary Dyer about to die, he would hear nothing but that he must do the like. So was I the less surprised with what befell at Boston, when they were condemned.

On our arrival, I found, with a kinswoman of my own, a place where Mary and Hope Dyer could lie; but with cock-crow the former was out upon the common fields. There she and Jeffrey Pryde preached Friends' principles to young and old.

Immediately, there was great excitement in the town. From every quarter the people came to see the two fanatics who had not only put their lives in jeopardy, but had forfeited them to the law. Before nightfall John Endicott had clapped them both in prison.

"Yea, joyfully I go," said Mary Dyer to the officer, who came out to apprehend her.

"I, too, go," said Jeffrey Pryde, "as to the threshold of my Father's home."

Ten days later they were brought before Endicott and questioned.

"Are you the same Mary Dyer that was here before?"

"I am," she answered.

"Do you call yourself a Quaker?"

"I am reproachfully so-called. I am of the Religious Society of Friends."

"Sentence, as you know, was passed upon you by the last General Court. You were then condemned to die. Your life was spared at the last moment——"

"Because I was a woman," she broke in, "and ye dared not hang a woman for her faith, for ye feared the common people's wrath. Tell the truth, man. Sit not there in judgment upon me, when at heart thou art thyself a wrong-doer and a coward."

The Governor flushed, but went on without show of heat.

"Your life was spared at the last moment, at the petition of your son, and on the surety given by your husband that he would keep you outside the borders of our jurisdiction. Now you have broken the conditions, and sentence must be carried out."

"I have come hither for that purpose. The Lord hath sent me here to die like Stephen at the feet of Saul, that ye may all see that ye do but kick against the pricks."

"Then prepare yourself for to-morrow at nine o'clock."

"I am even now prepared. My soul hasteth to the moment, in order to come the more quickly to the hour of thy contrition."

As she proceeded to speak further of her call, the Governor lost all patience.

"Away with her. Away with her," he cried.

"So said the wicked Jews," called Jeffrey Pryde, "when they demanded Barabas in the place of Christ."

"Who is this jack?" the Governor asked, as the other fanatic was brought before him.

"My name is Jeffrey Pryde."

"Then 'tis the pride that is like to have a fall."

"Yea, friend, a fall out of thy hands into God's."

"Do you stand covered before me? Remove the hat."

"I uncover not to man. I keep my homage for the Lord."

"Uncover him," said Endicott, whereat an officer carried out the Governor's command.

As he stood there, his golden hair all a tousle of curls, his blue eyes shining, and a smile of heavenly sweetness on his lips, there was a murmur in the Court. Some there were who muttered that 'twas a pity such a fair-faced lad should die. Perhaps I wrong him, but methinks he read this admiration of his beauty, and found pleasure in it, even as he stood face to face with death.

"Mark ye, good people," cried Jeffrey Pryde, passing his hand through his heavy locks, "it is for this, for not uncovering, for not bowing with reverence before yon

"'THE LORD HATH SENT ME HERE TO DIE LIKE STEPHEN AT THE FEET OF SAUL'"

whited wall, that we Friends are condemned to die. Had Robinson and Stevenson taken off the hat to him last year, he would have spared their lives. He who sits in yonder seat cares for one thing and but for one, in all this universe. 'Tis not for Truth; 'tis not for God; but 'tis for Bloody Endicott."

Whereat the Governor flew into a great stew of anger, and made short work of Jeffrey Pryde. In a few minutes sentence was delivered against his life.

"You shall be taken out with Mary Dyer," said the Governor, very red in the face. "You shall be led to the common fields at nine o'clock to-morrow, and there you shall be hanged, after the unhappy woman who has gone from here, and who, as I suspicion, is less your accomplice than your victim. Notwithstanding, an' you renounce Friends' principles, as you call them, betwixt now and then, you shall be spared."

"When I renounce the air I breathe, when I renounce the mother who bare me, when I renounce the soul my Saviour hath redeemed for me, I renounce the principles of Friends."

"Very well, very well," said the Governor, as he rose. "Have it your own way. You will not expect me to set more value by your life than you do yourself."

With that the trial ended, and Jeffrey Pryde was led away.

I had now to carry the tidings to Hope Dyer; but before doing so I sought the Governor in a private chamber, to beg that the prisoners might be pardoned and sent back to the Providence plantations.

Endicott, whom I knew slightly, received me testily, but without ill-will.

"Did ever anybody see a magistrate flouted so?" he exclaimed, when we had greeted. "Why, these Quakers would flout the Lord God Himself if ever they got near enough to His Presence. I declare to you, Master Holden, that if you continue to harbor these pestiferous wretches in Rhode Island, you will set all our colonies by the ears. As it is, you do not keep them; you shove them over into our borders that we may have the evil-smelling work of killing them. It is not well done, I tell you. Send us Papists, send us Anabaptists, send us lepers, an' you will; but send us, I pray you, no more Friends. The like of them is not on earth, nor yet, I trust, in Heaven. Only yesterday there came to me a letter from this foolish woman's husband, William Dyer, begging me to spare her once again. I have already writ him that I do him the truest kindness in settling his household once for all; for not until this woman is underground will he, or any of us, find peace of our minds or lives."

So I obtained nothing, and needs must that I should return to my kinswoman's house to give the sad tidings to Hope Dyer.

She was a maiden sustained by some inward power which spoke little in her words, but showed itself in her sweet face always lifted heavenward. If round her mother there was the air of Paradise, round her, my gentle Hope, there was that something which we know is earthly, but which is earth's best and purest and most steadfast. So now, though she received me with much sorrow, it was with few tears, and I saw that she in no-wise flinched from all that she must face before the morrow's sunset. If there were any coward, it was I; but even I grew bolder, when she laid her hand upon my arm and lifted her pure eyes to mine.

It was thus that early morning saw us in Prison Lane,* where a dense crowd was already gathered. We stood near the portal, waiting for the condemned to be led forth.

The news that two more Quakers were to die had brought the whole town together, and no small number had come in from Cambridge, Marblehead, and Salem.

Fearing some sort of tumult the Governor had called out the soldiery, who everywhere patrolled the town. Though there was no talk of rescuing the prisoners, it was plain that much feeling existed against putting them to death. Outspoken dissatisfaction was to be heard in plenty, while many who stood stern and silent were nursing resentment in their hearts.

At half-past eight of the clock a roll of drums was heard within the prison-yard. The great gate swung open, and through it came three drummers, beating their drums and marching abreast. After them came Mary Dyer. She walked with head erect, her hood fallen back from her hair. At her appearing the multitude was hushed, awed by that air she wore, partly of the consecrated saint, and partly of the captive queen. Three more drummers followed her. Then came Jeffrey Pryde, bareheaded. Three more drummers followed him, and then the

*Now Court Street.

great gates were closed. Soldiers guarded the sad procession, which, moving up through Prison Lane, turned sharp to the south, toward the common fields.

With the exit of the prisoners the multitude began to move, forming, as it were, an outer guard, beyond the soldiery. Hope Dyer and I kept as close as might be to the maiden's mother, who, seeing us, smiled, though because of the beating of the drums it was not possible to speak. Jeffrey Pryde, too, smiled on us, and for once I honored both the man's courage and his faith.

As we went onwards, a few jeers and foolish insults were to be heard, but mostly there was pity for the two condemned, and some hard words for Endicott.

Arrived at the fields the scene was of the prettiest. Their Common in Boston is all hill and dale, with plenty of green pasturage, well-growing trees, and a broad river lapping close beside. It was the first day of June; the sky was blue, the sun was shining, and the birds were singing in the branches.

Hope Dyer held my hand and walked on like her mother, with head erect, and sweet, young face set bravely.

Presently the crowd before us halted. There was a breaking into one broad lane, and at the end, under a great elm tree, we saw the scaffold.*

The drums ceased to beat. Mary Dyer and Jeffrey Pryde went on. Below the scaffold John Endicott sat on horseback. With him was John Wilson, Boston's minister, once Mary Dyer's friend.

I drew Hope as far as might be to the outskirts of the crowd.

There was little ceremony. Mary Dyer passed first, and, mounting the ladder, stood alone upon the scaffold. Jeffrey Pryde remained below, exhorting her to be faithful unto death.

"It is all I ask," she said. "I have no fear of death, for death to me means life and God."

"Mary Dyer," called out the Governor, "I give you one more chance. An' you return quietly to your home and children, and trouble us no more in Massachusetts, you may come down again."

"I cannot," she replied. "I am here to die, that ye may see how great has been your wickedness in making your cruel laws. Know ye, good people, that this very day your repentance will begin. When once my blood is on your heads, ye shall have had enough."

Then, quickly, John Wilson, the minister, sprang up the ladder and stood beside her.

"Oh, Mary Dyer, repent," he cried, in a loud voice of beseeching.

"Nay, man," she said, with scorn, "I am not now to repent." Then as if in sorrow for the manner of her speaking, she turned on him and smiled. "We have been friends together in the years gone by," she said. "Mayhap we shall be friends again in the blessed days to come."

The crowd stood in silence.

"Since she will not come down," cried John Webb, the captain of the soldiery, "let's to the work."

"I am ready," she said, quietly. "I ask no delay."

With that a man I had not seen before stepped up behind her.

"Wilt thou not bind my eyes?" she asked him.

"I have nothing wherewith to do it," he replied.

"Then lend me thy kerchief," she said, turning, with one of her smiles, toward John Wilson. "I have asked thee many favors; this shall be the last. Nay, nay, man, thou art crying. Keep thy kerchief for thy tears; they touch me more than ever did any of thy arguments. I will close mine eyes, and let that suffice."

"Nay, take it," said John Wilson, holding it out with one hand, while he covered his face with the other.

"Thanks, dear friend. Thou art very kind."

She passed the kerchief to the man behind her. Then her eyes wandered slowly over the multitude till they rested, with their last look, on Hope and me. Again she smiled; and we felt within us the comfort of her blessing.

"I am quite ready now," she said, and we heard her voice no more.

I turned away, pressing Hope's head close down upon my shoulder, so that she might not see.

There was a long minute's silence. Then a sigh, a sob, passed over the whole multitude. We knew that Mary Dyer was with God.

All at once a woman's voice rang out:

* The Hollis Street Theater now stands on or near the spot. Boston Common at that time extended farther than at present towards the south.

'AT HER APPEARING THE MULTITUDE WAS HUSHED, AWED BY THAT AIR SHE WORE''

"How long, O Lord, how long shall it be ere thou avenge the blood of thine elect?"

Then another woman cried:

"Did I forsake father and mother and come to New England for this?"

Then another woman cried:

"Woe, woe, woe to New England! Who would have thought that she should come to this! Woe, woe, woe!"

"Amen! Amen! Amen!" a man's voice shouted, and again there was death-like silence.

I turned and looked, Hope's face still pillowed against my shoulder. She sighed in a taking of convulsion, but she did not weep.

Jeffrey Pryde was now on the scaffold — but was it Jeffrey Pryde? Was this white, shivering, ghost-like creature the fair-faced idol of our colony?

He stood, as they bound him, without a word. Then his blanched lips moved, as if in prayer. Presently a faint sound floated outward.

"Let me live!"

There was neither sound nor stirring in reply.

"Let me live! Let me live!"

His voice came louder. But still no man moved.

"I renounce Friends' principles. Let me live. Let me come down."

Still all was silence.

"Let me live! Let me live! I renounce Friends' principles," came from him like a long, wild, wailing cry.

"Unbind him," said the Governor. "Let him go."

The cords that tied his hands were cut. He staggered to the ladder, as one blind. He tottered downwards. Then a great shout arose.

The multitude had turned against him.

"Apostate! Apostate!"

'Twas a woman's voice began, but men and women soon railed and groaned together.

"Apostate! Coward! Traitor!"

"He drove the woman on to die, and then recanted!"

"Stone him! Stone him!"

"Throw him into the Frog Pond!"

"Kill him! Kill him! Drowning is too good for him!"

Hope raised her head. She saw him stagger hither and thither among the crowd, as they buffeted him from hand to hand. She saw him struck, stoned, bleeding.

Then, with a cry, she sprang from me. Something in her face caused the multitude to stand back and give her passage. In a moment she was beside Jeffrey Pryde, catching him as he fell.

"I am Mary Dyer's daughter," she cried out. "This man is my betrothed. I love him. If he live, I will be his wife. Out upon you. Cowards are ye all!"

Eyes and cheeks were flaming. I scarce knew my little Hope. The crowd gave way. Jeffrey Pryde was lying senseless on the ground, and she was kneeling at his side.

Six weeks he lay at my lodging and then died. Had it been possible, he would have had the hanging all over again, that he might show the world, that he might show Hope Dyer above all, that he was man enough to bear it. It was but the bodily, momentary fear of death, he affirmed, that had made him an apostate. He forced me to go to Endicott, with the petition that he might be brought out again. But the Governor would have none of it, and so as an apostate Jeffrey Pryde was left to bear his shame alone.

'Tis to his credit that shame killed him. His outward wounds were slight, but in his soul there was a great stab of his own making, from which there was no recovery.

Tossing and moaning, moaning and tossing, he lay, hiding himself from all human eyes, except Hope's and mine, until his lamp went out in dishonor. But even to him Hope brought comfort and some peace before the end.

At first he shunned her, but with firm tenderness she forced herself upon him. From that time on she scarce left his bedside; and, if he did not die wholly as a Judas, it was because she brought with her the very message of the love of God.

Did she love him still? I never knew. At least she tended him with love, and in her arms he died.

It was not until years passed that the sweet maiden came to me. She had suffered too much to be lightly comforted, but comforted in time she was. She was never gay again; she never had again the blythesomeness of other maids. No young man's love could have sufficed her. And so, when the time was ripe, she turned to me.

"MADELON SANK DOWN UPON THE BROAD SEAT WHICH STRETCHES BELOW THE WINDOWS"

"NIGHT, AND THE CURTAINS DRAWN"

BY

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

AUTHOR OF "ANDREA DEL SARTO," "A CASTLE IN SPAIN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM THE DRAWING BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

FATE is called a heartless lady, cruel and cold and pitiless — a Juggernaut who rides down hearts and hopes, unseeing, uncaring; but sometimes, to us who grope blind in the dark, perverse in our blindness, who stray from the paradise that was ours, she comes, half in anger, as it were, and sets our feet once more toward what we had left behind; sometimes, not often. So she did with me, in kindly scorn of my perversity — set my feet once more toward the light when I would have turned them to outer darkness; and a certain other pair of feet that I am not worthy to kiss.

There were two young people who loved each other too much, who tried their hearts with an over-great passion, set their souls an over-severe task, and there came to them the inevitable wreck; for men and women are but men and women — not gods — very human and frail and faulty, and, adoring overkeenly, they demand too much and forgive not at all.

To us, to Madelon and to me, the inevitable wreck came quickly, for our love had been too great. We had made gods, each of the other, and, finding after a little that the gods were but flesh and blood, we would not forgive.

It was a bit over two months from the wedding day when I left The Towers — for we had agreed, nay I had insisted, that Madelon should have the place — and went up to my old quarters in town.

I have no wish to dwell upon the next few weeks. They were too cruel even to be looked back upon with any calmness. Sometimes I dream that I am returned to them, and wake shivering. There were certain friends who were kind to me, who tried to entertain me — make it easier for me. There was one — the best of all, though I quarreled with him — who told me that I was making an unmitigated and unnecessarily tragic ass of myself, and that I had no more sense of humor than a woman (which was true).

But friends could not fill all my hours nor all my thoughts. There were sleepless nights — horrible unspeakably, and there were empty, dreary days when I walked always under a strange pall which hung between me and the sunlight, between me and all the life which had used to form my world.

I crossed the channel and loafed about Paris for a week, and I even went down to Nice and to Monte Carlo, but even there the pall hung over me, cold and grey and deadening, and I crept back to London as a sick man creeps back to his chamber of suffering — to my sleepless nights, horrible unspeakably, and my dreary days.

Then Reeves-Davis came up from the country, full of a project for shooting African lions. Would I go along? I looked ahead, shivering a bit, into the sodden perspective of days and nights, each an awful thing. Madness lay that way.

"Yes," said I, "ah yes, I'll go." Sometimes there are accidents in shooting lions. A thousand things might happen.

"Ah, yes," said I, "I'll go."

There were matters to be set in shape, arrangements to make against the possibility of one of those accidents. I went about them with a certain eagerness. Everything must be made easy for Her — comfortable and secure. There were directions to be given at The Towers, and a few things of mine to be taken away — such things as I should be carrying with me to Africa. I wrote to Madelon — it took an hour and much waste of paper — asking permission to come down on some day when she was to be absent.

Her answer — the very writing, the turn of phrase, in spite of its careful formality, the

faint scent which clung to the grey paper — set me into a curious fever of commotion, set my hands to trembling as I smoothed the sheet.

She had named the day for my coming. She was to be away somewhere and would not return to The Towers till late. I went down in the morning — it was the very day before Reeves-Davis and I were to sail on the "Dunnotar Castle" — and one of the grooms met me at the village station with a trap. It was not a cheerful drive, that familiar two miles, for I was bound upon no cheerful errand, and, moreover, I wondered idly, caring little, if this were the last time I should pass that way. Sometimes there are accidents in shooting lions.

Old Wilkins was waiting for me at the door, and behind him Mrs. Stubbs. Mrs. Stubbs' eyes were red-rimmed. Why, I think my own stung a bit. Wilkins had been a footman in the house when I was born, and Mrs. Stubbs was one of the first to hold me in her arms.

The business upon which I had come detained me longer than I expected. It was nearly three o'clock when Wilkins gave me luncheon in the breakfast-room, and nearly four when I went from the table to take a last look at the old study with its comfortable leathern chairs and its crackling fire and its tables and shelves filled with my favorite books.

Madelon had not been often here, it would seem, for the room was unchanged. Pipes and tobacco jars littered the great center table. Books sprawled open, face downward, where I had left them to mark the page.

"I'll have a last pipe," said I. "I can do no better than the five-three train now. I've half an hour and more to waste."

So I filled and lighted a pipe, and I sat down in one of the great stuffed chairs in a corner of the room across from the fire. It was very still; there was no sound save the dropping of coals in the fireplace, and already the daylight was beginning to fade so that I, in my corner, sat among deepening shadows. Aye, shadows indeed! Shadows of bitterness, gloom of despair.

It was a new and keener bitterness here. Somehow there was a difference. In town and roaming aimlessly across the continent I had been grief-stricken enough, God knows, but with the grief there had been always a certain anger, a resentment, a sense of injury. I was not so certain of the injury here. What if I had been in the wrong — all in the wrong?

Something took hold of my heart — gripped it, wrung it. What if I had been all in the wrong? Had I not asked too much? Had I not been too fiercely exigent of the woman I had set upon a pedestal and worshiped? After all, she was but a woman — the loveliest of them, the queen among them, but a woman. We know, all of us, in a vague fashion, that a woman loves better to be loved than worshiped — kissed and teased and played with than set above a shrine; but it is hard not to set her over the shrine, for a man must idolize something, and the woman he loves — if she is a good woman — wears about her head a visible halo, so far she sits above his coarser clay.

There stood on the hearth-rug, a little to one side of the fire, another great leathern chair like that in which I crouched among my shadows. My eyes fell upon it, and I remembered, and a little wave of misery swept over me.

I remembered how I had used to sit there of an evening, late, over the dying fire, and how Madelon had loved to curl up, in some mysterious woman's fashion, on the rug at my feet, resting her beautiful head against my knees. I remembered, and my breath came quicker, the soft touch of her hair, the scent of it when I bent over her, the unspeakable loveliness of her face in the firelight — shadows above her cheeks and chin, and over her straight brows.

I remembered the talks we used to have together there, long, rambling, intimate talks, with silences that said more than words, while the fire burned lower and lower, and the grey ash crept over it, and the coals dropped through the bars with a soft rattle till the room grew a little chill, and I, bending lower, took Madelon bodily in my arms and lifted her up to the big chair and to me. Sometimes, I remembered, she would fall asleep so, with her cheek in the hollow of my shoulder.

Madelon, Madelon!

The thing clutching at my heart gripped and wrung it sorely. This was what I had sacrificed on the altar of a childish anger, of a silly pride. This was what I had given up because my goddess had turned woman. What is a goddess to a woman?

I remembered, and my hands shook upon the arms of the leathern chair. Oh! I remembered a hundred things — a thousand;

exquisite things, too intimate to be written. They thrilled me from head to foot till I could have wept there in the dusk, like a woman or little child. The flood-gates were open wide that I had held so fiercely closed this month past, and the tide came through them in an irresistible, engulfing wave. It would not be beaten back. Wept? Aye, I longed to weep at the rush of memories that flooded me. I think I sobbed, shaking in my great chair.

I had lost all count of time. Trains and duties and all such were gone utterly from my mind.

The dusk deepened, but I did not know it. I suppose the piano had been sounding faintly from the music-room for a long time before it made any impression upon my senses. Even then I heard it as in a sort of dream. It meant nothing to me.

Some one was playing very softly, slow chords at times, little snatches of old song, but at last the song of Helen Huntington's that She had loved so:

"Night, and the curtains drawn,
The household still——"

I think I did not realize even yet that Madelon actually was in the music-room singing. I think that even with her voice in my ears I did not waken to full consciousness, so deep was I in my dream, and so did her song fit into all the rest:

"'Close to the dying blaze
We sit alone;
Naught but the old days lost,
All else — our own.

"'Far in the corners dim
The shadows start;
Near to your strength I cling,
And near your heart.

"'Dearest — the whole world ends,
Ends well — in this,
Night, and the firelit dark,
Your touch, your kiss.'"

Then, after a few final chords, very low, the piano was still, and there came lagging footsteps across the polished floor. I took one great shivering breath as she entered the room, and drew back as far as I might into my shadows, though for that there was no need; I was quite hidden in the dusk. She stood a moment before the fire, with one hand stretched out a bit, away from her, so that a pink glow outlined every slim finger. She was in a long, loose house-gown of clinging silk that hung from her shoulders in straight folds to the floor. There were wide sleeves of lace which showed half her beautiful arm.

Evidently, she had been some time in the house for she must have changed frocks. Still, the servants could not have known that I was there. They must have thought me long since gone.

She moved across the darkening room to the high, mullioned windows which look across the lawns to the fir grove and the little lake and the far hills, and she stood there, leaning against the seat which stretches below the windows, and stared out into the red western sky for a long time, very still.

Then, at last, she turned back into the room, singing just over her breath, but not for joy — sadly, ah, to break one's heart!

"'Near to your strength I cling,'"
she sang.
"'And near your heart.'"

She tried to go on with the next verse, but her voice shook and broke, and very suddenly she dropped down upon her knees beside the great center table and laid her arms upon it and, hiding her face there, began to weep very bitterly.

For a time I clung to the arms of my chair and set my teeth, but I could not bear it long.

"Madelon!" said I. "Oh, Madelon, Madelon!"

That brought her head up with a swift, frightened cry, and she stared through the dusk at my shadowed corner.

"You!" said Madelon in a shaking whisper. "*You?*"

"I, Madelon," I said, and I got to my feet, for she had risen, holding by the great table, and stood there white and stern, looking at me coldly.

"I — thought you had gone," said she. "I believed you had gone long since. I — trusted you to hold to your — word."

"I meant to, Madelon," said I simply. "I did not think to — to intrude upon you, to stop longer than my — limit. I expect I fell asleep in here, or something like. I sat down for a half hour and — and I fell to thinking. It was your song that waked me."

I felt, all at once, curiously weary and old and forlorn, and quite, quite hopeless.

"I 'll — I 'll be going on now," said I. "I 'll just be going on now," for she stood cold and unmoving by the table. "I won't annoy you any — longer," I said, and I turned away toward the door. But Madelon called me back.

"Wait!" said she, and her voice was not hard, but rather gentle and kindly. "There is no train for an hour," she said. "You cannot go now."

"I 'll just wait at the station," said I from the doorway. "I must not take advantage of — " But she called me back once more.

"You must wait here," she said. "There is no reason why you should not. We — we have not gone so far that we must be uncivil to each other."

Then, for a time, there was an awkward little silence between us. I moved over to the hearth-rug and stood there, pretending to warm my hands, though the heat was almost gone from the embers; and Madelon stood beside the great center-table fingering idly the things which lay upon it, and stealing a glance at me now and then.

It was she who at last broke the silence.

"You look very tired," she said gently, "very tired and worn. You have not been — ill?"

"No," said I, "not really ill, just tired, I expect. Just seedy a bit. I 've had no one to — look after me, to make me take care of myself."

"No," said Madelon in a sort of whisper. "No, of course." Then, after a little ——

"You have been living in town?" she asked.

"Whiles," said I. "So long as I could bear it. Mostly I 've been roaming about the continent. To-morrow I start for Africa with Captain Reeves-Davis. We 're off to shoot lions, I believe."

Madelon gave a sudden little cry, and her two hands went swiftly to her heart, as if something hurt her there.

"Africa?" she said very low. "That is so far! And — and sometimes there are accidents in shooting lions."

"So I understand," said I.

Then, all at once, the fierce hold which I had been keeping upon myself seemed to crumble into bits.

"I tell you," I cried facing her, "I tell you, I can bear this no longer! I am going to Africa because I cannot stop here in England. If I stop I shall go mad. I tell you, I have lived such a month as you could not even imagine, as you could not think of even in an evil dream. I am going to Africa because I want to be as far from everything I have ever known as possible, because I must have something to do, to keep me occupied, or I shall cut my throat!" And I turned away from her again and hid my face upon my arms against the wide mantel.

"Yes," said Madelon gently. "Yes, I know."

"You can't know," said I with my face hidden. "It is impossible that you should know."

"Yes, I know," said Madelon again. "I have thought of cutting my throat, too. I expect I 'm not quite cowardly enough to do it, but I have thought of it often."

I turned toward her, wide-eyed and wondering, but Madelon went over to the windows and stood there, tapping with her fingers upon the glass.

"We 've made, between us, a very sad wreck of our lives, haven't we, Cecil?" she said at last. "I suppose it is common enough, but one never quite believes that one's own grief is common. One always thinks it is greater than that of other people. Ah yes, we 've made a very sad wreck of our lives. I wonder if we need have."

"I wonder," said I.

Madelon sank down upon the broad seat which stretches below the windows, and rested her chin upon her hands.

"Such a wreck!" said she. "And yet we were so happy once." She gave a little low laugh that was sadder than tears.

"Poor, dear children!" she said. "So happy and so foolish — but ah, so dear!" It was as if she were speaking of some one else — quite impersonally. "But they were too serious, Cecil," she went on. "They 'd no sense of humor — that will have been because they cared so much — and they made tragedies out of every frown, every careless word, every forgotten kiss."

She laughed again, but not sadly this time, a tender, half-eager little laugh, as if her mind dwelt upon something very sweet to her.

"What times they had, though," she murmured, "while it lasted! How heavenly happy they were!"

"Oh, I know!" I groaned. "Don't I know? I 've been sitting here for hours thinking of it."

And Madelon nodded.

"Here by the fire," she said in her eager, smiling murmur. "Here by the fire of an

evening, or riding together, or punting on the river — oh, a thousand things! This was best though, closest, dearest, this sitting by the fire through a whole evening — late into the night." And she broke again into a little snatch of song — her old song — very low, just over her breath:

"'Far in the corners dim
The shadows start;
Near to your strength I cling,
And near your heart.'"

But her voice wavered and broke with the last words, and she rose quickly from the window seat, breathing a bit fast.

"Ah, well!" she said in quite another tone, "that's all done with. We've been very happy together but it couldn't last. We wrecked it some time ago — forever."

"Forever, Madelon?" said I.

She turned toward me swiftly, very wide-eyed, and stared into my face. I think her breathing ceased for a bit.

"What do you — mean?" she asked, half whispering. "What do you — mean? I don't understand. Forever? Of course, forever. What do you mean?"

"I mean," said I, taking a long breath, "that we're making a silly mess of our two lives, all for a silly bit of pride. I mean that we've been a particularly foolish pair of children, Madelon — you said so yourself. Must we be foolish always? Ah, I've had my pride shaken to the bottom, and there's no more of it left. I'm not ashamed to own that I've been wrong through the whole thing — all wrong, if you like. God knows I've suffered enough. Couldn't we begin all over again?"

Madelon stood across the hearth-rug, white and shaking, and she caught her hands once more to her heart as if something hurt her there.

"You — mean," she said at last, whispering, "you mean that you still — care? still — care?"

"Care?" said I. "Care? Oh, Madelon! Madelon!"

And then Madelon, with a little, low, sobbing cry came to me across the hearth-rug, and laid her face in the hollow of my shoulder where it belonged, and wept.

THE STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE ASTOR FORTUNE," ETC.

VII

THE RACE FOR BIGNESS

THE policy-holders have suffered most, not from the dishonesty of their trustees, but from their recklessness and extravagance. The amounts abstracted by underwriting syndicates and high salaries are insignificant compared with the millions wasted upon the agents. The overshadowing evil has been the craze for size. In the last thirty years the Mutual, the Equitable, and the New York Life have concentrated their energies upon a single end. They have aimed at leadership, not in providing the safest and fairest and lowest-cost life-insurance, but in writing the largest annual new business. They have aimed at quantity, not quality. They have become the most conspicuous illustration of the American passion for bigness. They have thus Barnumized the business. To this one fact the larger evils are directly traced.

These evils, outside of the actual dishonesty of the trustees, are the high cost of life-insurance and its frequently deceptive and fraudulent character. The high cost is explained by outrageous payments to agents, in the shape of commissions, prizes, bonuses, and miscellaneous forms of entertainment; by reckless advertising, rebates, and advances; and by the solicitation of business in foreign countries at the expense of the American members. Such expenditures, like most other details, are theoretically graded on a mathematical basis. Every policy-holder, as already explained, pays a certain "loading" on his premium each year as his contribution to management expenses. At age forty, for example, a $10,000 policy in the Equitable costs $330 a year. Of that, about $247 represents the actual cost of the insurance; and $82 the policy-holder's assessment for management expenses. Theoretically, the company expends as little of this loading as possible, and returns its savings in the shape of dividends — in other words, reduces, by that much, the cost of insurance. The connection between expenditures and the cost of life-insurance thus clearly appears. The company which manages its agency system with the greatest economy and thus makes the largest savings from "loadings" will return the largest dividends, or furnish insurance at the lowest cost. How grievously the New York companies have sinned, a few statistics will show. The New York Life, in 1903, spent $11,406,482 on the new business obtained that year. It collected in new premiums $13,784,000. In 1904 it spent $12,005,090 on new business; it collected in new premiums $13,988,186. The Equitable and the Mutual make a showing equally bad or worse. These three companies, that is, have much exceeded their entire loadings* in management expenses,— notwithstanding the fact that their loadings are outrageously large. In other words, these companies have annually paid to agents, on new business, nearly ninety cents out of every dollar taken in. In many instances they have greatly overstepped this record. The Equitable, for example, has obtained its large English business by paying $1.25 for every dollar received in new premiums. In Australia it has paid out $1.40 for every dollar taken in.

*The Equitable, according to its annual reports, has not exceeded its loading. Inasmuch as it has for years regularly concealed one of its greatest expenditures, "advances to agents," by transferring them to subsidiary trust companies, the exact facts are not ascertained. In the last eight months all three companies have shown some retrenchment in the cost of new business.

"Deferred Dividends" Wasted on Agents

The conservative business man stands aghast at such extravagance. He cannot understand how such methods have not ended, long ago, in bankruptcy. The explanation, however, is found in the one word "Tontine." The companies have maintained perfect solvency in the face of such pressure because they have largely used the withheld dividends of their policy-holders. They have persuaded the public, by false and unfulfilled promises of enormous rewards, to leave their dividends for varying periods, usually twenty years. They have then largely used them in the hunt for new business. Many of their foreign establishments, had they been independent companies, would have become insolvent years ago. The New York managers, however, have made up the deficits by using the withheld "dividends" of the American members. The New York Life has confessed that, for agents' commissions and other acquisition expenses, it "borrowed," in the years 1903 and 1904, some $13,000,000 of policy-holders' dividends. Richard A. McCurdy has admitted, on the witness-stand, that the Mutual has similarly eaten into sacred trust funds, and has justified himself on the "missionary" principle. It was wiser, he declared, to use dividends in extending the business than in paying them to policy-holders, who, at best, would spend them foolishly.

New business is desirable, but not essential. A solvent company can stop now, never write another policy, pay off all its claims as they mature, and quietly cease to exist. The Equitable could shut its doors to new policy-holders to-day and carry out its contracts to the end. True, it would take nearly a hundred years to do it; but every solvent company, thanks to Elizur Wright's legal reserve law, is thus fortunately situated. A life company exists, however, for the purpose of insuring lives; and, for this reason alone, it necessarily solicits new members. The extent to which such new members may be admitted, like all life-insurance principles, is scientifically ascertained. A certain membership is required to maintain a fair average of mortality. The more lives insured, up to a certain point, the more accurately will the mortality tables upon which the premiums are based

work in practice. A company with one hundred lives could not succeed, because all might conceivably die in one year, instead of in the gradual succession anticipated by the mortality table. A company with ten thousand well-selected lives or more, however, need expect no surprises. The big New York companies have more than half a million each; an excess which, merely from the groundwork of mortality average, adds nothing to their strength. They could split themselves into twenty or thirty smaller companies, each as strong and solvent as the parent concern. The other rational reason for an increased size is a logical decrease in management expenses. Obviously, the more policy-holders contribute to the cost of running the company, the smaller should be each one's share of the fixed charges. As long as an increasing business decreases expenses, it is an excellent thing. Quite the contrary has happened, however. The New York companies' increasing business has resulted in an increased expenditure. The new members, that is, have not paid their own way; but have become a burden upon the old policy-holders. Life-insurance is about the only modern enterprise in which competition has increased the cost of the product.

The desire for new business, obtained at this cost, is explained first by the ambition of the particular men in charge. Henry B. Hyde's enthusiasm, as has already been said, was to found "not the best but the biggest life-insurance company in the world." He set the pace which the others felt impelled to follow. The pride of the particular company and the ambition of the men in charge were at stake. To a considerable extent we can sympathize with these officers. In the early '80's it was generally believed that the Mutual Life was on the down grade, simply because its new business, compared with that of its two great rivals, showed a marked falling off. In fact, it was a far better company than either; and, in giving way to the modern manias, steadily deteriorated to their level. In 1891 John A. McCall took charge of the New York Life. Had Mr. McCall attempted to reform conditions and refused to write new business at the expense of the old policy-holders, unquestionably he would have been looked upon as a failure and ejected from office. Jacob L. Greene, who had sufficient force of character to champion and practise reform, was always regarded, by hustling life-insurance men, as a "back number." Unquestionably, the craze for bigness has a more corrupt explanation. The officers have based their demands for high and enormous salaries on their companies' increase in size. Their own importance has vastly grown as their companies' assets have piled up. A man with $400,000,000 or $500,000,000 under his control, with an annual income of $60,000,000 requiring investment, has become a financial giant. Few magnates have been so courted and flattered: few, under a constant pressure of flattery, have become so tyrannical. James H. Hyde, a year or two after leaving Harvard, sent a gorgeously framed picture of himself to the president of one of the largest New York financial houses, with a request that he hang it over his desk. It represented the young man in evening dress; with the pompadour hair, the violets, and all the other now celebrated regalia. The president in question submissively acceded.

Insurance leaders have thus obtained numerous chances to grow rich — and not necessarily at their policy-holders' direct expense. Again, there has developed a great administrative machine dependent upon this enormous new business for existence. If their companies refuse to accept this new business, thousands of agents must lose employment. If they cut commission rates, these agents would also support themselves with difficulty. And, be it remembered, the officers were at their agents' mercy. The agents, in the Mutual and the New York Life, delivered the votes, or proxies, that kept the trustees in power. Manifestly, the larger and more scattered the companies, the more securely they entrenched themselves. A mutual company with 1,000 policy-holders located in the same community could readily combine to oust unfaithful trustees; one with 600,000 or 700,000 scattered all over five continents could do so only with the utmost difficulty. Thus has developed a series of motives, none of them in the policy-holder's interest, but distinctly opposed to it, all demanding a constantly increasing business, and all inspiring the management to the most reckless and dishonest methods of obtaining it.

Life-Insurance Agents Necessary

Theoretically, no life-insurance company should employ an agency force. He who

has dependents and no income except the product of his own toil is as morally bound to carry life-insurance as he is to furnish his children food and shelter. Obviously, he should not be hounded into performing this simple duty. However, that theory seldom works. Experience has demonstrated that men do not insure of their own free will. They must be clubbed into it. The company that employs no agents does no business. The old Equitable of London pays enormous "bonuses" or "dividends"; which means that it furnishes insurance at very low cost. However, it writes only a few hundred policies a year; and, at the present rate, must eventually cease to exist. Both circumstances — its big dividends and its small amount of new business — have the same explanation: the old Equitable has no agents. If you wish a policy you voluntarily buy it over the counter. Consequently, the New York companies, which do employ agents, have entered England and practically driven this old institution out of business. There is also a powerful actuarial justification for the agency system. Properly regulated, it brings only healthy lives into the company. A man anticipating early death does not need to be persuaded; he is only too glad to obtain a policy. That is the class which voluntarily seeks insurance. Indeed, an unsolicited applicant is always regarded with suspicion and subjected to an unusually rigid medical examination. Life-insurance agents, if kept within restraint, perform an indispensable function in the social order. Few men are more ridiculed and maltreated; few, after all, actually accomplish more good. We are annoyed beyond measure at their persistence; but that very persistence has provided millions of helpless women and children with support. The widow who receives the life company's check, after the death of her protector, takes an entirely different view of the insurance agent's importunities from that taken by the husband who had to be hounded into a policy.

Under modern pressure, however, the New York companies have combed every social and professional class, in the search for solicitors. Each, in this country alone, has from 10,000 to 15,000 men. In New York City there are 5,000 life-insurance agents. Apparently, no citizen exists, in the companies' estimation, who does not possess abilities in this direction. They employ men and women, educated and ignorant, high and low born. Broken-down clergymen, superannuated college professors, briefless lawyers, bankrupt business men, cast-off politicians, actors, reporters, artists — they press all into service. Evidently the managers argue that every man has a few friends; and is useful at least until he has exhausted them. "Anyone who has two hands and a hip pocket for a rate book can become an agent," — so say life-insurance men themselves. The New York companies make a special bid for conspicuous persons. They have colonels and generals in plenty; even ex-governors and congressmen. In addition to regular solicitors, who give up all their time to the work, they have emissaries who solicit in connection with other occupations. There is hardly a tenement-house on the East Side of New York in which the Big Three have not each a representative. In every factory and every sweatshop have deferred dividends been sold. Bakers, grocers, butchers, and fish-cart peddlers have done an insurance business on the quiet. Of the 5,000 employees of one of New York's largest clothing establishments at least 1,500, it is said, have carried rate-books.

A matron of a leading New York hospital was once discovered soliciting life-insurance. One of the Big Three, a few years ago, planned to make every barber in Greater New York a solicitor. The barber enjoys exceptional opportunities for conversation; and, it was thought, could utilize these better in booming a particular life-insurance company than in indulging in the usual frivolities. The New York companies have originated what is practically a secret-service system. They have what are known to the profession as "boosters," or "helpers," — men at low salaries, who blaze the way for the real solicitor. The "boosters" hunt up possible policy-holders; get all the essential facts concerning their financial standing and physical condition; and then turn them over to the regular men. An intricate system of espionage has also developed. The Big Three have employed "spotters" or "stool-pigeons" to keep them informed, especially on big risks. Bank clerks, apartment-house janitors, elevator men have "tipped them off" concerning the doings of opposing companies. If you are solicited for a policy of any size by the Mutual,

their rivals at once learn of it, and get hot on your trail. Probably some confidential clerk, for a few dollars, has started them on your scent.

An Opening for College Graduates

A few years ago the Equitable began proselyting among the colleges. Its president visited New Haven, Cambridge, and other university towns, lecturing learnedly on "life-insurance as a profession." It started at the same time its celebrated "summer school" in the Equitable library. On the nomination of several college presidents, some three or four hundred young bachelors of arts were gravely instructed how to sell Tontine policies and gold bonds, by certain adepts in the Equitable employ. The most popular lecturer was the venerable Archibald C. Haynes, who, after borrowing some $850,000 of policy-holders' money, was recently dismissed by President Morton. These university students were given liberal allowances while learning the trade, and then let loose on society. There are only a few now in the Equitable's employ.

For the last thirty years the Big Three have also largely recruited from each other's staffs. How Henry B. Hyde bought off his rival's most successful men, has already been described. Indeed, the main rivalry has waged, not over the solicitation of new business, but the solicitation of agents. The New York companies have reasoned that they could sell any amount and any form of insurance if they only obtained sufficiently skilful men. As soon as a successful producer appeared in the Equitable's ranks, the Mutual and the New York Life at once began to tempt him away. They would offer higher commissions, guarantees, and salaries; and frequently actual initial bonuses. Companies less lenient with their policy-holders' dividends have had the utmost difficulty in building up agencies. Twenty-five years ago Mr. John I. D. Bristol began organizing a Northwestern Mutual agency in New York. The Big Three, first of all, attempted to purchase him; and, failing in that, assailed him in every possible way. Mr. Bristol practically ran a training-school for his three big rivals. He would spend several months painfully developing a good agent; and then McCurdy, Beers, or Hyde would at once add him to their staff. Mr. Bristol aimed not at a mob of agents, but a few highly-trained, efficient men. He worked several years and succeeded in developing fourteen who were the apples of his eye. One day Richard A. McCurdy stepped in and appropriated practically the whole lot. He guaranteed salaries ranging anywhere from $250 to $1,000 a month. Mr. Bristol found himself all but the sole representative of the Northwestern Mutual in New York; and had painfully to begin work all over again.

The Mutual and its rivals have wasted unnumbered thousands in this fashion. They would pay a man $1,000, $2,000, $3,000, and $5,000 flat to leave his company; and liberal commissions in addition. Frequently, such acquisitions would get this bonus and a year's guaranteed salary, produce little or no business, and then return to the old company. Nearly all of Mr. Bristol's agents, on the occasion described above, went back to him in a few months. The Big Three have frequently entered into pacts not to disturb each other's men, but usually have broken them. In 1900, for example, an agreement of this sort existed. In that year, however, the Equitable made a slight reduction in first year's commissions. The New York Life thought this a good opportunity to raid the Equitable's agency force. Vice-President Gage E. Tarbell retaliated in New York. He sent for R. J. Mix, the New York Life's leading agency director, and spent Sunday with him; on Monday morning Mr. Mix and some two hundred of the New York Life's New York representatives were carrying Equitable rate books. The New York Life replied by buying off, with flat bonuses and liberal advances, the larger part of the Equitable's staff in Buffalo.

The home offices have prodded this agency force in every possible manner. They have acquainted their men with the amount of new business expected each year; and have used all kinds of inducements, moral and material, in obtaining it. They have compensated agents in a bewildering variety of ways. They have paid commissions, salaries, bonuses, and prizes. When Hyde started the Equitable, first year's commissions did not usually exceed 10 per cent of the first premium. He soon advanced that to 15, then to 25, then 35, and then 50. In the last few years his rivals have thrown aside all restraint. They have paid 50, 75, 80, and 90 per cent of the first

premium. The Mutual Life has paid its New York agency ninety-six cents out of every dollar collected in new premiums. Many smaller companies have followed their example. Such minor companies as the Home Life and the Manhattan have managed their agency forces most extravagantly. The United States Life, though most of its business is on the deferred dividend basis, has absolutely no surplus; it has used it all up in agents' commissions. Two years ago the Washington Life became insolvent. The insurance department discovered that it had paid as high as 200 per cent for new business. In recent years, even several of the Massachusetts companies, once among the most conservative, have spent unwarrantably large sums on the agency force. These commissions have varied according to the particular policy written. The New York managers have paid high for the contracts which they especially desired to write. They have paid low commissions on annual dividend policies; and high on deferred. Again, they have graded these commissions according to the length of the deferred dividend period. They have paid higher commissions on ten-year than five; higher on fifteen-year than ten; and highest of all on twenty. In other words, they have paid the very highest commissions on the contracts which most unfavorably affected the policy-holder.

Summer Outings; Bonuses; Gold Watches, Punch Bowls, and Chests of Silver

Several years ago, also, they originated the bonus system. Under this they pay a larger compensation, provided a certain amount of business is obtained in a specified time. An agent, for example, may get 60 or 70 per cent on all policies written. But if he turns in $100,000, or $200,000 during the year he will get, say, two dollars a thousand more on the entire annual business. This leads not only to extravagance, but to rebating — of which more presently. The New York Life has expended $500,000 in bonuses in a single year. It and the Equitable have also distributed large sums in prizes. The Equitable adorns its successful men with scarf-pins, watches, and diamond rings in recognition of duty well done. It also entertains them at enormous cost to the policy-holders. Last September, when the insurance excitement was at a white heat, the Equitable spent $50,000 fêting its agents at Manhattan Beach. The New York Life has spent as much as $125,000 on agents' conventions. It has its celebrated $100,000 and $200,000 clubs. Eligibility to the first depends on writing $100,000 of business in a single year; to the second, $200,000. Each has its outing; but that of the $200,000 club is quite a sumptuous affair. The members bring their wives — at the policy-holders' expense, of course; and the jollifications frequently extend through five or six days. They hold forth at expensive hotels in Put-in-Bay, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Virginia Hot Springs, and other noted resorts. Such occasions usually end in a blaze of glory. An elaborate banquet is held, speeches made, songs sung, and good things passed around. Repeating watches, punch bowls, safety razors, traveling bags, fountain pens, and chests of silver — paid for by the widow and orphan — are distributed to the year's "biggest producers." Frequently, the high officers grace these banquets. A few years ago singers were hired — again at the policy-holders' expense — to discourse at a Waldorf-Astoria banquet a plaintive ballad especially composed in honor of John A. McCall. Mr. McCall himself sat upon the platform.

Pensions and Death Benefits at Policy-Holders' Expense

The New York Life not only pays its agents well, but pensions them in their old age and, in certain cases, pays death benefits. It treats its agency directors with especial liberality. It has some two hundred and twenty each drawing from $2,000 to $6,000 salary a year. Besides this each gets $100 for every new agent secured. He also receives certain benefits if he remains with the company a certain time, and his widow receives a lump sum if he dies. In one year the New York Life has paid $259,000 to this pension fund. Agency directors get from $2,000 to $10,000 if they die; inspectors of agencies, $10,000; and supervisors, $7,500. Under its celebrated Nylic system the New York Life also pensions all agents who reach a certain period of seniority after having done a certain amount of work.

The New York companies pay enormous amounts not only for work actually done, but for work not done at all. They permit

the agents to anticipate their earnings; to draw large amounts on commission account, to be paid back when the hoped-for policies are issued. They also permit the agents to draw largely in advance their renewal commissions. The Equitable, at the end of 1904, had thus advanced some $7,000,000. Certain agents had received advances amounting to $400,000, $600,000, and $850,000. The conservatively managed companies made such advances only on a limited scale. The Mutual Benefit, at the close of 1904, had lent only $71,000 to its agents; the Connecticut Mutual only $658. Ostensibly, advances are made that an agent may establish his business or extend it. If he has many policies on the books, all regularly paying premiums, he assigns his interest in these renewal commissions as security for loans. To a certain extent the system thus seems justified. Its weakness, however, consists in the enormous lapse rate. The agents who get the largest advances are usually the largest rebaters. They purchase, with advances, an immense amount of business that does not renew. Thus, to a great extent, even the ostensible security for the loans does not exist. In 1901 the Equitable Life calmly crossed $2,000,000 agents' advances off its books — money, that is, entirely uncollectable. Most state insurance departments no longer recognize these "advances" as valid assets. Single agents have left owing enormous sums, which have never been collected. A. G. Dickinson, the manager of the New York Life's South American department, resigned in 1888 owing $302,000 of which only $68,000 was ever obtained.

"Advance Men" and Life-Insurance Tramps

The general agents, in their turn, have distributed these advances largely among their subordinates — the solicitors in the field. The new agent, especially, having no capital or other means of support, lives on "advances." He gets so much a week — $25 or $50 — for several months, in the hope that he may write policies enough to pay back. In recent years almost any man could obtain employment on this basis from one of the three big companies. Consequently, thousands temporarily in hard luck have branched out as life-insurance solicitors. Some entered the business seriously; thousands, however, aimed merely at the salary. These have been technically known as "advance men." Others have referred to them as the "Bread Line." As long as the advances lasted they remained; when the patience of a particular company had been exhausted, they joined the ranks of another, still on "advances." A fine brood of life-insurance tramps has thus developed: men who oscillated from one company to another, living on "advances" and actually doing little or no work. Occasionally, the same man would draw "advances" from one company and turn such business as he got into another; more frequently, the same man would draw advances from more than one company. The same man has even drawn more than one advance from the same company. A few years ago the New York Life discovered that one man was drawing seven advances of $25 a week from seven different New York agencies under seven different names. Indeed, at times it has almost seemed that the best man was not the one who wrote the most insurance but the one who drew the most advances from the most companies at the same time. It is not insisted that this sort of thing has been encouraged; it is simply the abuse of the existing system.

Large Traffic in Deceptive Policies

Probably no institutions devised by man have generated more liars and frauds than the New York life-insurance companies. The agents have lived largely upon the grossest misrepresentations. The companies have demanded only one qualification in agents; the ability to get business. They have not cared how they got it; and have tolerated, year in and year out, men of demonstrated dishonesty. Many agents have been extremely ignorant, and have not precisely realized the extent of their own deceptions. As far back as 1887 President Beers, of the New York Life, declared that 90 per cent of life-insurance agents made "what some people call misrepresentations," and he confessed his inability to change conditions. The agents have deliberately played upon the ignorance of the public. They have handled a product which few have understood. It is technical and deals in complicated figures. The agents have thus found it easy to deceive. They have gathered in everybody, from the tenement dweller to the captain of industry. One of the humors of the situation, indeed,

has been the ease with which the life-insurance agent has gone into Wall Street and transformed the most aggressive bulls and bears into innocent lambs.

The agents have taken for granted that the average policy-holder never reads his policy; and signs applications without knowing what they mean. This assumption has usually been justified. The simplicity with which the average citizen purchases a $10,000 or $20,000 life-insurance policy without investigating its merits is part of the psychology of the trade. The agents have not facilitated his education; at best they have furnished bewildering arrays of comparative figures, "ratios," the attempted interpretation of which is sufficient to derange the average human mind. In most cases, the agent has been a particular friend, and has thus been depended upon to give fair treatment. His most obvious deception has been the "estimates" furnished upon Tontine and deferred dividend policies, already described in detail. He has also constantly sold these Tontines as endowments. The agent has repeatedly talked one policy and delivered another. There are many policy forms which sound alike, though radically different in character. There are, for example, twenty-year endowments, twenty-payment life policies, and ordinary life policies, — all having twenty-year dividend periods. The first are the regulation endowments — payable to the insured after twenty years, or to the beneficiaries if death occurs within that period. The twenty payment is the ordinary life policy payable in twenty premiums; after twenty years, that is, the policy is paid up. The face, however, is payable only to the beneficiary at the death of the insured. The twenty-year deferred dividend is a regular life policy, in which the dividends are paid at the expiration of twenty years. The agents have sold twenty payments as twenty-year endowments; and twenty-year deferred dividend policies as twenty payments. The insured, for example, may have negotiated a regular twenty-year endowment with a rival company. In steps a New York agent: "I can give you this at a much lower rate," he says; and quotes prices on a twenty payment. To the lay mind the things are so similar that he easily accomplishes the deception. The agents have also found abundant opportunities in a certain so-called "instalment policy." Under this, the beneficiary receives the death payment not in one lump sum but in instalments. The premium is less than that of an ordinary life. Many agents, however, have palmed them off as regular policies. They used them especially in competition. "Look here!" they would say, "I can give you the same policy as the other fellow offers, though at greatly reduced rates," and then they would furnish the figures for instalment policies. The widow, after the insured dies, is the first to discover the imposition.

"Gold Bonds," "Consols," and "Debentures"

The agents, however, have not found opportunities enough in the orthodox forms. They have inspired the invention of numerous picturesque contracts. Under their houndings the actuary's life has become a burden. In reality, there are only three forms of life-insurance; the regular life policy, payable at death; the endowment, payable to the beneficiary at death and to the insured provided he survives a stipulated period; and the term policy, which insures a man, not for life, but for a certain period, ten, fifteen, or twenty years. There are various ways of paying for these policies, and of distributing the dividends; but essentially these are the only three possible forms. For thirty years the actuaries have utilized all their ingenuity in twisting them into something new. The Equitable and the Mutual have had upon the market between two and three hundred forms of policy: all merely changes rung upon these three original types. They have constantly harped upon the "investment idea." "Make the Mutual Life your savings bank," has become the war cry. They have given the semblance of investment frequently by combining one form of policy with another. One thing the policy-holder can always depend upon, however: he pays for everything he gets. The price rests upon certain scientific principles; no company can disregard them without disaster. What one company offers another can offer; and any policy that contains unusual opportunities also carries a premium that completely pays for them. All modern novelties are simply old forms of life-insurance under new names — and usually at greatly increased prices.

In recent years, for example, the New York companies have gone daft over "gold

bonds," "consols," and "debentures." They found that the public had tired of life-insurance; and so dropped this business largely in favor of the "gold bond." "I don't want any life-insurance; I've got more than I can carry now," you tell the agent. "But, my dear sir, this is not life-insurance, this is a new issue of bonds — an investment for yourself," he replies. He has the thing pretty thoroughly disguised. You do not sign an "application" for insurance, but a "subscription." You do not become a policy-holder, but a "subscriber." You do not pay a premium, but an "instalment." An annuity becomes a "guaranteed interest"; a paid-up policy, an "extension of the bond"; a death payment a "mortuary return." In the document you receive, the word "life-insurance" is not mentioned once. It is a very expensive affair: printed in gold leaf, and, in the case of the New York Life, gorgeously surrounded by the colored flags of all nations. After paying for twenty years you obtain the Equitable's bond for, say, $10,000 running for twenty years at 5 per cent interest and then redeemed. If you die before the twenty years expire, your widow gets $20,000 or a "gold bond" for that amount. Actually, the bond contract is simply a twenty-year endowment policy. Instead of getting your $10,000 in cash, as under an ordinary endowment, the company keeps the principle, pays an annuity for twenty years, and then pays the full amount. The deception consists in the fact that the Equitable advertises this as a 5 *per cent* gold bond. It does not pay 5 per cent in fact. The Equitable charges you an "instalment" (i. e., premium) so large that it reduces the income to two, two-and-a-half, or three. It charges for a $10,000 twenty-year gold endowment bond, at age forty, $706. Its price for a regular twenty-year endowment for $13,000 is precisely the same. That is, if you buy a gold bond, instead of a regular endowment, you pay for a $13,000 policy and get one for only $10,000. In other words, you pay a *large premium* on your bond, which reduces the investment rate. You get 5 per cent on $10,000, when you should get 5 per cent on $13,000, for the latter is what you have paid for. Thus, in this case, your gold bond actually yields 3 per cent, instead of 5. The Equitable, the New York Life, and the Mutual have gulled thousands of capitalists by this transparent trick. Eminent lawyers have examined the gold bond and recommended it as an investment, never once detecting the carefully concealed Ethiopian.

Life-Insurance "Free of Cost"

The New York companies have also largely purveyed the "return premium policy." Under this, all your premiums, in addition to the face of the policy, are returned at death. This is "life-insurance free of cost," as one New York Equitable agent had the temerity to advertise it. This policy has been brought forth in emergencies. The agents used it to prove finally that they could better any policy written by other companies. The prospective insurant invariably stood aghast. "What! insure my life; then, if I die, pay the policy and return all the premiums I have paid?" Yet it is the simplest thing in the world. The company could afford to return not only all your premiums, but could throw in a steam yacht and give you a house on Fifth Avenue. It exacts only one condition in all three cases: and that is that you pay a premium large enough to insure the risk carried. For even on the "return premium" policy you could not beat the company. On such contracts it always charged two premiums; though they were lumped together in the payment. One covered the cost of the insurance itself; the other the cost of insuring the return of the premiums. The premium charged on such policies, that is, is higher than the ordinary kind. In the old days the New York Life issued a five-year dividend policy. It guaranteed, that is, a dividend, the amount stated in the policy, at the end of five years. It simply charged each year the full premium for the policy; and then added another premium which insured the amount agreed to be returned as a "dividend." "Aha!" declares some especially shrewd policy-holder, thinking he detects the weak spot in the "return premium" policy. "It is not life-insurance free of cost because you don't return the interest on the premiums." The agent can meet even this objection. He adds another little premium — the third — large enough to insure the repayment of the interest.

Rebates: Life-Insurance "Rounders"

The agents have practised discrimination by the wholesale grant of rebates. Rebating

it may be explained, is the agent's habit of dividing his first year's commission with the prospective insurant. Frequently, he gives more — sometimes 80 or 90 per cent, or the whole of the first premium. As far back as 1879, as we have learned, rebating had become general; in 1887 President Beers, of the New York Life, declared that it was the "curse of the business." From the first, the managements themselves have encouraged it. At the Beers investigation in 1887 it developed that not only the agents, but the company itself, gave rebates. They promised reductions on renewals; and, in many instances, the Home office accepted these reduced premiums in full payment. Occasionally, it divided the expense of rebating with the agent. Nowadays, a large policy-holder who pays the full first year's premium is looked upon as an innocent.

The practice is vicious from various standpoints. It discriminates between policy-holders, especially between the rich and the poor. As a rule the smaller policy-holders get no rebate; it is an inducement especially offered for "big men." In other words, the poor pay big prices for their insurance, the rich small. If your premium is $25 a year, you pay the full price; if it is $200, you can usually get anywhere from 50 to 90 per cent off. Discrimination exists not only between the rebated and the unrebated; but between the rebated themselves. The agents throw off just as much, or just as little, as the occasion requires. They sell policies precisely as the old Baxter Street "puller-in" used to sell clothes: that is, they get as much as they can. The marketing of life-insurance policies has largely degenerated into barter. Rather than not deliver the big policy, the agent will give back the whole first year's premium.

Rebating is vicious on other grounds. It brings in an enormous amount of shifty business, and is largely responsible for the prevailing lapse rate. Many, because of the first year's rebate, take larger policies than they can afford; and drop them the second year. Again, it has developed a brood of life-insurance "rounders." A few years ago Harlem flat owners attracted tenants by giving three or four months' rent free. As a consequence, many families kept moving from flat to flat, spending three months in each, and thus living without paying any rent at all. Similarly, many ingenious persons have obtained life-insurance all but "free of cost." This year, for example, you take a $10,000 policy in the Equitable, at 75 or 80 or 90 per cent discount. Instead of paying your second premium you take next year a $10,000 policy in the Mutual — also at a big discount. The year after that you take the same policy in the New York Life. The fourth year you come back into the Equitable; and repeat the performance indefinitely.

Occasionally, a rebated policy-holder becomes physically impaired; — what is known as a bad risk. *Then he sticks in the company into which he was last rebated.* A sick man always hungers for life-insurance. A man who ordinarily could afford a $10,000 policy takes one for $100,000 at 90 per cent off. If he falls sick, his relatives and friends gladly pay the few remaining premiums; and his widow, at death, pockets a neat $100,000. This is paid, of course, out of the funds of the unrebated policy-holders. Rebating, in other words, promotes "adverse selection"; that is, brings into the company unhealthy lives and thus increases the death rate. The Big Three write an enormous new annual business; but do not increase in size proportionately. The explanation is that much of the business is obtained by rebates, and does not renew. "How's business?" a high official of a New York company asked a rival a few years ago. "Same old Hell," he replied, referring to conditions described above.

Presents for Policy-Holders' Wives

The New York companies loudly assert that they have warred on the rebaters for years. Mr. Gage E. Tarbell declared, at the recent New York investigation, that in spite of all his efforts at reform, life-insurance policies could be bought, at certain times of the year, for 10 cents on the dollar. A law exists in New York State prohibiting rebates; but the agents have ingeniously circumvented it. They take notes in payment for the larger part of the premium, and make no attempt to collect them. They make presents to the new policy-holder's wife — a silk dress, a watch, a boa. Farmers pay the larger part of their first premium in potatoes; railroad officials in passes; newspaper editors in advertisements. The agents give free fire or casualty insurance policies.

Rebaters demoralize the field for the conscientious, hard-working agent. The New

York companies have had certain star producers — "executive specials." These gentlemen make a specialty of large risks. They spurn the little $2,000 or $5,000 man; and smoke out the $100,000, $500,000, perhaps the $1,000,000 policy-holder. They are attached to no office; but have roving commissions to travel from town to town. They live on "advances" in the most expensive fashion. At night they can frequently be found, in evening clothes, in the lobbies of the high-priced hotels. They entertain lavishly; edge their way into the clubs; frequently even achieve some standing in "society." They enter a field which a careful general agent has perhaps cultivated for years. They write policies, making rebates right and left. Exhausting one town, they drop it and repeat the same performance elsewhere. After their departure, the home agent finds it practically impossible to do business. The cream has been skimmed: and the public educated, by the few weeks' visit of the "executive special," to demand policies at bargain prices.

Why the Agents Rebate

The companies are alone responsible for these practices. They themselves encourage rebating. They give away business because they have a mania for a big annual showing. Mr. George T. Wilson, an Equitable vice-president, has frankly explained the root of the evil. Rebating, he declared at the recent New York investigation, is "an American product devised for home consumption." He openly admitted that the reason the agents gave back so much of the premium was because "they had it to give." That is, rebating is explained, above all, by the high commissions, bonuses, and advances paid in New York. If an agent gets only 25 per cent of the first premium, he cannot afford to rebate, because there will be little left for himself. If he gets 75 or 90 per cent, he can divide with the policy-holder and still have something. Nor are the agents dependent upon their commissions for livelihoods. At any time they can dip into the policy-holders' dividends and take out thousands in the form of "advances." Again, the prevailing bonus and prize system causes rebating. The agent who writes $1,000,000 in a year, for example, may be entitled to a cash prize of $2,000. In the latter part of December he may need $50,000 to make his quota. The premiums on this are perhaps $1,500 less than half of what the agent must turn in to the company. He therefore corrals an acquaintance, gets him examined, and even though the agent pays the whole premium himself, pockets a profit of nearly $1,500.

Career of One Samuel Dinkelspiel

New York methods can perhaps be best illustrated by describing the actual life-insurance career of one agent of continental reputation. Twenty years ago the New York Life's leading man was one Samuel Dinkelspiel. President Beers described him as his "lightning solicitor"; Rufus W. Weeks, the New York Life's actuary, declared on the witness-stand that he regarded him as a "valuable man for the company." There were three Dinkelspiels: one in the New York Life and one in the Equitable, both of whom stood preëminent in the "profession." The third brother, located at New Orleans, was popularly differentiated as the "good Dinkelspiel." "Sam" Dinkelspiel, the New York Life man, was the flower of the family. He made his first appearance as a New York agent in Louisville, in the late '70's. Here he became involved in a disgraceful escapade: some said forgery; President Beers, a "woman scrape." At least he found it convenient to change his name to Lewis and depart for Canada. He represented the New York Life in Montreal for several years, under this assumed name. One day the New York's general agent at Montreal, Mr. Burke, appeared in President Beers' New York office. His anxiety over Dinkelspiel, said Burke, kept him walking the floor nights. His methods, he declared, were outrageous; he wrote business by the grossest misrepresentation and constantly brought the New York Life into disrepute. Mr. Burke declared that he lived in daily terror lest Dinkelspiel do something especially serious for which the home office would hold himself responsible. He demanded the man's dismissal; President Beers acceded. Dinkelspiel, resuming his own name, then came to New York. He consorted with many of the worst people in town; spent a large part of his time at the race tracks; and had an irresistible fondness for poker. He found an opening in the United States Life. He obtained liberal advances and turned in a large amount of business of a certain kind.

He worked three or four years and then left, his financial relations with the company considerably involved. One day a dilapidated creature appeared in the New York Life office. It was Dinkelspiel. He told President Beers that he had lost $4,000 at cards and asked for "advances" to pay the debt. He could get no more money from the United States Life, he plaintively declared. President Beers gave him money and let him loose on the community. He achieved phenomenal success. President Beers gave him hundreds of thousands in advances; at one time Dinkelspiel drew as much as $30,000 a month. With this, he traveled all over the country, making a specialty of rich men. He entrapped them by the scores. His like has never been known. He seemed possessed of some hypnotic influence. He could enter a millionaire's office unintroduced, talk a few moments, and go out with a $5,000 check to cover the first premium. He insured such men as John V. Farwell of Chicago, E. J. Berwind, Walter Gurnee, Percy R. Pyne, of New York, and James Stillman, president of the National — Standard Oil — City Bank. Usually these same millionaires appeared in President Beers' office a few months after obtaining their policies, threatening lawsuits against the New York Life. For Dinkelspiel obtained his business by making huge rebates and promises, the audacity of which was little short of genius. He did not hesitate to put these promises in writing. He would offer a man a trusteeship in the New York Life, provided he took out a large amount of insurance; he would promise him commissions not only on his own policy, but upon all policies written in his section. Would he rebate? He would make a contract, giving the man 50 per cent off this year, 15 the next, 10 the next, and so on. Checks were sent to the home office, with Dinkelspiel's rebates deducted, and accepted in full payment. He insured one man for $50,000, telling him that in fifteen years he could exchange it for a $200,000 paid-up policy. He promised a Boston man half the commission, on not only his own policy, but on all others written in that city. He reported to the home office hundreds of policies which were never taken. One month he claimed to have written $1,100,000 of new insurance. Of this, only $100,000 was actually paid for. In spite of all this he maintained his hold on the New York Life. Once, enraged because another agent had crossed his path, Dinkelspiel threatened to resign; the New York Life gave him $8,000 to soothe his feelings. At another time he and his brother, William Dinkelspiel of the Equitable, lost $50,000 in one day at the Saratoga race track. President Beers admitted that the New York Life paid $20,000 of this; and added that he "had been informed that the Equitable paid the remaining $30,000." Mr. Beers rather chuckled because the Equitable had made good the larger share. All these facts about Dinkelspiel were laid before the trustees of the New York Life in 1887; and their answer was to continue him in their employ. When he left, two or three years later, he owed the policyholders $348,000.

In the preceding articles have been detailed the causes of the recent life-insurance upheaval. The explanation, it is clear, strikes deeper than the popular imagination has supposed. One-hundred-thousand-dollar French balls, the control of an enormous property by a reckless spendthrift, even the struggle of selfish Wall-Street interests for supremacy — these things do not explain the present crisis. They merely happened to be the particular incidents through which the actual facts became public property.

The actual disease, however, had been long seated. The personalities of Hyde and Alexander, picturesque and interesting as they may have been, were not the real issues. Whether this or that particular financial clique should control the Equitable, the Mutual, and the New York Life — that after all, was not the main point; but whether a thirty years' Saturnalia, in which the very life-insurance idea itself had been prostituted, should end.

The real theme, in these articles, has been the rise and downfall of one of the greatest of American institutions. It has been shown that life-insurance, though its principles had been theoretically worked out in England, was first reduced to honest and successful practice on a large scale, in the United States. Elizur Wright, already distinguished as an Abolitionist, found the system in England the cover for the grossest frauds. His mathematical genius at once detected the cause; his moral enthusiasm inspired him to the long and thankless task of reforming it. By his legal reserve law he made certain the

absolute solvency of life-insurance companies. By his non-forfeiture laws he made life-insurance fair. Because of these two principles American life-insurance companies received a great popular impetus and became a national force making for solidity and good citizenship.

We have then discovered, how, after Wright had accomplished this great task, Henry B. Hyde, by founding the Equitable, proceeded largely to destroy the structure. He added to life-insurance a gambling device long discredited in Europe; which, under various names, Tontine and deferred dividend, became its prevailing idea. Instead of paying "dividends" annually, or annually returning to the policy-holder his over-payment, Hyde accumulated such over-payments, with the values of lapsing members, in a huge fund which he called surplus. Ostensibly, he proposed to divide this, after the expiration of twenty years, among all members who had paid their premiums regularly and still lived. He entered into no written contract to do this, however. In fact, he distributed a considerable part of this fund among his agents in the form of commissions and between himself and his favored trustees in the form of plunder. He and his rivals who adopted his ideas used this fund in paying themselves enormous salaries, in corrupting the legislatures and the press, in building up large financial institutions for their own advantage and at the policy-holder's expense, and in engaging in certain forms of Wall-Street speculation. At the end of long deferred dividend periods they returned to the deluded policy-holders such portion of this Tontine or deferred dividend fund as they had not thus wasted or stolen. They were able to perpetrate this fraud because they handled a product which the average citizen did not understand, and upon which it was easy to mislead him. They did it by making the grossest misrepresentations about Tontine profits; and by engaging, by the use of that very Tontine fund, a huge army of agents who have spread broadcast these falsehoods. Such, in brief, is the story of a great financial hoax which must inevitably take its place in history side by side with the Mississippi Scheme and the South Sea Bubble.

Is the end yet? Much, indeed, has been accomplished. Above all, the laws passed as a result of the New York investigation absolutely prohibit deferred dividend policies. Thus they remove that opportunity for plunder which has corrupted so many men. They also prohibit subsidiary banks and trust companies, investments in stocks, and participation in speculative syndicates by trustees and directors; and demand publicity concerning salaries and other details. They attempt also to limit agents' commissions and the cost of new business. But the greatest evil they do not, and cannot, touch. That is the control of these enormous institutions by dishonest men. There can be no complete reform, whatever laws are passed, so long as the men who enforce them are untrustworthy. In the New York Life and the Mutual the leading trustees, under whose control all the abuses described above have developed and flourished, now ask their policy-holders for a vote of confidence. In the Mutual Life men who have taken profits in underwriting syndicates at their policy-holders' expense now stand for re-election. In the New York Life men who have tolerated falsification of records and the wildest agency extravagance ask a new lease of power. That there have been other exposures of insurance dishonesty, has been shown in the foregoing articles. In 1870 the Superintendent of Insurance uncovered much dishonesty in the Mutual Life. The Mutual Life bought him up and succeeded in suppressing the official document which described its shortcomings. In 1877 and in 1885 the true nature of the Equitable was partly laid bare; but the Equitable succeeded also in suppressing the facts. The last three chief executive officers of the New York Life have retired from office in disgrace: Pliny Freeman in 1863, William H. Beers in 1891, and John A. McCall in 1905. Whether the present disclosures will end in lasting reform or whether the previous experience will be repeated depends largely on whether the policy-holders take charge of their own property, cast out the men whose carelessness and dishonesty have been demonstrated, and put in new trustees who will seek no interest except that of the insured.

THE END

BEN B. LINDSEY: THE JUST JUDGE

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

II

THE OPPOSITION

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IF you care to take the measure of Christian civilization in the United States to-day, reflect for a moment frankly upon the meaning of this fact: There is opposition to Judge Lindsey. That men like Folk and La Follette, Everett Colby and (even) Mark Fagan, should have to fight for the right to do right, is significant enough of the power of evil among us; but Ben Lindsey! This man is so just and so gentle; his purposes are so pure; his work is so beautiful, so successful, and—you would think—so harmless, that no one would expect to see any man's hand raised against the Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver. Callous souls might show indifference, but why opposition? And such opposition? The two bosses of the two political parties conspired together once to keep Judge Lindsey off the bench. At another time, some men tempted him to disgrace with a woman! Legislation is proposed, to divide his Court and thus limit his power as a judge to serve the children of his County. Physically delicate, the only rest this overworked man takes is when he travels, as he does, thousands of miles to tell people what wonders "justice with love" has done for the "bad kids" of Denver. This time-off he justifies on the ground that his lectures further the cause of the children elsewhere and bring in money to carry on his plans for his own "Court gang" at home; and he spends thus all he makes from these lectures, and out of the $4,600 which the County pays him, he retains some other judge to fill his place while he is away. I ask the thousands of men and women who have heard Judge Lindsey tell his stories of boys and girls, to consider what it means, that powerful men in Colorado have drawn a bill that shall "put a stop to this little whipper-snapper's running around all over the country lecturing." This is hate. And the other attacks upon him and his work show a deeper-seated opposition. Why?

There's a reason. There are two reasons. One is that Judge Lindsey does not confine himself to saving the children that are "lost in crime"; he began early to inquire into the causes of juvenile crime. He asked what made bad children bad. That led him to a study of the conditions of child-life; that led him to the conclusion that the typical environment of an average Christian community was such that even little children could not be good; and that led this man to attack those conditions. In other words, Judge Lindsey has sought not merely to cure but to prevent the evils of child-life. "Don't tear down all the time," men shout at reformers. "What we want is reconstructive work." It was Lindsey's "reconstructive work" that threatened to "hurt business."

There we have one all-sufficient reason why he has to fight; but there's a second; Ben Lindsey does not limit his labors to the cause of the children. He is celebrated for his juvenile system, and in Denver you hear that he is "a philanthropist, and if he would stick to his philanthropic work, he might go on forever." That's a lie. But, as I said in my first article, this man should not be known only as the founder of the Juvenile Court; he is doing a man's work for men. The "kids' Judge" of Denver is the County

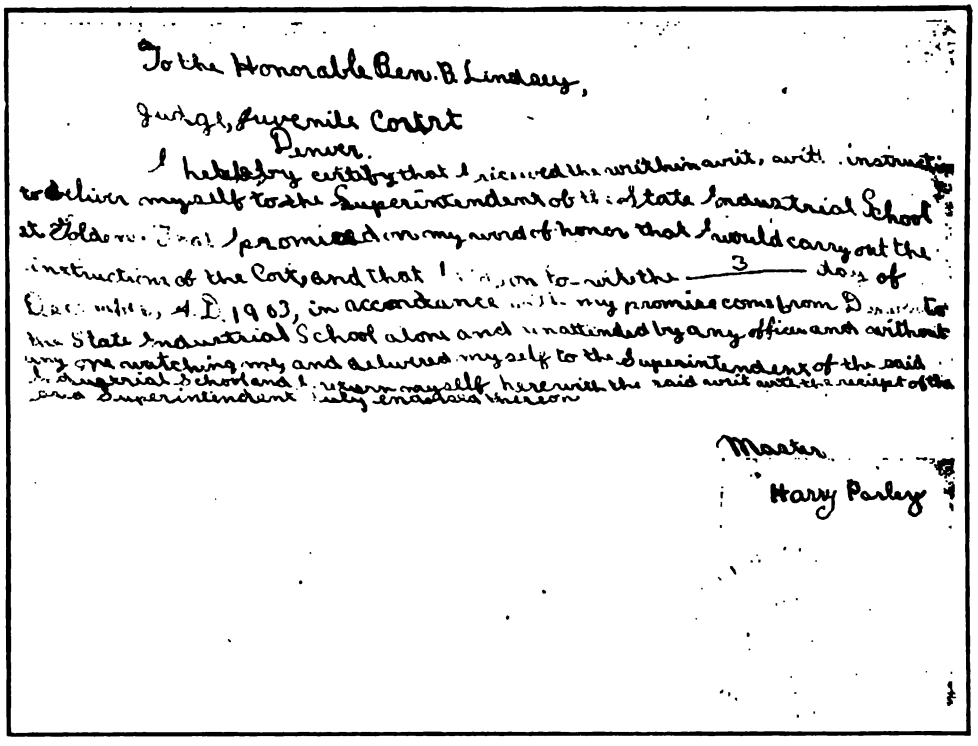
Judge of Denver, and as such he deals out justice to bad men as well as to bad boys, and when by accident one day he discovered evidence of graft in his Court, Judge Lindsey forced the grafters to trial and to conviction. Ben Lindsey does his duty, his whole duty as a man, as a citizen, and as a public official, and that's what makes him a menace to Things As They Are in Colorado and in the United States. Like Folk, and La Follette, and Colby, and (even) Mark Fagan, Ben Lindsey is up against the System, and, therefore, like them and like every honest man you hear of in this land, the just Judge has to fight.

A large part of the opposition to Judge Lindsey, especially at first, was honest. It was ignorant, but sincere and natural. For, you understand, Lindsey's methods are applied Christianity. Without thinking much about it he was putting into practice in actual life, and, of all places, in the criminal courts, the doctrine of faith, hope, and charity. Of course, in a Christian community this was revolutionary and, "as it was in the beginning," caused a great rumpus. The Bar was shocked. When the Judge, searching the juvenile mind for causes of juvenile crime, saw fear of the Law and hate of the Court in the eyes of the little prisoners and, looking about him, realized that there was reason for this dread, we have seen how he threw off authority, came down off the bench, subordinated the machinery of justice to the good of the boy, and for routine and vengeance substituted sympathy and help. He took the boys' view of boys' "mistakes," and when he sent "a feller" to the reform school at Golden, it was only upon his own confession and for his own good. The boys understood, but the lawyers wagged their heads: the lawyers, I mean, who regard the Law as a sacred Institution. When they saw a judge who was "a lawyer, and a good lawyer," sweeping aside technicalities and ignoring "good practice" to get at the real, human interest of the prisoner at the bar, they were deeply pained. But the Judge, who understands men as well as he does boys, understood this feeling, and he was patient to explain, and, since this was an honest opposition, he overcame it. He tells the story:

"I sent a boy to the Industrial School on the charge of 'needing correction for his own good.' The boy had made a clean breast of it to me, and we had such a perfect understanding, that boy and I, that he had taken his commitment papers and gone off by himself to Golden. Then appeared Counsel employed by his parents, declaring that he had been dealt with without due process of law, no jury trial, etc., etc. He (the lawyer) said he would apply for a writ of *habeas corpus*. I assured him I could make no objection, but that the boy had been guilty of two or three offenses constituting technical burglary, so that while he might be released for the purpose of obtaining due process of law, this process would not only make the boy a burglar and a thief, but would return him, so branded by the records, to the place whence he might be brought upon the *habeas corpus* writ."

"The case," says the Judge, "was never brought." Lawyers still lift their brows at Judge Lindsey's "loose practice," but though he has dealt with more than five thousand children's cases, the question of due process has been raised but once since — at home. A Boston judge demurred not long ago. Lindsey lectured there, teaching his doctrine that the boy is more important than the Law, and that where justice, blindfolded, made criminals of "bad" boys, justice with love saved them to the State. "God forgive the people who brought that man here!" exclaimed the Boston judge. And the next time a young criminal was brought before him he "showed how to deal with such cases." The boy had thrown a snowball at a man, and the Boston judge sent the prisoner to jail for thirty days "on the evidence." But Lindsey's doctrine had taken hold of the public mind; the newspapers investigated the case very much as Lindsey would have done, and — on the facts—Boston public opinion reversed the Boston judge. He had made a mistake. He was right, in a way, this law-worshiping judge; it wouldn't do to let men like him exercise their human feelings. But Boston was right, too; such men shouldn't be allowed to deal with the children of men. Even blind justice isn't revenge.

The penal instinct is strong in man, and Denver felt, for a long while, as this pagan judge felt. Grave fears were expressed everywhere of Lindsey's "leniency," as men called his Christianity, for, of course, no one recognized it for what it was. "What the little devils want is a good licking," said the grown-ups, "or the jail." "No," the Judge replied, "all they lack is a fair show



To the Honorable Ben. B. Lindsey,
Judge, Juvenile Court
Denver.

I hereby certify that I received the within writ, with instructions to deliver myself to the Superintendent of the State Industrial School at Golden. And I promised on my word of honor that I would carry out the instructions of the Court and that I would go to-with the 3 days of Dec. which A. D. 1903, in accordance with my promise come from Denver to the State Industrial School alone and unattended by any officer and without any one watching me and delivered myself to the Superintendent of the said Industrial School and I return myself herewith the said writ with the receipt of the said Superintendent duly endorsed thereon

Master
Harry Parley

This interesting document was written by an eleven-year old boy who was sent alone to the State Industrial School by Judge Lindsey. It illustrates the Judge's "greatest triumph" - his practise of putting young "criminals" on their honor to go alone to Golden. Out of the hundreds he has trusted, only three have ever failed him.
(The name in this record has been changed at the request of Judge Lindsey)

and — understanding." And he gave the boys and girls a "show and understanding," and they understood. He had to fight the doubts of their elders, but he believes in fighting. "The world needs fighting men," he teaches. "Every good, great man was a fighter." So he enlisted the children in his fight for a "decent town of decent kids," by telling them how he was called foolish for putting faith in "bad kids." But also he teaches that "a good example and loving service — these are the weapons of peace." And this, likewise, the kids understood. The difficulty was to make their elders understand, but he was patient, and the children helped him.

A city official of high degree, exasperated by the outrageous depredations of a "gang up his way," called on the Judge once to send to prison three of the boys that were under arrest. "Born criminals, that's what they are," said the official, and some of their acts were "burglaries." The Judge talked with the boys. He got them to bring in the others, and among them was the son of the official of high degree. "Your son isn't a born criminal," said the Judge, "and neither are the others." He sent none of the boys to prison. The Judge taught them some elementary lessons about crime and, putting them on their honor, let them go "on probation." Their "crimes" ceased.

The Judge says his service in the Juvenile Court has taught him "many things" about children, but the information he has gained there about parents, he characterizes as "amazing." He ranks fool fathers and incompetent mothers among the first causes of the troubles of children, and if you add vicious and negligent parents you have nine-tenths of all his children's "cases" accounted for. "Children don't rebel at authority," he says, "only at ignorant authority," and there is where many parents fail. "Every father and mother ought to know more about their own children than anyone else. Perhaps, in most cases, they do, but it is amazing how often they don't.

And the reason they don't is that they haven't enough love for children to understand them, and not enough character to hold their respect. Their children lie to them, and it is the parents' fault. I recall hardly a single case in the thousands I have dealt with when we did not get the truth from the child; yet in hundreds of these cases the children had lied to the parents. Why? They were afraid of their parents; they were not understood at home." The reference here is not to the parents of the poor "bad kids"; they also have their faults, and the Judge has had his troubles with them. But the poor have in poverty an excuse for neglect, and where one parent is vicious, the other is pathetically glad, usually, of help such as Judge Lindsey gave. The poor are "down on" the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of New York; but for Judge Lindsey of Denver they will fight — even at the polls. He won over the poor easily enough. His hardest honest battles were with the well-to-do father who "had no time to fuss with his boy," except now and then to "lick him," and the vain and frivolous mother who "just knew that her nice little boy" or her nicer little girl "wouldn't do such things." Now, the Judge finds that all children are pretty much alike at bottom; they all are "nice," but the Old Harry who is in their parents is in the kids, too; and the Judge doesn't mind. The Judge has a sneaking, human prejudice against "little prigs"; he rather favors husky lads and mischievous girls who, if they can do wrong, can do right with equal energy. But the "nice" parents are forever making prigs and snobs of their children or proving to them their elderly asininity.

"I remember a gentleman," the Judge relates, "who was most violent in his complaints to me about boys in a certain (fashionable) district who swiped ice-cream and other good things to eat, from back porches, and he declared he had forbidden his boy to go with the suspects. He was the surprised dad of one, the worst of the gang. I had to find it out for him. He should have known it himself. He was too busy downtown all day, and at night too busy denouncing his neighbors' children. He is busier now studying his own son.

"The mother of a very well-to-do family once swept into my chambers, highly indignant that I had sent to the school for her boy who had been, with others, complained against for a serious offense. I had preferred not to send an officer to arrest him. 'I would have you to understand,' she excitedly declared, 'that my boy is no thief; he never did anything wrong in his life.' She knew it because she heard her boy say his prayers every night at her knee. And she knew how he came to be so falsely accused. For she said: 'I know Mrs. A. across the street has been lying about Frank. She is a mean, contemptible old thing. She told Mrs. B. that he did so and so, and I know it is a lie, because Frankie told me so.' I had never heard of Mrs. A. before," the Judge says; "I had got at the truth from the boys themselves, and Frank had told me all about his part in it. Indeed, we had just finished our talk, and Frank was in the next room waiting for the type-writer to copy a note I had dictated to ask his father not to lick the boy. Frank feared his father, and I knew that the licking would be, not to correct the boy, but to sate the anger of the parent and salve his wounded pride. Children know, and I know and you know how many a licking is as selfish as that. Well, as the mother ended her tirade, the boy came back with the letter to be signed. His face fell when he saw his mother. 'Now, Frank,' I said, 'tell your mother what you have told me.' He did. She sank into a chair with a frightened little sigh: 'Well, who would have believed it?' Another mother, in an exactly similar situation, after nearly fainting away, suddenly arose and, with the image of Mrs. A. plainly in her mind, persuaded her little Frankie to repudiate his confession and stick to the lie. Her little Frankie didn't turn out so well, but the one I saved from a 'lickin'' has been a princely little fellow ever since this, his first real lesson."

Experiences like these would make an ordinary man feel like "licking" Frankie's busy father and humiliating his silly mother, and Judge Lindsey has some very healthy, human feelings about such things, as he shows by the way he writes of them. The man has humor and heat, but also he has charity and infinite patience. He was as gentle with those parents as he was with their children. Having discovered early that many parents thought less of their children than of what their neighbors might say, the Judge provided privacy. We have seen him calling up boys in his Probation

AN OUT-OF-DOOR SCENE AT GOLDEN

In the distance are the Rocky Mountains and "the long lonely hill road" up which Judge Lindsey's boys climb, unattended, to put themselves in the Industrial School and prove to a doubting world that "th' Jedge is dead right in bankin' on th' honor of a kid"

Court by schools and addressing them by their first or "nick" names. This he does to spare not only the pride of the boy, but the vanity of his father and mother. And so he abolished criminal records in the Juvenile Court, not only to save a boy from growing up with a rogue's name to burden him, but to shield his family from "disgrace."

But the best example of his practise of privacy and consideration for both parents and children is his method of dealing with girls. He himself seldom speaks of this part of his work, and the reason is that he finds it is a sex-problem. Some women, who themselves are students of delinquent children and who admire Lindsey's service with boys, say that he errs with girls. "Little girls steal, lie, and do all the other things that boys do," they say. "The police don't arrest them as often, but the problem of the girls is as various and as complex as that of the boys." However that may be, Lindsey finds the sex-problem big enough to alarm him; and he says his observations are borne out by men who know in other cities.

In brief, it is another case of parental ignorance and Anglo-Saxon prudery. Parents do not like to tell their children the essential, natural facts of sex; they think *their* children too innocent. The result is that their children learn them at school or at play from other people's children, "bad" boys and "forward" girls, who impart all this knowledge in the very vilest form. And the Judge, probing into the doings of boys and girls brought before him for other things, discovered that these lessons had taken a practical turn; that in certain schools, where the thing got started, it had spread to include, in one case fifteen, in another nearly all the little girls in the school. What did he do about it?

First, he got the truth. Girls lie more readily and more obstinately than boys, but he persuaded them to tell all about it. And this he accomplished by affecting no horror of the subject. He treated it naturally. He didn't take the course the world would have taken, and especially the women's world — he didn't make the poor

little girl feel that she was lost forever and ever. As with boys, he called it "all a mistake," and a mistake that could be retrieved. Having the truth, he called in the mother. It is a fact for mothers to ponder that no children wanted mama and papa to know; they would get no such candor and no such sympathetic understanding at home as they got from their Judge. But the Judge insisted, and after an hour with the child, he often had to spend hours with the mother to prepare her to be motherly. She was horror-stricken; she thought of the disgrace: of what Mrs. A. would say. But the Judge had foreseen all that. He had other women calling on him the same day, other mothers and unmarried women. The shocked mother's good name was shielded, and she and her daughter were brought together. For once, no lies, no vanities, no hypocrisies, and no false modesty stood between them, and therefore there was no lacking of a perfect understanding. In one case the Judge was so stirred by the extent to which the schools had been cursed by this evil that he called "a meeting of mothers." No one knew what it was for; mothers not involved were invited with those that were in trouble; school teachers and other women; some of the best women in town. There, all together, the women of Denver were informed, warned, and instructed in private. It was beautifully done. No names were mentioned, of course, not even the name of the school, and no breath of the purpose of that meeting ever leaked out.

The head of one of the public utility companies once marked Lindsey for defeat, and one of his executive staff remonstrated. "Oh, no," he said, "not Lindsey."

"What!" exclaimed the magnate. "You, too? Everywhere I turn it is, 'Oh, no, not Lindsey.' My wife is for Lindsey, my mother is for Lindsey, my sisters are for Lindsey. And now you are for Lindsey. What is it that makes everybody and everything fight for this Judge Lindsey?" Everybody doesn't fight for Judge Lindsey; only those are for him who know how he has conspired with them in secret to help their little boy or their little girl. But these are legion. Poor and rich, "everybody" has knowledge of private calls made by this man; of hours, days, weeks spent on the case of somebody's bad little boy whom they have seen afterward being "good" to "show 'em that th' Jedge is dead right in bankin' on th' honor of a kid." Opposition? That of the parents of Denver melted like one of Denver's summer snows.

All the opposition to faith in mischievous boys soon disappeared, but there remained the fear of this treatment for "really bad" boys. The police represented the old policy of vengeance and prison. When the Judge received official permission to deal with all juvenile cases, and they saw what his treatment was — faith and hope and love — they snorted. The town snorted with them, and when the police held back its "criminals born," public opinion backed the police. But the Judge is a politician, too; he knows the game, and he went after the police. How? He might have exercised his authority, and he has done that since, in his fights with the dishonest opposition of the police. But this was honest opposition, this that came first. It was nothing but the natural conservatism of human nature, and he was patient with it. He reasoned with the police. He "showed them." He got the bad boys to help him "show 'em," just as the "nice" boys had helped him show the "good" people up on the hill. Judge Lindsey came down off the bench to go into the jails and bring into his Court the "criminals born"; and he brought them there, and there he gave to them also trust, encouragement, and service, and, like the good boys, the bad ones gave him back faith for faith, hope for hope, and for his love, their loyalty, and — his greatest triumph.

That is what most of the admirers of Judge Lindsey call his practice of trusting young "criminals" to go alone to Golden. Other triumphs of his seem to me to be greater, but certainly the sight of "a convict," and a boy convict at that, receiving his commitment papers from the Judge and passing through the streets, taking train and changing cars to get to Golden, and there delivering himself up — this is indeed a spectacle to see. And it is a common spectacle in Denver. Judge Lindsey hardly ever sends an officer with a boy now, and out of the hundreds he has trusted, only three have failed him. One of these I saw. He was "Eddie," the boy I told about in the first article, who was hysterical, and the Judge had doubts about him; indeed, he put him privately in charge of a "tough kid" who was going also to the school, and it was the tough kid who reported by telephone

from the station where they changed cars, that "Eddie can't seem to make it, Judge. He don't say he won't, but he cries, and I guess he ain't strong enough."

Another of the three failures was a boy who was started twice, and when the Judge reproached him for his weakness, suggested a way to beat himself. "Try me by another road, Judge," he said. "This road goes right by my old stamping ground, and when I see th' gang playin' 'round, I can't help it. I just have to drop off th' car." The Judge gave him tickets over another route, and that night received word that the boy had "made it."

Well, this practice of the Judge was begun on an impulse in this first, honest conflict with the police. They had caught two "dangerous young criminals," boys with records for serious crimes and jail breaking, and the Judge, having found them in the cells, talked with them. One night the Judge telephoned to the warden to send over two of the boys. An officer brought one. "I think," the Judge says, "that the warden's idea was that it was dangerous to send two at one time without handcuffs on them, and the police knew it offended me to have them come into my Court or my chambers with young fellows handcuffed."

THE WORKSHOP AT GOLDEN

Judge Lindsey explains to his boy prisoners that Golden isn't a reformatory or a prison, but a good industrial school "where a poor kid that hasn't a chance at home can learn a trade"

When the officer came in with the boy, he spoke in an undertone to the Judge, warning him that the prisoner was the "worst in the bunch," and that every time he had brought him to that room, the boy had eyed the window with the fire-escape.

"Better let me stay," said the officer. The Judge said he would take his chances. "All right," said the officer, and he smiled, "but we shall have to hold you responsible.

You know what it has cost the County to catch this prisoner." The Judge knew, and he promised to give a written order of court, if necessary, and the officer left.

It was ten o'clock at night, dark and cold. The boy, sixteen years old, was strong, and his face was not very prepossessing. The Judge is built like a flower, but he had worked hard on this boy, and he believed in his "method." So when the door closed behind the officer, he went straight up to the boy.

"Henry," he said, "the officer who brought you here says you had your eye on the fire-escape, and that you are looking for a chance to 'skip.' He said he wouldn't be responsible for your return to jail if I made him leave you alone in this room with me. He said that you'd be down that fire-escape quicker'n a wink. Now, I don't believe it. I believe in you, Henry, and I hope you believe in me."

With that, the Judge went to the window and, throwing it up as high as it would go, he said:

"There, Henry, there's the fire-escape and the night and two hours the best of it, for I'll promise, if you decide to 'duck,' not to report to the Warden till twelve o'clock. Now, then, if you think you are not worth saving, not worth helping — if all the hours I have spent with you in jail are to go for nothing, you 'scoot.' I'll not interfere. I leave it to you. I can't save a fellow, you know, not by myself; I can only help a fellow to save himself, if he wants to. If he doesn't want to, and I can't convince him that he ought to want to, then I do not see much hope. So go or stay, as you wish, Henry."

"Do you mean that, Judge?" the boy asked, and the Judge thinks his impulse was to go.

"You know what I mean," he answered, and for a moment the two looked at each other.

"Then," says the Judge, "I thought I saw a peculiar shadow cross his face, and I believed he understood. I went back to my table and sat down. I must confess it was an anxious moment for me. I wasn't sure that I had made on that boy the impression I hoped to make. He looked so hard. And he wavered there. I hardly dared to look at him. I thought of the ridicule of the police, of the failure and what it would mean: the defeat of the policy I was coming to believe in. And there that boy hung, swinging, actually swinging. Well, he had a certain peculiar swinging gait, and when he made a lurch for that window, my heart rose in my throat. His hand went up in the air, and I thought he was gone. But no — the hand that went up seized the window and brought it down with a slam and a bang. Then the boy came and sat down at my table.

"'Judge,' he said in a very simple, almost boyish way, 'I'll stay with you. I never had nobody talk to me like you. I'll do anything you say for me to do.'"

So they talked. The Judge told the boy he might have to go to Buena Vista (the penitentiary), and they discussed that. And they discussed crime and the police, till it was time for Henry to go back to the jail. And then — the Judge sent him back alone, and he went back alone, and he took voluntarily his place behind the bars!

It "worked," this "method" did, so the Judge adopted it as a method. It would strengthen the boys. He told the police that he proposed thereafter to trust all prisoners to go alone to Golden. The police laughed. It is said that they passed the word to put up a job on the Judge. At any rate, the next boy for Golden was Billy B., a chronic little runaway, and with the two policemen who brought him in came two reporters. The officers excused their double patrol by pointing to a brand-new shine-box which Billy carried as evidence that he meant to "skip." That kid had given them a two weeks' chase, they said, and *they* weren't taking any chances on him. The Judge might, they implied, but there were the two reporters to bear witness that, if Billy skipped, it was no fault of the police. As a matter of fact, one of the reporters told the Judge that the papers had been "tipped off to send them out and get a good story on the Judge."

When the case was called, everybody was laughing in his sleeve, everybody but the Judge and Billy B. The Judge was anxious, and the boy was sobbing in a corner with his shine-box hugged to his breast. Billy was only twelve years old. He had no father, and his mother was a washerwoman. He had learned early to tramp. The Judge had worked with him, but when the "movin'-about fever" got hold of Billy, Billy had to move. And he had the fever now. He admitted it to the Judge, and when the Judge said he must go to Golden, the little

fellow burst into tears. He had visions of stone walls and iron bars, with a policeman standing over him with a club all the rest of his days. That is what prison means to boys, and Golden was prison to Billy. So he dropped on his knees and begged the Judge not to send him away, promising pitifully "never to do it again." Billy was simply afraid.

"Billy," said the Judge, "you are crying because you are scared. What are you scared of? Me? Why should you be afraid of me? Haven't I given you a square deal? Haven't I given you every chance I could, helped you every way to be a good boy at home?"

"Yes," Billy sobbed, "but ——"

"You can't be a good boy at home. You don't get a fair chance at home. You want to move on all the time, and by and by you'll just be a 'vag.' Now you don't want to grow up to be a bum; do you? No, you want a chance to learn a trade and be a man."

The Judge explained at length that Golden wasn't a reformatory or a prison. It was only a school, a good industrial school, where a poor kid that hadn't a chance at home could learn a trade. "Why," said the Judge. "I've been there. I like to go there. And I tell you everybody up there just loves a kid that tries to do his best, and they help him. Nobody hates a kid at Golden. No, siree."

By and by, the tears ceased to flow. The Judge described the school, its shops, its military organization, its baseball nines, and then, as the Judge says, "when fear vanished, and interest began, I appealed to the boy's nobility, to his honor, pride, his loyalty to me." Judge Lindsey seized for this purpose the very preparations the police had made for their "joke on the Judge." He introduced Billy to the reporters.

"What do you think the cops have told these reporters, Billy?" he said. "They have told them that that fool Judge was going to trust little Billy B. to go to the industrial school all by himself, and that they were going to have the laugh on the Judge because they knew Billy better than the Judge did. They say they know you'll never go, and they are saying what a fine joke it will be to have the reporters write a story to-morrow telling how the Judge trusted Billy, and Billy threw the Judge down, ditched his papers and ran away. And, gee-whiz, it would be tough if I did get thrown down. But I'm not scared. I believe in you, and I'm going to trust you. I am going to give you these, your commitment papers and your railroad ticket, and we'll see whether you stay with me or stay with the police. I want these reporters to tell just what happens, so it'll be up to you, Billy, to go to Golden or skip."

As the Judge proceeded, Billy's head began to go up in the air. By and by he pushed the cold tears out of his eyes, and when the Judge ceased to speak, those eyes were blazing.

"Judge," he said, "you know John Handing, don't you?"

The Judge hesitated.

"You know, Judge; the kid th' fellers call Fatty Felix."

"Yes, yes," said the Judge.

"Well," said Billy, "he's my chum, Fatty is. Now here's my shine-box. You give that to Fatty, and you gimme them papers. I'll show 'em. You trust me, and I'll stay wit' ye, Judge, and we'll fool 'em, all right."

And off went Billy B., twelve years old, out of the court-room, down through the streets — the streets he loved — to the car; then over three railroads to the little town of Golden where, asking his way, he climbed the long, lonely hill road to the industrial school — just to show a doubting world that "it" works.

Was the world convinced? No. The grown-ups marveled, and even the boys sneered. The Judge "fixed" the boys. He heard that they called Billy B. a "chump" up at Golden, so he went up there, and he told the story in a speech which made Billy B.'s face shine like his old shine-box. That speech, repeated again and again, at Golden and in Denver and all over the State, has made it an honor to go alone to Golden: a test of pluck, loyalty, and self-control. And, on the other hand, to "ditch your papers and run," is a disgrace in Boyville now. A boy called on the Judge one day with an offer from the gang to "lick" any kid that ditched his papers or in any other way went back on the Judge, and the Judge had some difficulty in explaining why that wasn't "square."

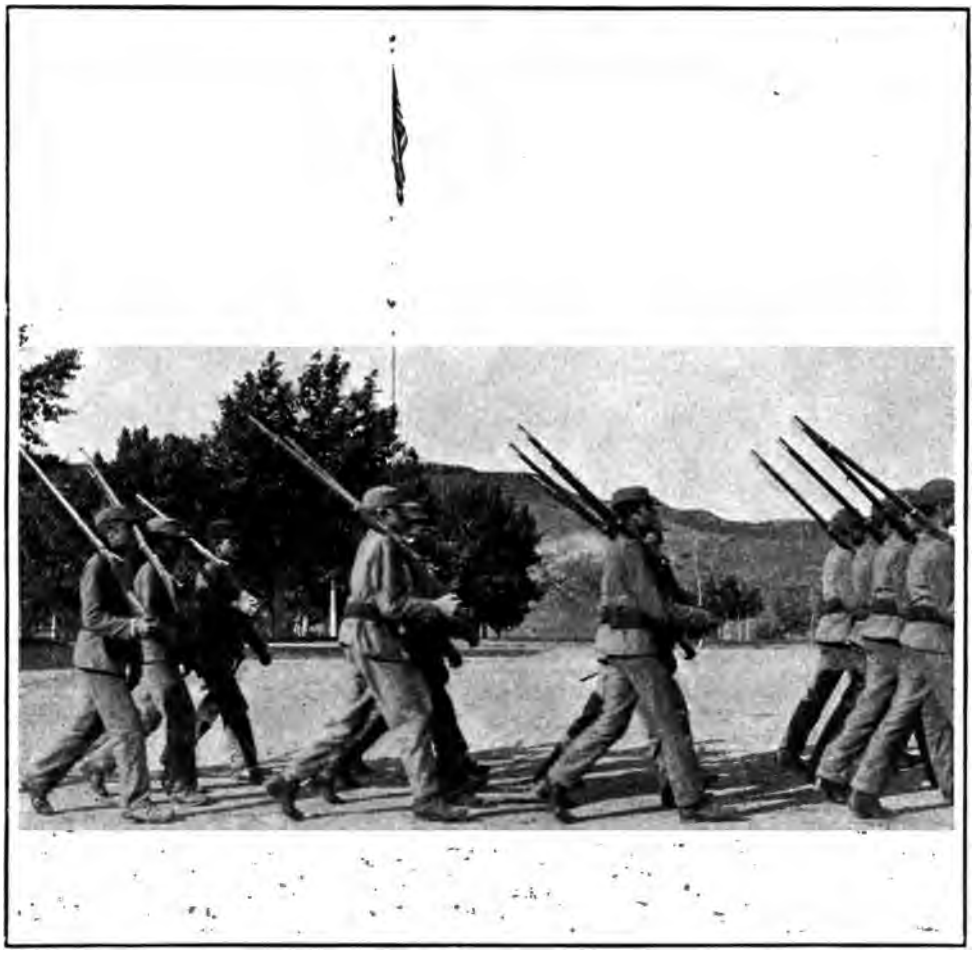
Wonderful? Yes, it's wonderful if you don't see what "it" is, and Denver didn't, at least, official Denver didn't. The Judge saw that he had to "win out" with what the world calls "young criminals born," so

he watched for a chance; and the chance came.

"One morning," he says, "the newspapers reported the capture of Lee Martin and Jack Heimel, two notorious boy burglars known as 'The Eel,' and 'Tatters.' They were the leaders of the River-Front gang of sneak thieves, pickpockets, burglars, etc., and they had done time in the reform school and jails in Colorado and elsewhere. The newspapers, having told all about them and their crimes, went on to say that these criminals had amply qualified for a long term, and they should therefore be tried in the criminal court, not before the newfangled, grandmotherly, juvenile department. Here was my chance and a challenge.

"I visited the jail. The boys were in separate cells, handcuffed to their benches. They had just come out of the sweat-box where the police had been bullying and threatening them for hours in an effort to make them tell on the other members of the gang, and they were bruised and battered. Tatters looked more like a pirate than the fifteen-year-old grammar-school boy he was. A picture of uncleanliness, he scowled at me out of sullen black eyes, and the sinister effect was increased by the livid bruises on his swarthy face. I talked with him, but could get nothing out of him. His lips were padlocked, for he was plainly suspicious of me.

"Lee Martin presented a very different appearance. He was slight, fair, and scrupulously neat, despite the unutterable prison



DRILLING THE BOYS AT GOLDEN

filth. About him was an air of childish innocence hard to reconcile with his established reputation as the most expert and reckless boy criminal within a thousand miles. There was something peculiarly winning about him. I have never met so interesting a boy, or one so full of vital, human experiences learned in the hard school of life. He had gentle, blue eyes, just now glaring with hate. It was an expression I was to see in them often during the next few months, for hatred and revenge were then the dominant emotions of his life.

"As I stepped across the cell, he drew himself up with an odd touch of dignified pride peculiar to him. He was only a little boy, hunted and run to earth like a wolf, cuffed and kicked and flung into a dark cell prior to being railroaded through the court to the reformatory, but he was staunch and 'game' still to his comrades.

"'I ain't no snitch,' he flung out before I had said a dozen words.

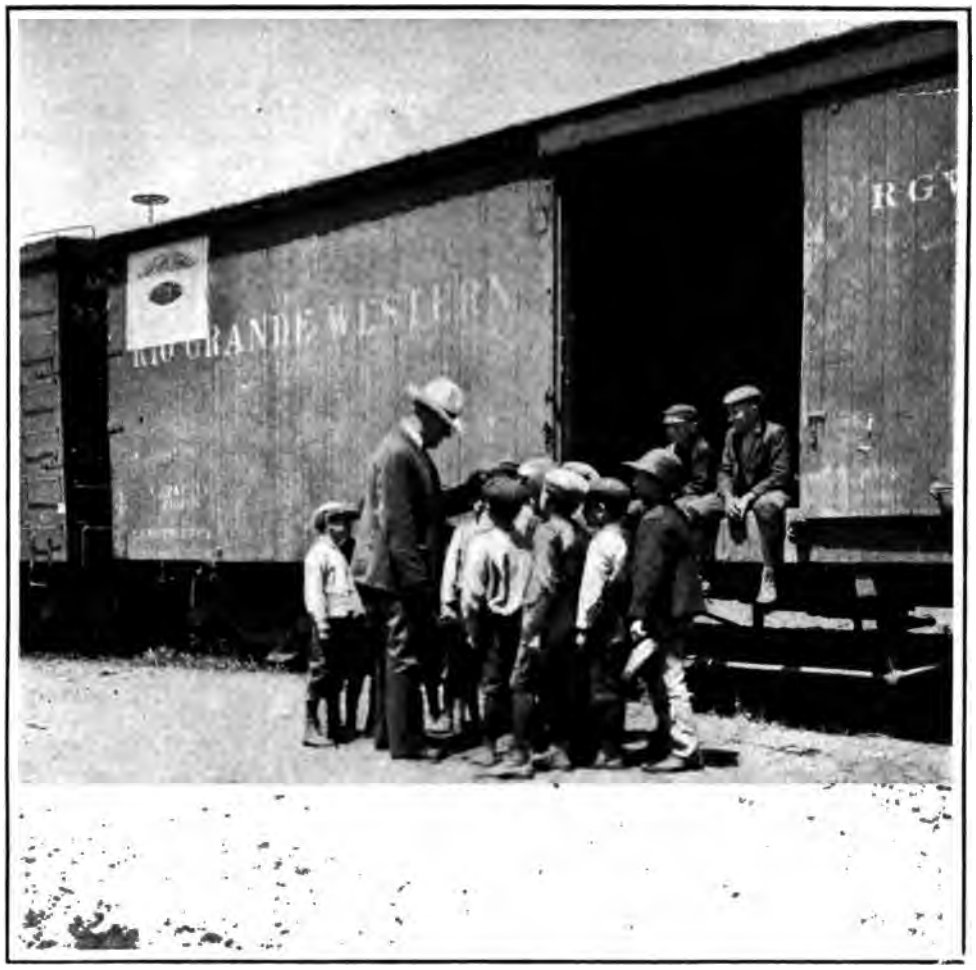
"'Good for you,' I told him. 'There's always good in a fellow that won't snitch on his chums.'

"He looked at me, greatly surprised but still suspicious. He asked me who I was. I told him. 'Are they going to try me in your Court?' he asked. I answered that he would probably be tried in the criminal court. 'They'll send me up, all right,' he said with conviction. "'Would you?' he demanded. 'I'd give you a square deal,' I told him. He sneered in my face."

Not a very promising beginning, was it? The Judge did not give up. He called again on the boys, and again and again. He told them the truth. He told them he was laboring to have them tried in his Court, and why. He talked about his Court, and what it meant; how it was opposed, and why. He had no secrets; he kept nothing back. He discussed crime, his view of it, the police view of it, the world's. He didn't know who was right. "Gradually their suspicion of me disappeared," the Judge says. "They came to regard me and my Court as engaged in a fight for them against the hated police." The Judge let them think that. It was true. He explained how it was true, how "the police were not to blame," not the policemen. They were reared in a school that taught them that it was their duty to fight crime with crime, craft with craft, violence with force, and maybe that was the only way. Certainly, "fellers," like Tatters and the Eel made it hard for the police. Hadn't the boys added to the work of the "cops," and to their worries?

They had indeed. The Judge laid down the kid law, which was the criminal law, about "snitching"; how snitching on the other fellow was wrong, but snitching on yourself was all right, if you believed what you told was to be used to help you. This they understood, and as their confidence grew, they began to snitch on themselves.

They told the Judge their stories, and they were amazing stories of crime and of hate. "The Eel especially hated anything in the nature of legal machinery with a bitterness that amazed me," the Judge says, "till I had heard his story." And then the Judge tells the Eel's story. His father was foreman in a machine-shop, honest enough, but brutal to the boy, who loved his mother who loved, but was too weak to help, her son. He "bummed" the streets day and night, dodging his father, who cuffed and cursed him whenever their paths crossed. Lee ran away, and to keep himself became a sneak thief. Before he was ten, he had "bummed" his way from Chicago to Denver and become a "pretty slick thief." Arrested now and then, and railroaded by the Law, he was patted on the back in the jails by hardened criminals who taught him to pick pockets. Caught at this, he learned burglary from burglars in the jail and, at the age of twelve, nearly killed himself trying to blow a safe. The "Bull-pen" had shown him how, but he put the powder in the wrong place. He was full of courage. An experienced "hobo," he traveled twenty-five thousand miles in one year on brake-beams till, tiring of that, he learned to sneak into Pullmans and hide and sleep in a vacant upper berth. Once he was awakened by an exclamation from the porter: "Good Lawd, they's a kid in heah." The Eel tells the rest: "I flew th' coop when th' coon guy went to tell th' conductor. That ditched me in a town they call Reno, Nevada. 'Course I was broke. I touched a guy for a half and bought me a cane and some chewing-gum. I walked into a bank and up to th' guy in th' monkey cage. I says I wanted work, and when he went to see de head guy, I rammed th' gum in de end of my cane, shoved it through the cage, and swiped a twenty that stuck to th' gum. Then I hiked out on th' express that night."



ONE OF JUDGE LINDSEY'S "GANGS"

The Judge has enlisted the children of Denver in a fight for a "decent town of decent kids." Together they are showing the police and the public that "there ain't no really bad kids"

Where did the boy learn that trick? In jail. That's where the State taught him his trade, and, when he had learned a new crime, he could break out and try it. Twice he had broken jail, cleverly, boldly. Once when an officer, Roberts, tried to recapture him, Lee smashed a lantern in the man's face and then led him a chase through a back yard where clothes-lines hung in the dark. Caught under the chin by a line, the officer turned a "flip-flop," and the boy got away; not unscathed, however; the officer fired several shots at him, and one hit the boy in the hand.

To kill that policeman was one of the vows the boy had made to himself. "He tried to kill me. I was only a kid, and he tried to kill me. I'm going to kill him one of these nights."

The Judge listened to these stories, noted what they meant, and he sympathized with the boys. But that isn't all he did. He sympathized with the Law and with the policeman, too. He showed the boys just where he thought things were wrong in the Law and in the courts, and the boys came to understand. It wasn't easy to correct the teachings of the jails and the police and the home and the streets, but this man did it with those boys. He showed them, for example, how the officer, Roberts, was acting in good faith, doing his duty, and how he

must have been exasperated with the Eel, and the Eel saw it. And when the Judge saw that he saw it, he brought the boy and the officer together, and — they are good friends now.

So with the Law; the Judge explained what the machinery of justice was for. It had been perverted from its true function, justice, to vengeance, but it could help a fellow, and he proved it, the Judge did. He got the cases. And he got them with the consent of the police. One captain who was loudest in his protestations, said:

"You can't baby Lee Martin, Judge. He's been in jail thirteen times, and it hasn't done him any good."

"No," said the Judge, "and if I fail, I'll still have twelve times the best of you. You've failed with him your way. It's my turn now. It has cost the city in officers' fees alone, one thousand and thirty-six dollars to make a criminal of him. Let's see what it'll cost to turn him into an honest boy."

The captain ran over a list of his crimes. The Judge brought out a longer, more correct type-written list.

"How in the world did you get that?" the officer asked, astonished.

"They've confessed to me everything."

"How did you do it? We couldn't sweat it out of them."

"I made them see that I was their friend," the Judge said, "and that I wanted to use the information for and not against them."

It was a strange, new point of view to the police, but they saw that there was something in it, so they tried the boys before the kids' Judge.

The evidence was plain. Burglary was the specific charge, and the police proved it; the Judge was convinced formally of what he knew (for the boys had told him all about it). What did the Judge do to the boys?

He put them on probation. Yes, to the horror of the police and the town, he did by these bad boys just as he did by good boys: he gave them a "show." What was the result?

A day or two later the boys called on the Judge. With them were two others, "Red" Mike and Tommy Green. The Judge understood; these were members of the River-Front gang, for whom the police were on the lookout. But nothing was said about that. "We had a general talk about crime," the Judge says, "and the principles of the Juvenile Court." The Judge was expectant, so were Lee and Tatters, but it was left to the new-comers to do their own snitching, and they did it. After a while, "Red" turned to Tommy. "Don't you think it's about time we were snitchin' up?" he asked. Tommy allowed that it was, and then followed what the Judge calls "a snitching bee." "And," the Judge adds, "I had two new probationers for my Court." A week or so more, and these four called with a fifth "kid," and he, a "soft, mushy one," as the Judge describes him, he also "snitched up." Another period, and the five brought in two more. That finished the "criminal" list of the River-Front gang. "Not one of these boys had snitched on another," the Judge says. "Each one had told only on himself."

All those "young criminals" were put on probation, "and," says the Judge, "six out of the seven have stuck. The seventh made the pluckiest fight I ever saw before he slipped back, and I still have hopes of his ultimate success."

What does the Judge mean by a plucky fight? "A plucky fight" means what the Judge means by probation — the game of correction, the game of overcoming evil with good. These young criminals had not only to be good; they couldn't *be* good. That's too negative for husky kids, and the River-Front gang were a husky lot. The Judge says boys are bad because, while they have lots of opportunity to do wrong, they have none to do good. So, as in the case of mischievous boys, he gave these criminals opportunities to do good. There were other "fellers" starting on careers of crime. If they were allowed to go on, they would be caught, jailed, and made criminals of by the police, who, though they didn't mean to, were really criminal-manufacturers. The game was to beat the police and beat public opinion by showing the opposition that the Judge was right about kids, that "there ain't no bad kids." So the game was for the River-Front gang to bring in kids that were going wrong, get them into the Court gang, and thus prove by the good they all could do together that "it" worked. And "it" did work.

The loyalty of the River-Front gang to the Judge as leader of their new gang was superb. It was mistaken sometimes. Once

when Jack Heimel's mother was away, he slept in a cheap boarding-house. A drunken man cried out that he had been robbed, and he accused Jack and a friend of Jack's. The lodging-house keeper knew Jack and, of course, believed the charge, so, sending for the police, he placed himself in the door to bar the way out. Jack made a dash, hit the man behind the ear and, dropping him, leaped out and away with his chum. The police searched for them all night, but couldn't find them. The Judge found them. When he went down to court the next morning the boys were "layin' for him." Jack explained:

"We didn't take th' money, Judge, but I had to hit de guy, because, you see, if de cops had 'a' jugged me, me name would 'a' been in the papers, and then, wouldn't they say that this was de feller what de Judge ought to 'a' sent up and didn't? And, say, wouldn't dat 'a' got you into trouble, and maybe lost you yer job?"

It developed afterwards that the drunken man hadn't lost the money at all, so Jack Heimel was cleared, and that was his last "scrape." He got a job as a mechanic in the railroad shops and, loyal always, his last report to the Judge was that he had sent East for a book on mechanical engineering. He was rising, and he feels to this day that his success means much, not only to him, but to the Judge and the Court gang, and the methods thereof.

The Eel had a hard time. "This boy, whom the police called a depraved criminal, has done more to discourage crime," the Judge says, "than any ten policemen in the city." He brought in boy after boy to "snitch up," and he helped keep his own gang straight. "Red" Mike slipped back once. Arrested for a robbery, he escaped, and the police were after him. The Eel was troubled. He called on the Judge. He knew where "Red" was hiding, and he knew the Judge knew he knew, but the Judge asked no questions. He and Lee simply talked the matter over till they agreed that it would be better for "Red" to come in and surrender than to be driven deeper into crime. And a day or two later "Red" appeared at the Judge's house, "ready," as he said, "to take his papers and go to the reformatory."

Lee became an un-official officer of the Court, and the Judge used him freely. Once a boy stole a pocket-book from a woman in the store where he worked. The Judge sent for Lee. "Something ought to be done," the Judge said, "to get that boy back in the right path." Lee went after him. He found him in a cheap theater, "treating a gang," brought him voluntarily in, and — to-day the boy is a trusted employee in that same store.

Another time, Teddy Mack, a fourteen-year-old "criminal," who was arrested for stealing a watch, sawed his way out of jail and got out of Denver. All summer the police searched, and the Judge and Lee Martin often talked over the case. One day Lee said:

"I'd like to get that kid for you, Judge. I'll bet he's down to the fair at El Paso. You send me down there, and — I won't be a 'snitch cop,' but I believe I kin get him to come in."

The Judge gave Lee five dollars, and the boy went across the line to the bull-fight. There was Teddy. The two boys took in the fair together, but Lee talked "crime, and the principles of the Juvenile Court" to Teddy, and back these two came together to the "Jedge." Teddy "snitched up." The Judge gave him twenty dollars to redeem the watch he had pawned for three dollars, and when Teddy returned with the watch and the exact change, he was sent to deliver the watch to the owner and to admit that he was the thief. That settled the case, and that settled Teddy. "We had no more trouble with Teddy Mack," the Judge says, "though he had been one of the worst boy-thieves in the city."

The boy with whom Lee Martin had the most trouble was Lee Martin. He could not settle down. The habit of "bumming," developed in him from early childhood, was too strong, and every once in a while that "movin'-about fever" would get him. "It was like a thirst for drink," the Judge says, "and I told him that when he felt it he must come to me. Once or twice when I saw that the call of the road was too strong to be resisted, I let him take a ride as far as Colorado Springs and back." But that didn't always satisfy him, and he would throw up his job and "skip." It hurt him to do this; it was regarded as disloyalty to the Judge, and that was awful.

"One Sunday evening," the Judge relates, "word reached me that Lee was going to 'fly out.' This worried me so much that I started for his home. I

found his mother in tears. The Eel was gone.

"'He just couldn't stand it any longer, Judge,' she apologized. 'He lay on the floor there and sobbed just like he was in a high fever. "What'll the Judge think? What'll the Judge think?" he kept sayin'. An',' the woman added, 'he told me to tell you he'd write.'

"I went home much troubled, but the promised letters reached me, one from Albuquerque, then another from El Paso, a rapid succession of them. They were like wails from a lost soul. He implored me not to think he had 'thrown me down.' That was the burden of them all. He was coming back, he said; he just had to get on the move for a while, but he hadn't thrown me down. I wrote him not to steal, and he didn't. When he came back a month later, he showed me a letter from a man he had worked for to prove it."

There is more of the story, more triumphs and more disappointments, and there are more stories just like it, of other gangs. For all the time the Judge was devoting himself to the "River-Fronts," he was giving himself with the same devotion to his other "cases." And there were failures as well as successes, and the police and the cynics clung to failures. As the Judge says, however, the failures were really weak boys. "The husky kids, the kind the cops call 'dangerous,' they stuck with me; they showed the police that there 'ain't no really bad kids.' Bad? I believe," the Judge said, smiling and he quoted Riley:

" 'I believe all childern's good
Ef they're only understood,—
Even bad ones, 'pears to me,
'S jes as good as they kin be!' "

He smiles as he quotes, then the smile disappears, and he adds, "And that's so of men, too."

"Yes, but," you say, "there *are* criminals born?"

"Yes," he replies, "there are criminals born, and there are criminals bred, minors and majors, too. But who bears them, and — what breeds them? What makes bad boys bad? What makes bad girls bad? And what makes men and women bad?"

That's his answer, another question: one question; the fortunate, fatal question which got Ben Lindsey into his fights with the dishonest opposition of Denver, the fights which — because he won them, he and the children, and because they led him straight to the cause of crime, juvenile and grown-up, too — have made the "kids' Jedge" of Denver one of the leaders of the great war that is going on in Colorado. The outside world couldn't understand last summer why the people of his State wanted the Judge of the Juvenile Court to run for Governor; nor why he was willing to take the nomination. The reason, as we shall see, was that Ben Lindsey is no mere philanthropist, but (in the true sense of the word) a politician; no mere saver of little victims of wrong, but a man leading men to destroy the opportunities for evil-doing, and to give all the children of men "a show" to "do good."

WOOD-DOVES

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

"I CANNOT soar beside, but must for ever suffer
Blue air athrill with thee to lap against my breas
And dream it is thy wing."
— "Dear, sighs about thee hover:
Among the dewy leaves my longing is thy quest.
Yet, lone and far apart, shall we no joy discover
To travel the same sky, and by one water rest?
Say, mate in all this world?"
— "Ah, mute forbidden lover,
Ah, song I shall not hear!"
— "Ah, sweet unbuilded nest!"

KATY

THE REFORMING OF A BRIDEGROOM

A STORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

BY

HELEN REIMENSUYDER MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "ELLIE'S FURNISHING," "THE CONVERSION OF ELVINY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

LAVINA'S most conspicuous characteristic was an overpowering and quite uncurbed propensity to set people right whom she considered to be in the wrong. Her youngest and prettiest sister, who had recently become Mrs. Gideon Lapp, was just at present in need of her attention. Mrs. Gideon was pursuing a course which must ultimately lead to her undoing, and Lavina was bent upon heading her off.

"She's getting her Mister that spoilt with her yielding ways — if I don't go over there this Easter vacation and learn her — teach her," she corrected her English, "the way she had ought to train that Giddy Lapp, she'll be so set in her weak ways with him

and he'll be so used to walking all over her (like all the other Dutch in these parts walk over their females), it'll be too late to mend."

This was Lavina's conclusion after the third letter received from Mrs. Gideon since her marriage to the widower, Gideon Lapp. Not that Mrs. Gideon complained of her "Giddy." On the contrary, she praised him in her letters as "a good purvider" and "a wonderful steady man." But in almost every line that she wrote she unconsciously betrayed to Lavina his sore need of wifely discipline.

"I ain't been on compny," she wrote her sister, "but except once since me and Giddy was married aready. Giddy he ain't much for goin. When he has his supper eat he likes to set at home, still, evenings, and read his paper. He won't do it to go even Sundays. Last Sunday me and him have been on church the first time since we was married aready.

"Giddy's so sneaky (choicy) about his wittles, I get all up-mixed makin his meals to suit him he's that partikkeller. That novel book you sent I didn't get read all. Giddy he don't favor novel readin and when he's setting readin his noospaper evenings, still, he says he'd sooner see me by the table sewin and makin good use of my time than wastin it on them novel books. So you best not send me no more of them novels Lavina fur all Ide like wonderful well to read through that there novel you sent me entitled Deserted at the Alter. That there villain in it wasn't he something fierce. The things he *done* yet! Why Lavina he was the worst man I ever seen before. But Giddy he don't want fur me to finish it through."

"To think," Lavina had exclaimed on reading this, "that she'd take that off of him! Him sitting there reading his paper, and Katy she hasn't the dare to waste her time reading a novel (with a good moral to it, too) but has to sew till bedtime! I'd teach him once! I'd tell him if I couldn't read my novel he hadn't the dare to read his noospaper, which is full of false lies, anyhow, and corrupting to the morals! If he'd give up his paper I'd give up my novels. Not unlest."

The letter containing this most disturbing of all Katy's revelations as to her submission to conjugal tyranny had reached Lavina that evening, and her perturbation over it was aggravated by the fact that the day had been a very unsatisfactory one in her school-room; for Lavina was the "upstairs teacher" in a village school of Upper Leacock Township in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

"As a success I'm a failure," she told herself severely when, after she had given an "Object Lesson" to show her geography class what a volcano was, the class, subsequently asked to define a volcano, had, to a man, answered that a volcano was a pile of sand with a shooting cracker stuck in the top; and when asked to write an account of how the mountains were formed, Sophie Schnabel had briefly inscribed her answer, "By God's almighty power." Lavina did not know how to mark such an answer as that. It couldn't be called incorrect. Yet it certainly was not scientific, nor would it pass in an examination. The question, "Describe how savage people dress," had brought the inadequate answer, "How they dress — they don't dress; only except a string of beads around the neck."

Such a day in school had so intensified her sense of Gideon Lapp's need of marital discipline that before she slept that night she firmly resolved to spend the approaching Easter holiday at Katy's in order to set her right in the management of her husband.

Lavina was the emancipated member of her family. Her two younger sisters and one younger brother had all submitted without question to the characteristic Pennsylvania Dutch parental authority which had condemned them to a life of drudgery on the farm, the most rigid economy, and scant schooling. Her father was well-to-do, and his refusal to allow her more education than the district school afforded had led to her rebelliously leaving home and "hiring out" in order to earn the necessary money for a term at "the Normal." The "hired girl" among the farmers' families of her acquaintance was a person of distinction in the household, so Lavina was not at all prepared for the sort of behavior expected of her by the fastidious town family by whom she was engaged as dining-room girl. She came near to being discharged the very first time she waited on the table, when, as she stood behind her mistress's chair, silver tray in hand, one of the young daughters of the

"'HE'D SOONER SEE ME BY THE TABLE SEWIN AND MAKIN GOOD USE OF MY TIME THAN WASTIN IT ON THEM NOVEL BOOKS'"

"'This here is my son Jakey'"

family made a remark about her geography lesson of that day, a lesson on glaciers, and Lavina, her sense of the duty of the moment overcoming her country shyness, suddenly lifted up her voice and delivered herself, over the head of her mistress, of a volley of district school-book information on glaciers, to the consternation of the family.

The lessons she received from this family in "learning her place" were a shock to all her public-school ideas of American equality. But her experiences with city gentlefolk revealed to her, by force of contrast, what her mind was ripe for perceiving — the uncivilized life led by many Pennsylvania Dutch women; their inhuman drudgery; their subservience to masculine authority; their dreary lack of pleasure and diversion, and their sordid economy; and from her domestic apprenticeship in the city, she came back to her own people a Reformer. Ever since that time, through all her experiences as a student at the Normal school and as village school-teacher, she had periodically swooped down upon one of her sisters or cousins with the fell purpose of putting them to rights where she saw they needed it.

II

"If Giddy come home unexpected and seen us settin' in here!" Lavina's sister laughed nervously, as, after opening the front-room shutters just enough to admit a faint ray of light (not enough to fade her best ingrain carpet), she sat down carefully on her elegant "stuffed" red plush rocking-chair, while Lavina, with an air of resolution, seated herself on the equally elegant and also stuffed sofa.

"Well? What if?" Lavina demanded. "What's a parlor *for?* To shut up dark and never use any? Is *that* what you furnished for? Who paid for your furniture, anyhow? Gideon Lapp? No! Pop, to be sure. Then what right has Gideon Lapp to say you haven't the dare to use your

parlor when you want? Every day if it suits you to!"

"He'd say the carpet would get some fadey fur me. And the stuffed furniture so pressed down."

"Well, what's carpet and furniture for?" Lavina reasoned patiently. "*Is* it made to use or ain't it? *I* ain't sitting in your kitchen, Katy Lapp! I'm used to better ways, and when I'm with you, *you're* goin' to have better ways, too. That long anyhow — till I go again. It'll maybe do you good."

"But you'll set with me and Giddy out in the kitchen, evenings, so long as you're here; ain't, Laviny?" Katy anxiously inquired. "Giddy, he won't do it to set in here in the parlor! He won't can home hisself in here!"

"Then leave him sit by himself if he has to act so common! Katy, you got to *teach* him once."

Katy gazed at her sister in mingled admiration and awe.

"I couldn't never speak up to Giddy," she shook her head dolefully.

"Nor to anyone else, Katy," Lavina reproached her. "If you'd demanded your rights off of Pop the way I did, you might be where I am — a school-teacher. Independent, instead of being a slave to Gideon Lapp. What did you marry *him* for, anyhow? If you had to marry someone, you could have done better than him — as pretty and as young as you are," said Lavina, with a softened note of sisterly affection.

"Och," said Katy coquettishly, "I married him to get rid of him oncet!"

"A mighty poor way to get rid of a man! I couldn't think of a poorer!"

Katy sighed. "That's so, too," she admitted.

But "poor-spirited" as Mrs. Gideon looked, she was not, apparently, the unhappy victim of marital tyranny that Lavina determined to consider her. Her evident contentment in her state of bondage, and her entire acquiescence in everything against which she ought to have rebelled tried Lavina's patience sorely. For instance, why, in the face of all the causes for dissatisfaction which she had been pointing out to her, should Katy just now be gazing about her front room with a countenance of complacent pride, instead of indignation, the sentiment she ought to feel against a man who would presume to keep her from using freely any room in her house she pleased to use — especially one furnished by her own father? Lavina almost despaired as she saw how little impression her emancipated views had made upon her sister.

Even in Lavina's eyes Katy's parlor was truly elegant. The crayon portrait of

"'You took and spent the house money!'"

Gideon's first wife (of quite inhuman outline) on a white and gilt easel was a most desirable piece of furniture; the easel had been purchased by Katy at the ninety-nine cent store. Over the top of the portrait a scarf of cream bunting was artistically draped, tied in the middle with pink satin ribbon. On a low table, set like a shrine before the easel, stood a floral tribute made of wax, technically known as "The Vacant Chair." A highly decorated china cuspidor,

"'WHAT YOU GOT YOUR THINGS ON FUR?'"

a chromo of McKinley with apoplectic complexion, a row of china ornaments on the mantel, a framed motto, "We Mourn Our Loss"— with a weeping willow in the center, worked on canvas in zephyr — these were the objects in which Lavina, as Katy's sister, could not help feeling an excusable pride.

"I wonder if Melinda Sourbeer's front room's as handsome," Katy remarked meditatively. "Do you think?"

"Katy Lapp! Do you mean to say you haven't been over to Melinda Sourbeer's since you married and came to this neighborhood — and Melinda your cousin yet!"

"Giddy, he ain't much fur goin'," Katy weakly answered, cowering before Lavina's disapproval.

"Then why don't you go without him?"

"He ain't much fur me goin' neither. He says he feels wonderful contented stayin' home with me."

"With you sitting by mending his old clothes while he reads his noospapers!"

Katy could not deny it, though she looked apologetic.

"It ain't the point whether *he's* wonderful contented," pursued Lavina. "The point is, are *you* contented staying at home with him?"

Katy sighed. "I never follow pleasure no more, Laviny, I don't even think about pleasure no more. And I'm goin' backwards — I'm less fur pleasure every day. I'm just gettin' *dumn!*" (stupid).

"How far does Melinda live?" Lavina demanded.

"Just over the church."

"All right — you're going along with me after supper to see Melinda."

"Mister, he won't want me fur to do it."

Lavina set her lips. "It's well I came here when I did, Katy! You're getting that man so spoilt up! You *started* wrong. It ain't too late yet to mend your ways with him, but if it had went — gone — much longer, you couldn't ever have done anything with him. You're just training him to be selfish and make a slave of you. Yes, it's well I came when I did."

"What are you going to do, Laviny?" Katy wonderingly and fearfully inquired.

"Teach you how to take your rights and not be walked over."

"I'd sooner live peaceable."

"But don't you see it's your duty not to make him so selfish? And, Katy," confidentially, "he'll think enough more of you for not letting him down you. Teach him to *respect* you, Katy," said Lavina with an air of hauteur.

This was an idea too foreign to be grasped by an unemancipated Pennsylvania Dutch feminine mind.

"'Respect' me, Laviny! Why, I'm only his woman!"

"And who should a man respect more than his wife?" Lavina reasoned ungrammatically.

Katy gave it up.

"Look here, Katy, leave s go to town this after and shop."

Katy's eyes sparkled. "O Laviny! I wisht I could! I ain't been t town to shop since I was married, it's two months back. But Giddy's work's so early o.ne, he gets home till five o'clock a'ready, still."

"We can get back till five if we start right away."

"If we missed a car and was late gettin' home!" Katy suggested apprehensively but wistfully.

"Then Giddy will wait for his supper till he gets it, see?"

"O Laviny! He'd have so cross at me!"

"Leave him!" (Let him).

"O Laviny!" Katy sighed.

"Come on up and get your things on."

"If you wasn't here, I wouldn't dare to," said Katy, as with mingled eagerness and trepidation she yielded.

"Wouldn't dare to go to town when you want?"

"Giddy, he ain't much fur me goin' nowheres. He'd ruther I'd stay home and do the work."

But under the spell of Lavina's stronger will, Katy entered with girlish pleasure into the shopping excursion.

"Where's your purse, Katy? Take your money with," Lavina admonished her as they were about to start.

"I ain't got none — only a couple dollars house money."

"Don't he ever give you spending money for yourself, as well-fixed as he is?"

"When I ast him fur somepin I got to have, he'll mebbe give it to me, if he's sure I need it bad."

"I'd run him in debt till he'd give me such an allowance! I'd plague him till he did what I wanted!"

"O Laviny!"

"Spend that house money this after, and he'll have to give you more."

"Oh, I darsent!"

"*Take* the dare!"

"'So sends Mister his Jakey over to fetch yous!'"

When they reached the town, the temptation of the shops, together with Lavina's strong backing, was too much for Katy, and she recklessly squandered over two dollars in gewgaws.

The reaction from her high spirits set in on the way home.

"We won't be back in time for me to get on my old frock before Giddy gets home," she lamented. "If he didn't see me dressed, he needn't know we went this after."

"He'll have to know it when you tell him the house money's all," said Lavina.

"Mebbe you'd leave me borry the loan of them two dollars off of you, Laviny," Katy timidly suggested.

"How would you ever get the money to pay it back, without you told Giddy about it?"

"That's so, too," sighed Katy.

"Why should I — a self-supporting, hard-working female — pay Giddy Lapp's wife's bills, and him so well-fixed? It ain't the two dollars, Katy. If you needed money I'd share my last dime with you, and that you know. But I ain't giving Giddy Lapp a *nickel!* And I ain't encouraging your foolish ways with him."

"I wisht," Katy monotonously repeated, "I could get my workin' frock on before he comes home. But it's gettin' late on us; ain't?"

"Now see here, Katy — just you keep this here dress *on* (you won't dirty it any just getting a little supper) and face him out with it. Just tell him cheerful, 'I was to town with Lavina this after' — take it perfectly natural — and what *can* he say?"

To Lavina's surprise, Katy broke into a paroxysm of laughter.

"Well?" Lavina inquired. "What's comic about it?"

"How Giddy'd look, yet, if I tole him just off-hand and cheerful that way, 'I was to town!' — without astin' him dare I! He'd be that wonderful surprised!"— and again her laughter made her helpless.

"Well, then, up and do it, if it's so comic," Lavina urged.

"I wisht I *could* oncet," chuckled Katy. "If a body hadn't such nervous feelings when they go to do them things!"

"You wouldn't have to do any of those things more'n a couple times, Katy — he'd soon get taught."

When they reached home, Gideon had not yet arrived, and Lavina did actually succeed in persuading Katy not to change her dress.

"You'd have to put it on again to go to Melinda's after supper," she reminded her sister.

"Mebbe Giddy won't leave me have dare to go to Melinda's," Katy feebly demurred.

"You just leave me manage it, Katy. You have your joke and your laugh in telling Gideon you were to town and are going on company to-night (you think it's so comic), and I'll manage *him* if he makes anything." (makes a fuss).

Gideon and his sixteen-year-old son came in while they were setting the supper-table. He was a stout, comfortable looking man of middle-age, the good-natured expression of his commonplace and rather heavy face indicating that his shortcomings as a husband were due to the influences of environment rather than to natural baseness.

He greeted Lavina stolidly, but kindly.

"Katy had wonderful glad when you wrote her off a letter that you was comin' till Easter," he said cordially. "This here," indicating his heavily-built, awkward son who hung back, overcome with shyness, "is my son Jakey."

Jakey limply shook her hand and then slunk into his place at the supper-table.

"Why, Katy!" Gideon's surprised glance fell upon his wife in her best blue dress. "Did you put on your best frock because Laviny was comin'?"

"Yes," said Katy, perjuring her soul. "Where have I my jug put?" she quickly added to divert his attention. "Have I it set on the table? Och, yes, there it is. Supper ain't quite fixed all, Giddy. The potatoes ain't made quite."

"Is it that you was mebbe settin' round talkin' to Laviny till it got late on you — ain't?" he asked suspiciously and with a note of disapproval in his voice.

"To be sure I'd set a while with my sister when she come," Katy answered with quite unwonted spirit; and Lavina rejoiced inwardly at seeing that her instructions were taking effect.

"It won't do your best frock no good — makin' supper in it," Gideon remarked disparagingly.

"You think?" Katy retorted disrespectfully.

With her first word of self-assertion, something within her had seemed to break loose, and a sudden buoyancy of spirit stirred her such as she had never known before in all her life.

Gideon stared. "Well," he grunted, "hurry on and make the things on the table. Have you the butter and milk up cellar?"

"I brang them up this long time a'ready. They're on the sill settin'. I must cut my bananas now. Laviny, she likes bananas so sliced and milk with."

"Bananas costs expensive," Gideon objected.

"You're well-fixed enough, Giddy," Katy defied him.

Gideon's jaw fell in astonishment. But his attention was attracted by an unfamiliar object on the table. "What's this here?" he demanded, picking up a new dish and examining it. "Did Laviny bring you this along fur a present?"

For an instant "the Enemy" (the Devil) assailed Katy, and she was tempted to lie ignominiously. But after a moment's struggle she conquered not only the Enemy, but her own cowardice.

"Ain't it a fine thing of a dish, Giddy? I got it at the ten-cent store. It looks handsome on the table, ain't?"

Gideon regarded her coldly. "When was you at the ten-cent store?"

"This after. Laviny, she asked me would I go in town along with her."

Gideon strode over to the dresser to wash his hands. "You let all your work standin', did you?" he asked over his shoulder.

"I had it through all before I went."

"I guess you could of found a plenty to do if you had of wanted to find it."

"But you see, Giddy," she retorted with a perfunctory cheerfulness of tone, "I didn't want." And Katy shrieked with laughter at her own audacity, while Gideon looked amazed and angry.

"Where did you get the money to spend?" he demanded.

"I took the house money. You never let no money fur me, Giddy," she complained.

"You took and spent the house money!" he asked in consternation, while his son heard, with dropped jaw, this unwifely defiance. "How much did you spend all?"

"Two dollars and fourteen cents," Katy boldly answered.

Gideon's face flushed up to his hair. "What d'you buy all?" he inquired huskily.

"Some collars and cuffs like what Laviny has. They come to a quarter. Then I got

such a centerpiece — wonderful stylish — fur the parlor table. And a sofy cushion with Dewey on. And some dishes and some ribbon."

Gideon could hardly believe his ears. "All without astin' me dare you?"

"I'm of age, I guess, Giddy," she pouted.

"Do I work all day at the shop fur you to fool away my money where I earn and waste your time so's you don't earn your keep?"

Lavina's face flushed as dark as Gideon's at these words, and she set her lips and turned her back on him very expressively.

"We've been married together two month, Giddy," said Katy, "and them two dollars is the first money of yourn I spent on myself. And it's the first time I was to town since I went with you in to say 'Yes.' So you ain't got no need to jaw."

"If you want to spend, you ast me first," he said with decision. "I ain't makin' up that house money to you. You'll have to get along without."

"That'll be your loss more'n mine, Giddy. It's *you* will miss the good wittles on the table. Most anything does *me*."

The supper passed in a constrained silence, broken only by an occasional exchange of forced remarks between Lavina and Katy. Gideon thought, by maintaining a dignified demeanor, to crush in his erstwhile dutiful spouse this new spirit of unwifely insubordination. It was "that Laviny," doubtless, who had "put Katy up" to this strange and quite impossible behavior.

But Katy had tasted of the sweets of independence and was not to be so easily crushed. Gideon's lack of conversation left her apparently unconcerned, though to be sure she was not without some internal quakings at her own temerity.

After supper Lavina and Katy hurried "to get the supper dishes through," and Gideon, with a deeply offended air, seated himself by the kitchen lamp with one sheet of the newspaper, while his son, Jakey, took the other sheet.

Behind Gideon's back, Lavina, as she dried the dishes, executed a pantomime expressing her determination to take Katy over to their cousin Melinda's. Katy moved her lips in a soundless protest that she must draw the line somewhere. But Lavina succeeded in overcoming her objections.

When their work was finished, instead of drawing about the lamp, they both went up-stairs, coming down in a moment wearing their hats and coats. Katy's face was flushed and her manner nervous. She feared she was going too far.

Gideon's eyes grew stony when he looked up from his paper and saw her.

"What now?" he inquired, with ponderous disapproval in his tone and countenance. "What you got your things on fur?"

"Fur goin' on company, Giddy," Katy tremulously answered. "Me and Laviny conceited we'd go to Melindy's over."

"I don't want you fur to go over there," asserted Gideon autocratically. "You've been runnin' more'n enough to-day a'ready. Ain't all afternoon enough to do you? — without you must be goin' evenings, too? You stay at home and do your sewin' or snitzin' or whatever."

"Laviny won't be here but a couple days, Giddy, and she wants me to go with — to Melindy's."

"I don't want you fur to go this evening. I tell you, you wasted enough time to-day. I don't believe in these females that's so much fur *goin'*. You just set at home."

Katy wavered and looked at her sister for support.

"Are you ready for going, Katy?" Lavina inquired, moving toward the door.

"Yes, *I'm* ready," Katy forced herself to answer bravely, though she trembled as she followed her sister across the room. "Giddy," she turned to speak to him plaintively, "you haven't the dare to make me stay home *all* the time."

"You mean to tell me you're goin'?" he demanded incredulously.

"Yes, I'm goin', Giddy," she defied him, but there were tears in her voice.

"The paper wants rain," he put up an objection.

"Then we needn't take umbrellas or gums" (overshoes), said Lavina sarcastically. "It'll be clear till we get back."

"You're slightin' your work to go runnin'," Giddy rebuked her scathingly. "They ain't a coal up fur the kitchen fire. Mebbe it'll go out till you're home a'ready."

"What's the matter with *your* bringing up a bucket of coal, Gideon," suggested Lavina pleasantly.

"It ain't fur the Mister to do the housework," Gideon growled.

"Well, if the fire goes out for want of coal — with you two able-bodied men sitting here loafing over your noospapers —

it could *go* out — and *stay* out, too, before *I'd* ever make it up again. Come on, Katy."

She laid her hand on Katy's arm and drew her after her as she opened the door.

"Look at here! How long are yous going to stay?" Gideon angrily inquired.

"I don't know right what fur time we'll be back," Katy answered flippantly, her stock of courage reinforced by Lavina's support.

"Yous be home till nine o'clock," commanded Gideon threateningly.

"We'll be home till we please, Gideon," said Lavina.

"I'm a-goin' to outen the lights and lock the doors and windows at nine," he affirmed. "If yous ain't here yous can stay out all night!"

Katy again wavered at this and would have backed out, but Lavina drew her on.

"If he locks us out, I'll take you home with me, Katy, to Upper Leacock."

"O Laviny!" Katy gasped, but she allowed herself to be led away — while Gideon, nonplussed, gazed after them in dumb amazement and displeasure.

III

Katy's enjoyment of the unaccustomed dissipation of a visit to her cousin Melinda at the other side of the village, was much tempered by her anxiety as to the outcome of her insubordination.

Melinda received them in her kitchen, her parlor fire not being lighted, and all Pennsylvania Dutch kitchens being living rooms as well.

Katy kept her eyes so glued to Melinda's kitchen clock to watch the approach of nine (at which hour Gideon was going to lock the house) that she lent a very absent mind to the animated talk between Melinda and Lavina, and she took little part in it herself, though she and her cousin, being nearly of an age, had always been intimate.

On the way to Melinda's, Lavina had maintained that they must, in order to establish Katy's wifely independence, stay out past the hour at which Mrs. Gideon had been commanded to return.

"You got to teach him, Katy. You can't begin earlier. And once you're got him taught, I don't believe you'll have any more trouble with him. Giddy Lapp ain't a *bad* man," she conceded. "I've seen worse."

"Well, I guess!" loyally cried Katy. "I guess *mebbe!*" she emphasized her loyalty.

"But I guess you see now, Katy, you didn't get rid of him by marrying him."

Almost on the stroke of nine there was a loud knock on Melinda's kitchen door which startled them all and brought a little hysterical shriek from Katy in her nervous apprehension of retribution.

"I wonder who's comin'?" Melinda speculated as she went across the room to the door.

A gruff voice spoke to her from out the darkness of the porch.

"Is the folks ready fur goin' home, Pop says to ast yous."

Melinda turned her head and called over her shoulder to her cousins. "So sends Mister his Jakey over to fetch yous!"

"You tell Jakey we're not ready yet," promptly and firmly answered Lavina. "When we're good and ready, we'll come."

"It's nine o'clock," said Melinda inhospitably and in consternation at keeping such late hours.

"That don't matter anything. We ain't going till a while yet," returned Lavina, while Katy looked rather wretched.

"Supposin' we get locked out fur all night!" she whispered.

"Then we'll just come back here and ask Melinda to keep us. Or we can go to the *hotel* and charge it up to Giddy."

Katy giggled hysterically. To go to the hotel and charge it to Gideon would be an audacity bordering on the "comic."

Jakey went away, and Melinda returned to her callers.

"Won't your Mister have cross at you, Katy?" she inquired. "Mine, he'd jaw somepin wonderful if he sent fur me over and I didn't come! I get every morning up at four o'clock, still, and he'd say I hadn't the dare to set up so late or I couldn't fall awake till four o'clock yet. He's in bed now, and I guess he's fussin' at me not comin' too."

Melinda looked sleepy, but Lavina would not have pity on her and take her hints.

"I'd soon teach him to leave me be to do as I pleased," she affirmed, putting in a missionary stroke for Melinda's benefit. "Don't he do what *he* pleases?"

"But he's the Mister."

"And you're the Missus. What's the difference?"

Melinda shook her head. "Mebbe them's city ways, Laviny, but they wouldn't do us country folks. Ain't not, Katy?"

"I guess we're a little dumn, too, Melindy, to take it off our Misters to use us the way they do still," Katy said.

"*Does* Mister use you ugly, Katy?" Melinda inquired in surprise. "It was always put out that Giddy Lapp was good to his first wife, fur all she used to say, still, he don't *make* much" (is not demonstrative).

"He's good to me, too," Katy hastened to reassure her. "But he's got the same ways about him where all the men's got around here to their females. Laviny, she don't uphold to them ways."

"Well," Melinda said conclusively, disparaging these revolutionary ideas, "you can't make the men over. It's their natures to be wonderful mean that way."

"Then it would be my nature to be wonderful *meaner* — till I got 'em cured once," said Lavina.

By half-past nine Lavina decided that discipline had been sufficiently maintained, and she rose to take Katy home.

"I wonder," said Katy nervously, as they felt their way along the dark country road toward the other side of the village, "if Giddy did take and do it."

"You mean lock us out?"

"Yes; mebbe he didn't fur all," she said hopefully. "But," she sighed, "he's a wonderful set man — Giddy Lapp. He most always generally does what he says he'll do."

"Now look at here, Katy," Lavina prodded and fortified her, "if Gideon does leave us in to-night, I want you to pass me your promise you won't speak pleasant first. Don't you leave on you care. You hold out this once, and you'll have him minding to his own business after this and leaving you tend to yours. If you stick up for your independence and self-respect," Lavina said impressively, "just once — Giddy Lapp won't give you no more trouble. He'll leave you come and go where you want. When you go up-stairs to-night — if he leaves us in — just you don't speak to him till he speaks first. Pass me your promise, Katy."

"I don't know if I kin hold out, Laviny. I sure don't want to leave Giddy go to sleep without speaking me good-night."

"Not even for the sake of having your own way ever after, Katy?"

"I ain't so sure it *will* work him that way."

"Well, *I* am. I know the male mind pretty good, for all I'm single. To be sure it ain't because I ain't had my chances."

With a little further pressing, Katy was induced to "pass her promise," and then Lavina felt joyfully sure that her mission in this Easter visit had not been in vain.

When they reached home, every window in the little frame house was dark.

"Giddy and Jakey's both went to bed a'ready," said Katy, her voice unsteady.

They tried the kitchen door first. It was locked.

"Leave us try the front."

The front door, too, was locked, and every shutter bolted.

"He'll get up and leave us in," grimly declared Lavina, "or you're going home with me to stay till he comes after you."

She pounded on the door and rattled the knob violently, then standing out from the step, she called at the top of her lungs, "Gideon! Gideon *Lapp!*"

"Now, Katy," Lavina quickly instructed her sister, "when he comes, *you* speak up and tell him to leave us in im*me*jutly!"

After a moment a shutter was pushed open in the second story.

"What's wanted?" growled the master of the house, leaning out in his night-shirt.

"Giddy! You come on down and lock this here front door open!" called Katy.

"Umph!" Gideon answered in a deeper growl, "I don't have to!"

"Yes, you do, Giddy. Or either I go to Upper Leacock with Laviny to stay till I'm good and ready to come home."

"You haven't the dare!" snarled Gideon.

"I'll take the dare. You better come and open."

"I've a mind to make you stand there all night — fur the way you're actin'!" he retorted.

"But I won't stand. I'll walk. To the station to go along with Laviny. Are you comin' to make the door open?"

"Well," Gideon grumbled, "wait a minute."

They had to wait so long, while he got into his trousers, that La ina was tempted to suggest that they give him the surprise of finding them gone when he did come; but she curbed her impatience, deciding that, after all, his reformation could be better accomplished by their remaining.

Gideon jerked the door open and, not waiting for them to enter, stalked away and went up-stairs again without a word.

"Now you mind your promise you passed me," was Lavina's parting admonition to Katy as they separated at the latter's chamber door. "Don't you speak first."

"All right," said Katy. "But mebbe when you ain't by me, I won't feel fur bein' so spunky-like."

"But you passed your promise. And a promise is a promise."

"Yes — that's so, too."

Katy's heart was sore when she joined her lord in their bed-chamber. She was a peaceable creature, and this coldness between her and Gideon weighed heavily upon her soul.

Gideon was in bed with the covers drawn over his head. Katy sank into a chair beside the window and disconsolately leaned her cheek on her hand. Although Gideon did not stir, she knew that he could not possibly be asleep. Her heart beat heavily in her bosom. Were she and Gideon to miss their customary loving good-night? The thought was abject misery. Why had Lavina come here to make this disturbance between them? She could not bear to have him "cross at her." Rather, far, that he go on treating her with what Lavina called "disrespect." Should she break her promise to Lavina and speak to him?

No — she could not do that. As Lavina had truly said, "A promise is a promise." And her taste of freedom and pleasure, to-day, had whetted her appetite for more. Perhaps, after all, Lavina was right, and if she held out to-night Gideon wouldn't "bother" her so much after this and would not oppose her "going," now and then.

Suddenly she felt herself drawn into Gideon's embrace. He had slipped out of bed and had come up behind her.

"Katy, you little feist! I believe you *would* leave me go to sleep without speaking!"

He kissed her roughly and shook her playfully. "Will you make up?" he demanded, as she, in a relief from anxiety that was bliss, clasped her arms about his neck.

"O Giddy! Ain't you no more spited at me?"

For answer, he again kissed her. "I know I get too quick cross," he acknowledged; "but when it comes I can't help it no more. I haven't cross at you now, Katy."

And so they rested in peace.

When, next morning at the breakfast table, Gideon invited Lavina to prolong her visit, Lavina knew that the object of her coming to Katy's had been thoroughly accomplished.

"But, Giddy," she said regretfully, "I got a return ticket, and it calls for me to go back this after. I'm wonderful sorry. Say, Giddy," she suddenly declared, "I'll just stay over and *let* that ticket. I'd sooner."

Gideon chuckled. "Won't that be one on the Pennsylvania Railroad!" he cried. "Fur you to have bought your ticket fur going back to-day and then not *go* back to-day! Say, Laviny, they'll be hot when they find you didn't go back — ain't? They're such a tyrannicky trust that way, it'll just serve 'em right to get good fooled oncet!"

He seemed to take such pleasure in contemplating the confusion of the railroad corporation when they should discover that Lavina did not turn up according to the terms of her ticket, that she, in her gratification at the success of her earnest efforts to reform him, repressed her pedagogical inclination to expound didactically to him that her not using the ticket would be her loss and not the Pennsylvania Railroad's, — which was an act of forbearance on her part to be measured only by the extent of the reformation she felt she had worked.

THE WORLD LANGUAGE

BY

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICANS," "AMERICAN TRAITS," ETC.

A GERMAN SCHOLAR'S PROTEST AGAINST SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

THE Simplified Spelling Board has every reason to spell Success with a capital. President Roosevelt marches in front of the army, brilliant scholars carry the colors, eminent authors beat the drum, great dictionary-makers belong to the general staff, and Andrew Carnegie looks after the pay-roll; a triumphant progress is thus certain. And even though a word of comment may yet seem proper for one or another who hates to learn anew, certainly the foreigner, at least, ought to keep silent; and one who, like me, spoke the first English sentence of his life only after having been made a professor in Harvard University, should be the last to venture an opinion.

Yet the Simplified Spelling Board says solemnly: "The Board expects and welcomes criticism; it asks only that the criticisms shall be made after and not before the critic has read the publications of the Board." And if in critical mood you turn to the Board's publications, you find very soon that the foreigner is not by any means so negligible a quantity in the matter of spelling. Take the first Circular which the Board has published; you need not read more than the first paragraph, to perceive that after all we "strangers beyond the seas" are very near to the heart of every simplified speller. The opening of the first proud proclamation reads as follows: "All whose mother-tongue is English believe that, if it is not unfairly handicapped, it will become the dominant and international language of the world. For this destiny it is fitted by its use as the medium of the widest commerce and the most progressive civilization, by its cosmopolitan vocabulary, and by its grammatical simplicity. No other existing speech, and none of the proposed artificial international languages has the same adaptability to such a use. There is, however, a wide-spread and well-grounded conviction that in its progress toward this goal our language is handicapped by one thing, and only one — its intricate and disordered spelling which makes it a puzzle to the stranger within our gates and a mystery to the stranger beyond the seas. English is easy, adaptable, and capable of many-sided development: its spelling is difficult and cumbersome."

Does Simplified Spelling "Simplify" English for the Foreigner?

Does not such an introduction of the Board's work give to every well-meaning foreigner the right to look with his own eyes into the matter? As regards that question which the Board first raises (i. e., simplifying the task of the foreign student of English), no one in the long honorary list, from Chancellor Andrews to President Woodward, seems to be such trustworthy authority as any little school-boy in France or Germany or Italy. Is it true that the difficulties which the foreigner encounters in acquiring his English are those which our simplifiers are going to remove? This pretension, at least, I venture to deny with full conviction. Professor Brander Matthews and his followers have given out the three hundred words which are to be improved. Send them over to the boys and girls "beyond the

seas" who are grinding at their English grammar to-day, and tell them that the happy day has come when their despair shall be ended. But they will shake their heads. They will feel as if you had told them that their history learning was too heavy a burden, and that therefore, in future, the teacher would omit the little anecdotes from the lives of the heroes. No, for them the spell which needs dispelling is not misspelling.

The fundamental difficulty of English for us foreigners is, of course, the pronunciation; then comes the abundance of synonyms, then the many characteristic idioms and, certainly of minor importance, many tricks of spelling, — but not the spelling of such words as the famous three hundred words. Let us not forget that the foreigner — I do not speak of the hotel waiter — sees the English words before he hears them; and that makes all the difference. To him, the words are, for a long while, the printed letters on the page, and he has thus no other natural interest than that those words shall suggest as much as possible of their meaning and their internal structure in their outer appearance. The more hints and signs there are to indicate which is which, the more easily he will find his way in the wilderness. The more vividly the analogies, not of sound but of grammatical formation, are felt in the look of the words, the more quickly he will feel familiar among the strangers.

"Ed" Ending a Helpful Landmark to Foreign Students

Let us take an illustration referring to a large proportion of the three hundred words destined for mutilation. For the school-boy, who begins with the conjugation, nothing is easier than to learn that the ending "ed" indicates the participle. Nothing, perhaps, gives to the eye of the foreign reader such a feeling of safety. That is now gone; the poor boy will have simply to learn by heart the sixty-two new verbs whose participle goes in future without this "ed-" ification. I hear whole classes reciting sadly, "Exceptions from the rule of 'ed' are *addrest, affixt, blest, blusht, carest, chapt, clapt, clipt, compprest, confest,* and so forth." And if the grammar copies its information from the Circular of the Spelling Board itself, those poor children will read the list of exceptions in a paragraph which itself contains the participles *spelled, mentioned, handicapped, ignored,* and others which seem to them of the same order. There remains for them no other consolation than the thought that these are just "the exceptions," and that their Latin grammar has somewhat accustomed them to consider exception as the legalized cruelty of grammarians; but that such new punishments for foreign children should be invented in Madison Avenue, New York, would strike them as surprising.

The More Words Look Alike the Harder the Student Finds Them

But even if with a few weeks' additional training the new exceptions are memorized in addition to the old ones, does it not still remain that the foreigner has lost by this change his possibility of quick and easy orientation in the seen sentence, — which alone was his purpose? He has not in mind a well pronounced sentence which he is trying to write down. Just the contrary: his pronunciation remains for a long while so incorrect and poor that any caricature of spelling would be for him sufficiently phonetic. What he needs is to be able to recognize clearly the inner relations of the words on the printed page. That alone can attract the foreigner, and every difficulty in such a direction makes him shrink from the foreign idiom. But can we doubt that the alteration of the sixty-two participles works diametrically against his comfort? *Kist* is now to be written like *list, prest* like *rest, discust* like *disgust.* Even the obscuring words with a double meaning have been increased: *mist* is now *mist* and *missed; past* is now *past* and *passed;* and yet nowhere unity: *wisht* but not *fisht, winkt* but not *linkt.* You could not make it worse for the foreigner; whether pleasant for the English-born, it is not for me to utter an opinion.

The vowels do not fare better than the consonants. Of course, the English child who hears the simple sounds of *thoug*h and *through* in the nursery and learns much later how to write them, may be irritated by the complexity. But the foreign schoolboy who sees words of that type has not the slightest difficulty with them. To learn how they are pronounced is very easy because they stick in the imagination just through their curious configuration: no German or

French word looks like them — they are taken as interesting freaks of language, which are the more impressive on account of their very originality. Just so it was easy for us, in the geography lesson, to read the word "Worcester." Such grotesque abnormities are quite handy for the foreigner. Now he is suddenly to see the word *tho* written like *who*, and once again he loses a convenient landmark in the printed sentence. But perhaps he is still more puzzled by *thru*, when he is required to speak it like *shoe* and *true*. And with the edict of the Board that *clew* become *clue*, *queue* become *cue*, and *woe* become *wo*, the helps for the eye are gone. You have only to write the three words *to*, *two*, and *too* simply *tu*, in harmony with *thru*, to make the phonetic victory complete. Is this a help to the foreigner who asks nothing but to see with ease the differences between the words?

The Psychological Objection to Systematic Simplification

I started to speak only as a German, but at this point I am strongly reminded that I have not only a nationality but also a profession; I feel inclined to add a word as a psychologist. If you want to bring about the understanding of a written or spoken sentence, do not believe that it is most quickly reached by a straight approach. In geometry it holds true that a straight line is the shortest way between two points; in practical psychology it is mostly not true. The natural language knows that, and always avoids the simplest means because they are not sufficient for our mental make-up; the mind needs helps and hints and side-lights, and the more complex the suggestions, the easier and firmer the grasp.

The phoneticians habitually make here, in questions of writing, the same mistake which the inventors of artificial languages have always made in questions of grammar. The heralds of Esperanto assure us, for example, that it is a defect of such badly manufactured languages as Greek and Latin, or German and English, that the same grammatical relation has usually been expressed in various ways at the same time. For instance, when the substantive is in the plural form, it is a ridiculous waste of human energy, they say, to put the verb in the plural, too. If we say, "the child cries," and "the children cry," we indicate by two different methods that it is in one case one baby, in the other case several. If we change the verb, we may leave the substantive unchanged, or vice versa. The artificial language, of course, interdicts such foul play. Yet, while all this might be true for some improved variety of beings, simple psychological experiments can prove that it does not hold for our particular brand of soul. One stimulus does not work easily enough with us; we need a certain superfluity of suggestion. Otherwise, it would not be so difficult to read proof: we overlook the misprints because the wrong letter does not strike us, since a letter by itself comes to our consciousness only by special effort. Every individual letter is strengthened by its neighbors. In the same way, every grammatical point must be brought out repeatedly, one hint must help another, and if two children cry we must say at least twice, in the substantive and in the verb, that it is not one child. Otherwise, we should need an excessive strain of attention, such as the proof-reader needs for the scrutiny of his text, and reading and listening would become an exhausting labor.

In just this way the written image may tell us much which seems logically superfluous (since it brings out elements of the word that cannot be pronounced), and which phonetic spelling seeks to abolish. But just as well might we propose to close one eye in reading, for the reason that the nervous processes in the second open eye and in the corresponding half of the brain are a shameful waste of neuron-activity. Indeed, we can read "just as well" with one eye, and hear with one ear; and yet nature knew better: this luxury is economy. Give us as many optical hints for the discrimination of the words as possible, and the more we apparently waste, the more we save. Simplicity and uniformity are the only real waste, because they demand from us an amount of attention which is ruinous in its cumulation; they perhaps reduce the expense for printer's ink; but they increase neurasthenia among the millions of newspaper readers.

Shall We Destroy the Historical Flavor of Words?

And, quite by the way, is really nothing to be said for those sybarites who like to indulge in the luxury of superfluous letters

for the historical flavor they give the word, even where they are not needed for its easier grasping? Our simplifiers want us to write *good-by;* but when the last *good-bye* has been spoken, will the simpler form still bring to our imagination the suggestion of "God be with you"? And when *fantom* is written like fan, and *prolog* like a kind of log, and *subpena* as if it were ashamed of its Latin, and so on, do not most of the overtones disappear? Moreover, even these historical side-lights help toward quick discrimination; anything which stands for difference will help to distinguish, and that alone is the purpose. It may be easier to rush with an automobile through the American cities with their rectangular, parallel streets, one block exactly like another; but it is certainly much easier to know at every moment where we are, in the picturesque, irregular streets of Europe, which show the growth of eventful centuries. If superfluous letters must go, why not, at least, begin where no such historical reminiscences are in the way? It is, for instance, well known that the *g* in *foreign* stands there without any historical justification; but it is just these perversities of spelling that our Spelling Board leaves unsimplified.

Let us return to our Circular. We know its first paragraph appealing to the foreigner. The second paragraph changes the topic entirely; and yet, I am afraid, it is the German again who is most nearly touched by the discussion. I thus feel justified in going on with my quotation of this first pronunciamiento. The Circular continues as follows: "Apart from its relation to the foreigner, our intricate and disordered spelling also places a direct burden upon every native user of English. It wastes a large part of the time and effort given to the instruction of our children, keeping them, for example, from one to two years behind the school children of Germany and condemning many of them to alleged illiteracy all their days."

Spelling Not Responsible for the Backwardness of American School Children

If this is the sign under which the reformers hope to win, I, for one, feel sure that their error turns here into a menace. The spirit of this statement contains a subtle but grave danger for our whole American school work. The consequences must become the more ruinous from the fact that some of the educational leaders belong to the Board and thus unconsciously add the weight of their authority to these misleading arguments. But my demurrer must not be misplaced. I subscribe, of course, with full conviction to the view that the American school children are from one to two years behind the school children of Germany. I should not hesitate to say even that the difference may be more correctly called two to three years. But I deny absolutely that this has anything to do with the difference in the difficulty of spelling the native tongue. It is sufficient to consider the one fact that every German school child has to learn, not merely one method of writing and reading the German language, but two; he studies the international Latin printing and writing which the Germans share with the English, and at the same time the more difficult and more fatiguing so-called Gothic letters in written and printed form. The writing, especially, in two alphabets, with the difficult Gothic capitals, enormously multiplies the obstacles in the way of the little school child. If the Germans used only the Latin letters, the child would be surely half a year ahead of his present place in his other studies. Is it necessary to point to the further fact that the formation of sentences and the whole style in German is more complex and thus needs much more school training for correct expression?

Even the spelling is in many respects not less bewildering than that of English. It may be that the American who learns German is less aware of the trickery in spelling, from the same reasons which make the foreigner content with the English spelling. The American, too, sees the German words as soon as he hears them, and welcomes the optical differences between *dir* and *tier* and *ihr*, or between *er* and *leer* and *mehr*, and so on. But for the German child who speaks the words first and knows their sounds to be the same, the difficulties of spelling arise in the school-room. It is therefore utterly arbitrary to suggest that the burden of the American school child is heavier than that of the German; the double German script is alone sufficient to put a much heavier weight on the young German shoulders. And yet those German children are, in spite of their harder work, one to two years ahead, as the Board confesses.

Superficiality and Inaccuracy the Curse of American Schools

The only logical conclusion is that this delay in the educational development of the American school child rests on quite different grounds. It is not difficult to find them. The explanation lies in the poorness of the average school instruction : the lack of thoroughness and mental discipline and accuracy in every subject. This is not the place to inquire into the deeper causes of this fact. We cannot ask here how far the insufficient preparation of the school-teachers is responsible ; how far wrong methods of instruction ; how far the whole spirit of the country, — which encourages and endorses this superficiality ; or how far the carelessness and indulgence of the parents is to be blamed. But it is certain that the lack of accuracy in spelling harmonizes completely with the lack of accuracy and of solid discipline in every other school subject. The blunders in spelling are more easily visible, but the "illiteracy" in history, geography, and arithmetic is in no way less frequent.

It is, of course, not inspiring that a doctor-candidate should have written to me last week about "excepting" a position ; but spelling is there in no worse case than all the other requisites of education. Are the Germans, perhaps, quicker at figures, or is the American multiplication table also more difficult than the German ? In highly educated Cambridge are two telegraph offices in the shadow of the University. For years I have sent from them cablegrams to Germany ; every word costs twenty-five cents, and nothing seems simpler than to reckon that four quarters make one dollar and eight quarters two dollars. Employees in those two offices have changed frequently, and yet I can report the exact fact that not only has no employee ever tried to calculate the price of the cable without paper and pencil, but that the result has been wrong two times out of three. The last time, the cablegram had nine words, and the young man calculated on paper that nine times twenty-five make one dollar and eighty-seven cents.

And this inability of the large mass of American school children to do anything accurately goes on throughout the high schools and into the colleges. It cannot be otherwise. Where the habit of strict mental discipline is not acquired from the very first, intellectual disorderliness becomes habit. The students may read much, may be industrious, and may absorb immense quantities, but they do not master anything completely. Whoever feels an earnest interest in American education ought to give to this lack of carefulness and discipline his most immediate attention ; from that point alone can we reform and build up. There alone is the trouble which makes the American school-boy two years behind the German : — because all careless and inaccurate learning is loose, inefficient, and time-wasting learning. The child must go scores of times over the same old ground, and the teacher must waste endless energy and time with dreary repetitions, simply because the child has not acquired from the start the ability to give full, concentrated attention to the material of study. If he gave to spelling and arithmetic only half the attention which he is used to give to practical things, for instance to baseball, then the school children would stand well in line with the German children, and no spelling reform would be needed as a new scheme for coddling their lazy attention.

Educational Fads Retard Real Progress

But just because everything depends upon a growing public opinion in favor of stricter intellectual school discipline, I call it a calamity that the Spelling Board takes advantage of the alarming state of the schools to spread the impression that the backwardness of American school children results from the difficulty of correct spelling. If this fairy tale becomes dogma, then every forward movement of serious educational progress is side-tracked again for a long while. Then there is no one to blame any more ; our women teachers are then splendidly prepared for their task ; our school children are in the most excellent frame of mind for hard study ; the parents make the most ideal efforts to develop in the children the sense of duty and intellectual responsibility ; and the only culprit is the treacherous dictionary-maker who does not write *blest* and *blusht:* in short, all that is in future needed for the thoroughness of our school children is that it shall be spelled just *thoroness*.

Seriously, this wide-spread inaccuracy demands the common effort of the whole community, and not the slightest bit of this strength should be diverted. Instead of sincere concentrated effort, there comes

one arbitrary scheme after another to captivate the attention of the public. For a while we heard the cry that the whole wrong arose only because the teachers did not know enough psychology. The public, justly anxious to improve the defective schools, rushed at once into the psychological track; the teachers became overfed with psychological pedagogics. The public felt proud that something was being done, and yet the schools still remained backward. It could not be otherwise, because no psychology and no pedagogics can be a substitute for the first demand — that the teacher shall know the subject which she is to teach. And the chase in the wrong direction, of course, delayed progress in the right one. This time it is not the teacher but the pupil for whom the remedy is advertised. The pupil must have a simpler spelling-book; then everything will be all right, and the two years' difference from the German boy will be got over. I am afraid it will turn attention again in a misleading direction, and the real evil will go on. And yet the children deserve something which is more valuable for life than the three hundred simplified words down to *wisky, wilful, woful,* and *wrapt;* they deserve that the school shall give them a training in accurate methods of learning and thought.

But let us hope that the school children are only brought in for stage effect. This seems the more probable inasmuch as it is not quite easy to see how these three hundred changes can disburden the speller at all. For we hear very soon that, in the opinion of the Board, for most of these words both ways of spelling, the simplified and the cumbersome one, have always been correct. You had always the moral right to put down both *omelet* and *omelette, medieval* and *mediæval, program* and *programme,* and so on. These were the fortunate words which could hardly be misspelled; since, on whichever side you fell, it was right. Thus the new prescription makes it harder, for the boy in future has a choice no longer, but must learn carefully to avoid that form which he finds in most books.

Is an International Language Possible?

Thus, I say, the children are only a side-issue, and the main point is that only the simplified English has hopes of becoming "the international language." We may return once more to this beautiful dream. Is there, indeed, any prospect that English, reformed or unreformed, may become the language of the world? Of course, even the linguistic Anglomaniacs probably do not anticipate that the fifteen hundred other languages will be abolished, like slavery, and all humanity declared free to use the simplified English. Eastern Asia will probably go on with Chinese, spoken to-day by four hundred millions, and with Japanese; South America will go on with Spanish; the hundred and twenty millions of Russia may go on with Russian; and even German, French, Italian, and the rest may still resist for a while, till they are classed with the languages of the cuneiform writings as extinct specimens. The only serious question, therefore, can be whether we may expect that the not-English-speaking civilized nations will agree to use English as the medium of international exchange. In that case the Americans would need English only, while the Frenchmen would have to learn both French and English, and so forth.

I am convinced that such a time will never come and that in spite of surface indications the chances for it were never worse; every argument for simplified spelling which comes from these hopes seems to me, therefore, completely illusory. When the Volapük people dreamt their short dream, and now, when the Esperanto fantasts have had their so-called international meetings, they have rested always in one fundamental creed which, they said, had the certainty of an axiom: that the political and economical situation of the civilized world makes it impossible for the living language of one country to become the international idiom of all others. And surely no one can attack the Esperanto movement as far as this self-evident principle is concerned.

Myths of Volapük and Esperanto

Esperanto, to be sure, builds on this basis an utterly unsafe structure, made up from all kinds of broken and crumbled and unshaped pieces, and calls it the temple of international language. The fact that it is nobody's language is its one true recommendation for becoming everybody's language; even though everybody must feel that such a lifeless, artificial syllable series makes no organic words and sentences.

It is not and cannot be a language. Such a linguistic manufacture is at best a mechanical tool like short-hand, which might be useful for a few definite purposes, — especially if the manufacturers should succeed in mixing in their laboratory a word code having less the flavor of one particular group of languages than Esperanto. Esperanto is, of course, essentially a mutilation of Spanish and French, and therefore sympathetic to the members of the French Academy, who recommend it because they feel that its international acceptance would throw aside the rights of Teutonic linguistic instincts.

The real mistake of the Esperanto Utopians is that they do not inquire whether the necessity for one exclusive common language has any real existence. There is, perhaps, one field in which a linguistic uniformity must be desired: that of international law. But this monopoly belongs to French and can hardly be taken away: all the international treaties for a long time have been written in French, and their rendering into another language would open endless and dangerous conflicts of interpretation. There is no other field in which community of language is essential. In the international scientific congresses, which furnish the favorite argument for our reformers, hardly anyone takes part who is not in any case obliged to follow scientific literature in at least the three languages of English, German, and French. In commercial relations, success has always come to him who masters the language of the customer; if a business house wants the trade of South America it is more natural to expect that one of its clerks will learn Spanish than that all Argentine and Brazil will learn Volapük, a task about as interesting as that of acquiring the Cable Code.

There remains, of course, the possibility that we travel; and that we feel it our duty to wander through Italy without condescending to learn Italian and to stroll through Paris without a word of French. Then Esperanto is to be our help and blessing. One of the leaders of the movement says: "All that is necessary is that in future every child in the civilized world shall learn in the primary school, besides his own native language, the vocabulary and grammar of Esperanto; then, finally, we may travel even through Roumania, and if a button comes off our coat, we can go into any shop on the street and ask the salesgirl, in Esperanto, for the button, and she will give, in Esperanto, the price of it." What a glorious perspective! To be sure, there may be Americans who have discovered that even in Roumania a full pocket-book speaks a species of international language which is sufficient to buy any variety of buttons. And some others may think it perhaps a little out of proportion that the country boy in Ohio or Illinois, or in Russia or Spain or Roumania, who may never in his life leave his native land and may never in his life meet at home a foreign guest, should yet have to learn a second language in anticipation of a stranger's losing a button. And if the American boy really wastes more than a year in largely unsuccessful attempts to learn the spelling of his own tongue: will he be delighted with the prospect of learning the intricacies of Esperanto, too, which offers only the one consolation — that you can learn it pretty quickly provided you master well your Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish?

Would Nebraska and Roumania Pronounce Esperanto Alike?

One other thing seems to the Esperantists not quite so familiar as it is to anyone who, like me, daily uses two languages. The real understanding hangs on the pronunciation, and this cannot be learned at will. I am afraid the Esperanto learned in the Nebraska country school might, after all, sound like Chinese to the salesgirl in the Roumania department store; the pronunciations would be too different. Many of my Harvard students can read German scientific books easily; but if they begin to quote, I have to ask them to translate the text into English; and while most of my colleagues are excellent German scholars, I know very few who pronounce my name correctly. On the other side, of course, the same condition prevails. Moreover, as is natural, an unusual foreign pronunciation is less well understood, the less educated the hearer. I remember that some years ago I spoke in a large American city before an audience of a thousand persons, mostly teachers. I spoke for an hour and a half without notes, and they listened so attentively that I felt quite happy in the thought that I had acquired a sufficient grasp of English to hold such a crowd on a difficult subject. But when I proudly left

the hall and took a cab to go to my hotel, the driver absolutely did not understand where I wanted to go; my foreign *R*, in speaking the name of the hotel, did not roll as he was accustomed to hear it. I had to write down the name of the hotel, and he looked with pity on the man who did not know any English. And so I always found it much easier to give addresses to teachers than to give addresses to cabmen; how can Esperanto help us in such a chaos of human labials and gutturals?

Would Other Nations Endure Subjection to an English Tongue?

But all the blunders of the patent-language inventors cannot justify us in denying that their fundamental creed is right; no living language can become to-day the vehicle of intercourse for the whole civilized world, and it is absurd to look for such a thing. The acceptance of any language, were it English or French or Spanish, German or Dutch, Russian or Japanese, would immediately not only crush the pride of the other nations but would give to the favored people such an enormous advantage in the control of the political world and such immeasurable preference in the world's market that no healthy nation would consent to it before its downfall.

For that reason I said that the chances were never worse; the spirit of strenuous, yet friendly rivalry between the nations in the markets of the world was never more wide awake, and the feeling of national honor was never purer and nobler. The more the hopes for international arbitration become realized, the more all nations of the world become sincere friends; the more they are eager and ought to be eager to keep clear their own individuality, together with their own rights and duties, their own successes and responsibilities. Andrew Carnegie's liberality may build a palace in The Hague in which a concert of the most enlightened nations speaks justice through its tribunal. But Andrew Carnegie has not the power to elevate his Simplified Spelling Board in Madison Avenue to the height of a tribunal far superior to any Hague Court: a tribunal which shall decide that English ought to become the one international language, because the English-speaking nations have "the most progressive civilization." And yet just that is proclaimed in the very second sentence which the Board has spoken to the world:

Everyone probably agrees that mere richness of means and plenty of big things do not make up the progress of the world; the real progress lies in the advancement of knowledge, of morality, of art, of religion, of law, of literature. If the foreigner's learning of English really meant that he acknowledged the superiority of the English-speaking nations in all these realms, the dream of the Simplifying Board would come quickly to an awakening; national pride would justly put English on the black-list. We should very soon have similar Boards in Paris and Berlin and so on. No argument can more retard the spreading of English, or of any other language, than that which insists that it has the mission to conquer the world. Might not the Germans say with right that their progressiveness from the days of Luther to the civic and scientific achievements of the present day, has been inferior to none, and that the language of Goethe and Schiller, of Kant and Bismarck, must have the same ambition?

Or is the verdict of the Simplified Spelling Board perhaps only a late punishment for the Germans who some centuries ago ruined the English spelling? The Board itself reports that the earliest printers in England were not Englishmen; mostly they were Germans or Dutch to whom English was a foreign language. They made, of course, blunders in setting up books in a language which they only half knew. The original editions of Elizabethan literature thus became "a marvel of typographic incompetency and of orthographic recklessness." And when the reaction brought an agreement for uniform spelling, it was achieved by the acceptance of the standards set by the printers themselves. All that is certainly very bad. But first, even this does not prove that the Germans are less progressive; since they knew how to print at a time when the Englishmen did not. And further, the Simplified Spelling Board ought to be the last group of men to take vengeance, as without the incompetency and recklessness of those old German printers the whole Board might have nothing to do, and the quarters in Madison Avenue might stand empty.

International Sympathy the Only International Language

In truth, there is no hope and there is no need for a real international language,

either an artificial or a living one. The times of long ago, when the scholarly men, at least, all spoke and wrote in Latin, cannot come back. There is to-day only one international language necessary and possible; the language of good-will and peace and international friendship with the serious effort to understand the motives of our national neighbors and to respect their efforts. This language of good-will cannot be made less useful by any variety of dialects and pronunciations; one may express it in English, another in German, another in Russian or French or Japanese. Yes, this true international language of good-will must spread the quicker, the more serious our effort to learn the foreign living languages; for the safest way to understand the spirit of another nation is by sharing the enjoyment of her finest literature. What is gained by an international word code which aids congresses and travelers and commercial clerks, if it decreases the number of those who can enjoy the language of Shakspere and Goethe and Molière and Dante? And it is not only the enjoyment of literature and the internal approach to the soul of a foreign nation, it is the incomparable gain from the study of the languages themselves which widens our whole personality.

The American boy who learns French or Italian or German up to the point where a real feeling for the language begins, must indeed perceive that his horizon becomes a new one. The German language perhaps appears to him difficult at first; then the moment suddenly comes when he feels that a new manifoldness of inner movements has become living in his mind and has brought undreamt-of satisfactions. It is like the experience of a traveler who has seen public buildings only in the classic column style, and who comes to Europe and beholds consciously for the first time the Gothic churches of France and England and Germany. He cannot stand before the dome of Cologne without feeling that there new energies awake in his mind. Never before has he seen these myriads of arcs and curves and figures, all harmoniously controlled by one great movement, toward the tower which points to heaven. This Gothic style is for him a new language of form, and he is enriched for his lifetime. Wonderful and complex like a Gothic cathedral is the dome of the German language, and yet dominated by that perfect harmony which bends the multitude into most wonderful unity. To deprive the youth of such beauties and to make them believe that it is nobler to demand a monopoly for one's own language is certainly not serving the progress of civilization at home.

Scholars Can Only Ratify a Usage Which Has Come About Spontaneously

But whoever studies German besides his English will find there also, and just in its recent movements, how concerted effort can really improve and develop a language without the arbitrary methods of a Simplification Board. It is true that German spelling also has been reformed in recent years and that some changes have been introduced in the schools. I do not want to praise and I cannot even excuse every one of those German spelling reforms; some of them seem arbitrary and poor. But the essential purpose was to make an end of the confusing doubleness in the spelling of many words. Wherever, in the natural growth of writing, a variety of written forms develops together, the decision of competent men can really help to unify public customs. As far as the American Board has aimed toward this goal, it has done what the Germans did with much success, and every reasonable man ought to support its efforts. If it decides for *meter* instead of *metre* and for *labor* instead of *labour*, it crystallizes the real tendencies; and certainly no word of mine is directed against such useful endeavors. But that is not the essential work of the Board. So far there has never been in the writing of our time an uncertain hovering between *thru* and *through*, between *blest* and *blessed*, etc. The Board, instead of favoring one of two familiar ways, has closed the only known way and laid out a new one which seemed to it shorter.

More than all, what Germany has achieved with still more success and yet almost without the notice of the foreign world, is the purification of its whole style and expression. In the first place, the clumsy words of Greek, Latin, and French origin are more and more being abolished; private societies have turned public opinion earnestly to this task, and success is even to-day beyond expectation. Further, sentences have become more lucid and less involved, the whole diction has become clearer, and

the choice of words has become more characteristic. It can be said that the German of the best authors of to-day is absolutely different from the German of twenty years ago; a new style has grown up through the persistent efforts of the nation, without any artificial prescription. Natural growth, and not mechanical construction, remains the life-condition for every element in languages. But if the Americans begin to allow a Board to prescribe perfectly unusual methods of spelling for mere simplicity's sake, then there is no reason why a rival Board should not start to forbid certain cumbersome words and phrases, and prescribe a simplified grammar. Yes, as soon as, in spite of the Constitution, such matters cannot be discussed any more, but must be *discust*, we cannot be sure that the rival boards may not presently form a word trust which will simply dictate which phrase-mills are to be allowed to run and which are to be closed: all for the higher profit of the world language which will ever remain a phantasm, even if you are obedient and write it simplified, with an F.

WHEN JONATHAN HATCH HARKS BACK

BY

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE

AUTHOR OF "BRINER'S WHEAT," "THE CHUMP," "UNCLE SAMMIE," ETC.

THE Honorable Jonathan Hatch was winning criminal cases when courts were rural and full of quaint but virile humor. He saw the trees growing where most of your Princeton houses stand.

On the street in summer he wears a loose, black alpaca coat, which has a certain flippant freedom of movement and a reminiscent shimmer when the Honorable Hatch's angles play beneath it. His hat is high and glistening. His tie is thin and abandoned. He is scrupulously clean; his body is a tall one, with shoulders a little stooped; his face is eccentrically strong and rather lean, and his eye twinkles.

His indoor dress and manner could have been gathered by anyone looking in at the sitting-room window on a certain June day at one o'clock. Having eaten with that lawlessness known only to the dyspeptic, the old gentleman was taking his snooze over a weekly paper. The house was on that street most affected by modernity. If it was not Hatch, but Hatch's wife and daughter, who had built that edifice over, made a haughty and polished thing out of it in accordance with the times, only the more strikingly had this change been accomplished. The old yard, where tasseled grass ran long riot and died in yellow tangles in the fall, had left as its successor a modern lawn, all clipped. There had once been a fence, primitive protest against the liberty of cows; but later-day throngs had pressed away their mild-eyed hunger; and the fence was down.

The sitting-room was large, with chaste, sky-blue walls; and from a gold band, running round two feet below the ceiling, hung paintings. The chandelier was ornate, fantastic as the very electricity which at night informed it. Two electric bulbs were the burdens of two Grecian maids in bronze beside the fireplace. Brass andirons, arrogant with years, gleamed from the cavity itself. The carpet was of shades light and delicate. The furniture was handsome; the very seat which the Honorable Hatch's body pressed suggesting frost-work, spun gold, and daffodils. But Mr. Hatch was sunk far down, violating the chair by the negligence

of his posture. One leg soared up, and a shoe that gaped around a white sock was resting on the marble mantel-shelf beside a statuette of Cupid. His collar, coat, and tie lay on the floor. His hat was on the electric bulb upheld by a Greek. Having snored, Mr. Hatch woke up and meditated.

"Maria!" he called.

His wife came in, a lady with gray hair and a face that would be plump forever. Unlike her husband's, her apparel progressed with the times.

"Jonathan," said she, in subdued speech, "what a spectacle you are!"

"I am a little incongruous, Maria," mused he, some drollery in the glance that fell upon the furniture. "But it's the chairs that have changed—not I. Maria, I have harked back."

"To what?" she asked, and came and sat on the arm of his chair. "Draw down your foot, Jonathan."

"I want the good old times," said he, his voice having the suggestion of that ring which the court-room knew. "This is nice; it's all very well. I like the carpet. I'm not displeased to stand behind you two and see you go on." He waved his hand. "It's right. I'm glad Elizabeth has married a banker who is rich, and that she leads where others follow. But I get thirsty, as near as I can make out, about once a year. I need a moistening up. Maria," he turned his spry old eye, now wistful, up to her, "I'm harking back."

She laughed and gave him a resounding kiss which had the flavor of old harvests.

"What do you want to do?" asked she.

He arose, tall, bent, and inspired. He seemed to be pleading with a jury, and his arm was outstretched.

"I want 'em here. I want to bring 'em right in here; the boys, the old-time boys. I want to sit 'em down on these very spangled chairs. Fitting? It ain't fitting. I don't want it to be fitting; and I won't be crowded out. I want their boots trampling on the pink spots of this carpet. Maria, I tell you what; I want to prove to this furniture that I'm still in the ring!"

She glanced about with a hurried look.

"Who will they be?" she asked, diving right to the question's vitals.

"All of 'em," cried he, with a wave of the hand. "Judge Mapletree!"

She winced.

"Old Silas Gray."

She arose and stood gazing at him in dismay.

"Lawyer Whiffle, Sammie Jones, old Jim Ford, and Appleby Peterson."

"Peterson! Oh, Jonathan, what *do* you want with Appleby Peterson?"

"Want with him?" cried the Honorable Hatch. "Didn't he lick me at the schoolhouse well?"

A long pause.

"Father!" cried a young voice, as Elizabeth Hatch Kendricks and her little girl came in with a striking costume effect. "I hope you'll make him wash his beard before he comes. Oh, father!" The handsome woman stood fixing him with a look of fond outrage, while little Minnie clamored round the Honorable Hatch's knees. "Why, I think it would be awful. All those old things would spoil the house."

"Now, Lizzie; now, Lizzie," he said in a begging way, the drollery in his eye. "I'll pay for the damages. Anyhow, I'll not let 'em run beyond the hall and this one room. You can head 'em at the door."

"But what would you have them do?" appealed Mrs. Hatch, a little tainted with the contagion of the idea.

"We'll roll out the old decks and play euchre; we played with 'em forty years ago. Maria, don't you recollect when old Abe came riding through — Hm"— he was dreaming with a smile —"when old Abe came riding through?"

"Mother," said Mrs. Kendricks, turning on her heel and sailing toward the door; "if you let him do it you don't *deserve* a handsome house."

"Oh, gracious me," said Mrs. Hatch, abandoning the whole thing, in a bustling and fussy way; "how can I stop you if you will? But, Jonathan, Jonathan," wheeling toward him with new despair, "they'll ruin things."

"I'll pay for 'em, Maria. I promise faithfully to pay every cent. Honest, Maria, I'll pay for 'em." A pause; then a smile broke over Hatch's face. "Maria," said he, putting his finger under his chin, "there are two bottles of old Scotch in the cellar."

"You'd better never let the preacher know," cried she with startled merriment.

He ruminated. "As for Appleby Peterson, Lizzie," he said; "I'll get you a sponge, and when he comes you can take him under the electric chandelier and sponge his whiskers."

Lizzie sniffed.

The appointed night came. Mrs. Hatch had dressed her hair in an old-time fashion, and her costume was black and white. But it was with an anxious eye that she saw the sitting-room radiant and full of tables, among which little Minnie, in pink, ran holloing. Down the stairs came Jonathan Hatch, just as the town saw him every day upon the street. A laughing and a tramp of feet sounded without, the porch echoed with stampings, and the door-bell rang. Jonathan threw the portal open, and the past swept in.

"Judge Mapletree! By George, Judge, what you loafin' round here for?"

"He's huntin' a goods box, Jonathan," cried Sammie Jones.

"Judge, have you got an old greasy deck about you? Ha! Ha!—and here's old Whiffle. Whiffle, I was thinking about the time the teacher whaled you for kissing Nannie Buck. Sammie, don't you recollect that there was something peculiarly virile and original in his yell? Put your hats around somewhere. Hello!—here's half a dozen more. If it ain't Silas Q. Gray."

Gray was old and white and bushy, his beard flowing; he looked up, as it were, from under his own stooping, with a grin. His voice was high.

"Howdy, Mrs. Hatch. Ain't it a little dainty—a little dainty for us—a lit-tle dain-ty?"

Two dozen or more had come, free old boys, some breezy, some shabby, all perfectly at home. They made a decrepit hubbub, banging about sluggishly among tables. There was a long, plaintive pull at the bell.

"That's Appleby," opined several.

In came Mr. Peterson, last arrival; and a shout from the tables greeted him.

"Heh-heh-heh," laughed he, in slow, dry staccato; and "heh—heh—heh."

He stood and gazed about, his old felt hat on, his ragged hair hanging round his face, his squat body slouching, his beard a trifle foul.

"Appleby Peterson," cried Jonathan Hatch, "you licked me by the school-house well, durn you. I've a notion to take you right over under them glass things and wallop you."

"Heh-heh; you dassent," said Appleby. "What's trumps, Jedge Mapletree? I'll beat you till you don't know whether it's a cracker-box or a beer-keg you're a-settin' on. Wallop me, Jonathan? Heh-heh; you dassent;—heh-heh-heh."

"Deal 'em out, boys. By George, there's one too few tables. Maria, we counted wrong; never mind."

Hatch went away and came back carrying something.

"This'll do," said he. "Appleby, sit right on that yellow cushion; right on it, I say."

"Jonathan!" cried Maria, throwing up her hands; "what have you brought in?"

"It's the hired man's wash-stand, Maria. Jim Ford, are you prejudiced against playing cards on this wash-stand?"

The Judge and Whiffle were rattling the spangled furniture at a neighboring table. Whiskers were wagging.

"I'll just put my hat," said Appleby Peterson, "on this thing on the chandelier here that looks like a hook stickin' out. Say, Jonathan, ain't this chair a little too—heh—a little too gaudy fer me?"

"Appleby Peterson, if you don't put your pants right square down on that yellow cushion——"

"Sammie," Silas Q. Gray's high quaver was saying, yonder at a mahogany table on the under polished shelf of which one of his boots rested; "Mrs. Deckerman says they used to tell the day of the week by Judge Mapletree's necktie. If it was white it was Monday, and a kind of a smutty drab was Thursday. Saturday it was just plain filthy. Same tie."

There was an uproarious laugh.

"Whiffle, you played that ace?" said Jonathan Hatch. "Come on, then; come on, if you think there's no hereafter."

Some men smoked, and the air was thick and rank.

"Aw, Bill," said a rasping-voiced doctor, "you little skunk, is that the best you could do?"

"Hold up! I thought I saw the king of spades in my hands. Doc, my eyes have joined the rebs. You recollect that game we had just before Perrysville? Gosh, ain't we got but one point? What you doin' with them cards?"

"I don't have any luck," complained old sandy. Sammie. "These ain't cards you gimme, Judge; they're nothin' but napkins. Ain't a spot on 'em." Then, in disgust, as a trick escaped him: "'Course."

"Come on; come on, if you think there's no hereafter," soared up Jonathan Hatch's

periodical challenge amidst the slapping of cards.

"Heh-heh-heh!" laughed Appleby, with a sudden access of rickety triumph, in which he spat upon the floor. "Heh-heh!" He chewed and spat again.

Mrs. Hatch was aghast at the state of the carpet and taking in painful details too numerous, yet with a pleasant reminiscent thrill in her bosom. Mrs. Kendricks, with the sweetly cultured air of a trained hostess, was moving among the tables; and when she lifted her skirts that they might not drag on a certain spot, once pink, near Appleby Peterson, she did it as though by chance and smiled at Appleby. Little Minnie ran all around, cramming cake.

"Ha! ha! Appleby Peterson," Jonathan was crying, to the confusion of his daughter; "you know what Lizzie begged me to let her do? She wanted to take you underneath the electric chandelier and sponge your whiskers."

They all laughed and beat the tables, and Mrs. Kendricks went out.

"Oh, well," said Appleby, dejectedly; "my wife wouldn't let me cut 'em off. What's a feller to do?"

The Judge had taken off his collar; he was very warm. Both of Mr. Whiffle's feet were scraping the mahogany shelf. Old Sammie had the misfortune to smash a vase because, to play a card with vim, he first threw his hand high up and struck the fragile thing.

"'Course," cried he; and ever and anon, when tricks escaped him, the exasperated ejaculation was repeated — "'Course."

Yonder, in a corner at the farthest table, four mumbling old codgers, seeming all beard, contended. It was like some confused, bushy, mysterious mêlée of agitated whiskers.

At last the games broke up.

"I forgot the Scotch," cried Jonathan, and the liquor was brought. And now they all gathered in a circle. Appleby Peterson put his shoes on a spangled chair and told some stories which roused a new hilarity. They shouted. The hour was growing late; the last warmth of the Scotch was coursing through their veins.

Now some one wanted Mrs. Hatch to play the piano. She went into the next room where the instrument stood, leaving the door ajar, and they presently heard her touch the keys. A stillness fell on them; the tune was "Marching through Georgia." It had a sprightliness that was somehow sad. It had a wild, triumphant ring that was yet like the ring of a voice from the grave. And a change passed over the company; a wanness which was bright with transfiguration appeared on many a face. As some mothers, grown old, listen to hymns, as the last Girondist, risen, might listen to the Marseillaise; or as an Israelite, coming down from Canaan, might hear again in his age the Red Sea's rolling; so they listened to this, their hymn, their Marseillaise, the rolling of their old Red Sea.

At length, when the music was ended, they sat there for a moment in silence, some looking at the ceiling, some at the wall, and some at the floor. Then Judge Mapletree, collar in hand, arose; they all arose, gave the many-handed shake to Jonathan, and wandered away.

"Good-by, Sammie; good-by. I'll fix the deck to suit myself next time."

"Mrs. Hatch — hm — I'm afraid it ain't just quite so dainty — quite so dain-ty? Good-night."

"Bill, get along with you; wantin' to stay all night?"

"Law, it there ain't the little gal asleep on the stairs."

"Looks like an angel," said Appleby Peterson. "Heh-heh-heh."

"Good-night. Good-by, boys. Drop in any time."

"Good-by."

"'By, Mis' Hatch."

The house was still, and Mr. and Mrs. Hatch went and sat down in the sitting-room. There was a look of wistful happiness on the countenance of the Honorable Jonathan. She looked about, and his eye followed hers.

"Maria," he said with a smile; "I've been figuring it up. Would three hundred and twenty settle the bill?"

She kissed him with that flavor of old harvests.

"Jonathan, you may hark back every year," she said.

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

THE RUSSIAN FEAR

TO ACCOMPANY "LITTLE BO-PEEP"

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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LITTLE BO-PEEP

BY

MYRA KELLY

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE CITIZENS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"SAY, Teacher, what you think?" demanded Eva Gonorowsky, oblivious to everything save the marvelous news which had bubbled all day beneath her butterfly bow: "What you think? Little Bo-Peep is cousins mit me."

"That must be very nice," Miss Bailey responded. No geneological announcement could surprise her since Abraham Abrahamowsky had claimed kinship with Abraham Lincoln. "That must be very nice, dear."

"It's awful nice," said Eva. "She lives now in Russia, only it ain't healthy for her there no more, und so she comes soon on my house."

"Will she bring her sheeps mit?" inquired Morris Mogilewsky, whose passion for Nature Study persisted through all sorts of discouragements. "I likes I shall see a sheep, all in one, mit its hair on. I ain't never seen that."

"I guess she brings it all right, all right. She is lovin' much mit anblins. In Russia her papa is got more'n fifty hundred und three lambs und fifty million und six sheeps. Und mine little cousins she plays all times mit lambs. She is like me. She is all the childrens what her mama's got. She brings her papa und her mama, too."

"Is her papa got elflints?" asked Morris.

"Is his name Barnum?" asked Patrick Brennan.

But Eva was conversing with Miss Bailey and refused to be distracted. "Mine uncle is awful rich, und mine cousin is awful stylish. You could to look on her picture what comes out of Russia. She is mine rich und stylish cousin."

Rich and stylish the youngster certainly looked. Hard ruffles of stiff lace encrusted all her velvet outlines; rings and bracelets adorned her pudgy hands; her coiffure was incredible, and her air was self-conscious. Two lambs were stiffly posed at her feet, and she held a beribboned shepherd's crook in her jeweled grasp.

"Bo-Peep indeed!" exclaimed Miss Bailey.

"'Will she bring her sheeps mit?' inquired Morris"

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"'Yetta, you could to take mine dolly . . . I ain't got no more time no more. I shall play mit nobody on'y mine little cousin mit lambs . . . You ain't got mads?'"

"Und she ain't lost them sheeps 't all. 'She let 'em alone und they comes by the house,'" quoted Morris, who loved facts above rhythm.

"Rich und stylish," repeated Eva unctuously. "Sheeps is all the style in Russia this year."

"I'm got a kitten," volunteered Sarah Schodsky—"They is stylish, too"; but no one seemed impressed.

The advent of that cousin affected all the relations of Eva's life. She was a possession to be lived up to, and Eva's spirit exalted itself daily to reach the standard fixed by the photograph. She carried it with her always, and in imagination she marched her friends and companions past the gaudy little figure and watched them shrivel into insignificance. Even her own Sabbath finery lost its power to uphold her through unadorned week-days, and the gleam of Patrick's official costume grew dim.

"I don't know," she pondered, as loyalty did battle with reason, "I don't know what is the style in Russia. Mine cousin could to think that Patrick is rowdy, und Yetta is poor, und mine best dress is old."

One of these fears was shared by Mrs. Gonorowsky, who straightway devoted some of her scanty funds and leisure to the construction of a toilet which should spare Eva the agony of "shamed feelings" when the stylish cousin should arrive. Teacher was, of course, informed; shown the sample of the much washed adult skirt which was to be the new costume's chief ingredient; was even allowed to contribute lace for its neck and sleeves, wide ribbon for its sash, and to be present at a dress rehearsal.

Week after week dragged itself across the calendar on Miss Bailey's desk, and brought no stylish cousin out of Russia to share the seat and the heart which Eva had emptied for her. She cast away all such treasures and friendships as were unsuited to one set apart to associate with rank and fashion. The broken tin soldiers, the labyrinth of string, the fragmentary china doll, and its cradle which had once been a baby's shoe, she bestowed upon that element of her acquaintance with which she felt constrained to part, with some such little speech as:

"Yetta, you could to take mine dolly, the while I ain't got no more time to play

mit her. I ain't got no more time no more. I shall play mit nobody on'y mine little cousin mit lambs what comes out of Russia. I am loving much mit you, Yetta, and I am loving much mit mine dolly, on'y I couldn't to play no more mit nobody on'y mine cousin und lambs. You ain't got mads?"

"Can I have the dolly's bed, too?" Yetta demanded, before confessing her emotional condition.

"Sure you can, und two pieces from pencils."

"An' a string for mine hair?" insisted the usurer.

"Two strings."

"Then I ain't got mads," Yetta conceded. "I have kind feelings."

Only Patrick refused to let either threats or bribes affect him. He entirely misunderstood Eva's anxiety, and only increased it by his attitude of admiring protection.

"It don't make no difference to me if you *have* got a greenhorn cousin," he assured her. "It makes no difference to me. Why,

"'What is it, sweetheart? Didn't the stylish little cousin come out of Russia?'"

I'd just as lieves treat the two of youse to hoky-poky if I'd the penny — an' I tell yer no one would dast to guy yer cousin if I wuz 'round."

And Eva's heart whispered: "He don't puts him on so stylish as mine cousin, but anyway his papa is cops, and Patrick's best suit is got from sure gold buttons."

Every morning she appeared despairing and in her ordinary attire; toward lunch-time her spirits and her expectations reached fever heights; at one o'clock she returned to Room 18 crestfallen; but at three o'clock she was all jubilant again and trotted off with the rank and file of the First Readers as though she were not a member of the cabinet.

And so no one was surprised when she failed to answer to the roll-call one morning. Miss Bailey rejoiced that her favorite's long vigil was over, and the First Reader Class glued its eyes upon the door and prepared to have them dazzled. Yet the morning passed uneventfully away. One o'clock came, and Eva did not, and as the next day brought no sign of her, Miss Bailey went to investigate, remonstrate, and congratulate. Eva opened the door; but such a crushed, tear-stained, white-faced Eva! Teacher simply picked her up and held her against the shoulder that had been her refuge in so many lesser griefs.

"What is it, sweetheart?" she questioned. "Didn't the stylish little cousin come out of Russia?"

Eva clasped her frantically. "It ain't cousins," she wailed. "It ain't stylish. It ain't Bo-Peep. I ain't never seen nothing like it. I don't know what it is, on'y I have a fraid, I have a fraid, I have a fraid!"

"Is your mother in?" asked Teacher, when she found she could not bring Eva to anything like self-control. "Tell her, dear, that I want to speak with her," and she set the child upon the floor and tried to reduce her to some semblance of the smart monitor of pencil points. Eva crept to the door of the dark closet which was bedroom, storeroom, dressing-room — everything which the single outer room was not — and beat upon it.

"Mama! Mama!" she panted, and then cowered behind Teacher and hid her eyes in Teacher's dress.

The door opened slowly, and Mrs. Gonorowsky came quietly out. Constance Bailey had heard of anguish and despair, but she had never seen them until she met Mrs. Gonorowsky's eyes.

"What is it?" was all she could say. "Oh, Mrs. Gonorowsky, what it it? Didn't your people come?"

"The little girl comes"— Mrs. Gonorowsky was beginning, when Eva, her hands still before her eyes, broke out ——

"It ain't little girls. It ain't cousins. It ain't got no lambs. I don't know what it is, but I have a fraid over it."

"But your sister and her husband?" asked Miss Bailey.

"They don't comes," said Mrs. Gonorowsky. She was quite passive, and yet Constance had often seen her in hysterics of neighborly vituperation. "They don't never comes," she repeated dully.

"And the child came all alone?"

"A friend from mine sister und from me, he brings her on the house. You like you shall see her, maybe. You don't needs you shall ask over mine sister sooner you looks on that child."

"It ain't no child," wailed Eva. "It ain't! It ain't! It ain't! I wants mine stylish little cousin what I had pictures off of."

Teacher followed Mrs. Gonorowsky into the tiny inner room, lighted only by a candle and not aired at all, and there on a heap of clothing lay a creature — Eva was right: it was not a child — who gazed blankly at them. Its head had been shaved, perhaps,

LITTLE BO-PEEP

"'her picture what comes out of Russia'"

"'The knout' said Mrs. Gonorowsky, very quietly"

on the steamer, perhaps to escape identification, and its lips never stopped moaning, panting, whispering one sentence.

"That is the child," said Mrs. Gonorowsky simply.

"But what is she saying?" queried Constance. "Is she asking for anyone?"

"She says," Mrs. Gonorowsky interpreted, "'I am Christian! I kiss the Cross!' They learn her to say that. I show you how they learn her," and she took the little body on her lap and began to unswathe the bandages in which it was wrapped. The back was uncovered first.

"I kiss the Cross!" shrieked the baby as the last dressing was removed. "I kiss the Cross!"

"The knout," said Mrs. Gonorowsky, very quietly. "We learn to know its mark, we women of the Jews. Now see another way they learn her," and she deftly turned the child upon its back.

"Oh, God in Heaven! Did men do that?" cried Constance Bailey.

"Christian!" moaned the baby. "I kiss the Cross!"

"Und you ask where is her mama?" commented Mrs. Gonorowsky.

A week passed before Eva came again to Room 18; but Miss Bailey had seen her frequently during the interval and had done what in her lay to pave the way for her return. Eva's cousin, she explained to the First Readers, had been ill and could not be

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"'Will she bring her sheeps mit?' inquired Morris"

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"'Yetta, you could to take mine dolly . . . I ain't got no more time no more. I shall play mit nobody on'y mine little cousin mit lambs . . . You ain't got mads?'"

"Und she ain't lost them sheeps 't all. 'She let 'em alone und they comes by the house,'" quoted Morris, who loved facts above rhythm.

"Rich und stylish," repeated Eva unctuously. "Sheeps is all the style in Russia this year."

"I'm got a kitten," volunteered Sarah Schodsky—"They is stylish, too"; but no one seemed impressed.

The advent of that cousin affected all the relations of Eva's life. She was a possession to be lived up to, and Eva's spirit exalted itself daily to reach the standard fixed by the photograph. She carried it with her always, and in imagination she marched her friends and companions past the gaudy little figure and watched them shrivel into insignificance. Even her own Sabbath finery lost its power to uphold her through unadorned week-days, and the gleam of Patrick's official costume grew dim.

"I don't know," she pondered, as loyalty did battle with reason, "I don't know what is the style in Russia. Mine cousin could to think that Patrick is rowdy, und Yetta is poor, und mine best dress is old."

One of these fears was shared by Mrs. Gonorowsky, who straightway devoted some of her scanty funds and leisure to the construction of a toilet which should spare Eva the agony of "shamed feelings" when the stylish cousin should arrive. Teacher was, of course, informed; shown the sample of the much washed adult skirt which was to be the new costume's chief ingredient; was even allowed to contribute lace for its neck and sleeves, wide ribbon for its sash, and to be present at a dress rehearsal.

Week after week dragged itself across the calendar on Miss Bailey's desk, and brought no stylish cousin out of Russia to share the seat and the heart which Eva had emptied for her. She cast away all such treasures and friendships as were unsuited to one set apart to associate with rank and fashion. The broken tin soldiers, the labyrinth of string, the fragmentary china doll, and its cradle which had once been a baby's shoe, she bestowed upon that element of her acquaintance with which she felt constrained to part, with some such little speech as:

"Yetta, you could to take mine dolly, the while I ain't got no more time to play

mit her. I ain't got no more time no more. I shall play mit nobody on'y mine little cousin mit lambs what comes out of Russia. I am loving much mit you, Yetta, and I am loving much mit mine dolly, on'y I couldn't to play no more mit nobody on'y mine cousin und lambs. You ain't got mads?"

"Can I have the dolly's bed, too?" Yetta demanded, before confessing her emotional condition.

"Sure you can, und two pieces from pencils."

"An' a string for mine hair?" insisted the usurer.

"Two strings."

"Then I ain't got mads," Yetta conceded. "I have kind feelings."

Only Patrick refused to let either threats or bribes affect him. He entirely misunderstood Eva's anxiety, and only increased it by his attitude of admiring protection.

"It don't make no difference to me if you *have* got a greenhorn cousin," he assured her. "It makes no difference to me. Why,

"'What is it, sweetheart? Didn't the stylish little cousin come out of Russia?'"

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

THE NEW CRUDE WEST—THE GREAT GERMAN IMMIGRATION—VISIT TO LONDON; KOSSUTH, JENNY LIND, AND WAGNER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS

A JOURNEY to the West in 1854 was not the comfortable sleeping-car affair on fast through trains that it is now, and travelers did not seem to be so nervously anxious to make the quickest possible time. I leisurely visited Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Indianapolis, St. Louis, and Chicago. All these cities were then in that period of youthful spirit which is confidently anticipating a great future. Society still felt itself on a footing of substantial equality—not, indeed, equality in point of fortune, but equality in point of opportunity and expectation. There seemed to be a buoyant, joyous spirit animating all classes, and between those classes — if, indeed, classes they could be called — an easy, unrestrained intercourse and coöperation.

Of all the places I visited I found this least, perhaps, in St. Louis, where slaveholders — "old families" with aristocratic pretensions of social and political superiority — lived. There the existence of slavery, with its subtle influence, cast its shadow over the industrial and commercial developments of the city, as well as over the relations between the different groups of citizens. But St. Louis had, after all, much more of the elasticity of Western life than any of the larger towns in the slave-holding states, and had among its population a strong anti-slavery element. The political leader of that element was Mr. Frank P. Blair, a man of much ability and an energetic spirit. But the constituency of the anti-slavery movement, in St. Louis and in Missouri generally, was furnished mainly by the population of German birth or descent.

The Germans About St. Louis

The bulk of that German population consisted, of course, of agriculturists, small tradesmen, mechanics, and common laborers. But there were many persons of education and superior capacity among them, who vigorously leavened the whole body. Two different periods of political upheaval in Germany, that of 1830 and the years immediately following, and that of 1848 and 1849, had served to drive out of the old fatherland hosts of men of ability and character, and of both of these two "immigrations" the German element in St. Louis and neighborhood had its full share. Some of the notable men of the early '30's, the Engelmanns, Hilgards, Tilmanns, Bunsens, Follenins, Körners, and Münchs, settled down in and around Belleville in Illinois, near the Mississippi, opposite St. Louis, or not far from St. Louis, on the Missouri, there to raise their corn and wine. Those who, although university men, devoted themselves to agriculture, were called among the Germans, half sportively, half respectfully, the "Latin farmers." One of them, Gustav Körner, who practised law in Belleville, rose to eminence as a judge, as a lieutenant-governor of Illinois, and as a minister of the United States to Spain. Another, Friederich Münch, the finest type of the "Latin farmer," lived to a venerable old age in Gasconade County, Missouri, and remained active almost to the day of his death, as a writer for newspapers and periodicals, under the name of "Far West."

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These men regarded St. Louis as their metropolis and in a large sense belonged to the "Germandom" of that city.

They were strongly reinforced by the German immigration of 1848 which settled down in that region in considerable number, bringing such men as Friedrich Hecker, the revolutionary leader in Southwest Germany who bought a prairie farm in Illinois, opposite St. Louis; and Dr. Emil Preetorius, Dr. Boernstein, Dr. Däntzer, Mr. Bernays, Dr. Weigel, Dr. Hammer, Dr. Wm. Taussig and his brother James, the Sigels, Franz and Albert, and others, who took their abode in the city of St. Louis itself. The infusion of such ingredients gave to the German population of St. Louis and its vicinity a capacity for prompt, intelligent, and vigorous patriotic action which, when the great crisis of 1861 came, made the pro-slavery aristocrats, who had always contemptuously looked down upon the "Dutch" as semi-barbarians, stare with amazement and dismay at the sudden appearance of that hardly suspected power which struck such telling blows for Union and Liberty.

A Hero in Exile

Before leaving the vicinity of St. Louis I visited the German revolutionary leader, Friedrich Hecker, on his prairie farm near Belleville in Illinois. I had never personally met him in Germany, but had heard much about his brilliant qualities and his fiery, impulsive nature. He had started a republican uprising in South Germany at an early stage of the revolutionary movement of 1848, which, although quickly overcome by a military force, had made him the hero of popular songs. His picture, representing him in a somewhat fantastic garb, was spread all over Germany, and as an exile he had become a sort of legendary hero. Being a man of much study and large acquirements, he was entitled to high rank among the "Latin farmers."

His new home was a log-house of very primitive appearance. Mrs. Hecker, a woman of beauty and refinement, clad in the dress of a farmer's wife, plain but very tidy and tasteful, welcomed me at the door. "The Tiedemanns announced your coming," she said, "and we have been expecting you for several days. Hecker is ill with chills and fever and in very bad humor. But he wants to see you very much. If he uses peculiar language, do not mind it. It is his way when he is out of sorts." Mrs. Tiedemann, Hecker's sister in Philadelphia, had already told me of his tantrums. Thus cautioned, I entered the log-house and found myself in a large room very scantily and roughly furnished. Hecker was sitting on a low couch covered with a buffalo skin.

"Hello," he shouted in a husky voice. "Here you are at last. What in the world brought you into this accursed country?"

"Do you really think this country is so very bad?" I asked.

"Well — well, no!" he said. "It is not a bad country. It is good enough. But the devil take the chills and fever! Only look at me!" Then he rose to his feet and continued denouncing the chills and fever in the most violent terms.

Indeed, as he stood there, a man little over forty, he presented a rather pitiable figure. As a young lawyer at Mannheim and deputy in the legislative chamber of Baden, he had been noted for the elegance of his apparel; now he wore a gray woolen shirt, baggy and shabby trousers, and a pair of old carpet slippers. Mrs. Hecker, who noticed my look of surprise, whispered to me with a sigh, "Since we live here I cannot get him to make himself look decent." I had always heard that Hecker was a handsome man. And he might have been, with his aquiline nose, his clear blue eyes, his finely chiselled features, and his blonde hair and beard. But now that face looked haggard, sallow, and weary, and his frame, once so elastic, was drooping and hardly able to carry itself.

"Ah," said he, "you see what will become of an old revolutionist when he has to live on quinine pills." Then he again opened the vast resources of his vituperative eloquence on the malarial fever, calling it no end of opprobrious names. Gradually he quieted down, and we began to discuss the political situation. His wrath kindled again when speaking of slavery and the iniquitous attempt of Douglas to permit slavery unlimited expansion over the territories. With all the fine enthusiasm of his noble nature he greeted the anti-slavery movement, then rising all over the North, as the dawn of a new era, and we pledged ourselves mutually to meet on the field in a common endeavor if that great cause should ever call for our aid.

I was invited to stay for the midday dinner, which I did. It was a very plain but

good farmer's meal. Mrs. Hecker, who nad cooked it, also helped in serving it. Two rather rough-looking men in shirt-sleeves, the farm-hands, sat with us at the table. This, as Hecker informed me, was the rule of the house. "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," said he. But this fraternity did not prevent him from giving one of the farm-hands, who had in some way displeased him, after dinner, in my presence, a "dressing down" with a fluency, vigor, and richness of language which I should hardly have thought possible, had I not heard it.

Chicago, a Wooden Frontier Town

From Hecker's farm I went to Chicago, and I shall never forget the first night I passed in that city. I arrived there by a belated train about an hour after midnight. An omnibus took me to the Tremont Hotel, where I was informed that every room in the house was occupied. The clerk named to me some other house, and I started out, valise in hand. The omnibus was gone and no hack to be had. So I walked to two or three other hostelries with the same result. Trying to follow the directions I had last received, I somehow lost my way, and overcome with fatigue I sat down on a curbstone, hoping that a policeman or some other philanthropic person would come that way.

Chicago had at that time sidewalks made of wooden planks, under which, it appeared, rats in incalculable numbers had made their nests. Troops of them I saw moving about in the gaslight. As I was sitting still, they playfully scampered over my feet. Efforts to scare them away proved unavailing. I sought another curbstone, but the rats were there too. At last a policeman hove in sight. For a minute he seemed to be in doubt as to whether he should not take me to the station-house; but having heard my story he finally consented to show me an inn where he thought I would find shelter. But there, too, every guest-room was occupied. They had just one bed free, which I might have, if I wished, but it was in a room without a window, a sort of large closet. I was tired enough to take anything. But an inspection of the bed by candle-light utterly discouraged every thought of undressing. I spent the rest of the night on a chair and hailed daylight with great relief.

Chicago was then a city of about 65,000 inhabitants. The blockhouse of old Fort Dearborn was still standing and remained so for several years. Excepting the principal public edifices, hotels, and business houses, and a few private residences, the town was built of wood. The partly unpaved and partly ill-paved streets were extremely dusty in dry, and extremely muddy in wet weather. I noticed remarkably few attempts to give dwelling houses an attractive appearance. The city had on the whole what might be called an unhandsome look. During my short visit I heard many expressions of exceedingly sanguine anticipation as to the future of the place — anticipations which have since proved hardly sanguine enough. But at that time there were also doubters. "If you had been here a year ago," a friend said to me, "you might have invested money in real estate to great advantage. But it is too late now." Everybody seemed very busy — so busy, indeed, that I was almost afraid to claim anybody's time and attention.

Milwaukee and the Forty-Eighters

From Chicago I went to Wisconsin, and there I found an atmosphere eminently congenial. Milwaukee, with a population much smaller than that of Chicago, had received rather more than its proportional share of the German immigration of 1848. The city had possessed a strong German element before, — good-natured, quiet, law-abiding, order-loving, and industrious citizens, with persons of marked ability among them, who contributed much to the growth of the community and enjoyed themselves in their simple and cheery way. But the "Forty-Eighters" brought something like a wave of spring sunshine into that life. They were mostly high-spirited young people, inspired by fresh ideals which they had failed to realize in the old world, but hoped to realize here; ready to enter upon any activity they might be capable of; and eager not only to make that activity profitable but also to render life merry and beautiful; and, withal, full of enthusiasm for the great American Republic which was to be their home and the home of their children. Some had brought money with them; others had not. Some had been educated at German universities for learned professions, some were artists, some literary men, some merchants. Others had grown up in more humble walks of life, but, a very few drones excepted, all went to work with a cheerful purpose to make the best of everything.

They at once proceeded to enliven society with artistic enterprises. One of their first

and most important achievements was the organization of the "Musical Society" of Milwaukee, which in an amazingly short time was able to produce oratorios and light operas in a really creditable manner. The "German Turn Verein" not only cultivated the gymnastic arts for the benefit of its own members, but it produced "living pictures" and similar exhibitions of high artistic value. The Forty-Eighters thus awakened interests which a majority of the old population had hardly known, but which now attracted general favor and very largely bridged over the distance between the native American and the new-comer.

The establishment of a German theater was a matter of course, and its performances, which indeed deserved much praise, proved so attractive that it became a sort of social center.

It is true, similar things were done in other cities where the Forty-Eighters had congregated. But so far as I know, nowhere did their influence so quickly impress itself upon the whole social atmosphere as in the "German Athens of America," as Milwaukee was called at the time. It is also true that the vivacity of this spirit in a few instances ran into attempts to realize questionable or extravagant theories. But, generally speaking, the inspiration proved itself exhilaratingly healthy, not only socially, but also politically.

On the whole, the things that I saw and heard made the West exceedingly attractive to me. This was something of the America that I had seen in my dreams; a new country, a new society almost entirely unhampered by any traditions of the past; a new people produced by the free intermingling of the vigorous elements of all nations, with not old England alone, but the world for its motherland; with almost limitless opportunities open to all, and with equal rights secured by free institutions of government. Life in the West, especially away from the larger towns lacked, indeed, the finer enjoyments of civilization to a degree hard to bear to those who had been accustomed to them and who did not find a compensation in that which gave to Western life — and American life generally — its peculiar charm: a warm, living interest in the progressive evolution, the joy of growth — that which I have attempted to call in German "die Werdelust."

The stimulating atmosphere of the West, as I felt it, was so congenial to me, that I resolved to establish my home in the Mississippi valley. What I had seen and heard of the State of Wisconsin and its people was so exceedingly pleasing that I preferred that State to any other; and, as several of my relatives were domiciled at Watertown, and my parents and sisters had in the meantime come over from Europe and would naturally be glad to live together with other members of the family, I bought some property there with a view to permanent settlement.

The Political Reaction in Europe

Before that settlement was effected, however, I had, on account of my wife's health, to make a journey to Europe. We spent some time in London. What a weird change of scene it was between the two worlds! The old circle of political exiles which I had left three years before was dispersed. The good Baroness Brüning, who had been so sweet and helpful a friend to many of them, had died of heart-disease. Most of those who had gathered around her hospitable fireside had either emigrated to America or somehow disappeared. My nearest friends, the Kinkels, were still there and had prospered,— he as lecturer on art-history, she as teacher of music,— and occupied a larger house.

My friend Malwida von Meysenburg was still there superintending the education of the daughters of the famous Russian Liberal, Alexander Herzen.

I found the friend of my university days, Friedrich Althaus, who was teaching and had also been engaged by Prince Albert to help him catalogue his collection of engravings. But there was little left of that revolutionary scheming and plotting to which the exiled had formerly given themselves, inspired by the delusive hope that a new uprising for free government would soon again take place on the European continent. Louis Napoleon sat firmly on the imperial throne of France, and the prestige he had gained by the Crimean War had brought him the most flattering recognition by other European sovereigns and made him appear like the arbiter of the destinies of the continent. In Germany the stupid and rude reaction against the liberal current of 1848 went its course. In Austria the return to absolutistic rule seemed almost complete. In Italy Mazzini's revolutionary attempt, the prospects of which he had pictured to me in such glowing colors three years ago, had resulted in

disastrous failure. No part of the European horizon seemed to be illumined by a ray of hope to cheer the exiles still living in London. There was indeed an international committee of revolutionary leaders, to give direction to whatever revolutionary possibility might turn up. Whether they could see any such possibilities among the hard actualities of the time, it is difficult to say. But as a matter of experience, nothing can be more active and fatuous than the imagination, and nothing more eager, boundless, and pathetic than the credulity of the exile. To those whose eyes were open to the real situation, the international committee looked like a gathering of specters moving about in a graveyard.

Whether Mazzini was at the time in London, I do not know. If he was, he held himself in that mysterious seclusion characteristic of him — a seclusion in which he met only his most confidential political agents and those English families whose members, completely under his wonderful fascination, were devoted to him to the point of almost limitless self-sacrifice.

Kossuth's Melancholy Retirement

But Kossuth was in London, and I promptly went to pay my respects. I had seen him only once, four years before, when he first visited England as the spokesman of his unfortunate country, which, after a most gallant struggle, had been overpowered by superior brute force. He was then the hero of the day. I have before described his entrance into London and the enthusiastic homage he received from what seemed to be almost the whole English people; how it was considered a privilege to be admitted to his presence, and how at a public reception he spoke a word to me that made me very proud and happy. He had then, at the invitation of the government — I might say of the people of the United States, — proceeded to America, where he was received almost like a superior being, all classes of society surging around him with measureless outbursts of enthusiastic admiration. But he could not move the government of this republic to active interference in favor of the independence of Hungary, nor did he obtain from his American admirers that "substantial aid" for his cause which he had looked and worked for, and thus he returned from America a profoundly disappointed man.

His second appearance in England convinced him that the boiling enthusiasm of the English people had evaporated. His further appeals in behalf of his cause met only with compassionate sympathy which had no longer any stirring impulse in it, and it must have become clear to him that, for the time being at least, his cause was lost. At first he had appeared in England, as well as in America, in the character of the legitimate, although deposed, ruler of Hungary, and his countrymen in exile had surrounded their "governor" with a sort of court ceremonial which was to express their respect for him, which flattered his pride, and which was accepted by many others as appropriate to his dignity. This "style" had, in Hungarian circles in London, been kept up for a while even after the disappearance of the popular enthusiasm. But it fell naturally into disuse when many of the followers who on triumphal progresses had formed his brilliant retinue, dispersed to seek for themselves the means of living; when poverty had compelled him to retire into seclusion and modest quarters, and when, appearing on the street, he was no longer surrounded by cheering crowds, but at best was greeted with silent respect by a few persons who recognized him.

This was the condition of his affairs when I called at the very unpretending cottage he inhabited in one of the suburbs of London. The door was opened by a man well advanced in years, of an honest, winning countenance of unmistakable Hungarian type, with keen dark eyes, broad cheek-bones, and gleaming teeth. From his appearance I judged that he was rather a friend, a devoted companion, than a servant, and such I afterwards learned him to be. Without ceremony he took me into a very plainly furnished little parlor where, he said, the "governor" would receive me.

After a few moments Kossuth came in and greeted me with cordial kindness. He had aged much since I had last seen him. His hair and beard were streaked with gray. Yet his voice still retained the mellow tones which but a few years ago had charmed such countless multitudes. He spoke much of his American tour, praised the hospitable spirit of the American people, and with quiet dignity expressed his disappointment at the fruitlessness of his efforts. He drew a gloomy picture of existing conditions in

Europe, but thought that such a state of things could not endure and that the future was not without hope. After a while Madame Kossuth came into the room, and Kossuth introduced me to his wife with some kind remarks. She spoke to me with great politeness, but I must confess that I was somewhat prejudiced against her. In her prosperity she had borne the reputation of being haughty and distant, and her presumptuous attitude is said to have been occasionally dangerous to her husband's popularity. In the case of such characters the fall from greatness is usually not regarded as a claim to especial sympathy. But as I saw her then she seemed to be full of tender care for her husband's health.

I left Kossuth's presence with a heart full of sadness. In him, in that idol of the popular imagination, now reduced to impotence, poverty, and solitude, I had seen the very image of the defeat suffered by the revolutionary movement of 1848.

Russia; Mr. Schurz's Remarkable Forecast

It was on the occasion of this sojourn in London that I made the acquaintance of Alexander Herzen, a natural son of a Russian nobleman of high rank, himself a Russian patriot in the liberal sense, who had been obliged to leave his native country. Malwida von Meysenburg who lived in his family superintending the education of his daughters, which she did with all her peculiar enthusiasm, brought us together, and we soon became friends. Herzen, at least ten years older than I, was an aristocrat by birth and instinct, but a democrat by philosophy, a fine noble nature, a man of culture, of a warm heart and large sympathies. I would listen to him by the hour when in his rhapsodic way he talked of Russia and the Russian people, that uncouth and only half conscious giant, that would gradually exchange its surface civilization borrowed from the West for one of a national character; the awakening of whose popular intelligence would then put an end to the stolid autocracy the deadening weight of which held down every free aspiration.

Other impressions I gathered through my contact with some of Herzen's Russian friends who from time to time met in his hospitable house and at his table. At dinner the conversation would sparkle with dramatic tales of Russian life, descriptions of weird social conditions and commotions, which opened mysterious prospects of great upheavings and transformations, and which were interspersed with witty sallies against the government and droll satire on the ruling classes. But when after dinner the bowl of strong punch was put on the table, the same persons who so far had conducted themselves like gentlemen of culture and refinement, becoming gradually heated, would presently break out in ebullitions of a sort of savage wildness, the like of which I had never witnessed among Germans, or French, or English, or Americans. They strongly reminded me of the proverb: "You scratch a Russian, and you find a Tartar."

Herzen himself always remained self-contained; but as an indulgent host he did not restrain his guests. Probably he knew that he could not. Once or twice he would say to me in an undertone, witnessing my amazement: "So they are! So they are! But they are splendid fellows for all that."

And so, I suppose, they are indeed, not only as individuals but as a nation — a huge unshapely mass, with a glossy polish on the outer surface, but fierce forces within, kept in control by a tremendous pressure of power, or superstition, or stolid faith, but really untamed and full of savage vigor, the full breaking loose of which must result in awful cataclysms producing in their turn — what? It is difficult to imagine how the Russian empire as it now is, from Poland to eastern-most Siberia, could be kept together and governed by anything else than an autocratic centralization of power, a constantly self-asserting and directing central authority with a tremendous organization of force behind it. This rigid central despotism cannot fail to create oppressive abuses in the government of the various territories and diverse populations composing the empire. When this burden of oppression becomes too galling, efforts, raw, rude, more or less inarticulate and confused, will be made in quest of relief, with a slim chance of success. Discontent with the inexorable autocracy will spread and seize upon the superior intelligence of the country, which will be inspired with a restless ambition to have a share in the government.

At the moment when the autocrat yields to the demands of that popular intelligence and assents to constitutional limitations of his power, or to anything that will give an authoritative, official voice to the people, the real revolutionary crisis will begin.

The popular discontent will not be appeased, but will be sharpened by the concession. All the social forces will then be thrown into spasmodic commotion; and, when those forces in their native wildness break through their traditional restraint, the world may have to witness a spectacle of revolutionary chaos without example in history. The chaos may ultimately bring forth new conceptions of freedom, right, and justice, new forms of organized society, new developments of civilization. But what the sweep of those volcanic disturbances will be and what their final outcome, is a mystery baffling the imagination — a mystery that can be approached only with awe and dread.*

Such were the contemplations set going in my mind by the contact with this part of the Russian world, that enigma of the future. With what delightful assurance I turned from this cloudy puzzle to the "New World" which I had recently made my home — the great western Republic, not indeed without its hard problems, but a Republic founded upon clear, sound, just, humane, irrefragable principles, the conscious embodiment of the highest aims of the modern age; and with a people most of whom were full of warm sympathy with every effort for human liberty the world over, and animated with an enthusiastic appreciation of their own great destiny as leaders of mankind in the struggle for freedom and justice, universal peace and good-will! How I longed to go "home" and take part in the great fight against slavery, the only blot that sullied the escutcheon of the Republic, and the only malign influence, as I then conceived, that threatened the fulfilment of its great mission in the world:

Wagner and Jenny Lind

But before my return to America, I had a joyful experiences which I cannot refrain from describing. It was of an artistic nature. Madame Kinkel took me to a concert — in which Jenny Lind, then retired from the stage, was to sing the great aria of Agathe in the Freischütz, and in which also Richard Wagner's overture to Tannhäuser was to be produced, Wagner himself to act as conductor of the orchestra.

As I have already said in the first part of these reminiscences, Madame Kinkel was one of the most highly educated and most accomplished musicians I have ever known. I owe to her not only my full appreciation of Beethoven, Bach, and Gluck, and other great classical composers; she had also made me intimately acquainted with Chopin and Schumann, whose productions she played with exquisite grace. But her musical principles and taste were severely those of the "old school," and she detested Wagner as a reckless and almost criminal demoralizer of the musical conscience. She did not fail to give me, on the way to the concert, a thorough lecture on Wagner's vices, his contempt of the most sacred rules of harmony, his impossible transitions from one key to another, his excruciating dissonances, his intemperate straining after sensuous effects, and what not.

"It is true," she added by way of precautionary warning, "there is something exciting, a certain fascination in his music, and many people are carried away by it — some musicians, even, of whom something better might have been expected. But I hope when you hear it, you will remain cool and not lose your critical sense." I had never heard a note of Wagner's music. I had seen some of his writings, the tone of which had not favorably impressed me. My personal contact with Wagner in Zürich had not been at all sympathetic; on the contrary, I shared the judgment about Wagner prevalent among the refugees there, that he was an excessively presumptuous, haughty, dogmatic, repellent person, from whom it was best to keep away. I was, therefore, by no means predisposed to be taken off my feet by the charms of his productions. All of which, when I told her, was quite reassuring to my mentor.

As to the performance of Jenny Lind, Madame Kinkel and I were altogether of the same mind and feeling. Jenny Lind was then no longer young. Her appearance, although still exceedingly pleasing, had become somewhat matronly. Her voice might, perhaps, not have retained all its original birdsong-like lightness of warble. But there was still that half veiled tone, as if there were something mysterious behind it; that velvety timbre, that strange, magnetic vibration, the mere sound of which could draw tears to the eyes of the listener. She was the nightingale still. To hear her was deep, pure, dreamy delight. Of all the great voices that I have heard — and I have heard many

*The above was written in 1900, four years before the revolutionary outbreak in Russia.

From a photograph by Hessler, owned by the Chicago Historical Society

CHICAGO IN 1858

From the Court-house looking northeast. Randolph Street in the immediate foreground

— none was so angelic and went so entrancingly, so caressingly to the heart as Jenny Lind's.

First Hearing of Tannhäuser Overture

At last came the overture to Tannhäuser. Madame Kinkel, who in the most eloquent words, had expressed her ecstasy over Jenny Lind's rendering of the Freischütz aria became uneasy. "Now keep yourself well in hand," she said, looking at me with an expression betraying some anxiety as to the outcome. The opening "Pilgrim's Chorus," as it rose from the orchestra, pleased me much, without, however, impressing me as something overpowering. But when the violins set in with that weird and constantly growing tumult of passion, drowning

CARL SCHURZ AND HIS WIFE

From a daguerreotype made shortly after their marriage

the pious notes of the "Pilgrim's Chorus" under the wild outcries of an uncanny frenzy, then sinking into whining moans of exhaustion, I could hardly restrain myself. I felt as if I should jump up and shout.

Madame Kinkel observed my emotion, put her hand upon my own as if to hold me down to my seat, and whispered: "Oh, oh, I see how it takes you, too. But do you not hear that it is all wrong?" I could not answer, but continued to listen with rapture. I did not hear that it was all wrong; and if I had noticed anything that was wrong under the accepted rules of thorough-bass, I should not have cared. I was fairly overwhelmed by those surging and rolling billows of harmony, by the breakers of passion rushing and tumbling over the rocks, those plaintive voices of sadness or despair, those tender accents of love or delight floating above and through the accompaniment which lifted the melody into a poetic cloud. When the last notes of the Tannhäuser overture had died away, I sat still, unable to say anything articulate. I felt only that an entirely new musical world had opened and revealed itself to me, the charms of which I could not possibly resist. My good friend Madame Kinkel noticed well what had happened to me. She looked at me sadly and said with a sigh, "I see, I see! You are now a captive too. And so it goes. What will become of our art?"

Indeed, I was a captive, and I remained one. It so happened that many years, nearly thirty, elapsed before I heard any Wagner music again, except some transcriptions for the piano which were naturally but feeble echoes of the orchestral score, and a single presentation of Lohengrin in the little theater of Wiesbaden. But when at last during those memorable seasons of German

Opera in New York, beginning in 1885, I had the happiness of witnessing the wonderful Nibelungen Ring tetralogy, and Tristan und Isolde, and the Meistersinger, and when, still later, I heard Parsifal in Bayreuth. the impressions I received were no less powerful and profound than had been that first which I have just described.

I did not care to study Wagner's theories of the "Music-Drama," or, by deciphering the printed scores, to dive into the mysterious depths of his harmonic elaborations. I simply gave myself up to the sensations stirred in me by what I heard and saw. The effects produced on me were perfectly free from the influence of preconceived opinion or affectation — in other words, they were entirely unbidden, unprepared, natural, irresistible. I did not lose my appreciation of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, and other music-poets. But here was something apart — something different, not in degree, but in kind. How could I compare Wagner with Beethoven? I might as well compare the Parthenon with the Cathedral of Cologne, — or either with the Falls of Niagara. The musical language of Wagner has always impressed me as something like the original language of the eternal elements — something awe-inspiringly eloquent, speaking in tones rising from mysterious depths of understanding and passion. It is difficult to illustrate by example, but I will try. Among the funeral marches in musical literature, Beethoven's and Chopin's had always most sympathetically appealed to my feelings — Beethoven's with the stately solemnity of its mourning accents, and Chopin's with its cathedral bells interwoven with melodious plaints. But when I hear the Siegfried dead-march in the Götterdämmerung, my heart-beat seems to stop at the tremendous sigh of woe, never heard before, rushing through the air.

FRIEDRICH HECKER

The German revolutionary leader. "As an exile he had become a sort of legendary hero"

To me, as one who was born and had grown up in Germany, Wagner's Nibelungen Ring, especially young Siegfried and the Götterdämmerung, had a peculiar home-born charm which grew all the stronger the more familiar I became with those tonepoems. The legends of Siegfried in various forms had been among the delights of my early boyhood. Siegfried was one of the mythical heroes of the Rhineland. And when I heard the "Leit-motifs" of the Nibelungen Ring, they sounded to me like something I had heard in my cradle — in the half-consciousness of my earliest dreams. This, indeed, was an illusion; but that illusion showed how Wagner, to my feeling at least, had in those phrases touched the true chord of the sage as it hovers over my native land, and as it is echoed in my imagination.

The Sublime Mysteries of Parsifal

I shall never forget my first impressions of Parsifal which I enjoyed many years later. The performances at Bayreuth were then still on their highest level. The whole atmosphere of the town and the neighboring country was charged with artistic enthusiasm and exaltation. The crowds of visitors from all parts of the civilized world had come almost like pilgrims to a shrine. People went to Wagner's Opera-house as true believers go to church.

When the audience was assembled in the severely plain building, and the lights were turned down, an almost startling silence fell upon the house. The multitude held its breath in reverential expectation. Then came the solemn tones of the orchestra, floating up from the depth of its mysterious concealment. Then the parting of the curtain

MILWAUKEE IN 1853

From a contemporary lithograph by D. W. Moody after a drawing by George J. Robertson

revealed the scene of the sacred lake. The suffering Amfortes entered with his companions of the Holy Grail, and the mystic action, as it unrolled itself, the appearance of the youthful Parsifal, and the killing of the sacred swan, all wrapped in majestic harmonies, held our hearts spellbound. But all this was but a feeble prelude to what followed. The changing scene became gradually enveloped in darkness, made more mysterious by the swinging peals of mighty cathedral bells. As by magic, the great temple hall of the Castle of the Holy Grail was before us, flooded with light. And then, when the knights of the Grail marched down its aisles and took their seats, and the blond-locked pages, fair as angels, and the king of the Grail appeared, bearing the miraculous cup, and the chorus of the boys came streaming down from the lofty height of the Cupola — then, I have to confess, tears trickled down my face, for I now beheld something like what I had imagined Heaven to be when I was a child.

You may call this extravagant language. But a large portion, if not a majority of the audience, was evidently overwhelmed by the same emotions. When, after the close of the act, the curtain swept together, and the lights in the audience-room flashed out again, I saw hundreds of handkerchiefs busy wiping moistened cheeks. There was not the slightest attempt at a demonstration of applause. The assembled multitude rose in perfect silence and sought the doors. In the little company of friends who were with me, not a word was spoken. We only pressed one another's hands as we went out. In the row behind us sat Coquelin, the great French comedian. He walked out immediately in front of me. His face wore an expression of profound seriousness. When he reached the open door I heard one of his companions ask him how he had liked the performance. Coquelin did not answer a word, but turned from his friend and walked away silent and alone. Between the first and the second acts, according to custom, we took dinner at one of the restaurants near by. Not one of us had recovered himself sufficiently to be fit for table talk. We sat there almost entirely speechless during the whole repast.

When all this happened — 1889 — I was no longer young and easily excitable, but rather well past the meridian of life. I had never been given to sentimental hysterics. My friends around me were all sensible persons, some of them musically well educated. We had all seen and heard much in and of the world. What, then, was there in the first act of Parsifal that excited in us such extraordinary emotions? It was not the splendor of the scenery; for that, however magnificent, could only appeal to our sense of the picturesque and call forth admiration. Neither was there in the action anything melodramatic that might have touched our sympathetic hearts and thus moved us to tears. The action was, in fact, exceedingly simple, and rather mystic than humanly sympathetic in its significance. Nor was it the music alone. This, when heard in the concert hall, as I have since often heard it, would indeed strike one as something of extraordinary beauty and grandeur, but it would not produce that feeling of perfectly overpowering exaltation. No, it was all these things together, scenery, action, and music, that transported us into an atmosphere of — shall I so call it? — religious, devotional fervor, lifting us high above all the prosy, commonplace actualities of life, into the sphere of the purely sublime, the holy, and unloosing all the craving for faith and adoration that may have been dormant in the soul. We were truly and profoundly pious as we sat there gazing and listening — pious beyond the control of our feelings. Our hearts were full of a strange joyfulness, heaving upward with those grand harmonies, as they swelled and rose toward the mystery of Heaven.

Beyond comparison, no production of art has ever touched me so wondrously, so supernaturally, as the first act of Parsifal. The effect was the same when I saw it again and it lacked the element of surprise. Nor have I ever met anyone who has seen and heard it and has altogether resisted its charm. And this was the last and crowning achievement of a most astonishing career. In the highest degree astonishing, it may well be said, was the success of a man who in elaborate treatises put forth the systematic theories, of a truly revolutionary character, upon which his works of imagination had been, or were to be, constructed; and who, thus assailing generally accepted principles and notions with a supreme, almost insolent confidence in his own power, had prejudiced almost the whole artistic world against himself. Yet Wagner finally won a triumph which no musical composer before him ever

JENNY LIND

From the engraving by Sartain after a daguerreotype by Richards

had dared to dream of; for he substantially said to mankind generally: "I am no longer to peddle my productions among you. I have selected, not for your convenience but for mine, a little out-of-the-way town in Germany, where you will have to come in order to see and hear my works, as I wish them to be seen and heard." And they came. The most renowned artists considered it the highest honor to appear, without a penny of pay, in that modest opera-house built on a hill near Bayreuth; and the powerful, and the rich, and men and women of culture from all the world filled that plain auditorium as eager and devout listeners. In the history of art there has never been such a demonstration of public homage as this.

(MR. SCHURZ'S REMINISCENCES, IN THE JANUARY NUMBER, WILL CONTAIN HIS PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES IN ILLINOIS, AND HIS EXPERIENCES WHILE CAMPAIGNING FOR THE EARLY REPUBLICAN PARTY IN WISCONSIN AND MINNESOTA)

A SALUTATION TO RUSSIA

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY ALBERT STERNER

YOU, millions of muzhiks, huddled in the smoky doorways of your huts,
Dumb people of the inner horde, slaves to the Eternal Stillness;
Fathers ground between the upper and the nether millstone,
Mothers bringing forth children without hope;
Reeking, reeling, toiling, driven by hunger;—
You, the clods of a nation, patient, brutal, unforeseeing,
Incalculable mass of the inner empire,
Responding not to the hurtle and unrest of seething political parties,
Like a vast rock-bound hulk unmoved by the froth and foam of futile currents —
We, America, salute you.

Eager disheveled unwise students, tumultuous thinkers, revolutionists,
Anarchists, socialists; steady autonomists; muzzled journalists, audacious poets,
Tremendous-brained tramps and vagrants;
Drudging workers in factories, smiths and cunning artificers at Warsaw and Vladimir,
All the unheard-from army of craftsmen in ugly cities on the Dnieper and Dniester:—
We, America, salute you.

Unscrupulous competent heads of bureaus, playing the great game;
You who are helpless pawns on the board, fettered, intelligent or stupid, dumb or shrieking;
Remembering Poles, spirited Lithuanians, sullen Finns, ballad-singing Letts:
Dilapidated ashamed princes, burning girls hugging bombs to your bosom,
Rapacious prefects and chiefs with Death peeping at you round every corner:—
We, America, salute you.

Orphans wailing at Kief and Kishinef and Rostoff-on-Don;
Hunted Semites squatting in cellars;
Gaunt emigrants, your poor possessions in a handkerchief tied to the back:—
We, America, salute you.

You, looking to symbols and signs for deliverance;
Icon-worshipers standing by thousands in the five-domed temples of the White-Stone City,
Chanting voices of gray-beards who kneel gazing toward the sunrise,
Haggards of the Caucasus, nomads, goat-hunters, cattle-breeders,
Weather-beaten, innocent, elusive;
Wild patient women washing at fountains;
Weavers of sacred patterns out of wool and satin for the scornful feet of unbelievers;
Disheartened colonists in greasy caftans on the desolate steppes,

DRAWINGS BY ALBERT STERNER

"ALL YE, LOOKING TO SYMBOLS AND SIGNS FOR DELIVERANCE: —

WE, AMERICA, SALUTE YOU''

Nourishing arid creeds, Memnonites, Doukhobars, Molokánye, Khlysti;
All ye, looking to symbols and signs for deliverance:—
We, America, salute you.

You, rank and file of the army, beasts of burden or brainless sword-wielders,
Low-browed, terrible in sodden obedience;
You also, soldiers, sailors in mutiny, wreaking your grievances in the hideous language of Cronstadt,
(Savage sign-writing of maddened dull intelligences):—
We, America, salute you.

You, rioters at Moscow, Odessa, Kherson, and Siedlce,
Mobs, puppets pulled by strings,
Performing unaware the crafty purposes of others, the Black Hundreds
Who sit in high places far away signing death rosters;
Stooped humble parents and children, standing in line, waiting a dole of bread:—
We, America, salute you.

You who are at the centre, battlers, eager, serious,
The League of Leagues, engineering quietly everywhere,
The leaders in prison and in exile,
You who have achieved the Douma and certain ambiguous manifestos that make for freedom:—
We, America, salute you.

All ye, unnumbered units of the huge immovable total;
Ignorant of the planet you inhabit,
Knowing nothing of the events you precipitate,
Knowing nothing of your own meaning,
Like dumb characters of a written word that do not understand what they spell:
All such, starved wheat-sowers of the Black Lands,
Half-blind burrowers in the coal-mines of the Don country,
Frost-bitten wood-cutters in the frozen forsaken provinces,
Crawling creatures across the endless caravan-routes,
Cursing boatmen on Matoushka Volga,
Shrill bazaar-men at Nizhni-Novgorod,
Stern exiles beyond the obliterated white versts;
Dead peasants piled in scurrilous heaps off in heathen Manchuria:—
We, America, salute you.

You, led to your fruitless death on Red Sunday
Before your Little Father's palace,
You, reckless martyrs too trustful, who have achieved the soul's liberty:—
We, America, salute you.

You, O Romanoff, walking softly at painted Tsarkoe-Seloe,
Waxen, wavering, kind-hearted,
With white hands that do not know how to grip and eyes that have no vision;
You, O Romanoff, with one foot rocking a cradle and with the other trampling out a million human ambitions
As a girl might crush a puff-ball to see it disappear in smoke;
Unhappy Nicholas, wearing the badge of mastership,
Groping like a timid apprentice among the appalling dynamos that generate war and peace:—
We, America, salute you.

You, O child, watched over by all the Russias, prayed for all the night long,
The intolerable night of darkness-bound races,
You with the star of hope on your forehead;
Frail swaddling, heir to the long horror and the threat of the Red Terror,
Blissful child, cooing at the glitter of swords and the boom of artillery:—
We, America, salute you.

"he paused before the window of a shop"

THE WAGES OF SALVATION

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE RETURN OF THE GIPSY," "THE LADY PEDDLER AND THE DIPLOMAT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

MEIN gracious, how dat wind blow, und dis only de first of September!" exclaimed Mrs. Landvetter, as a cold gust from the snow-covered peaks rattled the narrow windows of her cabin, and the storm beat wildly upon the roof. "Look, how de rain creep under de door, und de lamps flare up," nodding at the thin flames which rose suddenly and then fell in the two oil lamps on the newly scoured deal table.

Against the rough, stone chimney of the bare, clean room leaned a slight, listless girl in the uniform of the Salvation Army. "I wish it would stop," she said, glancing nervously toward an old man who sat huddled on a low stool before the stove, and with restless fingers turned the leaves of the Bible on his knee. "It's sure to bring on one of his spells. I've seen it comin' ever since the wind began to blow."

"Oh, yes; alvays," was the phlegmatic response of Mrs. Landvetter, as she adjusted the pins in the lace pillow in her lap. She

was a huge Teuton, clad in spotless, lavender calico confined at the waist by a white apron. Her sleek, scant hair was drawn tightly back and twisted into a knot the size of a hickory-nut, and her whole appearance, as that of her kitchen, suggested an unceasing effort on her part to combine the maximum of specklessness with the minimum of adornment.

As was usual in the evening, the toil-worn hands, that had washed and hoed and scrubbed all day, busied themselves with lace-making, and her face, hard, wooden and shiny, was bent above her task.

But again the wind rose, and so madly that the stout door of the cabin tore at its iron bolt, and the windows rattled until it seemed as if the glass would break.

While the woman stared apprehensively at the growing pool of water under the door, Andrew Campbell suddenly cast his Bible upon the floor, and with wild, strange eyes peering from a mat of gray hair and tangled whiskers, watched the white slant of rain drive against the panes.

On such nights as these, one of those waves of despair which occasionally broke on his partly-eclipsed brain swept over him, and now in an almost incoherent storm of words he began to pour out his grief.

"It was nigh this time o' the year," his speech marked by a strong, Scotch accent and broken with sobs, "and my wife, Ruth, and our son, we were a' up in our cabin on Corona. — Ah but we were happy! — happy!" He lost himself in haggard reverie. "Aye, that was it," with passionate conviction, "we were too happy — we had turned our thoughts from God. — We had forgotten — it had been raining for a week — but the creek had kept its banks.

"Ethel, listen, listen," clutching her arm with tense fingers, as the wind again shrieked about the cabin. "The wind was like that — we paid no heed. Ruth stirred the parritch for our supper — there came a mighty roaring like that of the sea — it was a' dark in a moment. The teembers o' the cabin strained and snapped — and — we were a' oot i' the cold, cold water. Ethel — I — I — " he writhed in the torture of remembrance — "I — was saved, and — they — were lost."

At his first words the girl had flown to him and kneeling by his side had thrown one arm protectingly about him; and now she patted him rhythmically on the back, murmuring, "There, there," as if soothing a baby. Her pale face with its pretty, cleft mouth and big, gray eyes was pressed against the old man's arm, and her ashen fair hair overflowed his shoulder.

Mrs. Landvetter gazed at her two boarders with unsoftened, ruminative eyes as she methodically placed and replaced her lace pins. "Vell, dat is yours," was her deep-voiced, indifferent comment. "Effery body has got deirs comin' to dem. Look at me; I vas forty-nine last Lady's Day, und I ain't neffer had a silk dress." She paused in her work and lost herself in the interest of her narrative.

"Vonce, ven I vork in de onion field und de potato patch pretty steady yet, I beg some money from my mutter und valk two mile to town. I vas goin' to haf a silk vaist like de odder girls. Yust as I got to de store door, Poppy, he caught me. He valk me home und gif me a goot beatin', I tell you; und I ain't neffer got my silk dress yet."

The old man looked at her with a dawning interest in his distraught eyes, sympathy softening the anguish of his gaze. "And you haf suffered. I never thought that," he muttered, shaking his head.

"Vell," with a wink at the girl, "I ain't neffer had a silk dress. Ain't dat straight, Ethel?"

"Oh, la," said Ethel, a glow of excitement on her face. "Silk dresses. I've had a plenty of them in my time, five and six at once," She gave a final pat to the old man and rose to her feet. "The kind that stand alone, some of 'em; you know, Mis' Landvetter," vivaciously. "Satins, brocades, failles, grosgrains, taffetas, all kinds, — anything I wanted. My," with a reminiscent, vain, little laugh, "I certainly had my share of the vanities of this world, 'fore I give 'em all up for Christ's sake.

"Why, the day of the very night that I was convicted of sin, — that was down to the Springs, y' know, and I thought, poor, blind sinner that I was, that I was havin' the time of my life — Tom, a gentleman friend of mine, had just struck a pocket of free gold, and we was celebratin'. I was keepin' his roll for him. The boys all knew they could trust me to any extent," in a parenthesis of pride.

"Oh, I ain't tryin' to say a good word for myself, — anyone whose sins was as scarlet as mine had better not try that on; but I never stole a cent, and I wouldn't lie to please you.

"Well, that morning Tom give me his roll, he was a awful generous fellow, and he says: 'Ethel, it's as much yours as it's mine, little girl; peel off what you like.'

"Well, 'course I took him up. I peeled off a hundred and fifty then and there, an' blew in every cent of it for lingery. I always was crazy about lingery. Why, Mis' Landvetter, I bought me one petticoat that was nothing but insertion and lace ruffles clean to the waist — lace this wide, y' know," measuring the depth of her fingers. "And I never put it on, neither; for that very night I heard Mr. Campbell here speakin' to a crowd on the street, and every word he said went right home," placing her hand to her heart, "an' I knew I was saved by the blood of the Lamb.

"But, la! Men don't know what temptation is. When the devil gets after me, he keeps whisperin' of pretty things. He tries to get me into the stores, just to see 'em an' finger 'em." She laughed triumphantly. "He had me so tight, he didn't want to give me up, did he, Mr. Campbell?"

But Campbell paid no heed to their talk; his thoughts were occupied with the plaint to which Mrs. Landvetter had given utterance. Having laid bare to her the anguish of his soul, he assumed that her secret despair had risen up and answered it. That her cause for grief was slight to absurdity, he did not pause to analyze — perhaps was incapable of doing so. He simply accepted her words, that "effery body had deirs comin' to dem." He had his sorrow; she had hers. It mattered little what form it took, whether it were the terror by night, or the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. His was the loss of wife, home, and child; hers, the ungratified longing for a silk dress.

Often, in the days which followed, he pondered over this revelation in a nature which he had never suspected of ethical yearnings, and felt himself drawn to the hard, unsympathetic *hausfrau* by the ties of a common understanding.

Mrs. Landvetter's mind, however, could he have known it, was busy with things far removed from silk dresses, for her shrewd wits were working over a plan by which Campbell's usefulness to herself might be considerably augmented.

It was nearing the time when he started upon a certain annual pilgrimage, included as regularly and unalterably in his routine of the year, as the seasons.

Early in September he adventured forth upon his singular wanderings, for he believed, as did many of his more superstitious neighbors, that he possessed certain occult gifts, among them the ability to locate minerals by means of a strand of twisted wire. This in hand, his habit was to roam over the mountains, led, as he conceived, by a mysterious power to selected spots; pausing there, he would repeat the various formulae of numbers which he considered by some law of correspondence sympathetic to the ore he sought.

If gold lay in the rock under his feet, the wire, upon the repetition of the gold number, would bend from the vertical position in which he held it until it touched the earth.

With a canny, Scotch thrift Campbell took up these claims and made more or less money by the sale of them, although no one was ever able to discover to what uses he put the proceeds. There were rumors of a horde of penniless relatives whom he supported in Scotland; but again, it was stoutly affirmed that the Denver banks held long lists of untouched deposits to his credit, and that Ethel would be the ultimate beneficiary.

As the moment for his departure drew near, and as she saw him making his various preparations, Mrs. Landvetter determined to put her carefully evolved plan into execution.

"Campbell's a-takin' his old wire und his pack, und he tracks out pretty soon now," she remarked to Ethel one morning as she hung her freshly-washed clothes on the line. The temptation of all out-of-doors was in the air, and the Salvation Army girl had lingered before walking four miles over the mountains to headquarters. "I got a scheme for him, und I vant you to kind of coax him into it, Ethel."

"What scheme you tryin' to work off on him now?" asked the girl sharply.

Mrs. Landvetter took a clothes-pin from between her teeth and pinned up a sheet to the line. "Vell," she began slowly, "I don't see no reason v'y, instead of sellin' my laces to dose agents dat takes deir money out 'fore I gets mine, I shouldn't get dat old Campbell to peddle 'em ven he goes over de mountains, hein?"

"He won't like it," replied Ethel, "and he won't do it. Oh, I know," as the German woman was about to interrupt her, "you think anything's good enough for him. You just see a little half-cracked, withered stump

"'I'LL PAY YOU YOUR OLD MONEY NOW'"

of a man, don't you, like most folks does around here? But, if he'd wrestled for your soul like he done for mine, you'd see Christ's messenger same as I do. And he shan't go for to peddle." She turned toward the gate.

"But, Ethel, yet," exclaimed her landlady, snatching at her gown. "T'ink how goot it vould be for him. Dose vimmens dat he shows de laces to, dey look after him some. Dey gif him a bed und a meal now und den. He can't look after hisself."

"That is so," admitted Ethel with reluctance, "an' maybe I will ask him to help you out. Mind, I ain't promisin', though; I got to think it over."

"I haf so mooch laces," continued Mrs. Landvetter, although her listener had departed, "ten yards in de pineapple pattern, und twelve in de roses point, und eight in de flur de lisses, und mooch odders. I t'ink I make dat old man sell dem, all right," with an emphatic nod of the head.

But Campbell rebelled vigorously when notified of her project for making him useful. He shook his shaggy head and thrust out an obstinate lower jaw.

"Am I to peddle laces, woman? I gang to the mountains for meditation on the meesteries and for the finding of ore by means of my gift. And I will not peddle laces."

For a day or two he remained obdurate, in defiance of her rough pleading, and consequently she deemed it wise to defer further discussion of the subject until Ethel came home.

On the afternoon of the Salvation Army girl's return, she found Mr. Campbell on his usual stool by the kitchen stove, bent over the great Bible on his knee.

"Oh, Ethel," he cried as she entered, "I have great news for you. You know I have puzzled long over the vairse, 'There shall be no more sea.' I have wondered, and I have wondered. For many months it has lain on my mind; but last night," with exaltation in his eyes, and yet glancing about to see that Mrs. Landvetter was not within hearing, "last night, my Ruth came to me and expounded it. Ye ken that being out of the flesh, she has progressed greatly, and she said it meant this: That the sea divided the land and is ever a barrier to be crossed, and so it stands as a sign of separation; but at last Love shall blot it out, and there shall be no more parting."

The girl looked at him with the tenderest, most awed admiration. "Ain't that grand?" with a catch in her voice. "You certainly are right in the Kingdom of Heaven, Mr. Campbell."

"I have studied and studied over it," he went on earnestly, "and waited for Ruth, but it was long before she came. It is sometimes very long before she comes," with a kind of patient pathos. "I tried also to discuss it with Mrs. Landvetter; but the meesteries are withheld from her. Still, what can you expect?" shaking his head commiseratingly; "she has had her sorrows, and they have made her hard." He gazed fixedly at the stove for a moment and coughed once or twice. "She has asked me to peddle her laces through the mountains," with shamefaced apology, looking eagerly at Ethel to see how she would take the news.

"I know. She spoke to me about it too, Mr. Campbell; and it don't seem right, indeed it don't. For my part, I don't think you ought to do a thing but stand up in the pulpit and preach. Still, I'd feel a sight easier about you if you would take her laces. It wouldn't be peddlin' really, Mr. Campbell. It would just be accommodatin' a friend."

He considered this presentation of the matter, and with a brightening face finally accepted it. "Ah, well," with resignation, "I will do it. Say no more about it."

So, one morning when the sun lay mellowly over the aspens, whose leaves were turning to bright gold under the sharp touch of discipline administered by the early frost, and the maples were hung with thousands of serrated, scarlet banners which floated and gleamed through the pines, austerely dark, permanently green, old Andrew Campbell trudged up the road toward the shining, snow-clad peaks, his wire in his hand and Mrs. Landvetter's laces snugly stowed away in his pack.

These he drew forth from time to time with wonderful results, for the women on whose hearthstones he sat regarded him with an almost superstitious awe and prized his wares above their value. By day, he prospected with his wire and his cabalistic figures; at nightfall, in the isolated cabins, he expounded what he called "the meesteries," and casually and somewhat reluctantly exhibited Mrs. Landvetter's laces.

His very indifference induced the eagerness of his purchasers. They recognized in him a different type of peddler from the usual brisk, businesslike, anxious-to-sell

"'IT WASN'T YOUR RUTH WHO GOT HIT. IT WAS ME—JUST ONLY ETHEL'"

variety. He drifted into their cabins and spoke to them prophet-wise of things alien to their intelligence, but which roused in them their latent veneration for the seer.

And in the different villages where he sojourned briefly, he wandered into the gambling-houses, as naïvely sure of his welcome as in the cabins. In fact, these constituted his market-places, for this unworldly old man to whom life's realities were its mysteries was well known among the worshipers of the blind madonna of chance.

But the season was a bad one. Mr. Campbell found it difficult to arouse interest even in the few claims he took up. The wire, too, proved singularly capricious; and although the old man stood patiently on the rocks for hours at a time repeating his magical numbers, his divining rod seldom trembled in his hand.

Then, too, the days, although still golden, were growing shorter, and there was a nipping touch in the air which warned the old prospector that the snow would soon drift over his trails, and that to turn his face homeward was the part of discretion; when suddenly, by one of those sardonic jests of Fate which sometimes lead one to believe oneself but a pawn on the chessboard in a match game between the powers of good and evil, his progress was unexpectedly delayed.

Longer than was his wont, Campbell had tarried in one camp where he hoped the ore might prove responsive to his quest; and there, in the garishly decorated saloons, he impartially gave the people the benefit of his mysticism and the opportunity of purchasing his claims — opportunities in the main neglected or ignored.

But this sordid, squalid little mining village, with its magnificent environment of snow-capped summits, whispering pines, and mellow sunlight, was experiencing a long-anticipated, infrequent excitement. There came a fair or festival week, and Mr. Campbell, dazed but interested, found himself jostled, hurried along in a tide of men and women, hailed by name, the center of laughing groups. The village, for the nonce, had become the magnetic lodestone of those effervescent spirits from neighboring camps on whom the hills had for months laid their repressive spell.

It was all so strange and disturbing that Campbell lost what little sense he had of life's every-day proportions. For hours during the day, and until long after midnight, he wandered about, possessed by the spirit of excitement and restlessness in the air.

At last, during one of his peregrinations, he paused before the window of a shop, his attention arrested by the sumptuous display behind the glass.

"Man, man," he murmured, "that is silk, and Mrs. Landvetter has never had a silk dress. Why," with brightening eyes, "I will take her one; it will be a surprise for her. But," his face falling, "it will doubtless be very costly."

He drew out an old wallet from an inner pocket and, untying the string which bound it, carefully examined its contents. It held but a little silver, and he shook his head sadly as he wound the string about it once more and thrust it back. "The pity of it! The pity of it! But," he considered, his face suddenly alight, "I have money from the sale of her foolish lace-work, this miserable money that she will hoard away in a stocking because she does not know there are silk dresses so near her."

Finally, under the spur of this suggestion, he drifted within and asked to look at silk pieces. Bolt after bolt was unrolled for his inspection and held up to catch the light.

"Beautiful selection, sir," said the clerk, genially.

"Aye," agreed Campbell. "I was thinking of a lady," he continued slowly and impressively, "who has never had a silk dress."

"Well, judging from the standpoint of women, that lady has never really lived," remarked the clerk. "You ought to set that straight, right off. Now, just because we're selling at closing out prices, I'm going to let you have your choice of anything here."

"I do not know what color she would prefer," demurred Campbell. "Whether the blue, the green, the yellow, or the red."

"How old's the lady?" asked the clerk, leaning across the counter.

Mr. Campbell considered. "Forty-nine, the last Lady's Day," he said carefully; "whatever Papist's festival that might be."

"Then she'll want black." The clerk spoke with decisive finality. "I bet all these years she's had her heart set on a black silk dress."

His arguments were more than convincing; but, although visibly wavering, Mr. Campbell held to his original intention of prudence. "This is a sair important matter to decide," he said with dignity. "I maun discuss it with my wife."

But Ruth, mythical and complaisant counsellor, evidently viewed the matter in the same light as himself. There seemed to arise in neither mind any misgivings as to his ethical right to spend Mrs. Landvetter's money for a silk dress.

Campbell, in his scrupulous delicacy, would have starved to death before he would have taken a penny of the sum to buy himself a crust of bread; but in the instance before him, he saw only the opportunity of granting to a fellow-being a long-cherished heart's desire. Therefore he returned to the store the following day, and for the sum of twenty-five dollars purchased the silk dress with accompanying buttons, thread, linings, etc. which, the clerk assured him, were necessary for the proper making of a gown.

A day or two later he stood in the doorway of Mrs. Landvetter's cabin. The first snowflakes were blowing from a gray sky, and the air was raw and cold. Ethel knelt before the stove, warming her hands, and as she sprang to meet him, bubbling with a voluble welcome, she caught an immediate impression of something new in his expression, something responsive, almost buoyant. It was as if the blight which had so long overfallen him had been partly erased. There he stood, smiling, mysterious, alert.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you back," she cried. "I'll call Mrs. Landvetter, and we'll have your breakfast ready for you in a jiffy. It's cold this morning. Oh, I tell you, I've missed you; but the change has done you good. You do look well."

"Aye, and I have some surprises for you all," with a certain sly glee, as he placed the long, narrow package on the table. "I hae a vairse that will take me the winter to ponder oot, and I hae something for Mrs. Landvetter — something she has wished for a' her life!"

"For pity's sake! Ain't you the kindest, little man!" said Ethel tenderly. "To remember her after the way she — But, still now, that ain't Christian. There she is now," as Mrs. Landvetter passed the window and threw open the door, a billet of wood in her hard, red arms. When she saw Campbell, a smile widened the corners of her mouth, and avarice showed in her eyes.

"Vell, Mr. Campbell, how you vas? Excoose me v'ile I puts down dis vood, und den I can gif you a hand. Vell, vell. So, so. You didn't git lost, nor nuttin', hein? Sit down v'ile I makes you a cup of coffee."

With a sly glance at Ethel, Campbell took his old seat on the stool, his cherished package laid carefully across his knees.

Mrs. Landvetter was aware that there were certain formalities prescribed by etiquette to be observed before she could put the one paramount question; but she determined to make these as brief as possible. Consequently, a generous piece of wood was thrust into the stove, and the coffeepot filled and put on to boil with an obvious bustle.

And now for the formalities. "Vell, *wie gehts* in de mountains? De wire done goot, I guess?"

Her boarder thrust out his lower jaw. "No," he returned. "It was not good."

"Dat vas too bad. But de vetter; he vas nice, vasn't he?"

"Beautiful," assented Mr. Campbell.

Mrs. Landvetter sighed with relief. She had paid her mint and anise and cummin to Mrs. Grundy. "Und," leaning eagerly forward and speaking with an almost tremulous jocularity, "und haf you brought all mein laces back, or haf you lost dem?"

"I hae sold them a'."

"Effery piece?" she screamed incredulously. "Effery piece?"

"Every piece," he answered.

"Vell, you *vas* a goot, liddle man. Und how mooch did dey bring; how mooch?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"Twenty-five dollars? Mein Gott, you vas de best effer!" hugging herself and rocking back and forth in her glee. "Twenty-five dollars! Und, now," with outstretched, visibly itching fingers, "v'ere is de money?"

"It is a' in this package." He slowly unrolled the paper from the silk. "There it is!"

The huge German woman looked at him for a moment in astonishment. "Vat you givin' me, Campbell?" she asked roughly.

He still smiled. "You hae never had a silk dress in your life"; his words tumbled over each other at the thought of the magnitude of the joy he was conferring; "and I hae brought you one with the money I got from the sale of your laces."

Mrs. Landvetter looked at him a moment with a purpling face. Then she sprang at him. "You bought dat silk mit my money? Den, by Gott, I break your head!" She rushed toward the pile of wood on the hearth and, seizing a thick stick, struck blindly in the air.

But Ethel, lithe and quick, had sprung from her seat by the table, picking up something as she ran — something that gleamed long and shining in her hand.

"Don't you touch him, or I'll kill you!" she threatened, catching the larger woman by the arm. Her face was dead white, her narrowed eyes glittered like a cat's, her gasping voice was scarcely audible. "You — — —, it ain't the first time I've used a knife! The jury has let me off twice, an' they would again, you bet. Drop that stick, I tell you! Drop it!" Then, as Mrs. Landvetter wavered but still held her ground, she bent the long, thin blade almost double and let it snap back in the older woman's face.

That mighty Hun recoiled, but still snarling and showing her fangs. "I vant my money," she muttered stubbornly; "und, by Gott, I get it out of him."

"Yes, I know you, you dirty coward. You'll wait till I'm gone and then take it out of him, and rattle him so he won't never get straight again. Well, you won't get the chance; for I'll pay you your old money now. I'll take the silk off your hands. It ain't the first time I've wore silk, by a long sight!"

She tore open her gown and drew a chamois bag from her bosom. Unfastening it, she counted out some crumpled bills and loose silver. "There's your money," contemptuously; "twenty-five dollars. Put it down in your stocking now. Get it safe, do."

"V'ere you get it, Ethel?" Mrs. Landvetter clutched the money, fawned over it, and yet feared to hold it.

"None of your damn' business where I got it. You drop that wood and go on out to your wash-tubs." She stamped her foot and then, seeing the other hesitate, motioned with her knife toward the door. "Go on, I say."

As Mrs. Landvetter closed the door behind her, Ethel threw her weapon on the table and ran to old Andrew Campbell, who crouched upon the floor close to the wall, holding his gray head with his hands.

"Come, come," she crooned brokenly. "Come with Ethel."

He said no word, but at the sound of her voice rose feebly, and passively let her lead him to his dark, little room off the kitchen. She had almost to lift him upon his bunk, and then she knelt beside him, spent with her fury, shaken with hysterical tears.

At last he turned his haggard face with its wild, miserable eyes to hers. "I do not care if she shook me," he muttered hoarsely. "I do not care if she did not like the silk. But I cannot forgive her, and I can never pray again, and I cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"But," Ethel checked her sobs to soothe him, "if you don't care that she shook you, and you don't care that she didn't like the silk, what makes you feel so bad?"

"Because," he answered with solemn anguish, "she lifted a great stick and struck my Ruth; and I can never forgive her." His words trailed as he lapsed into despair.

Ethel was bewildered for a moment, and then, with a dawning comprehension of his trouble, she looked about her helplessly. There seemed no way in which she could minister to this mind diseased.

But again she turned her perplexed, despairing glance toward the bed where Campbell lay; and as she gazed at that waif — conquered, overwhelmed, beaten by life — the light of love shone in her eyes and in her sad, pitying smile.

"Listen, Mr. Campbell," bending above him and speaking with imperative, tender distinctness. "It wasn't your Ruth who got hit. It was me — just only Ethel. She give me a whack across the arm, and you've got us mixed up. How could you? Why, your Ruth stood beside you all the time."

He half raised himself in the bed, new hope dawning in his eyes. But they clouded again with suspicion. His trembling hands plucked at her sleeve. "Let me see," he said, "where she struck you?"

Her lips paled; then she lifted her head with a reckless laugh. "It don't show yet, dear; but it'll be all black and blue by to-morrow. You'll see." Smiling tenderly at him, she rose to her feet and walked to the small, narrow window. Leaning her head against the rough sash, she looked out upon the gray of the hills now blurred in snow. Her fair hair fell about her white face, her scarlet mouth drooped forlornly.

"I ain't never lied nor stole till to-day," she whispered. "No matter what else I done, I've always been a lady that way. But I guess if I could fall so low as to steal what I collected for the Army, I needn't let a little thing like a lie stick in my throat." She dropped her face in her hands. "I've tried to raise myself, I've tried to be somebody; but what's the use? It seems like even God was against me."

CLANCY OF THE JACK-POT

BY

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

AUTHOR OF "THE LOG OF A SEA ANGLER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

IT was Clancy's ante, but after going over his hand mentally for a moment, he looked up and with a peculiar drawl said, "Boys, let's make this a jack-pot for the kid, Bill's kid what's comin', the first native son of Sierra Vista."

"Right you are," came a voice out of the smoke and gloom; "and it's a double eagle to come in."

The big, dull yellow gold pieces clinked musically on the pine-board table, and the game was about to proceed, when a rushing, sliding sound was heard from above, and the door broke in with a crash, allowing a man to roll out on to the floor with a small avalanche of snow.

"Come in," cried Clancy; "don't stand on no ceremony."

The new-comer, after glancing back at the incline down which he had shot, deliberately damned it after an approved and original fashion, then pulled himself together and stood up. The unexpected visitor was a giant, and as he strode up to the table something in the big, red face and wonderful, yellow eyes arrested every player's attention, while Clancy exclaimed, "What's the matter, Alec?"

"The kid's come," answered the new-comer, making a gesture to stop the cheers, — the arrival of a baby was a great event in Sierra Vista, — "but the woman's dying."

"The hell you say!" exclaimed Clancy.

Some of the men standing in the gloom took off their hats, not knowing exactly why they did so.

"Yes, and Bill's off his base. But that ain't the worst of it; that kid's goin' to starve to death."

"Not on your life," cried Clancy, pointing to the table. "Why, there's his first birthday present."

"It wouldn't help if it had a bushel of blue chips," answered Alec. "What the kid wants is milk, first, last, and all the time, and there ain't but one can of the stuff between here and the open, and the snow's forty foot on the level, and Ralsdorf five days off; the kid's up against it."

The players cashed in their chips in silence, got into their coats, and moved to the door that could hardly be seen in the dim light, as banked up against every window was snow; snow that reached not only to the roof, but ten, twenty feet above it. The entrance to Clancy's was a snow chute or tunnel, with steps of snow leading upward, and as the men crawled out into the open, they stood high above the house and village.

Endless snow-storms had fallen, until the little mining hamlet, that in the summer stood in a pleasant mountain-environed valley, was now forty feet under the snow. Stores and houses were completely out of sight, and the only things to suggest the presence of a town were chimney extensions and flags, rising from the field of white on two sides of a straight line that indicated the street far below. Each house had its tunnel, and as the snow increased and accumulated, the tunnel was lengthened and another joint added to the stove-pipe to keep it above the surface. In all the world, doubtless, there was not so peculiar a state of affairs as in this land of deepest snow; even the Eskimos know nothing like it.

As the men — all miners of the snowed-up mines in this part of the Sierra Nevada — crawled like ants out of the hole, they picked up their skees, which had been thrust endwise into the snow, put them on, and made their

way up the street, stopping at a big red flag and disappearing, one by one, down the slide, into the saloon of the town. All the available men had gathered, as they did every day in this drear winter of almost endless snow; snow that did not drift, but dropped like feathers, until the entire valley was closed and shut in, until the ranges were covered so deeply that the small trees disappeared, and only the tops of the large ones were here and there to be seen.

Big Alec strode up to a table around which the citizens of Sierra Vista gathered. "Boys," he began, "I reckon you've heard the news. Bill Hardy's woman had a baby this afternoon — a little gal about so big," holding his large red hands about a foot apart, "and the old Fogarty woman says she's a regular snowflake dropped out of the clouds; but Bill's woman's going over the Divide, and the little gal is left to you an' to me, an' we're jest natchrally up against it. I reckon Bill never thought but what the kid could get along with canned goods and what natur provided for it; but the natur end of the outfit is cut out, and the old woman says canned goods won't go. There's but one small can of milk between that kid and starvation, and the mail man hasn't been able to get over the divide for a month. Boys," and the big miner smashed a bony fist down on the table, "the only way to save the kid is to take it out into civilization where there *is* milk, and women and things, and the question up to the town is, who's a-goin' to do it? I've got two kids here without any mother or I wouldn't be askin' that question."

A dozen men sprang forward out of the darkness of the foul, oil-scented room, but Clancy, he of the jack-pot, being in the lead, — as he generally was, being built that way, — the man with the yellow eyes grasped his hand and said, "You're elected, Clance, an' you bet your sweet life you'll do it."

There was no time to lose, and on the second day after the birth of the child the inhabitants of Sierra Vista, to the number of fifty, crawled up out of their burrows to see Clancy off with the baby. He had received certain instructions from Mrs. Fogarty as to the care of infants. He was going alone, as there was not a skee-runner who could keep up with him. His outfit was well adapted to the requirements: a heavy suit; a fur sleeping bag, and a bag of fur for the baby, slung from his back; provisions for a week, mostly jerked venison; some chocolate; an outfit for melting the milk, a six-shooter, a knife, and a belt of cartridges, long skees, a skee-pole, and a flask of brandy.

The entire town, famous for its skee-runners and racers, started with Clancy and followed him down the little valley and up the incline to the forest where, high in the pines, were blazed marks, now in plain sight on the level, but in summer forty or fifty feet in air. Up to the divide which formed the rim of the valley, the crowd went, then stopped and cheered, as Clancy swung himself over and shot down the steep incline, in a short time disappearing from view. As far as the eye could reach, mountains rose, valleys sank, ridges crossed and zigzagged, and deep cañons fell away; and over all the white mantle, from which, like giant pompons, the trees appeared.

Strong, virile as he was, the eternal whiteness of the snow, its terrible depth, its proneness to slide and form avalanches, sank into his heart as a menace of disaster; but between his shoulders something warm filled him with energy and that which carries when all else fails. Like the skilled skee-rider he was, champion in a hundred contests down mountain-sides, he moved on over the icy snow like the spirit of the wind, a splendid human animal,— rising ver hummocks, making tremendous leaps into the air, speeding on to seeming destruction; now using his pole to break the pace, again, in the exuberance of his strength, holding it on high as he shot through the freezing air.

When he reached the bottom of the slide of the mountain with such force that he shot fifty feet up the opposite slope, he caught himself with his pole and began killing the ascent, zigzagging slowly upward. He knew the immediate country well and was following the general directions of the mail skee-man, who in times of less snow made the passage across the mountains once in two weeks. He followed the blazed trail, and in hours of heartbreaking work reached another summit and went whirling down, always headed south, in the direction of the country that, miles away, opened out into the level plains where man lived. Once he struck a hidden limb and was hurled into the air, but by splendid action so twisted himself that he did not fall on his little burden. The plaintive wail that came as a result of the shock brought to him the

realization of the possible danger of such an accident. He stopped, trembling with excitement, and shaped his pace with more moderation. Instead of sliding down the slopes at full speed, he slid at an angle, or coasted on the pole and sought for easier routes.

The sun dropped so that he lost it several times, then, ascending, found it again. At last he saw it sink over the distant mountains, losing it entirely as he shot down through a pass where blue and purple shadows were growing and blending on the snow. He had traveled hours with hardly a stop, and the pace was telling. Selecting a fir-tree, he brushed away the snow, shook it from the lower branches, dug out a burrow with his long knife, heaping up a wind-break about him with skilful hands, and spread his thick fur sleeping bag, which had a thin rubber cover impervious to dampness; then he lighted the alcohol lamp, melted some snow, adding to it a portion of the milk, and in the folds of the bag uncovered the little face and gave the child its food. Only twice had the baby cried since he started, and he wondered at it; then he thought that perhaps it was sick, a possibility that had not occurred to him. But the little face was warm, and by the light of the lamp the bright eyes looked wonderingly into his, giving the man a strange and novel sensation — the feeling of paternity. He ate some jerked venison and chocolate, then crawled into the bag and, holding the fur bundle in his arms, slept, how long he did not know. The mountain wind rose, and as the tree bent and waved, great patches of snow fell and struck the branches and sifted down with more or less force. Then came a quiver, a rush, the very mountain shaking; it was an avalanche in some adjoining cañon, perhaps one that he had passed; and then came the terror that he had slept too long, that he was losing time.

Throwing off the snow, he repacked, slung the burden upon his back, moved out into the moonlight, and sped on down the cañon. How weird it was! Ghosts and phantoms stalked everywhere; they hung from trees, they blocked his way and seemed to be flying as banners of snow, swinging on the wind that wailed down through the pass. He was passing a cañon that in summer was the bed of a stream, now filled with snow, from which, on either side, rose rocks overhung with snow veneered with ice, that caught the gleams of the moon. A strange moaning sound came down the wind, and ever and anon the booming crash and fall of rocks filled the vibrant air with sound, so that the man often stopped, awed and silenced by the throes of nature. And so for two days more he strode on, always to the south.

The snow grew finer, and the traveling slow. As the moon sank one night, Clancy sought the shelter of an overhanging boulder and slid into a huge crevice in the wall of the cañon, where he opened the sleeping bag and crawled in for a brief rest. He was aroused by the cries of the child; and after feeding it and taking some food himself, he again started out into the snow.

Suddenly, like a mental specter, came the feeling that he was being followed; it came so quickly that a shudder went vibrating over him, and instinctively he stopped and looked back, and would have sworn that someone, or some living thing moved back from his trail. Seized with a frenzy of excitement, he drew his revolver and dropped behind a rock, crouching like a human panther, ready to spring. He heard a wild cry, half human in its intonation — it came again, again, and still again; a mountain lion was on his trail. At first it was a relief, and he laughed aloud, for he had many a time put his knife into a lion to save his dogs, and he knew the trick of lions' following men, though rarely attacking them. But there had been instances of man-killing lions, and perhaps this was one. He fortified himself behind the rock and tried to sleep, revolver in hand; but the child cried and moaned, and he feared that if the lion were creeping near, it might hear: so pulling himself together he again faced the storm with a sense of dread in his heart, and pushed on far into the night, at last literally falling in the snow and resting in the lee of a great boulder.

But the weirdness of the situation prevented him from sleeping. He would start up, half dreaming, half awake, to hear either in imagination or in fact the cry of some wild beast. A strange mental condition had taken possession of him, a stupendous elation, as though the mind were governing his physical being to the extent of being able to force him to continual exertion and to carry him through, when the body was to all intents and purposes unable to respond; he seemed to be in a trance, and only by seeing

and handling the little burden that he held next to his heart in the big bag could he recall his mind to its normal poise. He had seen a horse run day and night until it fell dead, and he realized that his almost continuous performance had seriously involved the adjustment of his faculties. He would not drop physically, but he might fail mentally, and this fear grew as he lay listening to the extremes of sound: the slightest — the falling of snowflakes; the loudest — the down-rushing of hill- and mountain-sides, the avalanche. He imagined that the snow as it drifted down the cañon took on strange shapes. Now a phantom ship under full sail went plowing on; he could see the bellying canvas, the spume beneath the bow as she careened; then the eddies twisted the great snow sheets into other forms — bodies of men, ghostly platoons marching on and on, to be dissipated by a heavy sea that broke and piled upon a rocky shore. Then he seemed to be submerged and swept away.

He finally fell asleep and was awakened by the crying of the child. Sunlight was streaming down into the cañon, illumining the white tufted trees, like a benediction. He lighted the alcohol lamp, and in prying the wooden stopper with which the milk can had been plugged, he found that the contents had partly disappeared. For some reason the discovery did not discourage him. He was dazed by fatigue. The child was fretful and continued its crying. Unable to stop its plaintive wail, he braced it against a rock so that the sun did not shine into its face, pink against the fur and surrounding snow, and began to talk to it.

"Say, look here, kid, there ain't nothin' the matter with you; you're all right. What you kickin' about, grub? Three times a day an' twict a night, an' plenty of it; yes, you bet there is. An' won't we paint the town a sky-blue alabaster pink when we reach milk?. Oh, no, perhaps we won't."

But the baby cried on.

"Don't you worry, kid," he began again; "we're goin' to get through, an' don't you forget it. We're on Easy Street, an' Grubville's at the end of the lane," and Clancy threw his big hands up. "Hold up, kid, you'll wake up that old lion, or lucivee. Hold up, kid, an' I'll tell you about my poker hand. You see Redding, Lou Doyle, your pap, an' me, was sittin' in a game at Alec's old saloon, the Siesta. Alec held a straight flush, all but one card. Your pap held four aces and a king, an' I ain't givin' you no taffy, it's a fact." Clancy reiterated this, as to his astonishment the baby stopped crying. And as the sun came out of a cloud he saw or imagined that the little blue eyes were fastened wonderingly on his.

"Red held four queens, an' it was my deal. I found I had a canary bunch, every doggone card in the deck. There wasn't a thing for me to do, kid, but stand pat an' bluff the lights outen 'em, so I took one card, creatin' the impression that I had four of a kind. Red called for — Well, I'll be dogged," continued Clancy after a brief pause; "I ain't no spellbinder, that's dead sure," and he bent over the little face. The baby's eyes were closed, it was fast asleep. "You dern little cuss," he muttered softly, "I'm goin' to get you to Grubville, an' don't you forget it," and he stared at the little face, his own growing a deeper and deeper red. "I'm damned if I ain't a good mind to kiss it for its dead mammy; but I never kissed a baby in all my life; I might scare it to death."

Clancy glanced furtively around, as though to see if anyone were looking, wiped the icicles from his beard, bent over the child,— a big, red-faced, bloodshot-eyed benediction,— and touched his lips to its forehead; then, swinging the bundle on his back, he slipped on his skees and moved on, conscious that some kind of change had swept over him, exactly what he did not know.

The snow was soft and fluffy, making traveling much more difficult. It concealed treacherous places and played tricks with his skees, several times throwing him to the ground with considerable force, so that he was obliged to regulate his pace. For some hours he moved slowly on, then suddenly the cañon ended in a blind lead, and he knew that he had lost the trail followed by the post skee-runner. There was no time to go back; he knew the general direction, so he began the ascent of the cañon wall and in two hours, by zigzagging, came to the summit of the ridge and looked out and down on peaks and mountains rolling, tumbling away to the south. To the south, that was it; he would have known he was headed that way even if he had not seen the needle of his compass; he noted the lichens on the north and east sides of the trees where the snow had fallen, and dashed on. The descent was so steep that he coasted on his pole half the time. Reaching the bottom, he entered the

largest cañon leading in the general direction of south and walked on. He stopped but once in several hours, and then only for food. The child had been crying for a long time, and he knew the reason; he had put it on half rations; there was not enough milk in the can to last with close economy for six meals more, and he was holding on to the chocolate, not eating it himself, as a last resort.

Night came quickly. He stopped long enough to feed the child, trying it with chocolate, but in vain. He did not even attempt to talk to it, there was not time; it must cry itself to sleep, he must push on and on, eternally on.

By midnight he reached a level valley filled with trees — splendid specters covered with snow. They seemed figures grasping at him, as he passed and brushed the limbs aside, silhouetted against the sky in which steel facets seemed set in countless millions. A peculiar numbness began in his knees and crept slowly upward. It was like some deadly stupor, only it did not rise in the brain. He sprang forward with renewed energy as it swept over him, trying to throw it off, not realizing that it was the summing up of terrible physical strain; then, stopping, he unslung his burden, placed it upon the snow, and in a frenzy began to rub his legs, toppling over from sheer weakness and rolling several feet as though wrestling with some unseen monster.

The contact with the snow full in his face as he rolled, brought him to, and he sprang to his feet, turning to the child. Clear snow met his glance; the bag was gone. With a fierce cry he leaped forward, all the instinct of a mountaineer and woodsman surging to the surface as he dashed about the tree in a circle, eyes straining down to catch the trail, staring mad for the moment. Any animal that could have seized the child would have made a trail leading from the tree, but as he swept around, the snow was as smooth as velvet, not a break in its soft, pure surface; completing the circle, coming upon his own steps, at first mistaking them, Clancy flung himself upon them and looked for the lead. Suddenly a thought penetrated his dull brain, and running to the tree he began to dig with a skee where he had left the child. The first move uncovered the fur bag. A great mass of snow, a tree avalanche, had dropped noiselessly down and covered bag and child.

Creeping close beneath the low branches, Clancy cleared away the snow, opened his sleeping bag, and crawled in. He had slept perhaps an hour when he awoke with a start; something had given the bag a tug. Throwing back the flap he saw a gray, dog-like creature slink away, then on the night air rose a ventriloquistic howl. Half dazed, he arose to find that one of his skees had been hauled down from where he had thrust it into the snow. He brought it back, and noting the yellow light stealing up from the east, equipped himself and staggered off to the south. An hour later, when the sun illumined the splendid series of cañons, he stopped among some rocks to heat the milk, noting that there was but a spoonful left. He was living entirely on jerked meat, keeping the chocolate and brandy as a reserve. For the first time he took a drink, and exulted as the stimulant swept through his veins and arteries bearing new and false sensations of strength to his brain. "Brace up, kid," he whispered as a wail came from the bag; "we're goin' to get there, an' don't you forget it. Why, I can smell grub." It was so real, this trick of the imagination, that the man jumped up, a wild light in his eyes.

Up mountains, down terrific slides, striding, sliding, rushing on, this now fearful figure held its course. His face was swollen out of all proportion, his eyes almost closed, his teeth met between the lips which were bloody and cracked. The last time he stopped to feed the child he had thrown away the can and forced the infant to take melted chocolate, drinking some himself. His roll of jerked beef had disappeared; some animal had stolen it in the night. Even this catastrophe did not have any particular effect upon the man; his mind was benumbed to almost any influence. But one dominant idea seemed to have been left — to push on and on — by intuition holding to the south.

He had entered a forest where the trees were some distance apart and was forging slowly along, when a new and familiar sound struck his ear, a barking, whining yelp, quickly answered as though by an echo. As it died away, out of the forest that bordered a little clearing appeared three or four animals, one white as snow, the others gray.

"Timber wolves, by G — !" quivered on his palsied tongue.

They ran to and fro, struck his trail, and came on with a quick side-swing trot,

"SUDDENLY LIKE A MENTAL SPECTER CAME THE FEELING THAT HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED

occasionally lifting their heads to utter the sound that has been the funeral dirge for many a horse and steer.

Clancy backed up against a tall fir, kicked off his skees, and stood ready for them. In a moment they saw him, stopped, and separated twenty feet, as though to attack him on the side and rear. Taking careful aim at a gray wolf as it came at him, Clancy fired directly in its face, dropping it; he whirled to fire at the one to his left, when the third sprang upon him. A flash and howl told that the second animal was wounded; with a powerful kick he caught the third between the forelegs and sent it flying backward. For a moment the two beasts were staggered. He tried to fire again, but found that he had dropped the revolver. In a frenzy, he seized the dead wolf and flung it at the others as they came on. He struck one a fierce blow under the jaw with his boot and made a slashing cut with his long knife, at which one of the wolves sprang around behind. At this he unslung the child and, holding it high in air with one hand, attempted to toss it into the low, shelf-like branches of the tree. But as he held it aloft, the wounded wolf sprang upon him, sprang and met the long blade that sank into its throat.

The force of the rush threw the man down and away from the tree. Dropping the bag into the soft snow, he seized his long skee that he had thrust, end upward, in the snow, and waited. The white wolf, the specter of its kind, ran back and came at him with many false starts, then with a yelp dashed straight on. Clancy intended to use the skee as a club, but the thought suddenly found lodgment in his benumbed brain that if this broke he was lost, so he dropped it and sprang to meet the brute, with a maddened cry — gr-r-r-r-r — in his throat. The wolf's mouth was open, and with a movement like the flash of light he grasped the lower jaw, back of the sharp canines, bent it down with his giant strength, at the same time gripped the throat with his left hand, and the two rolled in the snow from which came horrible cries, growls, imprecations, the sounds that go with enforced strangulation, and despair of man or beast. Not for a moment did the desperate man release his grip; the huge, doglike beast tore ridges in his face with its fore-claws, while the man beast, bearing it down, in turn tried to fasten his teeth upon the animal's throat, Slowly and surely he choked it, not releasing his hold until the brute was almost stiff; then he hurled it aside. Embued now with superhuman strength, he picked up the fur bundle, slung it upon his back, adjusted his skees, and ran as though for his life. Once more, amid a snow-storm, he stopped to eat, and to feed the child that now was almost always silent. But there was nothing; the roll containing the supply had been lost. To return was impossible; the drifting snow covered up the skee-marks as fast as they were made. It took some minutes for Clancy to realize the situation, and then he broke into a roar of terrible laughter; such laughter as had never been heard in those solitudes. Again slinging his bundle upon his back, he moved on to the south, laughing, singing, talking to the child. There followed long periods of silence. Time and again he fell over rocks and trunks of trees, but always on his face. And so he plunged along, at times raving like a madman. Great eyes peered at him, eyes of demons, eyes of wolves; but he staggered on until a larger wolf's eye than ever burst upon him ; then, kicking off a skee he whirled it aloft, sprang forward, went down, and — the light went out.

Old Joe Kicking Horse, a Modoc Indian, was cutting wood for the T. D. Company in the Sesqualie range and, as he later told the story, was making coffee over the camp-fire, when a wild figure came rushing out of the woods, whirling a long skee about its head, and plunged headlong into the coals, from which Old Joe and his squaw pulled him, to find, to their amazement, a baby strapped to his back; a baby not much over a week old, feeble and apparently starving. The squaw took the baby and folded it to her ample breast, while Old Joe forced some whisky down the insensible man's throat. For a long time he worked over him, while a droning Modoc lullaby,— and a lullaby is the same over all God's world,— came drifting on the wind from the cabin-door. He rubbed life into him, and suddenly the gaunt, haggard frame of a man struggled blindly to its feet and turning fiercely to Old Joe cried: "Where's the kid?"

"You come," replied the Modoc, and taking the trembling man by the arm, he led him into the shack. Steadying himself, Clancy looked round, rubbed his bloodshot eyes, and made out what at first looked like a big, squat figure of Buddha that slowly changed into a squaw.

"She heap busy," said Mrs. Old Joe.

"AS HE HELD IT ALOFT, THE WOUNDED WOLF SPRANG UPON HIM"

This is a picture of the child who went through this remarkable experience taken two years after the events related in Mr. Holder's story. We regret that, respecting her wishes, we are not able to publish the mother's photograph. — EDITOR.

Clancy, clinging to Old Joe, leaned over the two and stared.

"Didn't I tell you, kid," he said faintly, "Grubville was at the end of the lane?"

"She's a stayer, I'll be dogged if she ain't," he continued, disappointed that the child did not look up.

"You bet," replied Mrs. Old Joe, lifting a handkerchief on the other side and displaying the bronzed intaglio of her own babe's face.

It was many a day before Clancy saw the child again; a few hours later he was in a delirium. Old Joe brought the surgeon from the government reservation, and for weeks the man struggled for life. But one day, when the sun came pouring down into the cañon, Mrs. Old Joe placed the child in his arms, and Clancy knew that he had accomplished the impossible. A runner was sent over the mountains to Sierra with the news, and one morning when the snow had gone, when great mounds of green went tumbling eternally away to the distant sea, a queer outfit crawled slowly up the divide that looked down on the valley of Sierra Vista: first came Clancy, leading a burro upon which sat Mrs. Old Joe, hired on a life lease as nurse in perpetuity by the miners of Sierra Vista, looking more like Buddha than ever, and holding the child; while behind, mounted on a mule, rode Old Joe with his own papoose. As they reached the divide the whole town came rushing up, and at the head Bill and a fair, brown-eyed woman who was not dead, who, by a miracle, had lived. As she reached Mrs. Old Joe and the child she had never seen, Alec and Lou Doyle and the rest turned away and looked at the scenery — then laughed and shouted through many tears; and then Clancy, Old Joe, and a protesting Buddha went up upon the shoulders of the citizens of Sierra as they hit the trail and wound down into the valley of deepest snow.

THE SORROWS OF GIUSEPPE

A LITTLE STORY OF REAL LIFE

BY

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

FATE threw Giuseppe in my way and caused me to be the only soul on the Portland boat whom he could make understand. Therefore, Giuseppe poured out all his griefs to me as to a brother.

It came to pass in this wise. I was sitting on the horrible magenta plush settee-thing in the after cabin, looking at nothing at all and thinking luxuriously about the same, when this coatless Italian, this son of an out-worn civilization, drifted into my field of vision and came to anchor beside me on the plush. I noticed him particularly because he was very young and unusually good-looking, and because his green sweater and tan shoes made a startling color-scheme with the magenta. He was full-faced and rubicund, also horny-handed, heavy-shouldered, and oppressed with woe. His attitude was dejection itself, and he sighed frequently.

"*Buon giorno,*" I ventured in my best Ollendorff, "*come sta?*"

No answer — just a grunt and downcast glances.

"*Parlate Italiano?*" I persisted, not to be by any means so easily discouraged. Another grunt.

"Nothing doing here!" thought I to myself. "Better let him alone, I guess!" So saying, I crossed over to one of the little polished tables and pulled out a stale newspaper. Giuseppe eyed me half despairingly, half suspiciously. I was an American and therefore rich — all Americans are rich! — and so, of course, his inborn enemy; but none the less it seemed evident I could talk a few words of his native tongue, and *that* was something.

Presently he came and sat down opposite me at the table.

"*Signore,*" he blurted out abruptly, "you change-a feefty dollar? You change-a feefty dollar bill, eh?"

I looked up, not a little surprised.

"Fifty dollars?" I queried. "You want me to change fifty dollars? Sorry, *amico,* but I haven't got that much with me — *non posso!*"

He shrugged his shoulders incredulously.

"*Si, si!*" he persisted. "You change-a heem all right! You reech-a mans!"

I couldn't help smiling at that. The idea of my being a rich man was a self-evident absurdity.

"*Non posso,* I tell you!" I retorted. "I can't do it!" With that I opened the flaps of my all but empty pocket-book for his inspection. Evidently such evidence bore no weight with him, for ——

"*Si, si!*" he still reiterated irritatingly. "You reech-a mans! Wha' for you no change-a heem?"

"Let's look at your fifty!" I exclaimed, beginning to grow interested in such persistence. "Show me *la moneta!*"

From the depths of his sub-sweater region he dredged up a very much folded bill. Only the fifty-dollar mark was visible, but the faded dirty yellow told the tale and explained Giuseppe's eagerness. I hated to corroborate the poor devil's only too well-founded suspicions.

"Let's look!" I urged. "Show me some more, *più, più!*"

He grudgingly unfolded the bill and spread it on the polished table-top. It read: "Confederate States of America . . . 1863." Jeff Davis' portrait graced both sides. Its probable value — as a curiosity — might have been ten cents.

"See here, *amico,*" I ventured hesitatingly, "I'm sorry, but that's no good — no good, you understand? *Non vale niente* —

not worth a cent! Confederate money, very old, too old — *troppo vecchia! Capite?* You understand?"

"Wha' you say? 'S too old, no good-a? Ah-h-h! *Corpo di Bacco!* My feefty dollar no good? *Iddio!* Wha's *matter* my feefty dollar?"

He squared his jaw, frowned ominously, and knotted his fist.

"It's too old, I tell you — Confederate! See here, don't you know what Confederate is? No? . . . Well, anyway, it's no good — *non vale nemmeno un soldo* — not worth a cent!"

"Ah, ha! *Falsa moneta?* My feefty dollar *falsa?* I don' know wha' you mean, Confederata — p'raps he's *counterfeit-a*, eh?"

"No, not false money, only Confederate!" . . . Then, to myself: "Hang it all! How the deuce am I going to teach him United States history? — Hullo, there, steward, wait a minute, will you? This man here wants to show you something. Here, *amico*, show this *signore* what you've got!"

The steward approached, a lean, thin-blooded type from the Maine coast, leathery-skinned and shifty-eyed. The offspring of orthodox parents and a "superior civilization," he contrasted unfavorably with the illiterate peasant's son, in whose veins still bounded the full red tide of southern life. Giuseppe handed him the bill, half suspiciously.

"No good," he passed his verdict also, "not wuth a tinker's dam!"

Giuseppe understood the tone, if not the words.

"Oh *misericordia!*" he groaned, now thoroughly convinced, and covered his eyes with his rough hands. "*Madre di Dio!* — my feefty dollar no good! *Jesucristo!*" A tear fell on the table-top. The steward walked away with a yellow-toothed grin.

"Serves him right!" he sent back at me like a Parthian shot as he ascended the stairs. "They ain't nuthin' too bad fer them darn Dagos!"

In a minute Giuseppe looked up again, and his black eyes were blazing.

"By G —, meester, eef I ever catch-a the mans that geeve me this-a bill, then — *Z-z-z-z-z-zz!*" His horny forefinger rasped sharply across my throat. "Both ear I cut heem, one to other! Now my *moglie*, my woman, yessir, she go' starve-die — *mor'a fam'!* By G —, I *keel* that-a mans! I keel him so queeck he never know w'at hit-a heem, yessir!"

"How 'd it happen?" I queried, anxious to divert him. "*Quando?* Tell me all about it, *amico.*"

"In one saloon, I take-a two t'ree *bicchiere, straniero* he come een, he say, 'You change-a feefty? Yes?' Well, he say he pay all-a drinks if I change-a this bill, *si signore!* That's w'at he say! I have seexty dollar, just fineesh five month-a job, dam' hard work, too, yessir! He have fold-a bill, I see only *numero* feefty, so he han' me da bill an' I geeve heem forty-nine dollar, *quaranta-nove, si signore!* Then he pay two t'ree drink an' go 'way queek, say, 'Excuse me, minute,' an' go 'way an' never come-a back! Eef I find-a that mans . . . Bing!" This time the horny forefinger was a revolver.

"Well, well, that's too bad!" I murmured soothingly, for Giuseppe had become disquietingly realistic. "That's hard luck! And what were you going to do with the money? What made you carry so much? Were you going to buy something, *comprare qualchecosa?*"

"No, no, *nient'afatto!* Not-a use for mysel'! No sir, *niente per me!* For my *moglie*, my woman, you un'erstand, my *bambini* in *Italia* — I got-a t'ree *bambini*, yessir, an' Lucia, *la moglie*, all in Campodoglio, near-a *Napoli* — oh be-e-eautiful countree, *si signore!*"

"Naples? Yes, that's fine!" I assented. "*Molto bello!*"

"Tha's right! *Bellissimo!* Beeg mountain, gran' field, grape-a-vine, fire an' *fumo* come out-a top! *Si signore*, tha's da mouth of hell, you call it, *Inferno, si!* Da priest, he tol' me you go that-a way down to *Inferno, si signore!* An' it's gran' countree! My t'ree *bambini* verree fine *bambini*, yessir!" Giuseppe was warming up; his hand was beginning to make circles. "One-a *bambino* he go to *scuola*, one he babee, one he come-a pretty soon, *io credo. La moglie* she 's sick too, no work-a now. I want 'em all come America, yessir!

"W'en I first come here I save-a *la moneta* one month, sen' home, tell 'er save it, come-a here too! But she 's take-a that *moneta* an' spen' him all *per vivere*, to live on, eh? Well, then I no send any more, only leetle bit ev'ry month, an' da rest I save, me mysel' — getta lot-a *moneta*, then send heem all together, *capite?* So then she can come-a, bring *bambini, madre, tutta la famiglia.* So I work-a five month, shobbel like hell! Look-a da hand!"

He thrust out his palms. They were callcused like a camel's knees, in spots, and cracked and raw, the worst looking pair of hands I ever want to see.

"Yessir!" he continued. "I work-a like hell! Five month, *signore, cinque mes'*. Save all I can, seexty dollar, beeg roll-a *moneta!* I goin' sen' feefty dollar to *la moglie* in Campodoglio; everythin' all ready. All-a ready send *la moneta, moglie* all-a ready come America, an' bring *bambini, madre*, all family! Then I, big *sciocco*, big fool-a mans, go for celebrate in saloon, take-a two t'ree *bicchiere . . . ecco*, I loose-a forty-nine dollar, my *moglie* she stay in *Italia*, she no work, no come here, she starve-die p'raps, oh *Madre di Dio!*"

His teeth glinted in a grimace of pain, and his hard fist smote the table-top.

"And where are you going now?" I asked. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I gotta 'nother job up there," with a vague wave of the hand, "up dere by my brother, in Sportolan' (Portland). He's no real-a brother, no *carnale* — but, w'at you call? Brother-in-law? *Si*, tha's right! Brother-law! I goin' work again, make-a some more! But I 'fraid my *moglie* she's goin' starve-die 'fore I getta her America! *Ed i bambini!* W'at's become my *bambini?*"

His mood had changed again. He was only a big child himself, and no emotion could last long in that great high-arching breast.

"*Ecco, amico mio!*" said I, leaning over the table. "Take this to help get the *bella moglie* here in time!" and I pressed a silver half-dollar into the horny palm.

"No, no, *signore!*" he stammered, with a broad smile of amazement and pleasure. "No, no, not-a for me, no, *grazie!* no *per me!*"

"For *la Lucia!*" I exclaimed, "and for the little ones in Campodoglio!"

"*Grazie, mille grazie!*" he murmured. "For *la bella Lucia, si*, not-a for me!" and his thick fingers closed over the coin.

He brooded a moment in silence, then queried, as if struck by a new and hopeful idea,

"My feefty dollar not *falsa*, eh?"

"No, not false — only too old — I can't explain, but it's no good, that's all!"

"But no *falsa*, no *counterfeit-a?*" he insisted.

"No, not counterfeit!" I answered, smiling. "Eef I pass-a heem they no arrest-a me? No putta me in *la prigione?*"

"I hardly think so."

"*Ecco! Now* I know what I do! I pass-a heem on some *Italiano* mans, me! No on an *Americano; Italiano* mans! *Americano* know w'at 'tis — *Italiano* take-a heem all right! I hold-a heem same way — only show *da numero. Italiano* don't know w'at is Confederata! He pass-a heem on *un altro*, an' he pass-a heem again, an' so on, all-a time! No hurt-a nobody!" He smiled beatifically. His clouds were all rolling away. I hated to remonstrate, but felt a feeble sense of duty urging me.

"Better not!" I objected. "Suppose the man you pass it on does this-a way to *you?*" My forefinger circled my own throat.

"Ah!" a lofty wave of the hand, "soon's I getta my feefty good dollar I take-a de boat to New York again — then I go *Italia*, me, getta *la moglie* mysel'! Never go Sportolan', no sir!"

He smiled again, even more joyously. His eyes beheld once more prophetically the olive-groves and vine-clad slopes of old Vesuvius. There, half-hidden on the flanks of the great mountain, clung his humble, whitewashed cabin, and in the doorway a girlish figure and other smaller ones stood waiting him. I felt that argument would not avail, and so forbore.

"*Signore* —" he said, after a moment's silence, rising from the table, —"*Signore*, I t'ank you — *grazie, mille grazie*, and — *addio!*"

He stretched forth his toil-calloused hand. I shook it warmly.

"*Addio, amico*, and good luck — *buona fortuna!* My best love to *la Lucia* when you see her again! *Addio!*"

Giuseppe smiled for the third time, flamboyantly, and was gone. His squared shoulders and confident step spoke volumes as he disappeared up the companionway.

In a few minutes I too went on deck. The boat was just passing Peak's Island on its way into Portland Harbor, and I saw Giuseppe no more, but his influence was still upon me. I was fatally corrupted; my last scruple had quite faded out, and I hoped frankly that he'd manage to pass that bill to someone better able to bear up under its false promises — to someone who did not have a wife and three babies (and nothing else!) in a whitewashed cabin among the vines of Campodoglio.

BEN B. LINDSEY: THE JUST JUDGE

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

III—THE TRIUMPH

EARLY in the history of Denver's Juvenile Court, a boy was arraigned for stealing lumber and sand from a contractor. The contractor was indignant; he "wanted to know whether Judge Lindsey was going to coddle that kid or protect the property of citizens of Denver from thieves." The Judge said he would take the case under advisement. He did. He took the "case" for a walk and a talk.

Once out of that stiff old stuffy old courtroom, the tears dried up, and the two got acquainted.

"What did you want the lumber for, Kid?" the Judge asked.

"We were building a shack in my back yard, and we needed more boards than we had."

The Judge used to build shacks, and he and the kid discussed the different kinds you could build. The Judge bragged about some he'd put up. But he never used sand in a shack.

"What did you swipe the sand for?" he asked.

"Well," said the kid, "girls can't build shacks. They can keep house in 'em after they're built, but my sister and the other fellers' sisters, they wanted something to do till the shack was done. So while we was gettin' the boards, we seen the sand, and we swiped a little pile for the girls to play in."

And coming into the back yard, the kid showed the Judge the shack and the sandpile—abandoned now. All work was suspended, pending a decision in their case. The kid wanted to know what the Court was going to do to him. The Judge said he'd take the case under advisement, and he did. He took a walk down to the contractor, and he told said complainant all about the shack and the sand, and — the contractor furnished all the lumber and sand necessary to finish the job in that back yard. As for the children, they "cut out" all "swipin'."

The Judge kept the case under advisement, however. He kept on walking around in back yards and talking with young "thieves" and "builders." He saw many signs of energy and enterprise, and nothing to do; nothing good. Everywhere was private; nowhere to play. Everything was property to steal. The grown-ups had "hogged" everything, and children had nowhere to play and nothing to play with.

The Judge set about organizing a Juvenile association of grown-ups to furnish materials for young builders to build with; playgrounds to build on; water to swim in; jobs in the beet fields for vacation kids that had to work, and mountain trips for the rest. In brief, the Judge's Juvenile Association for the Protection and Betterment of Children, which he is trying to make a national organization, originated out of his discovery that society had forgotten to provide children with opportunities for good.

But society provided opportunities for evil. Denver offered plenty of these, and the children know them all. "I was amazed to hear what children knew," the Judge says. "I talked to them, and I walked with and among them; I visited back alleys at night, hung around cheap theaters, visited the tenderloin and the slums. Standing in the shadow just outside of saloons, I saw children come with pitchers in their hands, sent there for beer by their parents, and while they waited, I heard men tell obscene stories. The children listened, boys and little girls. I talked with the boys, and

I found that they understood everything that was vile. You see, I was trying to get at the causes of criminality in children, in children whom I found responsive to the noblest sentiments of honor and fair dealing. Well, I thought I saw what the causes were: the problem is one of environment; manifold opportunity for evil and none for good; and then, back of this, certain social and economic conditions. What could I do to relieve these conditions? I asked myself that again and again. My Court could correct the evil done, some of it, but how could I prevent the evil from being done?"

Perfectly simple and logical, all this. The Judge had no answer ready, but he attacked the worst condition, one that stirred him to his depths. He found that the Denver saloons had wine-rooms, and that not only boys, but girls, were allowed in them and ruined. The law forbade these places to women, but the law wasn't enforced. Why? Everybody knows, in a general way, why. Denver is a typical American city government, and Lindsey, a former member of the Democratic State Executive Committee, knew, in a general way, the reason for a "liberal" excise policy. It helped business. When cowboys and miners and other visitors came to town, they wanted to have a good time, and it was good for all business to help them spend their money. But the Judge saw that however good for business it might be, to neglect to enforce the wine-room law, it was bad for the children; and he put that view of it before the Police Board. He knew well the president, Frank Adams, and the members of the Board. Frank is a Democrat, like Ben, so Ben urged Frank to enforce the law in the interest of the children. The Judge also addressed the Chief of Police. The Chief couldn't do anything but refer the letters to the Board, which wouldn't or, at any rate, didn't do anything. The Judge then proceeded in his own way to compel the Board to enforce this law.

Colorado is a great place for injunctions. The interests there use the courts very much as in other states they use legislatures and governors. The brewers own the saloons, and brewing is an interest. It "contributes" to both parties. The brewers and the dive interests got out a writ enjoining the Police Board from enforcing the law.

Judge Lindsey says the Police Board got out the writ against itself, and there is some ground for this suspicion. In the first place, the attorney for the brewers was the Democratic State chairman. In the second place, Frank Adams, who is a member of the Adams family, famous in Colorado politics, is the "iceman" in Denver. There are other icemen, but the saloons generally buy of him. So he may have been doing his customers a favor, on the side. But certainly the brewers were interested, for they warned Lindsey that if he went on making trouble for them, they would defeat him for election. No matter about that, however. Judge Peter L. Palmer — of whom it has been said that he would "enjoin the birds of the air from flying and the fishes of the sea from swimming" — Peter L. Palmer held that since, under the constitution of Colorado, women had the same rights as men, the law forbidding them the wine-rooms was unconstitutional. Wherefore he enjoined the Police Board, and the Police Board obeyed his order. Judge Lindsey didn't. He fined a dive-keeper in the face of it, and the Supreme Court of the United States upheld his ruling.

It takes time to go through the courts, however, and while the case was pending on appeal, girls were being haled into the Juvenile Court as "incorrigible"; and they did look "bad." But the evidence showed that they had been made bad in wine-rooms. "And I found that these wine-rooms were 'protected' by the police," the Judge says. "I tried time and again, with Frank Adams and with the other commissioners and with the Chief of Police to get the wine-room keepers arrested, and in vain. Children they would bring in, the boys and girls, but no adults. I investigated further. I called on the Humane Society, and the Secretary, Mr. E. K. Whitehead, told me of the most horrible details. He also had complained in vain to the police. Then I went out and I saw some of these things. I saw sixteen boys gambling in one place, and when I reported it to the policeman on the corner, he insulted me. I wrote about this and about the wine-room to the Chief and to the Commissioner. No answer.

"One Sunday I went to visit one of my probationers, and I found him cursing his mother, vilely, with an amazing command of oaths. Looking about, I saw that it was partly a house of assignation, partly a

home for the very poor, and all the children were masters of men's language. Looking further, I saw, ten feet from the door of this house, the rear entrance to a wine-room, — wide open, though it was Sunday morning. I went to the mistress of the house of assignation, and she, hardened though she was, told me that this wine-room had supplied more than one bad place with inmates. Only a week before, she said, she saw two girls halt at that wine-room door. One was afraid to go in. The other was urging her, and while they were talking three men came out, seized the reluctant girl, and dragged her in. The next day the woman heard groans and sobs across the way, and she went to see what was the matter. She found the girls in the cellar, naked and drunk."

"My God!" the Judge exclaimed, "where was the policeman all this time?"

"Oh!" she said, "he knew all about it. He was in there, too, drinking with them."

"It would be hard for me to repeat," the Judge says, "all the things I saw and heard that harrowed my very soul. But they were the causes, this crime and vice and this police partnership, of many of the woes and troubles that came into my Court."

What could he do? The Judge knew that besides the "ice" and the brewers' contributions, there were other powers back of all these conditions. The railroads ruled the State, the railroads and the mine-owners and the American Smelting Company. Under them, in Denver, and for them, were all the public utility companies which, having grants of privileges, rewarded the people of the City and State by corrupting their government. "It's necessary," they say. Now the corrupt business interests that rule Denver and Colorado rule by ballot-box stuffing, and it was the dive-keepers, thieves, loafers — all the hangers-on of vice and crime — who did the stuffing. Lindsey, who long had known this, realized now that he had nowhere to turn to appeal for some little consideration of the children of his town, except to the people of his town.

He invited the Police Board to visit the Children's Court on Saturday morning, May 24, 1902. He also invited reporters. Frank Adams didn't come, but the other commissioners did, and the bailiff gave them seats in the jury-box. There the children could see them, and they could see the children, and there were some two hundred children on hand that morning: — two hundred "bad" boys who knew all about everything, including that Police Board. When they were all ready, Judge Lindsey entered and took his place on the bench. He looked over his gang of kids, and then he spoke to those officials, typical American officials.

"I have asked you gentlemen to come here and look at these boys," he said. "There are also girls in this city who report on Fridays," he added. The commissioners looked at the boys, and the Judge went on to say that while these children were brought there as delinquents, it was not alone the children who were delinquent. "Parents, in many cases, and adults who violate the law, and particularly police officers who refuse to enforce the law, they are more responsible than the children," he said.

He illustrated: "It became the duty of this Court recently to send a young girl to the Industrial School. She was not depraved or vicious; she was capable of being a good, pure woman with any kind of favorable environment. But she was subject to temptations. What were one of these temptations? The wine-rooms; not one, but many. She was induced to enter such places. You knowingly permitted them to run in violation of the law. Yet the child is punished and disgraced. You and the dive-keeper, the real culprits, you go scot free."

The Judge — from the bench, mind you, — said this to those commissioners. Then he spoke of a young man who had lost his life in the same place where this girl was ruined. He told the rooming-house woman's story, and he described also her terror lest the police should learn that she had informed on the dive-keepers! Then he described what he knew of gambling by boys.

"I have seen a pitiful, gray-haired old lady, bent with years, her face dimmed with tears, pleading in this Court to recover the all she had on earth, lost by a son in a gambling hell tolerated by you. And here in broad daylight those who conducted the place come, and they tell of the open game of this young man and the loss of that money, and this they do with the prosecuting officer passing in and out. . . . It is nonsense to talk about these things not being known to your Board. It only subjects you to contempt and ridicule."

Frank Adams had been appealing to the Judge in the name of "business" and "the party," not to "rip up" the liquor question. The Judge answered that appeal now with another:

"Flesh and blood, body and soul, the future of little children is so sacred," he said, "that it is a monstrous sacrilege to permit any other consideration to interfere. . . . I know it is unusual to speak thus publicly, but all things usual have been done, and something unusual is justifiable. I therefore beg of you in this public manner, in the presence of these children, for their benefit, that you earnestly and diligently war upon these places. . . . I assure you that you will have then the goodwill and respect which are denied you now. That is worth more than all the vaunted boastings of all the devil's agents in this town. It is to these that you are catering now, and until you break the spell they have over you, you will be storing up misery, hell, and damnation for the present and future generations."

It was a terrible arraignment, there before those children, whose eyes bored into those officials. There was silence for a moment; then one commissioner, Charles F. Wilson, rose to answer. He said the Board had closed the place where the Judge had seen the boys gambling. The two hundred boys looked at the Judge; he hesitated. Didn't he know about that? Some of the boys did, and one of them sprang to his rescue. Leo Batson, twelve years old, rose, and pointing his finger at Commissioner Wilson, he said:

"Yes, you closed it up, but you opened it up again; like you generally do. It was open inside of a week. And it's open now, 'cause I seen boys in there myself."

There was silence when Leo sat down. The boys looked at the Commissioner. He was still a moment, then he went on without answering the boy. He referred to Peter L. Palmer's injunction. It was the Judge's turn.

"The issuance of that injunction was without sense or precedent," said Judge Lindsey. "And it didn't tie your hands. You could have brought your cases to my Court. In this tribunal you will find the wnole power of the court on the side of the law."

The newspapers all turned "yellow" with this story, and that settled the matter for the time being. The tip was passed that the police couldn't "stand for wine-rooms where young girls went, for a while."

The Judge went on walking and talking with the children, and he listened, too, and the things they suffered kept his feelings aroused, while their wisdom "put him wise." It was appalling, what these children knew. "Huh, business men! They steal, too," said a cynical little thief one day when the Judge held out to him the prospect of growing up to be a "respected business man," if only he would stop stealing. "Don't the street railway swipe franchises? And the gas company and them, don't they steal? Guess I can read. And my boss, that's kicking to have me sent to jail, don't he sell cheap jewelry for eighteen carat fine?" In this and in similar cases the Judge had to reach down below the teachings of the world of business to the nobility born in the "born thief," to save him. "It's mean to cheat and steal," he said, and it was the success of this appeal that convinced Ben Lindsey that human nature was good enough to go to war for.

Of course he didn't realize at first what he was warring against. Brought up in a perfectly conventional way, his notions of life and economics were perfectly commonplace; but when men came to him and in the name of "business," "the party;" and "property" besought him not to fight so hard for the children, he began to see that the enemy of men, as of children, was not men, but things. Once he and a police captain had a dispute in chambers over the custody of some boys arrested for stealing bicycles. The police wanted to hold the boys. Why? The Judge couldn't make out, till the officers said something about the owners of the wheels wanting to "get back their property."

"Oh," said the Judge, "I see the difference between you and me: You want to recover the property, while I want to recover the boys."

The Judge recovered both.

A cotton mill was set up in Colorado. That was a new industry, and the men who established it were applauded for their "enterprise, which could not but benefit the whole State." To compete with the South, however, this mill had to employ child labor. The kids' Judge heard that they were importing large families and

setting the little children to work. Colorado had a child-labor law, and the Judge went to the mill to see if the law was being violated. It was, and the conditions were pitiful. "These imported people were practically slaves," he says. "They had come out under contracts, and the children, unschooled, toiled at the machines first to liberate their parents, then to support them." The Judge warned the milling company, but that did no good, so he had criminal proceedings instituted, and not only against the superintendent, but against the higher officers also.

This is not the custom in the United States, and the president of the mill, who was also then one of the big men in the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, called on the Judge to explain that he was a respectable citizen. The Judge suggested that it wasn't proper to try to influence a judge in a pending case, but the president "didn't want to do anything improper"; all he wanted was to remind the Judge that a conviction in the case would make him (the president) a criminal. "And I am no criminal," he said. The Judge replied that he was if he broke the law. But the president didn't break the law. If the law was broken, it was by his superintendent, and it was all right to fine his superintendent. But the president was a gentleman and a "big man."

"I'd rather fine you than your superintendent," said the Judge. "He is only your agent, and, as you intimate, you wouldn't mind if he were punished. So I'll punish you as I warned you; I told you that if he persisted in violating the law for you, I'd hold you responsible."

"But, Judge," he said, "if you are going to keep up this fight, we will close the mill!" And he proceeded to tell what a great industry it was; how many people it gave employment; how much good it was doing to the city (he meant the business) of Denver; and how much money had been invested in it by himself and other capitalists.

"His point of view," the Judge says, "was perfectly plain. Money was sacred, men were of no account. If business went well, children could go to — well, let us say, to work. And he blamed me, not the law, not the State; he had no fear of these. I, personally, with my queer regard for men and women and children — I was a menace to Business."

"I warn you right now," he said to the Judge, "that if this thing keeps up, we will shut down the mill, and you will have to share the consequences."

And Judge Lindsey replied: "We are here to protect the children and to enforce the law, and all I regret is that the penalty isn't imprisonment instead of a fine, so that I could be sure of preventing you from employing young children."

And the Judge persisted, and the mill was closed down. Other causes contributed, but Lindsey never shirked his "share of the responsibility."

What is more, Judge Lindsey had the child-labor law made stricter. He can put "money" in prison now if it hurts children. He had to fight business and politics and the police to do it, but he did it; he and the kids and the men and women of Denver.

We have seen that the Judge set out to correct the evils of child life under the laws as they stood. He had been making notes, however, of legislation he wanted, all the while he was walking and talking and trying cases. For example, the Juvenile Court existed by the courtesy of the District Attorney, who was a machine man; Lindsey gave himself the legal right to demand all children's cases. He had exercised discretion; he gave himself explicit authority to exercise discretion. He had found adults at fault for the criminality of children; he drew a paragraph making parents, employers, business men, and all other grown-ups amenable to the criminal law for neglect, abuse, or temptation of children. This is his now famous "contributory delinquency law against adults." Needing probation officers, he authorized the appointment of them, and since the police and the Sheriff and the District Attorney were all tied up with the liquor and other business interests, he gave his probation officers certain police powers. The child-labor law was only one item in the legislation Judge Lindsey went after.

The Judge's bills were most important legislation, and to put them through he had to proceed most carefully. He began in the convention, by taking a hand in the nomination of legislators. His enemies fought him there, and they beat his man, but he came up on good terms with the others. They introduced his bills and started them through the mill, very quietly. Hardly any notice was taken of them.

Apparently the lobbyists didn't do their work well, for the interests were amazed after it was all over to see in the new laws "what Lindsey had been up to." An officer in one of the telegraph companies said the "interests" would never have let either the child labor or the adult delinquency bill pass if they had known of them. The Judge had learned that the message service was a degrading influence for boys; they were sent to all sorts of vile places, saw all sorts of vile things, and caught respectable citizens in predicaments the knowledge of which made the boys cynical and vicious. So he advised, and he still advises, both boys and parents against the messenger service. But he wished also to have a club to hold over the companies; wherefore he had drawn into one of his bills a clause including officers of telegraph companies under the "adult delinquency law." The companies, suspecting the Judge, twice sent a lawyer to the capital to see "Lindsey's bill," and he saw one bill, an inoffensive one, never the other. He didn't know there was another. It was the other that "hurt our business," they said. Thus beaten, the companies never dared to move for a repeal; they surrendered, and, calling on the Judge, came to an understanding with him about what they might and might not do with boys.

There was a fight on these bills, however. It is known among the good citizens and bad kids of Denver as "the fight against the Jail." After moving along regularly through the Senate, the Judge noticed that his bills suddenly stuck in the House. "What was the matter?" the Judge inquired. The clerk couldn't explain. One evening a reporter called at the Judge's house. "Judge," he said, "Frank Adams is fighting your bills. His brother Billy, you know, is in power in the legislature. They don't dare come out in the open and fight you, but they are telling it around that you are crazy on the children subject, and that the boys fill you up with lies."

"What had I better do?" the Judge asked.

"Stir 'em up," said the reporter. "Give me an interview and tell all about the Jail."

"That's grand-stand playing," the Judge said, smiling.

"It's appealing to public opinion," said the reporter, "and that's against the rule of graft, but what do you care? You aren't a grafter."

The Judge made out a statement, but it was too mild. The reporter rejected it, and with the facts the Judge told him and what he and all police reporters knew, Harry Wilber (for that was the reporter's name) did what newspaper men love to do when they get the chance, — he wrote the truth, and he wrote it to kill. United States Senator Patterson's paper, the *Rocky Mountain News*, printed the interview in red, and it was sensational. The Judge says it gave him a sensation himself. But it was true, so he "stood for it." Frank Adams answered it with a denial. The boys were liars, he said, and as for Judge Lindsey, he was crazy.

"I knew then," says the Judge, "that I was up against it. I must make good. So I wrote to the Police Board offering to hold an inquiry. They were willing, they answered, but not then. I wanted it then, and I ordered it for two o'clock the next day in my court-room. And lest the Board, recalling the last time they met the boys, might not come, I invited also the Governor, the Mayor, the District Attorney, other officials, fifteen ministers and rabbis, and others. I didn't expect many to come, but they all accepted, even Governor Peabody, — all but Frank Adams and the police commissioners. The Board sent a dummy to represent it."

It was Saturday morning when the Judge got his acceptances, and he had to hurry. Calling in a friendly deputy sheriff, he asked him to get ten witnesses named on a list he had made of boys who had been in the jails. "I must have them by two o'clock," the Judge said. The officer declared it impossible. He should have had two days' notice. The Judge was in despair, but he ran over his list till he came to the name "Mickey."

Mickey was a street boy. He had been in jail often, and the last time was only a month or so before. After he got out, he and the boys in with him had called on the Judge to complain. They stated their case. They were running through the street when one of them knocked over a sign to which some shoes were attached. The man in the store rushed out and sent the policeman after the boys. They had stolen his shoes, he said. and the policeman arrested them. The boys hadn't taken a shoe, and absolutely the only evidence against them was the fact that one of the boys needed shoes! His feet had come through his old ones. They

were thrown into cells among criminals, bums, and drunks, then put all together in one cell next to drunken women of the street. During the evening one of them broke a window, and when the jailor came and cursed and kicked them about, they wouldn't tell who had done it. In a rage, the man knocked down one of them and, when the rest scattered and ran, pursued and bowled them over with his great keys. They were detained a week and then released without a hearing.

The Judge had the boys examined by a physician, who found evidences enough that they had been beaten. But the Judge went down to the Jail, and he learned the truth there from his regular sources of information. Satisfied of the justice of their complaint, the Judge went with the boys to lodge a protest with the Police Board. The commissioner refused to believe the boys' stories. It was this case, and many, many cases like it that had convinced Judge Lindsey that the jails were not only schools where older criminals, male and female, taught boys crime and vice, but places where the police practised brutal injustices which made the boys hate the police, dread the law, and despise everything that we mean by "civilized society." It was the experiences of boys like Mickey and his gang which had prompted the Judge to write the bill which had been held up, the bill providing a detention school and forbidding juvenile offenders to be held in jail at all.

"This was Mickey's fight that I was making," the Judge says, as he tells the story, "and I knew I could count on the little chap. I asked the officer if he could get me Mickey. He said he could, and I begged him to go and tell the boy I needed help."

In a few moments Mickey burst breathlessly into the Judge's chamber.

"What's the matter, Judge?" he asked.

"Mickey," the Judge said, "I'm in trouble, and you've got to help me. I helped you. I went down and I made a fight for you fellows. Didn't I?"

"That's what you did," said Mickey. "Betcher life you did."

"Well, now you've got to stay with me." And he told Mickey what he wanted — all the kids he could find that had been in jail. "The officer can't get them; says there isn't time enough. Can you?"

"Can I! Well, you watch me. Don't you worry about the kids, Judge. Gimme a wheel, and I'll get kids, kids to burn."

The Judge went out, and he and Mickey borrowed a wheel. It didn't fit, but Mickey hopped on and went spinning down the street.

"It was a relief to me to see him go," the Judge says, "but my worry wasn't over. The invited officials began to arrive before Mickey returned. At ten minutes before two, when the Governor appeared, there was not a kid in sight. The entire company had assembled in my chambers before I saw sign of any witnesses, and I was troubled. It was painful. I knew I could count on Mickey, and the kids generally, but suppose he couldn't find them?"

But Mickey found them. Just at two there was a murmur outside. It grew into a hubbub which, as it came down the hall, developed into an alarm. The Judge's guests were startled, and even the Judge wasn't sure. It sounded like a mob, and up the stairs it rattled, then down the upper hall toward his chamber. As it approached, the Judge knew. He flung open the door, and there were thirty or forty boys, with Mickey radiant at their head.

"Here's the kids, Judge. Got more'n I thought I would."

"Bully for you, Mickey," said the Judge. "You've saved the day."

"I told ye I'd stay wit' ye, Judge."

The Judge took the "mob" into a side room. There he told them what was up. They were to tell the truth about the jails. "The police say you have lied to me," he said. "If you have, I ask you now to tell the truth. But tell it. Tell it as you tell one another. Tell it in your own words. They may be bad words, but these gentlemen want to know the truth. So tell them all. Tell them what you see — the dirty things; tell them what the older prisoners say, and what they do to you."

He put Mickey in charge. "Pick out your best witnesses, Mickey," he instructed him, "and send them in one by one." And Mickey began to sort his witnesses. As the Judge left the room, he heard Mickey say, with a shove, "You get back there, Skinny, you've only been in five or six times. Fatty Felix has been in twenty-three times and ——"

Mickey led in his witnesses, one by one, Fatty Felix, Teddy Healy, Teddy Mack, and

the rest, till the Governor and the ministers cried enough. Those boys told what was what. They told of lessons in crime by older criminals; stories they had heard there of injustices by judges and of cruelties by the police. They showed up the world as the criminals see it and as those criminals showed it to the boys. And they also related scenes of vice and foulness too revolting to repeat. And those boys made that company of grown-ups believe them, too. Once or twice the police representative interrupted, but, as the Judge says, "Teddy Healy's answer, direct, awful, and yet innocently delivered, made the matter ten times worse." The officials dropped all thought of cross-examination. Once a minister asked Mickey about the visits of the clergy to the Jail.

"Never saw one," said Mickey. Then he remembered. "Oh, yes, seen the Salvation Army there onct, but they sang 'Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow,' and we'd heard that before, and besides there didn't seem to be no blessings flowing our way."

It was the officials' turn to smile, and the ministers, they also ceased to cross-examine. The boys were left to talk, watched by Mickey and frankly guided by the Judge. It went on for an hour or two, then a preacher rose.

"My God," he said, "this has gone far enough. It is too, too horrible." And, as he left, Governor Peabody got up:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I never in my life heard or knew of so much rot, corruption, and vileness as I have learned this day from these babes,— almost,— and I want to say that nothing in my administration will be so important to me as signing Judge Lindsey's bills. I don't care to read those bills. If he says they are designed to correct these conditions, I am satisfied. And," turning to the representative of Frank Adams, he added, "if Judge Lindsey is crazy, I want my name written right under his as one of the crazy people. And as to those boys lying, anyone who says they have been lying to-day, must be himself a liar."

With that the meeting broke up. The Judge went back to the boys, and he thanked them and Mickey. He was careful to explain again what it was all about. "'Skill in handling marble is as nothing to skill in handling men,'" he quotes, and he wished to be sure that no false impressions were left in these boys' minds. "I am fighting for a decent place to keep kids that are too weak to be on the level," he said. "The jails are not decent; and Mickey, you boys have beaten the Jail to-day, you and all the good kids in Denver. Go out and tell them so, for it is their victory."

That was true. It was a victory. The pulpits rang with the story the next day. The men and women of Denver heard, and so did the grafters, and the grafters felt the effect in public opinion. Lindsey's bills came up from the bottom and were passed and signed and made part of the laws of Colorado within a week. And now other states are copying them.

Reformers, whose notion of reform consists in "getting a law passed," are often amazed to find that their good law does no good. The reason is that neither public opinion nor public officials enforce the new laws. Lindsey had waited for his legislation till he had the support of public opinion, and then he enforced his new laws; he, and the boys and girls, and public opinion.

They were effective laws. They gave the Judge control of the whole children's case. He proceeded gently to the enforcement of his power. He had written into the laws full authority to exercise his discretion, with adults as with children, and he did this because he meant to be human and charitable to men as he had been to children. It had worked with the children, he would try it on these elders. So he was firm but not unkind.

When the police brought in a boy for getting drunk, the Judge asked for the man who sold the boy the liquor, and the police had to fetch the man. Sometimes the Judge fined him; sometimes he imprisoned him; sometimes he suspended sentence. For he talked to them as he did to the boys, and if he found that they hadn't thought of the evil they did by carelessly serving boys and girls with tobacco and liquor, the Judge explained it to these saloon-keepers. And if he thought they were impressed, he put them also "on probation." That gave him a hold on them, which prevented crime and vice. For the Judge knew what was going on. He had thousands of eyes. The boys and girls watched for him. When the Judge had got his legislation, he told the children that the new laws were their laws,— enacted for them and by them; for Mickey and his

"gang of jailbirds" who carried the day represented the children of Denver. The children, therefore, must obey these laws and help enforce them. He broadened the doctrine of "snitching on the square." It was mean to spy; it was wrong under the law to "get a man to break the law and then peach on him." No child was to be "smart" and hunt for evil. But when a man sold cigarettes and liquor to children, that man was "making kids bad," and for a pitifully small profit, too. Wherefore, the thing for a kid to do was, first, to warn the man, then, if he didn't "cut it out," to tell the Judge.

This was a very delicate part of the Judge's policy, and many a man will shake his head over it. We all despise spying. But boys despise it more than men, and I know no better way to prove that the Judge made it clear and right than by stating that the boys of Denver, the "big fellers," approved the doctrine and practised it. Take the "Battle-Ax gang" of Globeville, for example. Globeville is a suburb of Denver, and the Battle-Axes were the toughest "fellers" over there. Their leaders were three brothers, known as the Cahoots — "Big Cahoot," "Middle Cahoot," and "Little Cahoot." The whole gang frequented dives, drank, smoked, chewed (they were named after their favorite brand of plug tobacco); they did everything that men did, and other things besides. The Judge got hold of this gang in the usual way: one or two were arrested, won over, and persuaded to bring in the rest. They all came, and were interested in the game of correction. The good they could do, the Judge told them, was to help enforce the laws of the kids' Court. They did it, too. They had trouble at first. One day Big Cahoot went to a saloon where some of the little fellers in his gang had bought tobacco. He told the man about the law and asked him not to sell to any Battle-Axes. The saloon-keeper, taken aback, became angry, and started for the boy. Big Cahoot wasn't afraid. He stood his ground; there was a fight, and the young tough was kicked out into the street. But he told the Judge, and the Judge sent the man to jail for fifteen days. After that it was easier for the boys, who are still reporting to the Judge that the law is respected "over in Globeville" and that "the Battle-Axes are doin' all right."

One curious development of this policy was that many of the liquor dealers, having been made to understand what all this meant to the children, came to like the Judge and to help him to carry out his policy. The Baker case will illustrate.

One day a girl was brought in. She told her story; it was a wine-room story, and the Judge had the wine-room keeper, Baker, arrested, tried him in the Juvenile Court, and sent him up for sixty days. "The girl I kept on probation," he says, "and I was talking to her one day, — the day before Christmas, — when I was told that a boy, Paul Baker, wanted to see me. Putting the girl in a side room, I had the boy in. He was a handsome, wholesome little fellow, and he came up to my table, halting, but with a frank look on his face.

" 'Judge,' he said, 'you put my papa in jail, but everybody says that you like boys and do all you can to help a boy. So I came to ask you to let my father come home for Christmas.' "

He began to cry, and the Judge spoke. "Yes, I like boys," he said, "and I like men, too. Do you think I dislike your father? Not a bit. I was sorry to put him in jail. And did it never occur to you that it wasn't I that put him in jail? It was the law. And the law is right. Do you know what your father did?"

The boy knew. "Well, I like little girls as well as I like boys, and you know that wine-rooms are bad places for little girls. This little girl and her mother, they are suffering just as you and your father are suffering; all because he broke the law."

The Judge sent for the girl, and he introduced the two children. He drew the girl on to tell what "trouble" the violation of the law had caused her and her mother. The Judge explained why she should not hate, but be sorry for the man, since he was only thoughtless, as she was, and was in trouble, too.

"Here is his son, Paul, who has come to ask that his father may be allowed to come home for Christmas to see his family. His mother suffers as yours does, his sister has wept as you have wept. It is all, all trouble, and no one is worse than another. Now what shall I do about letting Mr. Baker go home for Christmas?"

"Let him go," the girl said, and she and the boy joined in the plea. The Judge consented.

When Paul brought in his father to see the Judge, on the day after Christmas, the Judge sent the boy out of the room, then he praised the son to the father. It was a pity, he said, to bring up that boy in such a business.

"Judge," the man said, "you are right. I've been thinking it all over in jail, and I've made up my mind to get rid of this business and go back to the mountains where I came from."

The Judge did not send Baker back to jail; he suspended sentence, as his law authorized him to do, and the man did sell out and go back to the mountains. Now, when they come to town, he and his boy always call on the Judge, their "best friend."

"You see," the Judge says, "Baker wasn't a bad man. He did a bad thing, and that bad thing made a little girl bad. But what made him do the bad thing? To make his business good; to increase his profits. But there was the law and the power of the State to compel him to restrict his enterprise within limits where it wouldn't hurt anybody else. That's where the System broke down; that's where it breaks down all the time. Why?"

Baker told him why. He said that he broke the law because the bosses told him he might. He contributed to their campaign funds, paid blackmail, and furnished "stuffers" to vote, so they told him he was "protected." "Then you came along, Judge, and you sent me up. I didn't blame you. I blamed them, and I went to them for their protection. They said they couldn't handle you. They said they didn't mean I could break juvenile laws, but they didn't tell me that. I paid them, and they couldn't deliver the goods. That's why I blame them."

Baker blamed the bosses, and so did the other saloon-keepers. So did the people of Denver; most of us blame the political bosses. The Judge himself blamed them for a long while, and he ought to have known better. One of his first political services was to help Governor Thomas destroy the power of Boss Thomas J. Mahoney, famous in Denver politics. And they did destroy Mahoney's power. But that made no difference. The Boss lived. Who was the boss of the political boss? For whom was blackmail collected from the saloon-keepers in return for which they were permitted to break the law, sell liquor to boys, and keep wine-rooms where girls might be ruined? The parties? For whom did the parties work? The parties worked for the big business interests of Denver and Colorado, as the Judge found out.

You hear in Denver that "the trouble with Ben Lindsey is that he 'butts into' everything." He does and he must. His critics mean that Judge Lindsey might solve the problem of the children, if, for their sake, he would not interfere with other evils. Many good men and women adopt that policy. Temperance reformers, to get their prohibition laws through, trade votes with the railroads; and charities and churches, colleges and all sorts of benevolent and reform groups, to say nothing of businesses, professions, and interests generally,—we, all of us, are standing in with Evil, in the hope of destroying the particular little evils against which we are fighting. Lindsey won't. This is the Institutional idea; this is the fallacy which makes men sacrifice civilization — for no less is at stake — for their church, their party, or their grocery store. If Lindsey should make this common, almost universal mistake, he might build up his Juvenile Court, they tell him, into a national, yes, an international institution, and send his name reverberating down through the ages. But Ben Lindsey won't do it, and he won't because he sees that he can't.

He can't for two reasons. One, as he soon learned, is that the problem of the children isn't a separate problem. Ben Lindsey discovered that bad children are made bad by the conditions which men create. And he went after some of those conditions, and when it was found that his legislation gave him power over adults that hurt children, as well as over the children, the leading citizens of Denver were incensed. Why? His authority over saloon and other vice interests loosened the hold the machines had over the vicious elements of society, and menaced the election frauds on which the business and political system of the State was built. And Lindsey saw, and he was told (though not in these words) that the big men of his State would prefer to see children hurt than business. So they fought him, and when he beat them, as we have seen, with the help of the men, women, and children of the City, they declared that he "had too much work to do," and that therefore they

would take away from his Court jurisdiction over adults who contributed to the delinquency of children. In other words, they are indeed willing to let him do what he can for the kids after the harm is done, but he must not undermine the vice of the city, which, however much it may injure youth, is the foundation of "prosperity."

Thus the first reason why he can't let all the other evils go to correct the one he is after, was his discovery that our apparently separate evils are all tied up together; they are all one evil; they are a System, as he calls it, of Evil.

The second reason is that Lindsey is so constituted that he must attack any wrong with which he comes in personal contact. We have seen how, accidentally, the County Judge drifted into the case of the children. That was characteristic. When he was a young lawyer he was beaten in a damage suit against the street railway by a "fixed" jury. Inquiring into the matter, he learned that jury-fixing was a common practice, and he attacked that practice. He drew a bill to enable a majority of jurors to render a verdict. The company offered his firm an annual retainer, but Lindsey declared that it was a bribe and refused it. "This was my first sight of the grand System," he says, "but I didn't recognize it as such. I've learned since that this is the way the interests get their first hold on promising or troublesome young lawyers." Lindsey put his bill through. Challenged as unconstitutional, it was first upheld, then thrown out by the Supreme Court of Colorado; "which gave me my first sight of the Supreme Court as a part of the System," he says.

His practice developed along probate lines, and he found the laws obscure and unfair. He revised them, and his revision, enacted, has been highly praised by the law journals. Indeed, his knowledge of probate law was one of the justifications for putting so young a man on the County bench. Lindsey is the author of the present election laws of his State. Everybody was complaining of the old laws, but nothing was done about them till Lindsey went to work and got them changed. I could go on for a page with practical reforms taken up by this man, all of them suggested by his accidental, personal contact with evils, and all having nothing to do with children. If Judge Lindsey had never heard of the problem of the children he would have been known as a man doing a man's work for men.

But the incident in his career which will show this best is his exposure of the County commissioners. That also was begun by accident.

At the close of the Juvenile Court one Saturday afternoon, the Judge picked up idly from the clerk's desk a paper, which, as he talked, he glanced at. "To 1,000 sheets paper, $280." It was a bill, and the price interested the Judge. He asked the clerk about it. The clerk hadn't seen the bill. He "guessed" it was there by mistake; bills didn't come to him; "must have been meant for the clerk of the County Board." Lindsey sent the clerk to "see Mr. Smith, of the Smith-Brooks Publishing Company (which furnished the paper) and ask if the bill was correct." The clerk brought back the answer that his (Smith's) "damned boy had taken the bill to the wrong place, and the price was none of our business." The Judge sent to the County clerk for other bills charged to the County Court, and "I was amazed at the charges," he says. "Six letter-files at $6 apiece; these cost me personally twenty-eight and thirty cents apiece. Paper which was charged for at the rate of $48 a thousand I could get for $6. I spent the night on those bills, and the next (Sunday) morning I took expert advice. I found that the County was paying several hundred per cent too much for all supplies to my Court."

As with the children and as with the Police Board, the Judge wished to give the County commissioners a hearing, so he wrote them a letter containing the facts. "I thought probably they didn't know about these overcharges. I didn't want to misjudge them, and I wanted to examine into the situation with them privately and personally. I believe if they had come up with the truth, I'd have been satisfied if they had promised to cut it out."

The Judge received no reply to his letter. He sent another, and still no response; that is to say, none that was direct. There was an indirect response, however, which interested the Judge profoundly. Both the Police and the County Boards of Denver were bi-partizan, but the fighting line in the politics of the city was a machine, not a party line, and the Police and the County Boards were at odds. The County Board had appointed Lindsey a Judge. When

he went after the Police Board, Frank Adams, the president, unable to believe in honesty and sincerity, had looked around for an explanation of "Lindsey's enmity" to him; and the theory he fixed upon was that Lindsey, out of gratitude to the County Board for his job, was "hurting the party" to help Frank Bishop, the president of the County Board, who was a candidate for the nomination for Governor of Colorado. So now, when Ben "got after Frank Bishop's board," he puzzled Frank Adams and all the other men in Denver who, to account for the conduct of others, read their own souls.

"What does Ben mean? Is he an ingrate? You go ask him what the — he means." This was said by Commissioner Watts to the Judge's clerk, whom the Board had also "given his job." Cass Harrington called; the attorney to the County Board, this man had resigned to be "of counsel" to the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. Others called, many prominent men. "This stealing," the Judge says, "had friends, political and business friends, and they were powerful men, all of them." He saw that he would need friends, also, so the Judge paid some visits. He called on some other judges; he told them the facts, and he asked them to move with him for an investigation. They wouldn't.

"Why, Judge," said one of them, "you have your hands full now. You are doing more than two or three men can do. You oughtn't to want to know about this. I don't. That would make me responsible, and I don't want to have anything to do with it. Go to the District Attorney. . . . Well then, that means that you know what politics is in this town. My advice to you is, let the whole thing alone."

This from a judge! And other officials took the same or a similar view: "You can't do anything"; or "The County Board appointed you; I believe in sticking by your friends"; or "It will ruin you, Judge"; or "It will spoil your work for the children."

The Judge went on investigating, and the evidence he discovered and the things his "friends" told him to stop him, showed him that this County graft was well known and that it was but a small part of a system of graft. For example, business men were in on the deals; each commissioner had merchants for graft partners. And besides, the County Board was a board of tax revision; it had remitted the taxes of public-service corporations, and it could "hurt" or "help" property-holders generally. But the Judge got help. Some of the early commissioners "snitched" to the Judge; they didn't snitch like the boys, "on the square"; they "squealed" to save themselves, and the others squealed on the squealers to get even. Oh, he got the facts. He appointed a committee to investigate, and the committee reported the facts — to the Judge.

A concerted effort was made to have the Judge suppress his report. Many respectable friends of the grafters went to the front for graft. They pretended to represent "business," "the party," "the fair fame of Denver," etc. They used the names of United States Senators Patterson and Teller. They were panic-stricken. As for the Judge, he was awed at the show of influence. "And," he says, "I was really in doubt lest I might be doing a great harm to accomplish a little good." But he was reassured. He sounded the United States Senators, and both Mr. Patterson and Mr. Teller sent back word to "go ahead and show up the grafters regardless of party." That was the first encouragement the Judge got. Finally, three of the County commissioners called, and their pleadings decided him. They also prayed in the names of "the party," the "credit of business"; Denver; gratitude; their families; but — there was no word about stopping the stealing! The Judge published the report in the Democratic newspaper, the *News*.

The County Board had to act; and it began with an investigation of its own; a farce, of course, "One thing I learned from it however," the Judge says, "and that was that many men of business are cowards. The same experts who had told me that the commissioners were thieves, went on the stand and perjured themselves." And their perjury was all in vain. District Attorney Lindsley had to act. Lindsley is the man who got his office when Lindsey wanted it, and the Judge urged him now to do what he, himself, had thought of doing: use the power of the public prosecutor to prosecute public criminals and clean up the City. Lindsley wouldn't; he was in the gang, and other gangsters said he didn't dare. He proposed that the Judge meet with a committee of the party leaders and discuss what should be done. The

Judge refused. And the newspapers made demands. So Lindsley had to make a show of action. He called on the Judge and talked about doing his duty. He has a peculiar whine, Lindsley has, and in that whining way he protested to the Judge that while he didn't believe the commissioners could be convicted, he would do his duty. Judge Lindsey happened to go down to the Democratic Club right after this talk, and he found Lindsley there, drinking with one of the accused commissioners. And the information that this District Attorney drew was under a statute which limited the penalty to $300 fine and removal from office.

The newspapers, principally Senator Patterson's, forced this case to trial. District Attorney Lindsley refused to appear in it himself; he appointed a deputy, George Allan Smith, who, the Judge says, was faithful. (And evidently he was, for he was forced to resign after the trial.) No local judge cared to sit on the case, so a judge of the Pueblo district (controlled by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company), was called in. For the grafters appeared Charles J. Hughes, a leading attorney for the corrupt corporations of Colorado. The story of the trial is a story of "jury work," stolen papers, conspiracies, and plots, and an attempt by a United States senator-to-be to brand Judge Lindsey as "an ingrate" (to the System); a "reformer"; and a "grand-stand player." (How they do hate to have a man serve and appeal to the people!) Nobody expected anything but a verdict of acquittal, and then Judge Lindsey was to have been put on trial.

But the jury convicted those grafters. How it happened, I couldn't learn. Somebody blundered, I heard. The jurors apologized; the District Attorney apologized; the very Judge apologized. Judge Voosheis delivered from the bench to those prisoners at the bar a speech which was eulogistic of them. He spoke of their standing and usefulness as Christian gentlemen and good citizens. He said they were victims of an evil System. He regretted that he had to impose any punishment, but he must; so he gave the smallest penalty provided by the law: "ten dollars and costs!"

The learned Judge was right: There is a System, and the penalties that System imposed upon Judge Lindsey were not light. His sentence was destruction. Knowing that money couldn't prostitute him, women were tried. The janitor of the County Court-House wouldn't clean Lindsey's court-room and so neglected his closet that the Board of Health had to interfere. He was cut on the street by other officials and, to avoid hearing himself called insulting names, had to stay away from his club. His party council allowed the convicted County commissioners to name their successors and to reject from the platform a plank declaring for honesty in office.

This continued for a year or two, and, it must be confessed, the Judge was aggravating. He not only refused to surrender, he went right on fearlessly supporting in public every good reform measure and movement that anybody proposed. For example, a convention called for by the so-called Rush Amendment to the State constitution drew for Denver a good, new, home-rule charter. The big business interests "had to" beat it, however, because it gave the people a vote on all franchise grants and permitted municipal ownership. The only way to beat it was to have the ballot-boxes stuffed. Yet, when some inexperienced young men organized a League for Honest Elections, this County Judge came down off the bench to help the League. And, as usual, his speech was no mere perfunctory address on the sacredness of the ballot-box; he named names; and he named not merely the despised agents who did the dirty work; Judge Lindsey called the roll of the officials who employed and protected the ballot-box stuffers! The people, already aroused, became so inflamed that finally their rulers had to elect a pretty good charter themselves.

Do you see the situation? Do you see Ben Lindsey doing his duty, all of it, not only as a judge of children, but as County Judge, and not only as a judge on the bench, but as a man on the bench and off of it? and fighting all the while for his life; cheerfully, without malice, but without fear? Paul Thieman in the Denver *Post* once called Ben Lindsey "the first citizen of Colorado," and declared that, not the mines and the mills, not the railroads, the farms, and the banks, but Ben Lindsey's work was "the greatest thing the State has produced." And from the point of view of the history of man, this is true. It looks absurd from a shop window, but Paul Thieman was seeing things through the eyes of a

little boy he mentions, who, sitting silent one day watching the Judge deal out justice, suddenly rushed up and kissed him on the cheek: "I love you," the child said.

The test came at the elections of 1904. The Judge had to run then, and he sought the office. "I had to," he says apologetically; "my work was only just begun." His enemies meant to defeat him. Who were his enemies? There was Frank Adams and his Police Board, whose co-partnership with vice and crime he had exposed and disturbed; they were still in office and powerful in his party. Then there were the County commissioners whom he had driven to trial for grafting; they controlled the County Board and the party machinery. These two groups with all their followers hated the just Judge, of course, and they proposed to beat him openly for the nomination. But wiser councils prevailed. Other, cooler enemies, passed the word to beat him quietly. Lindsey was "popular" with the women and children, the leaders said, and — women vote in Colorado. The leaders advised caution, and the scheme was to make him decline the nomination himself. They proposed to nominate as his associate on the County bench a man who was "going to knock out all this kid business." They expected the Judge to revolt, and he did; he said he would "denounce his fellow-candidate from the stump." This was the excuse the Democrats wanted, and they decided to drop the Judge.

But a hitch occurred. There was a row in the Republican party, and the dominant State leader, to affront the Denver boss, William G. Evans, nominated Judge Lindsey on the Republican ticket. This put the Democrats in an awkward attitude. They demanded that Lindsey be loyal to his own party and decline the Republican nomination. He refused. They offered him a better associate judge, if he would run only on the Democratic ticket. But the Judge knew that they meant to knife him, so he accepted their associate, but declared he would accept any and all nominations from all parties. And he did. And his party decided again not to nominate him. This was three days before the convention, but that was time enough for the Judge.

He went to the people. He published an open letter in the Denver *Post*. The newsboys, all friends of the Judge, cried it as news, and not only that, they sent kids as couriers to raise the gangs. Men took the letter home, and mothers turned out. But the children were before them. They poured out into the streets and, collected and organized by the newsboys, marched up and down the main streets, yelling for Lindsey. By the time the procession had reached the Democratic Club, the cries of the children had developed into a song which they sang as they marched and countermarched and halted before the club:

"Who, which, when?
Wish we was men,
So we could vote for our little Ben."

And they kept it up for all that night and all the next day. It was most embarrassing to the politicians. "Little sons of —," exclaimed a leader in the club, "they are doing more than anybody else to beat us." But the answer was that cry from the street, "Who, which, when?" All day long, everywhere, the boys kept at it. And then the mothers of the City held a mass-meeting at the Woman's Club. And then there was a mass-meeting of men, women, and children in the Opera House.

Ben Lindsey was nominated, "amid howls and curses"— and on his own terms, on his own party ticket, and all other tickets, excepting only that of the Socialists. Nominated by the people, he was elected by their unanimous vote; but that didn't settle it.

The Judge believed that the election of two County judges was unconstitutional; if it were, the Mayor of the City would have to choose between him and his colleague. The Mayor, Robert Speer, was a Democrat and the leader of Lindsey's party. The Judge asked him whom he would choose. This Democratic Mayor said he would have to consult with William G. Evans, the Republican boss before he could answer, and he did see Mr. Evans and the answer was that there would be no such choice. The spring election was legal and would stand. But if it should not be held legal, then, the Mayor made plain, Judge Lindsey would not be Judge.

"That's enough for me," said Lindsey. "I fight." And he went forth to fight. He went to the editors of Senator Patterson's two papers, the *News* and the *Times*, and to the Denver *Post*. They sounded the alarm, and they kept it up, too. Paul

Thieman rehearsed the whole story of the kid's Judge as a serial. The people began to be interested, but they were too late; the conventions of both parties met and adjourned without nominating the Judge, and "Bill" Evans left for New York.

Mayor Speer, the Democrat, was in charge of this business for both parties, but he could not control the younger Republicans. They made such a fuss that the older leaders consented to recall the convention. It was to nominate Lindsey, of course, but this "matter of course" was so insisted upon by the System's organ, the *Republican*, that Lindsey became suspicious. He inquired, and he heard the night before the convention that all this talk was part of the game to keep the young Republicans away from the convention; another man was to be nominated in the Judge's place.

Lindsey called up his friends among the delegates, and the young men wanted to give up. The caucus had been held; the slate was fixed; it was too late to make a fight. The Judge wouldn't hear of quitting, however, so, in their desperation, one of them suggested seeing David H. Moffatt. Mr. Moffatt is the leading banker and financier of Colorado, and to go to him was to appeal over the heads of all the political bosses and the apparent business bosses to the very head of the System. Moffatt was the man to go to, but Lindsey didn't know Moffatt.

"Well, you know Walter Cheesman, go to him."

Walter Cheesman is a religious man, very rich and benevolent. He is an active supporter of the Humane Society and of Lindsey's Juvenile Improvement Society. So the Judge knew Mr. Cheesman, but it was not because of his benevolence that those young men suggested seeing him. Walter Cheesman is president of the Denver Water Company, and therefore "has to" be part of the System which causes the corruption and the evils that, as a philanthropist, he "has to" contribute money to ameliorate.

The Judge went to see the philanthropist. He told Mr. Cheesman about the plot and the caucus.

"You, Mr. Cheesman, you know," he said, "what I have done in that office. You know I have slaved and worked and fought, that it has been often a hell on earth. You know, too, that I have saved the County very much money, in many ways; that I have tried to walk straight and do right; and that I have begun for the children a work that must not stop now."

"Judge," said Mr. Cheesman, "I am sorry, and I have just been talking to Mr. Field about your case."

Mr. Field? Mr. Field is the president of the Telephone Company, another privileged business. The Judge was seeing the System plainly.

"Mr. Field and I discussed the case, Judge," said Mr. Cheesman, "and we are very sorry, but we can do nothing. With us, politics is business and — business comes first. You might as well understand it. My advice to you is to let go the judgeship, and the children's Court. Mr. Shattock will be nominated by the Republican convention; Mr. Johnson will be nominated by the Democratic convention. That's certain. And I want to give you one bit of advice. Don't you run independent. I know what I'm talking about. You can't be elected."

So that was the situation; that was the System. The Judge rose:

"I'm going to fight," he said, "and I'm going to fight till I'm licked good and hard."

He went back and he told his young men. There was no time to appeal to the voters, but it wasn't necessary. Those young men scoured the town; they filled the streets and the convention hall. The excitement was intense. Speer, the Democrat, wired to Evans, the Republican, that the Republicans were pulling away and that if they did, the Democrats would have to quit, too. Evans wired his orders back, but Lindsey was nominated by the Republicans, and the Democrats had to nominate him. They had to nominate and run their whole County ticket over again, and (this is the funniest thing that I know of in politics), the Democratic gang that had hatched this scheme to "lose Lindsey somehow in the mix-up"; — these grafters, elected in the spring and settled at their graft, were defeated in the fall! Lindsey alone was reëlected. And the Supreme Court did declare the election void. The gang had beaten themselves. And the people, — the women, the children, the honest men of Denver, — they had saved Ben Lindsey.

ON THE RIDGE

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," "A SYMPHONY IN COAL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

THERE was a disruption between the neighboring houses of Laurence and Ranney — in February, that month of slush and body-and-soul-fatiguing dampness, when even tried friendship may lapse and become unenlivening. Bobby Laurence had suffered the suburban stigma of being "complained of," a process which, however deserved by the child, is unpleasing to parents. The two men no longer sat together in the train, socially monosyllabic over their newspapers, but passed with punctiliously polite greeting on the station platform, and their wives pointedly avoided each other in the village street, Mrs. Laurence's handsome head going up with instinctive hauteur as little Mrs. Ranney, her flower-blue eyes grown suddenly tearful, hurried by with a child held fast by either hand.

The split had come, as such cataclysmic changes are apt to, after particular manifestations of intimacy. The Ranneys were people who, as a rule, kept more to themselves than was always considered quite neighborly on the Ridge; but only three nights before Mr. Ranney had spent a long evening in the Laurence library, deep in converse on his own affairs, as Anna Laurence couldn't help hearing, from her tiresome exclusion on the other side of the portières; though he had stopped short, with that pointed, impersonally gallant deference which she detested, patently awaiting her departure from the room when she at last entered charmingly, bearing light refreshment for three, and prepared to be welcomed with enthusiasm.

The very next morning she had herself spent with Mrs. Ranney in response to an apologetic but urgent appeal for direction as to which was the back and which was the front of a minute pair of knickerbockers a-making for the five-year-old Herbert. Mrs. Laurence, besides her experience as the mother of a boy of ten, owned an intelligence and a warmth of heart that joyed in imparting knowledge to anyone; her husband said that Nan would rather give advice than eat.

The two women had talked in very friendly fashion, veering wide of clothing to the problem of bringing up children, and ending by the consumption of chocolate cake together, at the impossible hour of eleven-thirty, laughing over it like children themselves. And on top of all this a letter had come from no less a person than Mr. Ranney, swelling with rounded periods of indignation, and suggesting that Master Robert Laurence be kept in future from invading the Ranney premises. Mr. Ranney was obliged to particularize the request, as Mrs. Ranney had been seriously indisposed from the fright and anxiety attendant on young Robert's brutality to her little son, which had resulted in a severe attack of croup to the latter, brought on by the deluge of icy water that he had been subjected to in a temperature of 32° Farenheit. Mr. Ranney had been a boy himself and could therefore make allowance for the natural light-heartedness of youth, but he thanked God that at no time could he have considered it an innocent diversion to hound and persecute a child of tender years, whom every lad of true manliness would consider it a sacred duty to protect and succor. Mr. Ranney delivered the missive, addressed to Mr. Laurence, in person at the front door, walking down the street afterwards with his most dominant, quarter-deck manner.

Bobby Laurence had, in fact, pumped on that little bruiser, Herbert Ranney, back of the barn, when the latter in full gala attire

was waiting to go to town with his mother. Investigation for the defense triumphantly established the fact that Herbert had himself suggested the deed, placing himself beneath the spout and capering gleefully under the descending stream until the chill struck through and sent him roaring into the house.

"But that, of course, makes no difference as far as Robert is concerned; he is five years older, and should have known better," Mrs. Laurence high-mindedly conceded when the affair was intimately talked over with Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Spicer at a tea convened by the latter for that purpose.

"It does seem so *small* to make a fuss over such a little thing; I'm sure if *we* were to complain every time anything happened to Robert — ! Will thinks Mrs. Ranney put him up to it, but I say he should have known better; the letter was really *too* offensive; he almost *swore*. I've tried my best to like that man — you know how sorry we all felt for him last summer when his wife was away — but it's impossible to like a person who doesn't care whether you exist or not. You were right in what you once said, Mrs. Stone, that there was no real warmth in either of them. And when it comes to calling a child names — poor little Robert who never does a thing I do not know — " Mrs. Laurence paused dramatically, blissfully unconscious of the fact that her son had left his own premises the moment she was out of sight to join a band of happy young demons in the next street, engaged at this moment in deliriously stoning the windows of a barn as they rushed past it. "We simply feel that we have done with the Ranneys. They are of no importance, whatever."

"I wouldn't be as nice about it as you are; I'd give them both a piece of my mind," said Mrs. Stone truculently, with a red-faced irritation caused by the exigencies of a new gown donned for a reception further on, which in spite of the unwonted magnificence of royal purple it displayed upon her large figure, skewered her in the armholes, and garroted her in the neck.

"I think so, too," chimed in little Mrs. Spicer, who in a charmingly soft white wool gown, with a pot of blue hyacinths beside her, presided at a tray filled with such a gigantic silver service that she couldn't see over the top of it. Tea in Mrs. Spicer's pretty drawing-room wasn't a cozy, every-day happening, but a sporadic, anxious function at which boiling water and hard sweet biscuits were interminably waited for at the hands of a new and unsympathetic butler.

She went on with her accustomed swiftness. "After the way they have acted! They *say* Herbert Ranney is only five, but he's perfectly monstrous for his age — I've seen him rush at those bigger boys and positively pound them on the legs with his fists. I said to Ernest Spicer only the other day that if those Ranney children were allowed to run all over the neighborhood the way they do, we should have to move — but I hear that the Ranneys are going to. The minute Herbert sees Gladys Spicer when she goes out with her nurse" — Gladys was a black-eyed, bronze-curled fairy of three — "he dashes at her and pulls the ribbon off her hair, in spite of all that Ellen can do. She lost three hair-ribbons last week. He has the most dreadful fascination for Gladys, you can't keep her away from him. And the other day when Ellen went in the house, he made Gladys sit down in a puddle, and there was that sly little Judith Ranney looking on and never said a word! Now what do you think of that? — Would you please touch that bell, Mrs. Stone, I can't think what keeps Augustus so long; I *know* your tea is too strong."

"Oh, I don't care much for tea anyway," said Mrs. Stone, with slighting indifference. "I thought Judith Ranney was the same age as your Gladys?"

Mrs. Spicer flushed. "The same age! My dear, Judith is eight months and six days — nearly a *year* — older than Gladys. Judith may be small for her age, but what that child doesn't know — ! And she's the most dreadful telltale. If you knew the stories she's told about your Robert, Mrs. Laurence — Mrs. Ranney spoke to me some weeks ago; she said her husband thought they would have to move on account of Robert. Of course, I wouldn't say anything to you at the time — I *know* your tea isn't right."

"Oh, yes, indeed, it's delicious," said Mrs. Laurence, with a heightened color, swallowing her remnant of black, lukewarm fluid hastily. "Well, I'm glad I made up my mind the other day, after Herbert fell off the gate when Robert was swinging him, that I wouldn't have Robert taking care of those children any more. Mrs. Ranney gets so worked up if the least thing happens to them. As for that man, I think he's the rudest, the most disagreeable person I have ever met, in

"HERBERT HAD HIMSELF SUGGESTED THE DEED, PLACING HIMSELF BENEATH THE SPOUT AND CAPERING GLEEFULLY UNDER THE DESCENDING STREAM"

spite of that exaggerated politeness of his; I simply detest him!" She paused to recover herself; the tea-hour had not been replete with the pleasant refreshment she had anticipated. "If you're going, Mrs. Stone, I'll walk along with you."

"That will only be as far as the corner. I turn up Herkimer Street," said Mrs. Stone ungraciously. "If you'll help me on with this cloak — Thank you."

"Oh, I'd no *idea* you were both going so soon — I thought you'd stay for the rest of the afternoon," said Mrs. Spicer, in a tone that somehow implied that she wouldn't have gone to the trouble of having tea if she were only to get this much for it. "Well, if you *must* — I thought we'd have a good long talk together; I've seen so little of you lately, I've been off so much in the new automobile." She seemed to be aware of a slight, unsympathetic coolness as she went on hurriedly, "I've been wanting so much to have you both go with me, but every time I've planned for it there's been something the matter with the car. You must go with me soon, though."

"Really, she says that every time I lay eyes on her," said Mrs. Stone impatiently, as they left the house for the thick, pasty, outer air. "I don't see what's to prevent her taking us if she wants to; I'm tired of hearing her talk about it. She hates to take the least bit of trouble about *anything*. I could hardly hold my tongue when she was talking about Gladys; goodness knows what that child is coming to, when she makes eyes now at every boy she meets; affected little piece! Thank Heaven, whatever else my children are, they are at least natural."

"Yes," said Mrs. Laurence, with mental reservation; to many, the behavior of the Stone children was entirely too "natural."

Mrs. Stone went lifelessly on:

"Don't you get sick of looking at this street? I do. I think February's the worst month, you get so tired of everything and everybody, you seem to have done everything before. Mr. Stone and I were talking last night of moving; there isn't a soul I care for here, but you. And the place is so overrun with children! Sometimes I think I'd like to live on a hilltop where I'd never see a soul I'd known before. I'm going up to town to-morrow, for a change — Why, there comes Mr. Ranney — Oh, my dear, what *have* you done! Didn't you see that puddle? I suppose it's gone all *over* my dress!"

"I really don't think the water touched it. I must hurry in, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Laurence stiffly. Hurry as she might, she could not go fast enough to escape Mr. Ranney's punctiliously polite bow, which she had to return perforce, with her cheeks tingling. She felt inexpressibly tired of the neighborhood, herself; there seemed to be nothing uplifting in it — even her husband presented no diversion, coming home as tired as a man may be, with heavy, muddied feet, and a sore throat which he refused to acknowledge to his wife's officious questioning.

He listened, indeed, consentingly to her account of the latest thing about the Ranneys, but only to say wearily:

"Don't let's talk any more about it. I hope you haven't been spreading reports over the place, Nan."

"Spreading reports! As if I ever did such a thing!" she replied indignantly, — she who was celebrated for the wisdom, the closeness of her speech! Why, people had made her confidences which she never even revealed to him — except by insinuation, or when he was particularly curious and entertained by her information.

"I hope you won't be so tired to-morrow night," she said magnanimously, and turned yearningly in thought to a trip to town herself, that safety-valve of the suburbanite, where in the rush and sparkle and kaleidoscopic glitter one can forget the limitations of home.

She was hurrying over her morning avocations the next day and watching the clock toward that end, when the bell rang, and the maid brought her up word that a young lady wanted to see her — a Miss Filbur.

"I don't know anyone by that name. Is she selling anything?"

"No, ma'am. She said if you were very busy not to disturb you, she only wanted your help about something."

"Oh, then I'll go down," said Mrs. Laurence resignedly, with a look of relief, however, as she saw the pretty girl with the anxious eyes, who rose from the chair by the drawing-room window as she went in.

"Why, Miss Wilmer! I didn't catch the name. Of *course* I remember you when you were in the Exchange, and afterwards at the meeting of the Daughters — you were taking notes, there."

"Yes," said the girl. She hesitated, and then went on with a frankness that evidently cost an effort. "That was when I was on the *Delver*; I'm on the *Flambeau* now, the new paper that is making such a specialty of suburban society notes. I came to see if there were any social happenings you could tell me of."

"Why, I'm afraid I'm the last person to come to," said Mrs. Laurence regretfully. "I go out so little, except just here on the Ridge — most of my friends are in town. I really haven't heard of anything going on lately."

"'he dashes at her and pulls the ribbon off her hair, in spite of all that Ellen can do'"

"That's what everyone tells me," said Miss Wilmer, with a disappointment which evidently had so sharp a personal edge that good breeding bravely sought to hide it.

"You've had the last Club meeting?"

"Oh, yes, that was in Monday's issue." The girl paused, and went on with delicate insistence: "If you could think of *anything* that would do for an item of interest; it's too bad to take up your time, but I have a whole column to fill for to-morrow, and I cannot seem to get a start."

"That's too bad," said Mrs. Laurence sympathetically. "I ought to be able to help you out in some way. There have been some very unpleasant things happening in the neighborhood lately — but don't put that in. There's Dorothy Lee's engagement — she's Mrs. Spicer's sister — yes, of course, you had that some time ago. I heard that it was to be broken off, but I wouldn't put that in, it may not be true — There are the Budds, they gave a party last spring, but they won't give any this year on account of her father's death."

"Please wait a moment," said Miss Wilmer hastily, making notes in a small book. "That might be worked up. Those who participated in the charming entertainment given last spring by — name, please — Mr. and Mrs. Orlando P. Budd at their residence on the Ridge will regret to hear — that's all right." Miss Wilmer took heart of grace. "You don't know of any people about to move out of the neighborhood — or *into* it?"

"I believe the Ranneys are going to move," said Mrs. Laurence with suddenly heightened color. "I'm sure I wish they would — but I don't know how true it is."

"Are they people of any prominence?" asked Miss Wilmer.

"the affair was intimately talked over with Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Spicer"

"Not socially — but I think Mr. Ranney is rather prominent in a business way," said Mrs. Laurence helpfully. "He has something to do with buying those Salt Meadows by the Bridge on the way out from town — he's connected in some way with the Electrographic Company."

"Oh, the *Electrographic* Company!" repeated Miss Wilmer in an eager tone of satisfaction. The Electrographic Company was very great indeed, and stood especially in the limelight of publicity at the moment; anyone connected with its dealings was undoubtedly entitled to a paragraph.

She rose to go, holding out both hands. "Thank you so *much*, Mrs. Laurence, for your kindness. I won't keep you a moment longer. You *have* given me a start!"

"Oh, my dear, I only wish I could have done more to help you," replied her hostess warmly. How little it took sometimes to be of service to those who needed it!

It was a couple of nights after this interview that Mrs. Laurence detected something unusual in her husband's footfall as he ran up the steps. He had been as tired as ever, lately, but to-night he was tense, alert, though not, as she thought, with any pleasurable interest. He ate more heartily than usual, but it did not escape her vigilant eye that he did not seem to know what he was eating. After dinner when she sat down by him and laid her hand in his, he indeed returned the pressure with a mechanical tenderness, but only to break out the moment after:

"I *cannot* see how it happened!"

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Matter! Didn't you see the paper this morning?"

"No, you took it with you."

"Well, there's nearly a page in it about Ranney's negotiations for the Electrographic Company; the evening edition has actually a map of the meadows."

"Well — ?"

"Why, don't you *see?* The one important thing about the whole transaction was that it should be kept absolutely secret."

"Wasn't it — honest?" asked Mrs. Laurence timidly, with a foregone conviction that whatever question she asked would be the wrong one.

"Honest! Well, I should say so." Mr. Laurence almost snorted with scorn. He sat up straight, his fine, thin face alight. "*Honest!* There's no cleaner man than Ranney. He was entrusted with the commission to buy those meadows at good market value — he had special facilities; the company at the back of the real estate deal would have put up the price sky-high if they had once got wind that the Electrographic wanted it — and now they *have* got wind of it — the devil knows how! and Ranney and his chance have gone up the flue. Of course, you've only got to *say* Electrographic in these days, and all the papers get up a hue and cry. Every purchase, questionable and otherwise, that the Company's made since 1880 is aired in to-night's issue. Ranney's out his commission, and all connection with the Electrographic in the future, perhaps."

"I don't see why we should feel so badly about it," said Mrs. Laurence, with spirit.

"You don't! Well then, I'll tell you why. He talked with me over the 'phone to-day — not very pleasantly, either. I was the only person — beside the heads of the Electrographic — who knew of his position in regard to them. It puts me in an awful hole!

"'Please wait a moment,' said Miss Wilmer hastily, making notes in a small book"

"'It was my fault, and you've got to let me go with you!'"

He came over the other night — with their consent — to consult me privately on a legal point. I gave him my word to-day that I hadn't opened my lips about it to a soul — I hope he believed me! He may think I got ugly over this row about the children — but he *must* know better than that!"

"But Will — " Mrs. Laurence's color came and went, her voice sounded queer in her own ears; she had been experiencing an awful, sickening feeling in the last few minutes. "Other people certainly knew about it, besides you — I'm *sure* they did. When Mr. Ranney was talking to you that night — he has such a loud, deep voice sometimes you can't help overhearing what he says — But I'm sure it couldn't have been then that I heard it. When I spoke about those meadows to Miss Wilmer — you know I told you of her visit — I thought it was something that *everybody* knew. Of course I wouldn't have said a word if I hadn't thought — " She stopped in her interminable floundering, transfixed by her husband's gaze.

"Anna, will you kindly tell me just *what* you did? Do you mean to say that you repeated what you overheard — *what you overheard* — to the Wilmer girl?"

"Oh, I'm afraid — I — did," said Mrs. Laurence gaspingly. "I never realized that I overhead it, Will — I *couldn't* have overheard it! And Elise Wilmer didn't know that it was anything *at all.*"

"And so it was my wife who blabbed. Great Heavens!" said her husband, in a tone of awe. He drew a long breath between set teeth, and then made a dive toward the hall.

"Oh, Will, *Will!* Don't look like that! Where are you going?"

"Over to Ranney's — I've got to tell him. Of course, I'll take all the blame on myself; I should have cautioned you. Don't try to stop me, Anna." He put his arms around her as she clung to him, and gazed down at her with mournful severity, in which she discerned a strange, hurt gentleness.

"Yes, I know you're sorry, but being sorry won't take back spoken words, or give Ranney his money — It's best to think sometimes before you tell *all* you know, Anna. Let me go now."

"No, I'm going too," said his wife breathlessly. She caught up a white shawl hanging on a chair and twisted it half around the crimson silk of her shoulders and over her dark hair. "You've got to let me, Will, you've got to!" Her voice rose hysterically. "It was my fault, and you've got to let me go with you!"

He tried to push her gently back from following, but she clung to his arm, half stumbling out of the door and down the steps. She hardly knew how they got across the lawns in the muddy dampness of the February night. But they were ushered in at the neighboring house all too soon, and into the room where Mr. and Mrs. Ranney sat, the latter gowned in old-rose color, her gentle, heart-shaped face bent over her sewing, while Mr. Ranney, his large, imposing figure stretched out at ease, was reading before the wood fire. A shaded lamp made a soft circle of light over the simple, used furnishings of a room dignified and enriched by the photographs of famous pictures hanging on the walls. Both inmates rose to receive the guests, Mr. Ranney, whose face looked unusually black-browed and drawn, with chill, unsmiling courtesy, as one who in his own house must suffer intrusion, while Mrs. Ranney's hand, in which she held a small garment for Judith, trembled a little, as she gave one wild look up the stairs — noticed with a fleeting, wretched contempt by Mrs. Laurence — as if she suspected some attack on her sleeping darlings. But she obediently echoed her husband's invitation: "Won't you be seated?"

"Thank you, I think not," said Mr. Laurence, his hat in one hand, while the fingertips of the other unconsciously rested on the back of a chair; Mrs. Laurence stood a little apart from him, her head drooping.

"We have only stepped over for a moment to make a confession, and tender whatever reparation is possible. I find that my wife was party involuntarily to our conversation last week, and with no thought of breach of confidence — " Mr. Laurence swallowed hard — "told a portion of it to a young reporter who asked her aid. I need hardly say that the responsibility rests on me, in spite of my denial this morning, in not seeing that we had a securer place for the interview, and secondly in not warning her that —— "

"Oh, let *me* tell," implored poor Mrs. Laurence. "It wasn't his fault *at all!* It was mine." Two large tears could not be withheld from rolling down her cheeks, which had turned very white. "I didn't know — I didn't remember I'd overheard — " She stopped, her mouth trembling. A quick glance passed between her host and hostess; Mr. Ranney's face changed.

"Pardon me if I interrupt you for a moment," he said, making a little bustle of moving a large arm-chair over to the fire. "If you would do me the pleasure of taking this seat, Mrs. Laurence — it is one of my favorites; you will find it comfortable, I think. Mrs. Ranney has only left the room on an errand, she will be back directly. Laurence, make yourself at home. In these days of the late winter," continued Mr. Ranney, genially poking up the fire with a great rattling of the logs that sent them falling into showers of sparks, "we are all subjected to more or less of a strain — more or less of a strain — and it behooves us to take all the ease we can get. Ha! Don't you agree with me, Mrs. Laurence? We men lead rather a strenuous life."

"But you don't understand," began Mrs. Laurence piteously.

"My wife is always lamenting my lack of comprehension," said Mr. Ranney with

"'OH, LET *ME* TELL,' IMPLORED POOR MRS. LAURENCE. 'IT WASN'T HIS FAULT *AT ALL!* IT WAS MINE'"

jovial assent. "Ah, here she comes now. Well, Jean, what have you for us?"

"I thought perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Laurence would like to taste a little of this cordial that came to-day from home," said Mrs. Ranney, who bore a small tray containing tiny glasses filled with an amber fluid. "My husband and I think so much of mother's cordial. We like it especially at this time, just after dinner. *Try* a little of it," her gentle voice coaxed tenderly, as she pressed one of the glasses into Mrs. Laurence's nerveless hand.

"Yes, you'd better drink it, Nan," urged Mr. Laurence seriously. If she were going to faint, that would be a pretty finish indeed. But a faint color came back to her cheeks with the draught, taken almost unconsciously. She sat up straight and strove to commence once more.

"Mr. Ranney, you must let me speak. Is it true that you have lost money because I — told?"

"My dear lady!" said Mr. Ranney, with a quick, warning glance at the other man. His voice was so inexpressibly kind that the tears came into her eyes again; he leaned forward from the chair he had drawn up beside hers, and took her hand with a gesture that was knightly in its chivalrousness. "My good friend Laurence here will approve when I say that I make it a rule never to discuss business matters with any member of your sex — except my wife." The gaze that her eyes encountered showed her a soul so tender to the hurt of a woman or a child that no encompassing, defensive guise of dominance or superiority could ever hide it from her again. "Loss and gain, gain and loss, that is the fortune of trade, dear lady, and only what we men expect. I hope you'll not let your mind be burdened by my affairs for a moment. By the way, to change the subject, I was endeavoring to solace myself with Wordsworth this evening. You are familiar with Wordsworth?"

"Not very," said Mrs. Laurence.

"It is pleasant," said Mr. Ranney, "in this disagreeable weather to see such lines as these": He reached for the volume.

"And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

"Ha! Perhaps you would like me to read it from the beginning?"

"— You must let your little lad come over as often as he cares to be bothered by my troublesome youngster; it's a great thing for a boy to have an older one to whom he can look up," said Mr. Ranney with heartiness, as they parted half an hour later, after a mute embrace between the two women, that said a great deal.

"Oh, he's beautiful, he's *beautiful!*" moaned Mrs. Laurence, as she and Will ran lightly back over the lawn to their own domain. The night had changed, there seemed to be a hint of growing flowers in the air. "I don't wonder she adores him!"

"Yes, he's a pretty good sort," said Mr. Laurence, with a break in his voice. "Hallo, whom have we here?"

Mrs. Stone stood in their front hall, a small child's cape over her shoulders, holding a large glass jar imperfectly swathed in wrappings of crumpled paper. She offered it at once to Anna Laurence. "I brought this for you, dear, it's the last of my cherries," she explained beamingly. "Perhaps you don't know I've been at the Spicers' all the afternoon — Gladys got a chicken bone stuck in her throat, and that darling child wouldn't let anybody touch her but me, until the doctor came. And I just want to tell you that if you care to borrow my long cloak tomorrow you can have it — if it's pleasant we're to go over to Mossfield with Mrs. Spicer in the car — and I think it will be pleasant; I think there's quite a refreshing feeling of spring in the air, don't you?"

THE DEBTS OF ANTOINE

BY

W. B. MacHARG

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN

THERE was trouble on the stairway, where one word was repeated in many dialects — " kees "; "kees"; "kiss"; — Antoine, the Frenchman, had been seen to kiss Mrs. Regan's daughter Katy. A wolf among sheep-dogs, one man among many mothers, with his "good" coat buttoned tightly at the waist, his hat held with both hands against his stomach, he turned to each successive speaker an unhappy and conciliatory face.

"The hand, the hand! . . . Ladies, ladies, ladies!" he exclaimed, "beleaf me, I kees the hand only. To kees the hand" (with a grandly disdainful gesture), " eet is nossing.— Oh, pardon, pardon, Mees Katy, eet is everything. Everything, and at the same time — nossing" (with his head thrown back and a smile of propitiatory sweetness).

"What did he say to you, me dear?" demanded Mrs. Burke, judicially, of Katy — sixteen years old — who from the second step looked on with wide gray eyes serenely.

"He told me . . . to be good," said Katy, after a dubious pause, smiling.

"To be good! And kissed ye?"— a scornful chorus. Sentiment was against Antoine by prejudice racial and otherwise.

"Katy, th' divil would do no dif'er'nt."

"Mees Burke, Mees Burke!" cried Antoine, lifting his hat to his breast, then

spreading his arms in tragic gesticulation, "allow that I should explain. Attend!" He struck a posture, clasped his hands, immediately unclasped them again to wave them. "I come from my room. Mees Katy is on the stair. I think: So young, so beautiful, but in a year — what? She marries. Will eet be that he beats her? Babies will come, for that is the fortune of women. Will eet be that they lif'? — die? Enough of such thoughts, I say to myself, because that, thinking them, my throat becomes dry and my eyes wet — which is the opposite of how they should be."

He gestured these thoughts away, palms outward, as though he were swimming.

"I approach. Something in me makes eet that I take her hand. A thought comes to me. How many men will look upon that face to weesh for eet. My throat is close' up again, God knows for what reason ——"

"Ye kissed her!"

"The hand only."

"Ye kissed her!"

Antoine, shrugging his shoulders sadly, looked from one face to another, finding all hostile: the neighborhood was hostile to him chronically. He moved in this society of mingled races, to which one might think nothing could be alien, as an alien — not understood, not understanding himself completely; so lonely that sometimes his heart was near to break with it; in uncontrolled sympathy laughing and weeping with the joys and sorrows of people who never gave a thought to him. Antoine worked in a lithographing establishment; in his room was a shelf of books which he read continually; he cooked his meals over a stove no larger than a silk hat, and smoked innumerable cigarettes while he was cooking. It would have surprised these people who regarded him with suspicion and had never seen the inside of his little room, to know that sometimes it seemed to him that they flowed into it and filled it, so that he was no longer lonely, feeling them about him,— the hard-working fathers, the worn mothers, the wild sons who hung about the street corners, the girls whose lives were darkened or made bright by the absence or presence of a knot of ribbon. . . .

He sighed, and with the caustic voices of the women following him, went sorrowfully out at the doorway. It was not possible to explain to them. Yet, in the street, he took off his hat and paused, looking up at the windows. "Certainly. I should have spoke'. I kees the hand of Mees Katy, yes; but what? — eet is to me her hand, but not her hand only. She ceases now to be the thing most won'erful in the world, a child; and is becoming what is yet more won'erful, a woman. Eet was for thees I keesed; for all women. And what I said to her — so silly, since eet was not possible to make clear the meaning!" His face had not been that of one who kisses an abstraction, nor was it now, as he shrugged his shoulders again, repeating what he had said to her: "Now power comes to you, Mees Katy, for you shall make in men

"Herr Hirsch, the stout musician, panting in the wake of the others"

who perhaps shall not even speak to you, but shall only see you passing, goodness, if you yourself be good; but in those same men evil, if you yourself be wicked . . . What words! Eencomprehensible!" He smiled . . . Nevertheless, it was not possible for him now to take pleasure in the summer evening, in the good clothes which he found opportunity to wear so seldom, in the kaleidoscopic street, with its little frame houses (since in Chicago there is no region of solid tenements), interspersed with larger buildings of brick

holding a half-hundred families. Coolness had followed humid heat, and people covered the door-steps, crowded the fire-escape landings among flower-boxes, rested on the edge of the sidewalks. The view was bright with the colored dresses of children; one might hear babies crying. Fat women in rocking-chairs sat before stores which held provisions, second-hand furniture, second-hand clothing, second-hand tools. There were pawnshops. Men lolling against the store-fronts talked with the women. The sign-boards were an indescribable hodgepodge of languages. At all these people Antoine looked with an eager and expectant expression, inviting their affection and confidence; but almost none spoke or gave a smile to him — only Papageorge, the Greek, sitting beside his fruit under a half-lifted awning, raised his face momentarily, and Antoine, to whom no one ever offered even the slight invitation of a look but he paused to speak, stopped on the instant.

"Madame" Papageorge, it appeared, had gone to the theater this evening — imagine! "Weeth Kallos," said Papageorge, gritting his teeth to make Antoine believe he was jealous. (But Antoine preferred not to believe it.) "And weeth Mrs. Kallos," Papageorge admitted, showing the white teeth in sudden delight. But it was not all merriment, for Papageorge's son had been misbehaving. "Better they die — better they go dead while little," he was commencing dejectedly, until looking up he saw Antoine's eyes fill with tears, when even to him it occurred that he did not want Antoine's sympathy.

"Antoine sat down, holding his hat between his knees. What was the matter? a headache?"

Antoine, the freshness of his evening destroyed by the grief of Papageorge and the accusations of Mrs. Burke, stood debating within himself whither to go next. To O'Rourke's "corner"? To the speaking

at the Social Settlement? (This last were well, provided Antoine did not allow himself to be carried away by his feelings, for invariably when men spoke he was moved to answer them, rose, eager, gesticulating, the words crowding in unintelligible confusion from his lips, a ridiculous figure which set all laughing.) Then, suddenly, a commotion arose. People were running in the street, while others craned their necks out at the windows. Papageorge, forgetting his grief, jumped up and ran out to the gutter. Gongs sounded, and the scurrying children shouted, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" It seemed that the fire was just around the corner. Herr Hirsch, the stout musician, panting in the wake of the others, the exertion shaking his cheeks (on which a ten-days' growth of beard stuck out in all directions, so that he looked like a tramp in a comic picture), with one fat finger motioned Antoine to go with him; and when they reached the corner, almost in front of them was the house which was burning. A dense crowd was before it, surrounding the firemen busy in their rubber coats, and ladders led up to several windows from which smoke was pouring. Up one of these ladders someone was going — not a fireman, but a man in shirt-sleeves, with broad and rather rounded shoulders, his head covered with short curls which he shook vigorously as often as the smoke was blown his way, choking him.

"Look!" cried Herr Hirsch, "it is Klupke!"

"Klupke is going up the ladder! Klupke is going up the ladder!"

In Antoine's ear Herr Hirsch murmured, "I hope noddings happens him. It vould make me sat. To-morrow he should be married, ant I am to be de moosic."

At the third floor Klupke swung himself round to the ladder's inner side and stepped from it to the window.

"Who lives in there?"

"Radowski." "No, no, not at all; his is the next window — Anton Linnerman lives there."

Presently Klupke reappeared at the window, with smoke all about him, carrying something in his arms.

"What is that he has?"

"Look, it is a person! It is Anton Linnerman's grandmother. See, Klupke is saving Anton's old grandmother!"

A fireman had run up the ladder to help him, but Klupke, holding the old woman with one arm, preferred to bring her down alone. His feet had hardly touched the ground when Anton Linnerman's wife threw herself upon him hysterically and took the woman from him; the fire chief patted him upon the back; three or four people avoided the police and ran out to shake hands with him, and someone who knew that Klupke was to be married, shouted, "I guess you'll get a kiss from Irene for that!" Klupke, who had seemed alert and serious now that everybody was looking at him, grew self-conscious and important, pushed out his chest, crossed his arms upon it, and looked around condescendingly. He was conspicuous, standing inside the fire-lines, and twice, gazing up at the burning building, he consequentially shouted: "Is there anybody else up there to be saved? — because Klupke is here to do it." At last the fire, which had been confined to the upper stories, was out, and Klupke moved away with a swagger. Several people were anxious to buy drinks for him, and a crowd attended him as they went toward the saloon. After he had had two drinks, Klupke, red and excited, began to walk up and down in front of the bar, repeating to one after another what he had done: "Were you at the fire? Did you see me? It was lak' this — I went up the ladda'. Everybody was saying, 'Klupke goes up the ladda'!' Smoke! — the room is full of it! Lies something in the corner. Is it a bundle? What? It is an old woman! I take her to the window. Shouts everybody. Some clap hands. Who ever saw an old woman carried down in that way before? It was Anton Linnerman's grandmotha'. Well, well! everybody want' to buy drinks for a brave man. What a pity you did not see me!"

Before long he came to where Antoine and Herr Hirsch, who had come in with the others, sat; and putting his hands upon the table in front of them, he commenced again:

"Did you see me? I went up the ladda' . . ."

Since Klupke had been acting in this manner two red spots had glowed on Antoine's cheeks. Now he turned up his palms with a gesture of indifference, and said: "Eet was nossing."

Klupke's face became blank.

"But wait!" he went on presently. "I go in the room. It is full of smoke . . ."

"All that is nossing."

"I lak' to see you do as much!"

"I was distant when thees happen'," said Antoine calmly. "Otherwise it might be that you would have see' it. Eet happen' to Klupke that he was nearest — good! let him do it; since it is necessary it be done by someone, eet is his place to do, because he is near. But to brag afterward! . . . Herr Hirsch, eef he had been nearest, he also would have done it."

"Gott!" exclaimed Herr Hirsch, hiding his face in his glass hastily, "I am so fat! A ladder — Gott!"

Klupke did not walk up and down after this, but stood by the bar looking at Antoine angrily. Others cast unpleasant glances at him.

"Now they do not like me," he said to Herr Hirsch unhappily. "Nossing is more plain than thees: each man to all other men owes something — a debt. Well, then, let him pay when it is needed, and not make questions, saying, 'How good of me to do thees.' I declare that, and they deeslike me. How is that? I do not say anything — no, never — but at once I am deeslike' for eet."

"Ead a little, drink a little, sleeb a little," said Herr Hirsch, sententiously — "dot makes life. But do not breach anyt'ings. You breach at Klupke, unt he gets unhappy. You make unhappiness in him, when he has choost done a prave t'ing, unt when tomorrow he is to be married."

Antoine's face changed instantly, filled with commiseration for the unhappiness he had caused in Klupke.

"It is true," he said sadly — "I preach always, and they make laugh or are unhappy. Accursed habit! since that is dead in me which might cause it to be useful. Behol', Herr Hirsch! I am no good — since nineteen years I am no good — since youth. Leesten: In boyhood I was . . . a Jeanne d'Arc, I heard voices — thees worl' so dark it was to be reform' . . . by me, the preacher. But now I am no good. In my village in France lived one time I, and a girl, and Alcide, the miller. Since so much of height I had had love for thees girl, Herr Hirsch — when I was a child merely. They urged that she should take Alcide, but she put her hand upon my arm and said, 'I prefer Antoine.' Imagine the singing of my heart, and what strength I had! The voices calling me to preach were so loud — so loud! . . . Eet was all most unhappy; she care' not for mee, but weesh to make Alcide jealous. I learn thees. Despair! The voices grow silent. I see then that they have been within myself only — those voices — and I am not a Jeanne d'Arc any longer — no, no, only Antoine Ducroix, and I work at lithography."

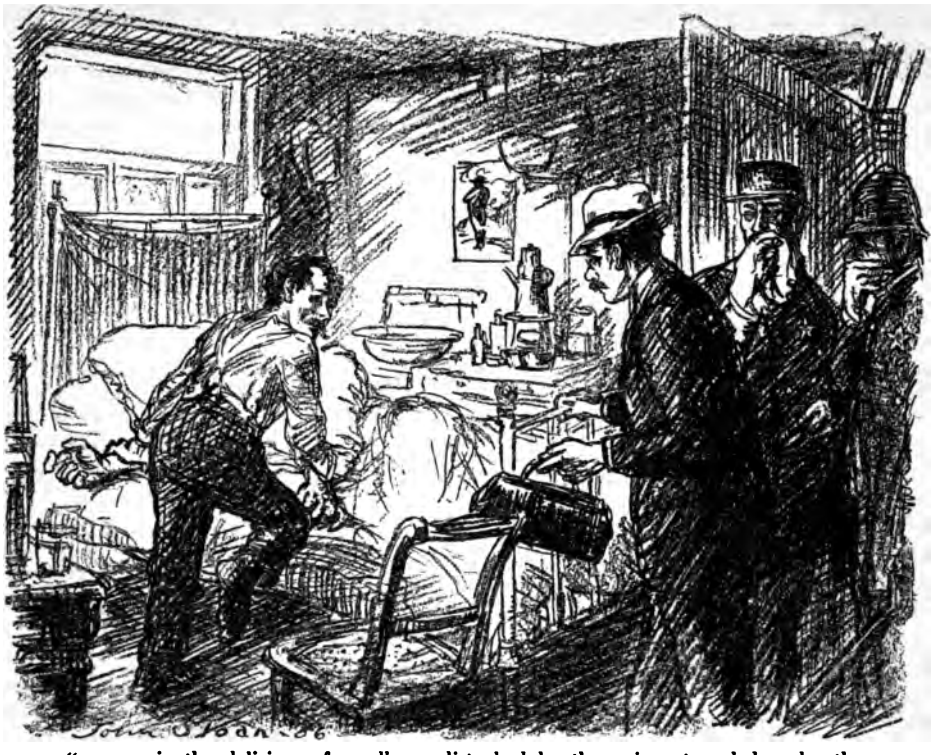
His dark, abstracted face cleared suddenly. "Very well; all thees is dead — of the past," he said smiling. "I have now, Herr Hirsch, thirty-seven years. It have decease', that love, finally. There is not in me love of that same kind any longer. I want now — what? A young one, let her be a child even. Is eet possible that merely the passing of years can make of a man who has never been a husband, a father? Yes, it is so; for eet has become thus with me, that if I marry, eet must be, not one who will be a wife to me only, but one who will be a wife and child at the same instant. I want not one to assist, but one for whom I may work to make the worl' easy — to protec' her."

Herr Hirsch, not seeing fit to encourage this conversation, leaned back, and a song could be heard rumbling somewhere within him, until he said suddenly:

"You haf heard that all are to be vaccinated?"

Antoine nodded, knowing this, as he knew all other concerns of these people who paid so little heed to him. Smallpox had appeared at the end of the street — three cases — and officials of the Health Department had come, carried away the "cases" in a closed wagon, fumigated, vaccinated many, and given orders for general vaccination. He had wondered whether the disease would spread, but not through fear for himself, though he admitted to Herr Hirsch: "I have not been vaccinate' ever. It must be done — yes, surely."

When he went home, Mrs. Burke, who was sitting on the steps with other women, would have allowed him to pass her without speaking, but there was no peace for Antoine while anger lingered against him. He smiled, with sweet conciliation. How did it happen that Mr. Burke, that so estimable man, was not resting himself upon the doorstep this evening after his labors, as was customary? Mr. Burke had a headache. Sympathy overspread Antoine's face. Might it not be that he would like to see Antoine? Sure, the man did not want to



"a man in the delirium of smallpox, disturbed by the noise, struggled under the hands of a muscular little Frenchman"

be bothered; however (she was yielding to the sweet smile in spite of herself), if Antoine would like ——

Antoine went in.

A lamp burned dimly in the stuffy room, and on a cotton-rep lounge lay Mr. Burke, barefooted, his shirt open at the neck, his face hidden by his strong, freckled arms. Antoine sat down, holding his hat between his knees. What was the matter? a headache? Yes, a headache, Mr. Burke admitted without looking up — fever, sickness, a disinclination to move.

Since when had this unpleasantness come upon him?

"Since Wedn'sday," answered Mr. Burke, not lifting his head. (It was now Saturday night.)

On Wednesday Burke, who, standing at the head of his profession, was able to lay in an eight-hour day twenty-five hundred bricks (and was paid, accordingly, considerably more than if he had been unsuccessfully practising law), had failed to lay more than three hundred. Since then he had laid no brick at all, though he had journeyed dutifully to the work each morning, coming home — at noon — with difficulty. Presently he moved his arms, displaying to Antoine a red and swollen face covered with clusters of angry pimples, and Antoine turned up the lamp to look at him.

Mrs. Burke, when Antoine spoke to her from the hallway, rose from the step and came in, to find his eyes dim with pity. "Your man is seek, Mees Burke — so seek. I have look' at him What it is — how do I know? But since the smallpox is to be expect', it is right we should let know the Department."

His words were interrupted by a shriek, wrung from Mrs. Burke less by the name of the disease than by that of the Department — a shriek at which doors opened down the hall, and the group upon the door-step was disturbed; it is a gathering which can be summoned on short notice, that tenement-house conference of mothers. To them Antoine displayed his palms deprecatingly: "Mees Burke — ladies — attend! it will demand difficulties of no one. I myself will see those people of the Department ——"

"Indade you'll not!" cried Mrs. Burke, restored one moment to self-possession and the next subsiding on to the bottom step. Suspicious murmurs rose against Antoine — he, the trouble-maker,— twice that day causing disturbance in the hall. Would he take her man from her? —"the more av he's sick."

"Ladies, leesten! it is of law — a requirement. See, Mees Burke, right by the front

"'Sir, I require the wagon. The little-pox — behol'! I have it'"

stairs is your door. How many people pass always in the hall, on the stairs! how many children! They die enough anyway in thees place,— children,— and if now the little-pox be here ——"

Mrs. Burke put her head into her apron.

"Mees Burke, sooch lofely place as I haf heard they put seek ones — trees around, and grasses. It happens sometimes that those who grow better do not wish to leave, but would be seek longer that they may sit and play dominoes. But here — how small a room! how dark! how much noises in the street, in the building! For me" (shrugging his shoulders), "I would rather, if I be seek, the Department know it, and take me to that nice place."

He argued even in favor of the Department itself, clutching his hair in desperation — of that Department which decrees and condemns without respect to persons, which removes one's relatives with no by-your-leave and does not always bring them back again: "Ladies, the Department, what is it? Eet is all people making help for each one. That debt which, it is known to us, each owes to all, why exists eet, except for good which all are making to each continually?"

His words were incomprehensible to them.

"Ye may as well do as he says, Maggie Burke," advised Mrs. Regan. "Antwine is that kind he'll lave the Department know annyway."

"No, no, no, eet is not so! It is right that the Department should be let know, but I"— he grew profuse, suddenly kissing his hand to them — "I have not the strength to let know it in opposition to so many ladies." He deliberated. "Another way is yet. By this room all people pass daily — on these stairs how many children! But by my room comes nobody. It shall be that Meester Burke dwells with me, until it be know' to us what is the sickness."

They only half understood him — hesitating, though wiser second-thought was telling them that it would be bad for everybody if Burke had the sickness.

"Doors must be shut now a little; in the hall shall be no one," commanded Antoine, dominant for that one instant through having come to a decision while they still vacillated; and weak with victory, since she had conquered in respect to the Department, Mrs. Burke followed him to her husband.

But when the sick man, with Antoine's arm around him, had passed through the vacant hall — whose emptiness, nevertheless, gave forth a rustling as of hidden onlookers; when the door of Antoine's room had closed upon the two, and the rasp of bolts made plain to her what had happened, suddenly, in an agony, she threw herself against it.

"My man! — give me back my man!"

The hall was filled more quickly than it had been emptied, comforting hands were stretched out to her, but she remained with her forehead pressed against the door, heeding nothing.

For long days and nights no one saw the door open. Occasionally, a voice from behind it demanded this thing or that, hoarsely, and when, after bringing what was wanted,

Mrs. Burke's footsteps had died away and the hall was silent, a hand was put out which stealthily took that thing in. Beyond this was known nothing — nothing of the weary hours that Antoine sat heavy-lidded beside the sick man; of the struggles when, with the fever upon him, the giant Burke would have risen from his bed; of the meals cooked over the infinitesimal stove by an unkempt, haggard, dim-eyed creature, who smoked cigarettes to keep himself awake; of the books read and the songs of France sung for the same purpose. But since a tenement cannot hide anything forever (though it hides hunger sometimes until death points it out to the coroner — "We, the jury, find that the deceased," having two million neighbors, still "came to his death from starvation" — and may God have mercy on your souls), the Health Department learned of something wrong at last. A young doctor came, demanding admittance, while the crowded hall adjured Antoine not to open.

"Inexpressible is my sorrow," Antoine's weary voice replied to him, "but I cannot open when it is forbidden by so many ladies."

The doctor went away, attended by hooting children, and returned with assistance. The blue uniforms of the police caused respectful silence; a crowd had gathered in the street.

"For the last time," commanded the police lieutenant — "Open!"

"Inexpressible is my sorrow ——"

"Break it down."

The door, crashing inward, revealed a tiny room; therein a narrow bed stood with its head against the single window, and on it a man in the delirium of smallpox, disturbed by the noise, struggled under the hands of a muscular little Frenchman, who with a half-smoked cigarette between his lips looked up at them inquiringly. The wagon took Mrs. Burke's man away from her. They fumigated and vaccinated, attending both with objurgations. The doctor, a lancet between his lips, rubbing the virus into Antoine's arm, could not withhold his meed of admiration.

"This'll do mighty little good now. You have never been vaccinated before?"

"Eet is so — never. What folly. But it could not be foresee'd that thees duty would come to me."

"Why on earth did you do it?"

Antoine shrugged his shoulders. "It was necessary that eet be done by someone, and who so near at hand as I?" he replied quietly. His face was untroubled.

But three days later Katy Regan, descending the stairs in the late morning, saw upon that face another expression. He was passing below her through the hallway, in his good clothes — a thing unheard of at that hour — dressed never so carefully. His eyes, his lips, his very body seemed

"then on a day it was no longer the voice of a stranger to which Mrs. Burke listened, but the voice of her own man"

frozen with such despondent terror as men fall prey to only in the absence of all witnesses. His gaze flickered when he saw her, the fright died slowly, he smiled, looking upward, and even waved a hand.

"Forget not, Mees Katy," he said with a sad sprightliness — "forget not Antoine. He goes now. Forget not, also, what he said to you: Be good that you may make goodness in others. See! I preach still. But no matter, for — adieu! Come not nearer!" he cried in shrill warning, as she continued to descend, and he waved a good-by, disappearing through the outer doorway.

Down the middle of the narrow street, newly paved with brick, avoiding those upon the sidewalks, he moved, fever burning in his brain. Yet his eyes, though dull, were

steady; for the mad terror of that moment when his thoughts had been only for himself had left him. Knowing that he was leaving them — he believed, forever — love for them surged up in him, and as he walked along, swaying slightly, he stretched out his hands to them on one side and the other, whispering:

"My people! Oh, my people!"

Halsted Street, as always, roared with traffic; Madison roared likewise. Walking between the car-tracks, cursed by teamsters, attended by a wild chorus of street-car gongs, from his home to the City Hall he came within two yards of no one. There, leaning across the iron railing, he knocked with his cane upon the window and, hat in hand to the young man who opened it, said painfully:

"Is it here — the Department? Sir, I require the wagon. The little-pox — behol'! I have it. So seek,"— he put his head upon his hand to show his sickness,— "I stand with difficulty."

The young man, after one quick look at him, with orders to wait, shut the window hastily.

. . . It did not dawn upon the street for a time that anything worthy of admiration had been done. Oddly, it was no deed of Antoine's, but subsequent conduct of Burke that awoke them to recognition. In the first-floor room where Mrs. Burke remained in loneliness, were grief, anxiety, weary waiting. Not to those neighbors who dropped in with words of comfort did she talk most freely of her husband, but to Katy Regan — (strangely) — to that uncomprehending child, who could know nothing of the feelings of a woman. It was as though she felt that Katy too was in danger of losing something. Hopeful messages came over O'Rourke's telephone; then on a day it was no longer the voice of a stranger to which Mrs. Burke listened, but the voice of her own man speaking words which healed her, while she leaned against the wall, the receiver at her ear, tears flowing down her cheeks. Was he well? Sure, very near it; did she think she was going to get rid of six-foot-two in his stockings with no greater trouble? Then he was coming home? Well, not yet, exactly. He was comfortable (as for the place, it was just as Antoine had declared, a man could sit in the corridor and play dominoes all *day* — not a blessed thing else!) . . . and Antoine was that *sick*, with never a one on God's earth to care whether he lived or died, apparently . . . So it was "both or none," Burke had said to the doctor; if they threw him out he'd go home, to be sure . . . but the woman could wait a while longer . . . and if they'd let him, he'd stay to see how it went with Antoine.

"Faith, thot's good of Burke," said O'Rourke, at Mrs. Burke's shoulder. "'Tis not manny would do that on account of a Frenchy."

"Would I have married Martin Burke av he'd been otherwise?" she answered, happy and philosophical. "Turn about is fair play."

Amazement! Martin Burke staying in the pest-house for the sake of the Frenchman Antoine! The man must be out of his head. Yet that matter, it was a two-sided question: was it anything other than a debt Burke was paying? Who took care of *him*, shut up in his room for five days, but Antoine? "Himmel!" cried Herr Hirsch, considering the affair with increasing and contagious astonishment, "not I vould haf done what was done by Antoine — I feel it!" And all at once it was not Burke whom people were admiring, but Antoine. Herr Hirsch became a center from which ripples of hero-worship spread in all directions. O'Rourke spoke of Antoine — Papageorge, Mrs. Muller, who kept the delicatessen, everyone.

From the hospital came good reports continually. Before long, Antoine was sitting up; he was able to play dominoes. Well for Mrs. Burke, said the telephone facetiously, that she had not married her man for his beauty, for, faith, his face looked like the fields where they dug peat in the old country; but Antoine, they thought, would not be marked greatly (to this he appeared indifferent). Regarding the dominoes, Burke had beaten Antoine one hundred and thirty-seven times, and Antoine had beaten him one hundred and forty-four . . . Then they were coming home. Be ready for it. Perhaps on Saturday.

The evening sun with slanting rays lighted the poor dwellings and the littered pavement. They were coming! First a herald rush of shouting children. They were coming — had got off the car at Halsted Street — were walking side by side, the big man and the little one! O'Rourke's would have detained them to celebrate the

recovery, but could not. From the door of the delicatessen Mrs. Muller waved at them. Herr Hirsch, shaking his fat sides, came hurrying. Papageorge left his fruit to grasp their hands. Antoine did not know what to make of it, so often had he passed down this street in loneliness, where now everybody was a friend to him. His eyes filled with tears; happy, with a smiling face, he gestured to all who looked in his direction. On the street, in the group upon the steps, everyone was anxious to shake hands with him; he held all eyes except those of Mrs. Burke. Presently, with her arm around her husband, Mrs. Burke moved aside, revealing Katy Regan, who looked on with eyes quietly curious, yet shining also on the great man of the evening. He was so good! And he did not know what all this was about — anyone could see that. Perplexed, though happy, he was standing on the step below her. No one was watching, none saw that her face had changed from the face of a child to that of a woman, that the light dawning in her eyes was such as once in his life must shine upon every man, else he will not have lived completely. Merrily, warm with happiness, he was saying to her mother:

"Mees Regan, the hand of Mees Katy, may I kees it?"

She blushed, but the rest were laughing.

"Indade yes, kiss it."

He bent his head to kiss the warm little hand, which at the touch of his lips trembled.

"Antoine did not know what to make of it, so often had he passed down this street in loneliness"

THE STORY OF MONTANA

BY

C. P. CONNOLLY

V

ATTEMPT TO BRIBE THE SUPREME COURT OF MONTANA, AND THE INVESTIGATION OF CLARK'S ELECTION, AT WASHINGTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

WHILE Clark declared that the $30,000 produced before the Legislature at the Whiteside exposure was Daly's money, Clark's newspaper, the Butte *Miner*, was busy accusing Fred Whiteside of conspiracy and fraud. In view of these accusations, Whiteside determined to prove beyond all doubt the truth of his charges against Wellcome. While there was any question as to Wellcome's guilt, Whiteside himself stood under a shadow, was open to charges of fraud and perjury. Even before the adjournment of the Legislature he had probably resolved to appeal to the Supreme Court, for he closed his speech, made on the day he gave up his seat in the Senate, by declaring: "I will stake my life at this time upon two propositions: first, that John B. Wellcome will be convicted of bribery; and second, that William A. Clark will never hold a seat in the United States Senate."

On the fifth day of May, 1899, two months after the adjournment of the Legislature, Fred Whiteside presented to the Supreme Court of the State of Montana a written accusation against John B. Wellcome, charging him with many instances of bribery during the legislative session, and praying the Court for his disbarment. This petition was received by the Court, and Attorney-General C. B. Nolan, one of the ablest trial lawyers in the Northwest, was appointed to act as friend of the Court in the prosecution of the case.*

Judges of the Supreme Court Approached

The Supreme Court having decided to assume jurisdiction in the case, the only possible way to affect its decision was directly to corrupt one or more of the three judges—Chief Justice Theodore Brantley, William T. Pigott, and William H. Hunt. Neither the judges themselves nor the members of the State Bar believed that even the most unabashed of the bribe-givers would go so far as to approach the Supreme Court. But Clark had determined to risk even this in defending his chief legal adviser. If he could prevent Wellcome's disbarment, Clark himself was practically vindicated of the charges now made against him throughout the State, and self-interest as well as his obligations to Wellcome made it imperative that the Supreme Court should be influenced.

The first man whom Wellcome's adherents tried to reach was Judge Hunt—Chief Justice Brantley was out of the State at

* The Supreme Court refused on the first hearing to entertain Whiteside's petition, because of the fact that in it were set out charges of a grossly criminal nature, and there was no showing why Wellcome might not be prosecuted and convicted of these felonies by trial at law. The Supreme Court ruled that in the absence of such showing, its appellate tribunal might be turned into a criminal court and kept busy with the trials of such offenders against the law as happened to have certificates to practise. Then Attorney-General Nolan filed an affidavit setting forth that, against his (Nolan's) protest, John B. Wellcome had been summoned and examined before the grand jury, and therefore, under the laws of Montana, he could not be prosecuted; that after the grand jury had returned its findings refusing to bring in an indictment (notwithstanding the fact that there was in the State Treasury $30,000 which belonged to either Clark, Wellcome, or Whiteside, but which nobody was willing to claim), he, Nolan, had demanded of Judge Sidney H. McIntyre the summoning of another grand jury, which request the court had refused.

Whiteside also filed an affidavit in which he alleged that the City of Helena and the County of Lewis and Clarke were overwhelmingly favorable to the candidacy of William A. Clark, and that the reason for this sentiment was that the people of Helena felt that they were discharging an obligation to William A. Clark, incurred through his assistance in selecting Helena as State capital. Nolan himself had taken a stenographic report of the testimony adduced before the grand jury, and appended a copy of this to his affidavit. On this showing, the Supreme Court, on August 1st, decided to assume original jurisdiction of the disbarment proceedings and overruled Wellcome's demurrer.

the time. Judge William H. Hunt* has since been Governor of Porto Rico, and is now Judge of the United States Court of Montana. His father, William H. Hunt, Sr., was Secretary of the Navy under President Garfield, and inaugurated the first movement toward the rehabilitation of the American Navy. He was afterwards Minister to Russia under Arthur, dying at his post in St. Petersburg. Judge Hunt was at this time a poor man. He was in ill-health, suffering from too close application to his duties. It was through his physician, therefore, that the Clark men approached him.

On the fifth day of August, four days after the Supreme Court had decided to assume jurisdiction of the Wellcome disbarment case, Charlie Clark, Frank Corbett, and E. L. Whitmore went from Butte to Helena by special train. They arrived in Helena at about ten o'clock, got into a carriage, and drove rapidly to the Montana Club, where they were in consultation with John S. M. Neill until nearly two in the afternoon.

Persistent Attempts to Bribe Judge Hunt

At about noon that day, Judges Pigott and Hunt together left their offices at the Capitol, and walked downtown toward the post-office. At the entrance of the post-office Judge Hunt met his wife, who told him that Dr. William Treacy, their family physician, was very anxious to see him. Judge Hunt, who had been examined for life-insurance in the spring by Dr. Treacy and had been rejected, at once surmised that the insurance company might have reconsidered its decision.

He accordingly went up to Dr. Treacy's office. The doctor invited him into a back room and shut the door. They sat down on a sofa together, and Dr. Treacy said, half laughing: "There is a funny kind of proposition come up. I don't want you to think I'm talking about something I ought not to mention to you, but I take some interest in this Wellcome case."

Judge Hunt stopped him, saying: "Well, Doctor, that case is in court, to be proceeded with like any other case."

"But," said Dr. Treacy, "they tell me it is not like an ordinary case; that it is not like deciding for or against a man in most lawsuits, but is a matter of discretion with the court."

"It is a matter of legal discretion, and the judges can do only what is within the bounds of legal discretion," said Judge Hunt.

"Well, I think it's all a political fight between Clark and Daly, and Wellcome is a decent fellow, though I don't know him."

"Wellcome is a decent fellow," said Judge Hunt. "We all know him personally, we all like him, and this is an extremely painful sort of lawsuit."

"I don't think there is any use in laying the proposition before you, but I wish you to understand my position. There is a party over here, and they have got a hundred thousand dollars. They want to put it up if that case can be thrown out of court."

"Why, Doctor," said Judge Hunt, "I would not for all the money there is in the United Verde mine and the Butte mines put together, with every dollar that Daly and Clark have got, sacrifice my conscience to the extent of granting a man five minutes' continuance in a lawsuit, if I did not believe it was right. That case must go ahead. They don't know me, Doctor."

"Well, I didn't think there was any use in speaking to you, and I want you to understand my position."

"I think I understand your proposition, Doctor," and Judge Hunt looked at his watch and left the Doctor's office. Dr. Treacy was a man of high professional standing, widely respected and esteemed.

Further Influence Brought to Bear by Judge Hunt's Family Physician

When the Judge stepped off the car in front of his house that evening at about half-past five, he saw Dr. Treacy's carriage standing at his door. His first thought was that one of his children must be sick. But as he hurried toward the house he found Dr. Treacy and his wife sitting on the lawn, while the children were playing in the back yard.

Dr. Treacy advanced toward Judge Hunt as he approached the gate and at once reopened their former conversation.

"Those people say," said the Doctor, "that they have got one judge of the Supreme Court."

* It is a peculiar coincidence that after the bribery charges so widely circulated during the session of the Legislature of 1893, Judge Hunt, as a member of the next legislative session, framed and introduced the rigorous Montana anti-bribery election law, modeled on that of Massachusetts and other Eastern states, the provisions of which became prominent in the expulsion of Senator Clark from the Senate in 1900. On Clark's own admission of expenses in connection with his candidacy, contrary to the provisions of this act, he was liable to expulsion without any other evidence.

'I don't believe it. Judge Brantley is over on the Pacific Coast. Moreover, he is an honorable man, and I don't believe that they could have got him. As for Judge Pigott, if ever I saw in my life a high-minded, honorable gentleman, it is he."

"Well, they said they had one."

Dr. Treacy then took a prescription pad from his pocket and looking at a memorandum on it, remarked:

"They say that Daly has assured you of reëlection."

"What nonsense! Mr. Daly has never assured me of anything. I have no right to expect his support if I should become a candidate. He opposed me when I ran before. I am a Republican, and it is natural that he should oppose me."

The Doctor looked at his memorandum.

"Well, will the grand jury be allowed to be called?" he asked.

"I don't understand your question, Doctor. There are certain instances, I believe, under the statutes, where grand jurors may be called, but I do not understand what you mean."

"Well, all that those people want is a fair show. I told them that as far as you are concerned, I had known you a long time, and that they could count on your being perfectly fair. I never saw a man to whom I would rather trust a lawsuit. But you know you ought not to be on that bench, Judge —" and the Doctor's voice dropped to a whisper: "I know that better than you. It will break you down. You can't stand it."

"It's a very laborious position, and if I could see my way clear, I'd get out of it. It is a tremendous tax on my health, and has been for some years."

"I know that better than you. I should like to see you get the money, if you could get it honorably. You could take a year's rest, and you need it. You could go abroad and visit the Paris Exposition, and you wouldn't have to feel worried all the time. It would build you up if you got away from the air of that court-house, which is so badly ventilated. It would make a strong man of you and prolong your life."

"It might, Doctor, but there is no way in the world by which it can be done. I have no heritage except an honorable name, and I propose to leave that to those children."

The Doctor was getting into his carriage. "Well," he said, "I wouldn't have you do anything that you did not think was right, but I would like to see you do well."

"I know you would, Doctor."

As the Doctor drove off, Judge Hunt turned and walked toward his children, who were just then running down the lawn to meet him. He kissed them and went into the house with a heavy heart. He knew that his refusal meant the sacrifice of personal ambitions and his political death in the State where he had lived for twenty years.

Frank Corbett's Attempt to Divert Suspicion

During Dr. Treacy's first talk with Judge Hunt, Charlie Clark, Corbett, Whitmore, and Neill sat across the street at the Montana Club, drinking and anxiously awaiting the result of the interview. About an hour and a half after they heard that it had been unsuccessful, Frank Corbett met Judge Pigott, Judge Hunt's associate, and begged for a private interview with him at once. Judge Pigott took Corbett into his private room in the Capitol building.

Corbett seemed greatly excited and apparently spoke with the exaggeration of strong feeling. He told Judge Pigott the following story:

"Last night, when I was in Butte, a telephone message came from Helena from John S. M. Neill. Neill said: 'We can do business with the Supreme Court.' This message was repeated to me, and I at once denounced Neill for entertaining such an idea, and made arrangements to get a special train to come to Helena for the purpose of putting a stop to any such outrageous proceeding."

Corbett went on to say that he could not get the special train until the next morning; that it had cost him $147; that on arriving he had gone immediately to the Montana Club, where he had met Neill and had been in conversation with him ever since. He said he had told him that he must stop any such talk; said he had called Neill hard names and declared that he would never speak to him again.

"Corbett, you must be mistaken. You don't mean to say that Mr. Neill told you that business could be done with the Supreme Court, meaning that the Court could be bribed in this Wellcome case?"

"He certainly did," said Frank Corbett. "He said, 'We can get the Supreme Court.

They will come high, and the scheme will have to be capitalized at over a million dollars.' I have come to you to let you understand that if Neill does make any offer to you or to Judge Hunt, it will be against our protest. If he does, do it, and I find it out, I shall get up in the Supreme Court and disclose all Neill has said to me."

"Corbett, this seems almost incredible," said Judge Pigott.

That evening Judge Pigott had a consultation with Judge Hunt, and they reluctantly agreed that Corbett had heard the result of Dr. Treacy's interview with Judge Hunt, and had seen Judge Pigott merely to throw the entire blame of the plot upon Neill. There was certainly every reason why Corbett should wish to clear Charlie Clark and himself of the charge of attempting to bribe the Supreme Court of Montana.

They were sorry to find Corbett in such business, for both the Justices were interested in the young man. He was a brilliant, attractive fellow, and had come to Montana immediately after being graduated, with high honors, from the Washington and Lee University of Virginia. The older lawyers of the State liked his dash and energy and were attracted by his youth and winning personal qualities. He formed many strong friendships among them. Corbett's undoubted promise, his gradual demoralization under the feverish life of Butte, and his early death — brought on by sheer exhaustion and over-exertion in Clark's service — made him one of the most tragic figures in the story of Montana politics.

Dr. Treacy Attempts to Influence Attorney-General Nolan

Six or seven weeks later, Dr. Treacy was again working in Wellcome's behalf. He was Attorney-General Nolan's family physician, and the two men were intimate friends. One day in the latter part of September, the Attorney-General was going home at noon, when he met Dr. Treacy at the entrance to the Power Block. They both got into the Doctor's buggy. Dr. Treacy began to inquire about the Wellcome case, and said he wanted to know in just what condition it was. Nolan told him that the preliminary stages had been passed and that the case had been set for hearing on the 6th of November; he thought an attempt would be made by Wellcome to secure a continuance, but he did not think it would be successful. Dr. Treacy then said that if Wellcome were disbarred it would be a serious matter for him. Nolan agreed with him. Dr. Treacy asked his friend whether he thought Wellcome's disbarment probable. Nolan told him he hadn't a doubt of it; he was in possession of evidence which he thought Wellcome could not overcome. Dr. Treacy remarked that there ought to be some money in the case for Nolan. Nolan said he thought not.

"I think differently," said Dr. Treacy. "Undoubtedly Mr. Clark will be willing to put up money to save Mr. Wellcome from the disgrace of disbarment."

"I don't think," said Nolan, "that Mr. Clark or anyone connected with him would place enough reliance in me to offer me money."

"So far as I am concerned," replied Dr. Treacy, "I rely on you, and if you make any proposition, I will guarantee that it shall be observed in every particular."

"I think not," maintained Nolan. "They would suspect me for a second Whiteside, and if I took money they would be afraid I did it to expose them."

"I don't think so. How much do you think you would require?"

"If I were to lend myself to such an act, I think I should be entitled to $100,000. Don't you think so?"

"I think that is not at all too much," said Dr. Treacy.

"Well, now, Doctor, if we arrange it in this way, there is one thing that I should decidedly object to, and that is that the money be turned over to a third person."

"I think that can be arranged satisfactorily," said the Doctor.

"How now, in the matter of commission? It is barely possible if you make this arrangement, and you get this money for me to bungle this case in Wellcome's favor, that a big proportion would have to be paid to you as a commission."

"No, sir; I will get you the hundred thousand dollars without any reduction."

By this time they had arrived almost at the Attorney-General's house, and Nolan had become convinced that his friend was in earnest.

"Doctor," he said, as he got out of the carriage and turned to face Treacy, "I don't know whether you mean this or not; but if you do, I want you to take

this message from me to Mr. Clark. Tell him from me that he is a contemptible dog. He has labored under the impression that every man has his price. He and his friends have proceeded upon that assumption thus far. You tell him for me that I am poor and I expect to be poor, in office or out of office. I think that I can make a living out of my profession in any country, and if his shriveled body were skeletoned and filled with gold, it wouldn't be any inducement to me. Tell him that if his United Verde mine were gold, instead of copper, and he made a title deed of the property to me, he couldn't reach me within sixty miles."

Doctor Treacy flicked the horse with his whip and drove off.

On the 5th or 6th of October, Dr. Treacy again tried to persuade Judge Nolan and again failed. About the middle of November, the Doctor interviewed Judge Hunt also a second time, saying that he wished to know whether the Judge had changed his mind.

"No, Doctor, no change of mind at all," replied the Judge. "It is ended, as far as I am concerned. I don't know how to tell you so more forcibly than to say that I would not do it to save my own life, or the lives of my children."

When testifying in Washington, Dr. Treacy explained his interviews with Mr. Nolan as mere "joshing," and said that his conversations with Judge Hunt were merely to test his friend's integrity. He said Judge Hunt was being "talked about," and he wished to assure himself as to whether he were corrupt or not.

"If I were called upon to name a man in the State of Montana whose character was preëminent in all respects," said Judge Hunt in telling his story, "I should not pick out anyone sooner than Dr. Treacy."

Chief Justice Brantley, though not actually approached with a bribe, was carefully sounded. Rev. Dr. A. B. Martin, principal of the College of Montana, a Presbyterian coeducational institution, was a close friend of W. A. Clark and Chief Justice Brantley, who were both trustees of this institution. A few days before the trial of the Wellcome disbarment case opened in the Supreme Court, Dr. Martin handed Judge Brantley a letter, with the remark:

"Read this, and then I will talk to you."

The letter was in W. A. Clark's handwriting, and read:

General Offices of William A. Clark,
Butte, Montana, Oct. 7, 1899.

Dear MR. MARTIN:

If you could see our mutual friend, Judge B., and relate to him what John R. T. told you outlining the plan of their campaign, which manifestly showed that everything was prearranged,* I am sure he would have a better understanding of the whole proceedings, and not allow that splendid man to be disbarred. He has a lovely wife and children, and it would be a shame that they should suffer the disgrace on the evidence of two such disreputable men as Whiteside and my namesake from Madison Co.

Yours sincerely,
W. A. CLARK.

Judge Brantley told Dr. Martin that he was only one member of the Court and could not control the action of the Court if he would. Furthermore, he would not, under the circumstances, if he could.

Disbarment of John B. Wellcome

Wellcome's attorneys filed for him a plea of not guilty, but he did not put in a personal plea to the charges against him. He did not take the stand as a witness to rebut the testimony of the prosecution, though present in court during the entire proceedings. The reason he afterwards gave was that the Court was prejudiced against him, and that his testimony would have served no purpose. The true reason probably was that the defense did not care to show its hand before the hearing at Washington, which was then impending. There were those, however, who said that W. A. Clark haggled over the compensation Wellcome should receive for the plight he had placed himself in, and that no satisfactory settlement had been agreed upon between the two. Wellcome's closest friends had always declared that he would draw the line at perjury — that he had done enough for Clark without that.

John B. Wellcome has never been reinstated as a practising attorney. He is now a prosperous Montana rancher.

United States Senate Petitioned to Investigate Clark's Election

On December 4, 1899, Senator Thomas H. Carter of Montana presented in the

* For the finding of the Committee on Privileges and Elections on the charge of conspiracy made against Whiteside, Clark, and Myer, see Report of that Committee, 1900, Vol. I., page 7.

THE SUPREME COURT OF MONTANA

Judge Wm. H. Hunt Chief Justice Theodore Brantley Judge Wm. T. Pigott

United States Senate memorials against the holding of Clark's seat, petitioning the Senate to investigate his election and to declare it void.

When the charges against Clark were presented in the Senate, they were referred, in the usual course, to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. With the memorials that had been presented to the Senate, and accompanying them, was the testimony in the Wellcome disbarment case, as well as the depositions of several unwilling witnesses, including Senator Clark himself, taken in the libel suit brought by Fred Whiteside against the Butte *Miner*, Clark's newspaper, and a transcript of the stenographic notes of Attorney-General Nolan, taken before the Grand Jury at Helena, which had investigated the bribery of the Legislature. The Committee found these charges so specific that it decided formally to investigate them.

Subpoenas were issued by the Committee and placed in the hands of the United States Marshal for Montana. In some cases the subpoenas were served by telegraph. Witnesses were subpoenaed as they were required, but there was usually in Washington a plentiful quota from which to draw. As the investigation progressed, uncovering depths of bribery not even hinted at in the memorials, many of the witnesses were stricken with fear, and were unwilling to face the Committee. These were furnished by Clark's agents in Montana with funds to cross the border into Canada, where they remained until the investigation was completed.

The Committee on Privileges and Elections of the Senate began its investigation on January 5, 1900, and ended April 6th of the same year. The Committee consisted of Senators William E. Chandler of New Hampshire, chairman; George F. Hoar of Massachusetts; Jeter C. Pritchard of North Carolina; Julius Caesar Burrows of Michigan; Louis F. McComas of Maryland; Donelson Caffery of Louisiana; E. W. Pettus of Alabama; Thomas B. Turley of Tennessee; and William A. Harris of Kansas. Former United States Senator George F. Edmunds, Hon. Arthur Birney, a distinguished Washington lawyer, Congressman A. J. Campbell of Montana, and ex-Congressman Charles S. Hartman of Montana appeared as counsel for the memorialists. Former United States Senator Charles J. Faulkner of West Virginia and Roger Foster of New York appeared for Senator Clark.

Merciless Examination of Perjured Witnesses by Senators Hoar and Chandler

This august tribunal held its sessions in a small committee-room of the National Capitol. The cross-examination of the various witnesses by members of the Committee was often extremely dramatic. One of Marcus Daly's principal henchmen sat at breakfast in the Arlington Hotel on the morning after his arrival in Washington. Opposite him sat one of Clark's witnesses, whose testimony, given on the previous day, appeared in the morning papers.

"What's the matter?" he remarked to this witness. "I notice your testimony is

very much against Clark. Have you come over to our side?"

"Come over, nothing," said the Clark witness in tones of disgust. "I tell you when a man faces that Committee, no matter what he has made up his mind to do before, he's going to tell the truth. There is no way out of it. The thumb-screw isn't in it with that rack. A liar is doomed. His scalp is gone before he can wink."

The members of this political inquisition were, many of them, lawyers of distinction. Senators Harris and Pritchard listened to the testimony day after day, almost without a word of comment or interrogation. Senator Caffery of Louisiana asked an occasional question, but usually maintained a stolid silence. When Senators Hoar, Chandler, or Turley took a witness in hand, the Western man who had so often gleefully watched the cow-boys shooting all around the toes of a tenderfoot to "see the cuss dance," now witnessed the perspiring agony of a tenderfoot on the gridiron in the East. The purchased legislators were handled suavely but remorselessly. They were trapped in the meshes of a cross-examination so skilful that they added contradiction to contradiction. Senator Hoar's benign expression would change to one of indignant contempt and disgust as the witness stripped himself of his dignity rag after rag, and tried to hide his shame behind one insufficient pretext after another.

When Ben Hill, one of Clark's witnesses, was unblushingly piling one contradiction upon another, Senator Hoar turned to his colleague, Senator Chandler, chairman of the Committee, and said, with impatience: "I can speak only for myself, of course, but you will see that this witness cannot be treated by any intelligent human being as a source of testimony. Nobody can believe that anything he would say has the slightest title to be believed because he says it."

WILLIAM A. CLARK

From a photograph made in the '80's

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the committee-room in which this testimony was heard was daily thronged with auditors. Even cynical and indifferent spectators were startled to hear men lie so brazenly and sullenly when there was nothing either to be gained or lost by it. Many of these witnesses had already lost their friends and their good name, and even the wages of their shameful servitude had melted away. Some of them were now just as poor in money as on the day they sold themselves.

However much long-continued political corruption had blunted the public conscience, the verdict of Washington meant something, even in Montana. These men came home under a peculiar ignominy; they had been disgraced and exposed – had perjured themselves in the capital of the nation. It was a singular fate by which so many poor fellows from ranches and frontier towns — some of them had never expected to get as far east as Washington, perhaps — were caught up and held for a moment to writhe in the glare of merciless publicity, most shamed in the spot they most venerated, and then dropped to crawl back into the obscurity which had failed to hide them.

Scarcely less pitiable were the witnesses who felt rather honored than otherwise by the sudden importance they had acquired, and who regarded the occasion merely as an opportunity to see Washington at the Government's expense. There were not

a few of these whose skins were proof against the most scathing sarcasms of the Committee and who returned home considerably elevated in their own esteem. Several of the delegates from Flathead County were singularly unembarrassed in the face of self-contradiction, and their testimony is typical of the ludicrous absurdities by which some of the witnesses endeavored to explain how they went to the Legislature poor men and returned to their homes in comparative affluence.

The Making of Flathead Capitalists

The testimony of J. H. Geiger is a case in point. Geiger, it will be remembered, was the Republican candidate for State Senate, and ran against Fred Whiteside, the Democratic candidate. He afterward contested Whiteside's seat, and although his contest was not considered seriously until after the Whiteside exposure, it was decided in Geiger's favor, and he was seated two days before the final ballot, which elected Clark to the United States Senate. On the day after Geiger's contest was decided and he was seated in the Legislature, he voted for Charles R. Leonard, a Republican; but his party faith wobbled on the following day, and he voted for Clark on the final ballot.

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WILLIAM A. CLARK

At the time of his resignation from the Senate

When Geiger went to the Legislature, he had about seventy-five dollars in cash — and that was practically all the money he had in the world. He had been compelled to borrow twenty-five dollars to go to the County Convention which had nominated him. He had borrowed fifty dollars to pay his expenses at the Republican State Convention and later had to borrow $300 for campaign expenses. When he arrived at the capital to enter upon his legislative duties, he did not even possess a watch, but thinking a time-piece a necessary appendage of every legislator, he went to a Jake Yund, a Helena pawnbroker, and bought one on credit for forty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

When Geiger arrived home on the 17th of March, after the adjournment of the Legislature, he had $3,500 in cash — how much more nobody knew. He immediately launched out as a capitalist and began purchasing town lots and erecting houses on them, his alleged principal being his brother, George Geiger of Peoria, Illinois.

When Geiger appeared as a witness before the Committee on Privileges and Elections, he accounted for his sudden affluence in various ways. He had received $200 from his mother's estate in Ohio, he said. He had cleaned up a good deal at a horse race in Peoria. He had played poker some in Helena, and had won about $2,000 at faro. When asked by the examining attorney whether he didn't know it was against the law to gamble, he modestly said "he thought he was just about as conscientious in that respect as many other Montana legislators." He admitted that he had been all around lucky in picking up money. During the last week of the session, for example, he found in his room in a Helena hotel an envelop which contained $1,100 in bills. This envelop, which was addressed to him and was lying on the floor near the foot of his bed, had been thrown into his room through the transom. Geiger admitted to the Committee that he had an idea where the money came from, but insisted that it hadn't changed his convictions.

He put the money in his pocket, said nothing, and voted just as he would have voted if his transom had been closed. He was proud of every vote he cast as a Montana legislator, including the one cast for Clark.

Geiger's testimony as to where he kept his money while he was in Helena was especially amusing. He claimed that he had $3,500 on his person most of the time, and that he kept it in his vest pocket. As the examination proceeded he insisted that he put his trousers under his pillow every night, while he left his vest hanging on the foot of his bed. He explained this seeming inconsistency by saying that he put his trousers under his pillow from habit; that he always put them there when he went to bed, whether he had money in them or not.

A Member Who Kept $6,000 in His Trunk

Stephen Bywater, another Flathead County man, and a member of the lower House, had found a somewhat different path to fortune. He was a railroad conductor on the Great Northern, at a salary of $125 a month. With Geiger and his other Flathead colleagues, he voted for Clark on the last ballot. On the 3d of March, the day after the adjournment of the Legislature, Bywater deposited $15,000 in bills in the Montana National Bank at Helena.

Six thousand dollars of this, he said, he had brought from home with him and had kept in his wife's trunk in their room during the session. Part of it was savings and part of it was payment for a mining claim, and he wouldn't put it in a bank so long as he had his wife's trunk to put it in and he and his wife were in their room every day. The rest of the $15,000 he got from his brother, Ben Bywater, a mysterious individual who "lived all over the Coast," and who dropped into Helena the day after the Legislature adjourned, and paid him $9,000 in currency for some shares in the British Columbia mine. This brother had stayed in Helena only twenty-four hours. Bywater didn't know at what hotel he had stopped. The mining company in which "Ben" had invested proved to be an unlocated mine taken up on public lands. Since the Legislature adjourned it had never paid anything but "Irish" dividends.

Distrust of Banks Among Montana Legislators

H. H. Garr, the member from Flathead whom Whiteside had denounced on the last day of the session, had likewise received money from unpromising sources. His income from his business as United States Commissioner and notary was between fifty dollars and seventy-five dollars a month. After the adjournment of the Legislature, when he was on his way home, Garr had a one-thousand-dollar bill changed at Great Falls. Shortly afterward, he bought a ranch and paid $3,500 in currency for it. One of the bills was a one-thousand-dollar bill, and three of them were five-hundred-dollar bills. In his testimony at Washington, Garr assured the Committee that he bought this ranch for Jane Wickham, a milliner and an elderly maiden aunt of Mrs. Garr, who had lived with them for years. Miss Wickham had paid him the cash, he said, in the parlor of his little home, as they stood by the center table on which the family Bible lay. He had never known that Miss Wickham had any money laid by until she declared that she wanted this ranch. She had never bought any property or handled any money before that he knew of. She paid only two dollars and fifty cents a week for her board, although the Garrs were very poor and board was high in Montana. She kept her money in a strong box in her trunk. She, like so many Montana legislators who had testified before this Committee, "did not believe in banks." "She was from Vermont," said Garr, "and I don't believe she would deposit a dollar in the United States Treasury."

From the bulk of the testimony given before the Committee, indeed, the auditor could not fail to be impressed with two facts; that remarkable thrift and economy prevailed among workmen in Montana, and that in this State there was a universal distrust of banks, which was only equalled by a general confidence in the sufficiency of trunks as safety-deposit vaults.

Finding of the Committee on Clark's Case

On the 10th of April the Committee on Privileges and Elections decided by unanimous vote to recommend the adoption of a resolution declaring void William A.

Clark's title to his seat in the Senate. In this last session of the Committee, Senator Harris of Kansas was inclined to be lenient toward Clark. He expressed no doubt that Clark had made a lavish expenditure of money to bring about his election, but he strongly condemned the tactics employed by Congressman Campbell in the preparation of his evidence against Clark. Campbell had admitted to the opening of letters sent from one Clark supporter to another; to having entered W. M. Bickford's room at the Finland Hotel in Butte, having obtained the key from the proprietor of the hotel, a Daly partizan. These and other doubtful transactions which were traced to Campbell, Senator Harris felt, cast suspicion on the good faith of the memorialists. Senator Pettus also joined in these criticisms.

FRANK CORBETT

"Corbett's undoubted promise, his gradual demoralization under the feverish life of Butte, and his early death — brought on by sheer exhaustion and over-exertion in Clark's service — made him one of the most tragic figures in the story of Montana politics"

Marcus Daly, in his testimony, had frankly admitted that his prosecution of Clark at Washington was not actuated by any high public motive. He testified that while the evidence against Clark was being secured, he lay seriously ill in the Hotel Netherland, in New York, and he said that he knew neither what money was spent in ferreting out the evidence, nor the means by which results were achieved. He had given instructions to furnish such money as was needed. He denied that he knew anything of the employment of detectives on his side, however. As an evidence of his good faith, Daly offered the books of his mining companies, as well as his own private accounts and vouchers, covering a period of five years, for the inspection of the Committee — a shrewd move, intended to meet Clark's sworn declaration that he (Clark) had destroyed all vouchers covering the period of his campaign. Daly's expenses in the prosecution of the Clark case before the Senate, including lawyer's fees, amounted to $40,000

Clark's Resignation from the Senate

On Tuesday, May 15th, Clark, anticipating the vote of the Senate on the report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, rose in his place in the Senate and read a long manuscript speech, in which he reviewed in detail the persecution he had suffered at Daly's hands. He told some sore truths about Daly and his methods, but the effect of the speech was lessened by a glowing misrepresentation of his own cause. He had decreed that this was to be the last recorded word in the war between himself and Daly which had begun back in the '80's and was now to be terminated by his voluntary resignation from the Senate. He defended his use of money against Daly and his clan. He declared that in the city of Anaconda, wholly dependent for its commercial life upon Daly's great smelting works, Daly had ruled a veritable despot, and that the entire State had been completely at his mercy.

Clark then read his letter of resignation, which he said he had mailed on the 11th of May, four days previous, addressed to "His Excellency, the Governor of Montana." In this document he said: "Conscious of the rectitude of my own conduct, and, after a critical examination of all the evidence taken by the Committee, convinced that

ROBERT B. SMITH
Ex-Governor of Montana
"The way in which the Governor was 'handled,' and unknowingly made to serve Clark's purposes, is one of the most remarkable episodes in this concatenation of plot and intrigue"

those friends who were so loyal to me during that bitter contest did not resort to dishonorable or corrupt means to influence the action of the members of the Legislature in their choice of a senator, I am yet unwilling to continue to occupy a seat in the Senate of the United States under credentials which its Committee has declared rest for their authority upon the action of a legislature which was not free and voluntary in its choice of a senator." As Clark declared that he proposed to leave to his children a legacy worth more than gold,— an unblemished name,— his voice trembled with emotion. After his speech he was warmly congratulated by senators on both sides of the chamber.

The Last Great Strategy of the Clark-Daly Feud

On the day that the Committee on Privileges and Elections reported, Senator Clark wired his son, Charles W. Clark, in Montana: 'Report of Committee will be adverse. Don't let this worry you. I will be vindicated, either here or in Montana."

It was at this point that Clark showed himself to be a strategist of no mean order. The situation which he faced was this: If he allowed the report of the Committee to come to a vote and the vote should be adverse — as he saw it would be — then the law declared there had not been an election and so there could be no vacancy; — there would be no Senator from Montana until one was chosen at the next senatorial election. If he resigned, however, before an action by the Senate, a vacancy would exist, and the Governor of Montana could immediately appoint a successor to fill the vacancy. Therefore, if Clark resigned before he was unseated, and could compel the Governor of Montana to appoint him to succeed himself, he would avenge the humiliation brought upon him by Wellcome's disbarment and by the senatorial investigation, and crown a series of defeats by an insolent victory.

There was one obstacle in the way, however. The Governor of Montana, Robert B. Smith, was immovable in his hostility to Clark. He was thoroughly convinced of Clark's guilt, and the Senator knew that he could bring no pressure to bear which would make Governor Smith act against his conviction. The way in which the Governor was "handled," and unknowingly made to serve Clark's purposes, is one of the most remarkable episodes in this concatenation of plot and intrigue. The Daly faction has always maintained that, hidden beneath the surface of the events about to be recorded, lies one of the most sensational political conspiracies of modern times.

A. E. Spriggs, the Lieutenant-Governor of Montana at this time, though he was not an uncompromising partizan of either faction, might be said to have leaned toward Clark. A day or two before Clark's resignation, Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs left Montana to attend the Populists' National Convention at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to which he was a delegate. Public announcement of this fact was made, and when the Associated Press mentioned that he was at Sioux Falls, eight hundred miles away, in attendance upon an important convention which was not likely to conclude its labors inside of a week, Governor Robert B. Smith disappeared from Helena. He took an opposite direction from Spriggs and went to San Francisco, leaving State Senator Edwin Norris of Beaverhead County, an

incorruptible public official, the acting-Governor in his absence.

Ruse by Which Clark Was Appointed to Succeed Himself

It is important to remember that Clark's resignation was addressed to "His Excellency, the Governor of Montana."

Telegraphic communication reached Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs at Sioux Falls within an hour after Governor Smith's departure westward. Spriggs left Sioux Falls at once, and hurried to Helena as fast as steam could carry him. Clark waited at Washington for the click of the telegraph which announced Spriggs' presence in Helena, then rose in the Senate, delivered his speech, and retired. The letter of resignation had been in the hands of his son, Charles W. Clark, in Montana, apparently for many days, for the date-line of the letter had been erased and the date unquestionably changed. Almost at the hour that Clark resigned, considering the difference of two hours' time between Helena and Washington, Charlie Clark handed this letter of resignation to Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs in Helena, and on that same evening Spriggs appointed William A. Clark to succeed himself as senator, giving out a statement that "the people of Montana, through their representatives, chosen at the last general election, selected W. A. Clark to represent them in the United States Senate, and it is my judgment that the selection should stand until such time as the people have an opportunity at the coming election to affirm or revoke it."

Spriggs wired to Clark the announcement of his appointment, adding with unintentional irony: "I trust you will accept."

When Governor Smith awoke in San Francisco the next morning, this was the news that greeted him. Instantly the whole plot dawned on him. He had lived, time and again, through the strategies of this feud, and had seen other men caught in mesh and snare, without thought of his own undoing. In Helena his ears had been persistently stormed with reports that Clark would never resign, and the possibility of an appointment being made had never occurred to him. "Tom" Hinds, that adroit, smiling, good-natured political plotter, had induced him to go to California to look into the title to some mining claim — this was the story he told to the reporters

A. E. SPRIGGS
Ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Montana
Who, during the Governor's absence from the State, appointed W. A. Clark to succeed himself in the United States Senate

as he rushed to the train and secured passage to Helena. Unpurchasable in the market, as he was, they had found a way, as they always found a way.

At Ogden, Utah, Governor Smith gave out the following interview:

"This man, Clark," he said, "has been convicted by the United States Senate of perjury, bribery, and fraud, and it is an insult to the Senate to send him back to that body. It is a disgrace, a shame and humiliation upon the people of Montana, and the Senate should adopt the resolution and show him that they do not want him there, as it seems he can take the hint in no other way. I wish to denounce in language as strong as I can command the contemptible proceedings taken to secure the resignation and appointment of W. A. Clark during my absence from the State. I went to examine the title of some mining property in California. Clark had repeatedly stated through the press that he would not resign under any circumstances, and believing this, and believing also that Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs was at Sioux Falls

attending a national convention which had not yet convened when I left Montana, I had no hesitancy in going, and I notified Senator Norris to act if anything came up needing attention in my absence. I did not believe Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs, or any other sane man, would appoint Clark, who stands before the world convicted of bribery, and whose oath was not believed by the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the Senate. This is only another one of the tricks, perjuries, and crimes resorted to by Clark and his minions to fasten him on the State as a senator."

Gradually, the full story of this stratagem became known in the inner councils of both the Clark and Daly forces, and with it came also the story of the cost to Clark. It was said by those who ought to know that $200,000 of Clark's money was divided among the principals in this intrigue; and while these figures cannot be verified, it is certain that the same sudden prosperity that had so often been seen during the legislative session, bloomed afresh around the little circle of conspirators in this last move upon the worn chessboard.

On May 18th, three days after the appointment by Spriggs, Governor Smith returned to his executive chamber in Helena and immediately telegraphed Clark that he had disregarded and revoked his appointment as United States senator, made by Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs on the 15th, "as being tainted with collusion and fraud," and announced that he had appointed Martin Maginnis United States senator to fill the vacancy caused by Clark's resignation. Smith also telegraphed Hon. William P. Frye, president of the Senate, and Senator Chandler, of the revocation of Clark's appointment and the appointment of Major Maginnis.

Clark returned to Butte June 10th, and announced that there was not a lawyer in the Senate of the United States who would not stake his reputation that his appointment was legal and that he was entitled to be sworn in on his credentials. "When this man Chandler," said Clark, "had bulldozed the Committee into reporting against me, after consultation with my friends I withdrew from the Senate." He further announced that he had tried not to take his seat under Spriggs' appointment, because he understood that some of the members of the Committee on Privileges and Elections had intended to adopt bulldozing tactics if the matter were pressed at that time, and that as Congress was anxious to adjourn, an agreement was reached to let the matter go over until the next session. "In spite of this agreement," Clark said, "this man Chandler rose in the Senate and asked for an appropriation from the contingent fund to investigate this appointment."

Before leaving Washington, Clark, exasperated at Senator Chandler's conduct of the investigation, which had been keen, incisive, and caustic, threatened to go into New Hampshire, Chandler's state, and wreak his vengeance by defeating him for reëlection. The story goes among Clark's intimate friends that he made this threat good by spending a large sum of money to defeat Chandler. In any event, Senator Chandler was defeated for reëlection after a long term in the Senate.

Clark resigned from the Senate on May 15, 1900. Some weeks before this event, Marcus Daly left New York, and sailed for Europe, bound for the German spas. He was not himself during that entire winter after he left Montana. He was to return to New York on June 9th, and to be in Butte by June 15th, to fight, as he said, for his possessions on the Butte Hill, which F. Augustus Heinze was then threatening to wrest from him and his new associates, Henry H. Rogers and William Rockefeller. Daly returned to New York on June 9th, but went immediately to his hotel and to the bed from which he never rose. Helpless, chafing like a caged lion, struggling against the swift inroads of that insidious disease which had attacked him in his first hour of repose after years of grinding labor, with his old enemy and his own young protégé, Heinze, plotting against him in Montana, he was unable even to counsel from his bedside, and the most bitter, pregnant, and truculent campaign ever waged in Montana saw its climax and culmination without Daly's leadership.

(This instalment concludes the first series of Mr. Connolly's articles on Montana. The second series, dealing with the great treasure of Butte Hill and the strife between F. Augustus Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company, will begin in the March number of this magazine)

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

MARY BAKER G. EDDY: THE STORY OF HER LIFE, AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

IN 1875 ten or twelve disciples of one Mary Baker Glover, teacher of a system of healing disease by the mind, met at Lynn, Massachusetts, organized by resolution the first Christian Science Association, and pledged ten dollars a week for the support of Mary Glover as their teacher. In June, 1906, the Christian Scientists of the world met in Boston to dedicate the most costly church building in New England and one of the most pretentious in the United States; for in thirty-one years the Association had grown into a Church, and the Church into six hundred churches. In 1875 no one living outside of two or three back streets of Lynn had heard of Christian Science. Now, the very name is a catch phrase. In those early days the leader and teacher paid out half of her ten dollars a week to hire a hall, patching out the rest of her living with precarious fees as an instructor in mental healing; now, she is one of the richest women in the United States. She is more than that — she is the most powerful American woman.

The public began to hear of this new movement out of Boston about twenty years ago. The serious-minded, the orthodox, reading in the newspapers how this invalid or that child-bearing woman had died under Christian Science treatment, regarded it as a menace. The frivolous, hearing how its healers professed to treat present bodies with absent minds, snatched at the phrase "absent treatment," and took it as a joke. Although the Church has been gaining converts all this time, this attitude of the public has begun to change only of late years. If there is no regular movement toward mysticism in this country, there is at least a reaction from the materialism of the Nineteenth Century; and Christian Science, no matter how materialistic its applications, is mystic in its essence. Then the cult has grown enormously, and its success has inspired respect. A church which has doubled its membership in five years, which draws its believers mostly from the rich and respectable, which has prospered exceedingly in wealth, and which has just paid for the most costly church building in New England— to the worldly, this is no longer a joke. More and more Americans are taking seriously this faith which professes to cure sickness and poverty as well as sin.

What is the theory of life, religion, and medicine which Mrs. Eddy put forth in her book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," and which thousands of zealous apostles are spreading all over the world? Even the faithful have trouble in answering that question, while the intelligent outside public is very much at sea. That it has to do with curing disease by divine aid, everyone knows. Further, the average man knows that it is supposed to give great calm and peace of mind; and perhaps he can bear witness to the case of a neighbor who declares himself "healed by Science," or to some miracle of character wrought "through Science." Beyond that, in the public mind, there are only the stock phrases — "Sin, disease, death"; "Health and Harmony"; "Denial of error"; and the like.

Christian Science Doctrine

In fifteen minutes a clear-minded orthodox Christian could explain to a clear-minded pagan the essentials of his religion. It is different with Christian Science. Here understanding follows belief. To the normal, average mind, "Science and Health," written as it is in a cheaply symbolic style, seems hazy and obscure. Even the encyclopedias have given up all attempts to define the doctrine, and they dodge the issue by quoting from Mrs. Eddy.

"What is Christian Science?" the writer asked a Reader in the Church — one of its hierarchy.

"Haven't you read 'Science and Health'?"

Mary Baker Eddy

THIS PORTRAIT OF MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY WAS TAKEN IN BOSTON IN 1882, SOON AFTER SHE MOVED IN FROM LYNN AND BEGAN THE WORK OF FOUNDING HER CHURCH. AT THAT TIME SHE WAS ABOUT SIXTY-ONE YEARS OLD. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN LATER YEARS HAVE BEEN GENERALLY REPRODUCED.

"Yes, but I don't understand it. Can't you explain it to me so that I can explain it to the world?"

"No; I cannot explain it to you. Read 'Science and Health.' Heal and be healed. Until you have done that, you cannot understand. This comes as near as any explanation I can give: Christ, the apostles, and the early priests and bishops of the church healed the sick. Healing, in fact, was for three hundred years a regular practice of Christianity. Then the church departed from Truth — lost its power. Mrs. Eddy rediscovered Truth — exhumed it. Let me put this in another way. There is in the Universe a great body of good, which is God. Christian Science, as taught in 'Science and Health,' is the method of laying hold of that good.

"Even reading the book has healed many," he added.

Perhaps, however, it may be possible for an outsider to tell approximately what it is which Mrs. Eddy revealed and which Christian Science teaches. To the unbeliever, its essential theory differs very little from the philosophy of Bishop Berkeley. There is no reality in matter. All is mind. Mind is substance, but it is not matter. What our senses hold to be matter is only belief of the mind. It has no substance. This table, this pencil, do not really exist — they are creations of mind, the all-powerful. Everything that exists is composed of a vital principle called God, or absolute good. What is called evil, sin, disease, poverty, and death has no existence, since, all being good, there is room for nothing but good. A full realization of this will eliminate the belief in evil, sin, sickness, poverty, and death, and produce the original state of goodness, or God. The application of this principle is healing, prosperity, eternal life. When men have sufficiently "grown in Science" they will conquer even death.

"That is the final demonstration," said the Reader, "and it is one of the hardest things in Science to understand. We, of the new generation, have not grown enough in Science to conquer death; yet Christ in His Resurrection did it. It has been accomplishd once, you see; and I believe that it will be again."

As a matter of fact, many Christian Scientists believe that Mrs. Eddy, first champion and rediscoverer of Truth, ablest of all to demonstrate over error, will not die. Officially, the Church does not recognize death. No funeral is ever held from a Christian Science church, just as no marriage will ever be held in one. Both death and marriage are of the flesh — "suffer it to be so now."

When men are strong enough in thought, all trials of the flesh, such as poverty, will go the way of disease and death. One has only to lay hold on the good, and all things will be given unto him; and riches, as the world goes now, are a good. The Christian Science writers boast that they have the best-dressed, most prosperous congregations in New York, Boston, and Chicago; and that "Science" has brought this prosperity. "I have not yet made my financial demonstration," said a member at the Mother Church convention, excusing her poverty. "Those Boston people must have demonstrated powerfully to bring such fine weather," said another. "The two pre-eminently successful plays produced on Broadway in the last two years were the fruits of Christian Science," boasts the author of those plays. All good things are theirs if they are strong enough to take them.

Christian Science was a school of healing before it was a religion, and Mrs. Eddy a teacher before she became a priestess. Part of the closely knit church organization is a system of teaching in which adepts train the "healers"— missionaries of a religion whose sacrament is the cure of the body. There are no priests in their Church except Mrs. Eddy, alone,— only "teachers," "healers," and "readers." "Science and Health" is their only text-book, and especially the chapter "Recapitulation." These healers are taught how to apply this art of universal good which, according to the orthodox Christian Science view, Mrs. Eddy discovered.

This is a slight and imperfect statement, but it conveys an idea of that faith which is making so much noise in America of late. So well has it been advertised that most people rather overestimate its strength in membership. The Mother Church in Boston had 41,000 members last June, and the branch churches about the same number; but these two lists overlap, since most really ardent Christian Scientists belong not only to their home branch churches, but to the Mother Church. Friends and enemies have worked together to keep it before the public. The

age-long controversy over healing blackens tons of white paper every week. Whenever a patient dies under Christian Science treatment, there is "copy" for some newspaper. The personality of the leader, her queenly isolation, her strange edicts, the pilgrimages to her home, all make picturesque matter.

There is also a great body of half-believers on the fringe of the regular membership — people who have been helped by Christian Science practice, and who hold to its tenets in a general way, but who are not ready to make open profession. For example, these Christian Science opinions are rather strong among stage people; yet few actors and actresses are actual members. The leaders of the Church say that they have a million followers and sympathizers in the United States.

Mary Eddy, the Leader

In religion, first the need, then the leader, and then the doctrine. Political ideas are mainly growths of a composite mind. The leaders only crystallize them. No one man originated the idea of republican government, of monarchy, of socialism. But religions, which are so intimately connected with the personal emotions, must have their Messiahs; most of them, true or false, dignified or bizarre, have sprung full-grown from the head of a man or a woman — a Buddha, a Mohammed, a Joseph Smith, a Mother Ann Lee. Above this new phenomenon in American life rises the figure of Mary Baker G. Eddy, "discoverer and founder" of Christian Science, author of its text-book, absolute ruler of its church government. If she is genuine in her professions, as her followers ardently believe, she is one of the great of the world; if she is a charlatan, as the enemies of Christian Science maintain, she is the queen of charlatanry. The devotees of Christian Science have printed whole libraries in her praise; the enemies of Christian Science have written even more in ridicule of her contentions and in detraction of her career. She has led a wonderful life, this old woman of power and mystery. It is shot, illumined, with romance. The very fact that she, the daughter of a poor farmer, and an unknown dependent at fifty-five, has become rich and great in the nation at eighty-five — that alone is a romance. Yet there exists no impartial story of this life and of the cult into which it has flowered.

That story, carefully gathered from its original sources, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is about to tell. It begins with the birth of this daughter of the soil in a New Hampshire farmhouse, and carries her through her strange, hysterical childhood and her equally strange youth. It tells of her marriages, and her wanderings; it goes into the peculiar phenomena of mind and emotion which mark her character as special psychological phenomena have marked in varying ways the personalities of so many other leaders in minor religions. It follows her through phases of clairvoyance and vague mysticism to the time when she appears as a patient of Dr. Quimby, a mental healer of Maine. Then comes the episode of the Quimby Manuscripts, by which the opponents of Christian Science have tried to discredit Mrs. Eddy, as a plagiarist.

The story goes on with her appearance at Lynn, Massachusetts, as a teacher of mental healing, the publication of the book which has made so much noise in the world, and the collection of the extraordinary group of people who founded the Church. It tells of their heroic sacrifices, violent quarrels, hysterical outbursts, queer legal processes. Once, the husband of Mrs. Eddy was arrested, charged with plotting to murder one of her rebellious students in Christian Science. This case was dropped after the court had taken a mass of strange evidence. Once, this same student was sued for attempting to do injury by mental processes. With Mrs. Eddy's removal from Lynn to Boston, about 1880, there comes another element into the story — the building, through two defections and many schisms, of that solid hierarchy by which she holds over her Church a control more nearly absolute than that of any other leader in the western world.

Animating these events and back of them all is the extraordinary character of this woman, Mary Eddy. Wilful, ungoverned, and dominant in her youth, she became all-dominating in her age. Her associates in the early years of the Church have told how nothing could stand against her when her blood was up; how she overmastered everyone. They have testified, further, to her persuasive sweetness and to the inspiration of her presence when things were going well between them. "After I left her I seemed to be walking on air," wrote an unbeliever who met her in the time when she was founding her Church. Others talk of her

extraordinary physical beauty, "which seemed illuminated from within." She has not only blazing will, but persistence — will to beat down the temporary obstacle, persistence to clear away the wreckage of a cause and begin rebuilding. Three times she has been beaten to the earth; each time she has arisen and triumphed.

These are only the main facets in a character which shines with all the angles of genius. She has other traits, more subtle. There is the mystic quality which shows in her obscure writings and still more in the genuine fears of "mental influence," which haunted her nights during the period when she and her leading student had their historic quarrel. There are feminine hesitations and inconsistencies at variance with her real strength, unaccountable attachments, strong aversions. Above all this, there seems to reign a kind of megalomania — a thirst for great achievements and for great glory.

Perhaps these are only surface qualities in the character of a woman whose deepest motives must always remain a mystery. Those who are nearest her and most competent to know, are silent or silenced; those in the next stratum of her acquaintance believe in her as holy, and cannot see her truly for the glamour with which they have surrounded her. For although the Church, and most of all its head, denies that she is claiming divinity, the more enthusiastic and less orthodox members are in the process of making her, if not a prophetess, at least a saint.

In the Mother Room

Nothing, perhaps, will better illustrate the attitude of mind which the rank and file in her Church holds toward her than the visits to the so-called Mother Room, when the new temple was dedicated last June. This Mother Room, which opens from the vestibule of the old church, was furnished years ago by the children of the congregation (the Little Busy Bees) for their Pastor Emeritus (Mrs. Eddy), to be used by her whenever she chose to visit Boston. On the afternoon of that Communion Sunday, when 30,000 people attended six services in the new Temple, a crowd which stretched a half a block down the street waited in line to make this visit.

It was an hour from the door of the church to the head of the line, which ran through the church vestibule, down a side aisle, and up the main aisle. The well-dressed crowd — mostly calm, elderly women — shuffled forward in a perfect silence. In the end, one came out into the vestibule before a small alcove flooded with soft light from the ceiling. The one word, "Love," in gilt, shone above a little white door. An usher stepped forward.

"Arrange yourselves twelve at a time — four abreast," he whispered. The twelve fell silently into place and stood with folded hands, waiting. The door opened; the preceding twelve tiptoed out. The silence was profound, religious.

"You may stay only two minutes," whispered the usher. The twelve advanced, like people about to receive a sacrament.

The way led into a small room, expensively over-decorated. The wainscot was of stucco, picked out with gilt. A white onyx table in the center of the room bore a white onyx lamp with gilt trimmings. Of white onyx, too, was the mantelpiece. A gilt book-case in the corner was filled with white volumes, titled in gold — the complete works of Mrs. Eddy. Above the mantelpiece and opposite it were passages from "Science and Health," signed "Mary Baker G. Eddy," and verses from the Gospels signed "Christ Jesus." On the back wall, — the most prominent thing in the room — was a painting of a chair and a table: at furniture like this, so a legend beneath it told, "Science and Health" was written. An alcove room with a white maple "bedroom set" opened on one side of the door, and on the other a toilet room, complete, except for a bath-tub, in every particular. There were many more details; as heavily upholstered white chairs railed off with a ribbon so that no visitor might sit in them; an eider-down rug; and stained-glass windows of mystic symbolism. Before the central window, which showed a woman writing, hung a Grecian lamp. The whole effect was ornate; everything was heavy with decoration; even the plumbing in the toilet room was gold-plated.

The pilgrims looked about in utter silence; no one spoke a word until the door opened to show that the two minutes were up. Then a woman approached the guardian of the doorway.

"I have been here three times," she whispered, "and each time it has seemed more wonderful to me."

"Ah," said the guard, on an indrawn breath, "it reflects purity."

Twelve others, their hands folded, their eyes upon the word "Love," were waiting their turn outside, and down the church aisle stretched a file of quiet, intent people, waiting.

The Process of Saint-Making

Now whether this homage is paid to Mrs. Eddy direct, as the outsider would suppose, or whether it is paid to the exhumation of truth, as the church leaders maintain, this is the wonder of Mary Baker G. Eddy: that in America, the material, and while she is still alive, people are venerating the spots where she deigned set her foot. When she permitted the yearly pilgrimages to her country seat at Concord, she used to step out on the balcony and give the faithful a few words of benediction. They would listen with uncovered heads; when she withdrew, they would break out together into audible prayer. She permits pilgrimages to her home no longer; her isolation is now like that of the Grand Lama; and there remains for the outward and visible homage of the pilgrims only this room, in which she has slept but three times. It is sixteen years now since she went into retirement to direct the affairs of her Church and take thought for the salvation of the world; seven years since she has spoken from a pulpit.

From any worldly standpoint, this old queen of a new dispensation is the most successful woman in the United States. No other American woman has made a greater fortune by her own efforts — and Mrs. Eddy had known nothing but poverty until she was nearly sixty. None other is so famous; none other has half the power. For the great and growing membership of the Christian Science Church, she is the absolute arbiter of conscience, the cure of souls. The only sermon permitted in Christian Science churches is the reading of her book, together with verses from the Bible. Except for the Lord's Prayer, there are no prayers said but those of her composition. When she cares to exercise it, she has control of her followers even to the intimate details of their private lives. In her Mother Church there is a by-law regarding obedience. By its terms, any member may be summoned at any time to the home of the Pastor Emeritus (Mrs. Eddy), there to serve the cause for not more than a year. When she permitted pilgrimages to Concord, her followers came by thousands for one sight of her from a balcony or a carriage window; when, "seeking quiet," she ordered them to keep away from her home and refrain from "haunting her daily drive," they obeyed and made no complaint.

Christian Science as a Curative Agent

In this history, which will begin in the January number, McCLURE's will take no stand upon the assertion of Christian Science that it cures disease. This is to be a history, not a treatise. Until Christian Science submits its cures to the examination of men of science, working with the exact knowledge of the laboratory, this assertion cannot be proved or disproved with the scientific accuracy which will satisfy the unbeliever. We shall not deny its cures, any more than we deny the cures of the Faith Healers, of the Anabaptists, of the early Mormons, and of the hypnotic practitioners. There is a chamber in the house of consciousness which psychologists are calling, for want of a better name, the subliminal mind. It is a region on whose borderland lie the phenomena of clairvoyance, telepathy, and suggestion, and in which psychology is making only a beginning of exploration. Whether the explanation of Christian Science phenomena lies in the activities of the subliminal mind, whether the cures are imaginary, or whether Christian Science has grasped Truth — with these questions we have nothing to do. This is to be only a history — the story of a romantic life and of a great human movement.

Of the facts, we have made a thorough investigation. No series of articles presented to the American people ever followed more careful preliminary work. Georgine Milmine, the author, spent more than two years of close research. At various times five other members of the McCLURE staff have confirmed facts or helped correlate the data. Many minds, each looking on things from a different angle, have been turned upon these events; and the result is probably as near absolute accuracy as history ever gets.

Difficulties of the Investigation

Certain difficulties face all investigators who seek the truth concerning Christian Science. Practically no assistance can be obtained from Christian Scientists themselves. Official documents on this subject are frequently incorrect. Mrs. Eddy has

herself published an autobiography which, in many points, does not agree with the statements of unprejudiced outsiders. She refuses to be consulted personally on the main facts of her own life. The Christian Science mind is unfriendly to independent investigation. It presupposes that anything even slightly unfavorable to Mrs. Eddy or to Christian Science is deliberate falsehood. The Church organization has already branded as "forgeries" and "counterfeits" documents which it has not seen. This mental attitude results from the Christian Science philosophy. It assumes that it has the truth — the mental illumination that sees things as they are; and that the rest of the world lives in error. Fundamentally, it denies the evidence of the senses. It believes that such evidence is illusion; and never to be accepted as trustworthy testimony against Mrs. Eddy or the Christian Science Church; Mrs. Eddy herself is the source of truth; and her word, in the minds of the faithful, counts against that of all others.

"Suppose Mrs. Eddy should commit a crime — rob a bank, for example," the present writer asked a Christian Scientist closely in touch with his leader. "Suppose certain reputable persons — for example, the Mayor of Concord, the Governor of New Hampshire, President Roosevelt, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Pope of Rome — saw her rob the bank. Suppose they all went upon the witness-stand and swore that they saw her do this — would you believe their testimony?" "No," came the prompt response. "Why not?" The Christian Scientist murmured the word "hypnotism." That is, the forces of evil, working through hypnotism, might easily lead astray the senses of all these high-minded witnesses and force them to bear false testimony. "I should believe Mrs. Eddy against the statements of all the world," Christian Scientists frequently declare. "But if Mrs. Eddy herself told you that she committed this crime, would you then believe it?" "No." Indeed, Mrs. Eddy has explained away certain letters written by herself which tend to disprove her claim to the discovery of Christian Science, by saying that she wrote them while in a mesmeric state.

Necessarily, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE does not accept these rules of evidence. It brings to bear upon the facts merely "mortal mind." It has the utmost confidence in the evidence of the senses. It will use these senses, and not a certain esoteric philosophy, in determining the value of certain facts. It holds no argument for or against Christian Science; and will simply tell the truth, as that truth is ascertained by the use of ordinary human faculties.

WINTER SUNRISE

BY

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

THERE'S a shadow on the starlight far
away, far away;
There's a pearl hid in the mist so cold and gray,
Where young Morning, silver-eyed,
Steals along the steep hillside
For to seek another little new-born day,
For to find and love a little new-born day.

There's a glory on the granite, far away, far away;
There's a rainbow on the mist so cold and gray.
Soft and rosy in her breast,
From the mountain's golden crest,
Happy Dawn doth bear another new-born day;
Happy Dawn doth bring a little new-born day.

LILY-ANN

BY

FLORENCE TINSLEY COX

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD MAJOR," "A SOCIAL EVENT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDE AND GENEVIEVE COWLES

"THIS is Lily-Ann, Rhoda," my mother said in an introductory tone. "She is to be your little nurse, and play with you. Do you know many nice games, Lily-Ann?"

From the shelter of my mother's chair I stared at the new-comer. I almost thought at first that it might be a little girl, until I noticed the shining folds of white apron. Lily-Ann was all white apron down to the tops of her large, patched shoes. She was fourteen years old, perhaps, with the dignity of forty. She had a wide, smiling face, and appeared to be very agreeable in manner, so when she put out her hand I slipped mine cordially into it.

"I can play at wild beasts, and puss-in-the-corner, and 'ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,'" she told my mother over my head. "I am experienced. I have helped to raise three children, ma'am."

She looked so small as she ended in this impressive fashion that my mother laughed, and my grandmother gleamed responsively through her glasses.

"It must be only quiet games, mind," my mother said. "You mustn't teach Miss Rhoda to be noisy."

Lily-Ann promised to observe this caution faithfully, and I suppose she thought that they were only quiet games which we played that morning. We had all three, first Banbury Cross, then puss-in-the-corner, and finally wild beasts. Lily-Ann crawled under the bed and roared at me, now like a tiger, now plaintively like a big pussy cat, and again with a deeper note that carried menace in its tone.

"That's a lion," she explained, in between great volumes of sound. "Lions eat people all up. So do wolves. Now I'm a wolf. Hear me crunch their bones!"

There was a horrible snarl under the bed, and something white and shining made a snatch at my foot and then retreated, to return the next moment in a panting rush, much too real to be pleasant.

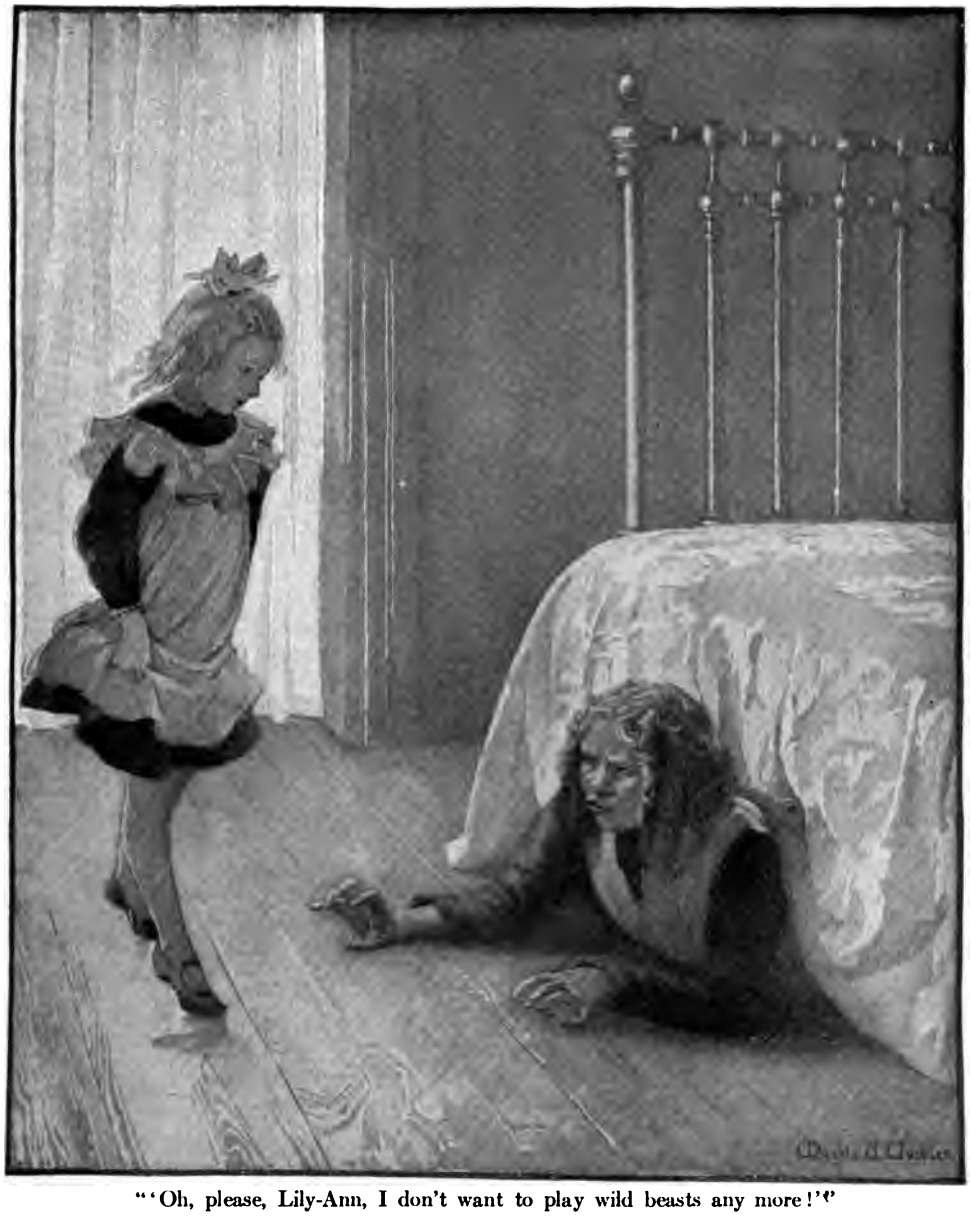
"Oh, please, Lily-Ann, I don't want to play wild beasts any more!" I exclaimed half afraid, although she was very obedient to my whims and, when I cried loud enough, came out in a crushed state to be a little girl again.

At first I liked Lily-Ann. She was so companionable, and then she knew such quantities of strange things. For instance, it was she who showed me how to make my hair curl. It could be done by eating crusts! There had always been a great deal of trouble about my crusts. I would never eat them, not even after I had been reminded of all the poor children in the world who had not a crust apiece to stay their hunger on, and whom it seemed that I should benefit in some marvelous way by eating mine.

"They can have these," I replied generously to such appeals to my feelings. "I'll save them for them every day."

That, however, was before Lily-Ann came, and I learned that a crusty diet was warranted to make the hair curl. To think that little Rhoda Harcourt might have curly hair! What a nice thing that would be! Of course it meant months of work, but Lily-Ann, whose hair twisted from the roots, must surely know. Under her encouragement I ate all my own crusts, and begged so earnestly for more at the table that I became a wonder to the family.

"Is the curl coming, Lily-Ann?" I would ask eagerly in the mornings when she stood over me, comb in hand.



"'Oh, please, Lily-Ann, I don't want to play wild beasts any more!'"

"It's coming more and more every day," she asserted, to my great satisfaction.

"Ouch! How you do hurt, Lily-Ann!"

"That's because it's so curly. See that long, beautiful one. I can't hardly get my comb through!"

I sighed blissfully, with my eyes full of tears, and wondered when my mother would notice the change in her little girl, for, indeed, something must have happened to my hair, judging from the jerks.

It was Lily-Ann again who taught me how to catch sparrows by throwing salt on their tails. I ran about very hot and eager all one morning, and ended by feeling rather foolish, for not a bird would be caught, though I crept persistently on their track, always sure that the next time I should be successful. Still, I did not bear any grudge against Lily-Ann. It was not her fault that I was unfortunate, and then, too, she was very sympathetic.

"Why, my cousin caught one only yesterday," she cried in astonishment. "But then she is older than you are. And so smart! She turned a horsehair into a snake once. Did you ever do that, ma'am?"

"No," I answered doubtfully, and immediately added with growing enthusiasm, "Oh, I should so like to do that!"

The end of it was that a faint suspicion which had crept upon me after the sparrow episode was quenched in the zeal with which I set myself to the awful task of raising snakes by the wholesale. There was always a touch of dread in the eagerness with which I visited the snake incubator, a rusty pan half-filled with water and hidden in a secret space behind the lilac-bush. Little by little the horror of the situation so overcame me that I hurriedly weeded the horsehairs out, but the six that remained were the finest and longest which I could find, destined, I could easily expect from their size, to become boa-constrictors.

I believed everything that Lily-Ann told me. Up to that time there had never been occasion for me to question anyone's truth, nor had there been anything of which to be afraid. Now I learned of a new world that lay about me, the Land of the Dark, in which familiar furniture played wild pranks, and shadows came to have a very terrible meaning.

"After you go to bed at night," Lily-Ann said impressively, holding up a fat forefinger, "there are Things that come out and run all about the floor! Under the chairs and under the bed they creep around. Especially under the bed. If you should let your hand hang down, a Thing would take it and shake it!"

I peered at her from out the shelter of the bed-clothes, for I was in bed when this was first related, and she was sitting by me until I should go to sleep.

"I shall never do that, Lily-Ann," I said faintly, gluing my arms closer to my sides.

"You might in your sleep," she returned, with grim significance.

"And that ain't all," she went on, after a short but terrible pause. "There's a Bear in the garret. He wants something."

"What does he want?" I asked fearfully, determined to know the worst at once.

"He wants a bad child. He's hungry!"

Now I was bad, as I had just reason to know. Lily-Ann used to examine my record every night, and she was the greatest one that I have ever seen for pointing out flaws in character.

"I don't think I've been *very* bad to-day, Lily-Ann," I said trembling.

"You took your little brother's ball," she answered shortly.

"But I gave it back to him!" I cried aghast.

"You slapped your little sister."

"But she slapped me, too!" I pleaded.

"Not until after you slapped her. And you are six years old."

That was one of the unkindest things about Lily-Ann, she was always trying to make me live up to my station. And it was so hard to be good, and hardest of all to be good enough for my great age. That night, however, I made a compact with her.

"Dear Lily-Ann," I said piteously, "if I go right to sleep by myself, so you can get your supper, will you chase away the Things, and tell the Bear that there is no bad child in this house?"

I was not prone to criticize my elders and betters; but somehow I had remarked that Lily-Ann was fond of her supper.

She went away without much urging, and I lay there miserably in the dark. It seemed to me that there was a stir all through the quiet room, and out in the hall the garret door creaked in a new manner. The dark was so much blacker than it had ever been before, and even when I went down head and all under the covers I could hear the Things pattering about the floor, and the Bear rattling at the knob. Many a night after that I huddled myself up into a heap, afraid to sleep lest my hands should unclasp and slip out of bed, afraid to move lest the Bear on the prowl for bad children should pounce on me and eat me up, sins and all. I used to pretend to sleep very loudly and heavily that he might think me a good child. Still, I felt that it must be hard to deceive a Bear, and that sooner or later he would make an end of me. As for the Things, I never had any hope of getting the better of them. All through the long nights they slipped and slid about, or stood waiting at the edge of the bed to shake hands with a friendliness that was truly awful.

Even in my greatest fear, however, I never betrayed Lily-Ann. I was too much in her power to dare to tell tales about her. I used to marvel when the family commented on her faithfulness, or devised schemes for improving the home from which she had come.

"'IS THE CURL COMING, LILY-ANN?'"

Many large bundles went out of our house, and I often heard my mother speaking in a sympathetic fashion of the little girl whose childhood was passed in the service of others.

"Poor Lily-Ann, she's never had any childhood of her own," she would say regretfully.

Out in the kitchen, too, I had heard our Norah exchanging confidences on the subject with her cousin who came in sometimes.

"But I'm not trusting her," Norah continued darkly. "She tells lies. And she's cross to my child!"

"Who is your child, Norah?" I asked with sudden eagerness, pressing up close to her gingham apron.

Norah lifted me upon her capacious lap and patted my back.

"And it's herself that wants to know," she cried, with a rallying laugh. "See that now!

[illegible] with which I visited the [illegible]

[illegible] big girl, Bridget? See [illegible] Sure, she's purty [illegible]

[illegible] Norah?" I per- [illegible] when a burst [illegible] the two women that I [illegible] in the conceal- [illegible] apron.

[illegible]-Ann after this [illegible] been had to her [illegible] in the work of [illegible] present of the little [illegible] grandmother gave me [illegible] my second best

pair of shoes, which had been red once and still retained a delightful color. I wanted to give her my Sunday cloak also, but she reminded me that there were other Sundays yet to come. She did take my bank with its one jingling gold coin in it. Unfortunately, all the money of less value had been pried out long ago to buy candy, but I told Lily-Ann how sorry I was that the little red house was not filled to the chimney with pennies. I promised that I would give her all my money in the future to take home to her family, so that they might never be hungry again. Lily-Ann heard me in silence. She did not thank me with her lips, but when the Things grew too rampant at night she would reprove them sometimes in a stern manner.

"Go away!" she would cry, stamping her foot energetically. "Rhoda is a good child."

The Things and the Bear all grunted with the same voice as they retreated in discontent to their lairs, but I was not critical. It was enough for me that they went, if only for a time. Always I remembered that Lily-Ann could summon them at will, and her importance grew greater day by day.

There were hours, however, when I escaped into the safety of my mother's room. I was not too small to understand the delights of that cheerful room: the glittering objects on the dressing-table, the deep bureau-drawers filled with wonders much too dainty for a child to touch. There were keepsakes also, mementos of my mother's childhood and youth: prize books in foreign tongues, won at school and laid away in tissue paper; bits of costly lace, and many little worthless, well-beloved possessions. In the closet there was a box on an upper shelf. Quite an ordinary box it was on the outside, made of pasteboard and tied with bands of yellow ribbon which had once been white. My mother lifted the cover one day and showed me what was inside. It was the most wonderful thing, and it had come off her wedding-cake. There was a white platform surrounded with a wreath of white roses and leaves, and in the center of the platform there stood under a wreathed arch two little dolls, arm in arm.

"They are going to be married," my mother said. "They came off the top of my cake when I was married."

"Oh, isn't it too sweet for anything!" I cried in an ecstasy. "But, Mother, why does the lady doll wear a veil?"

"All brides do. You shall, too, some day."

"Shall I?" I questioned doubtfully. "But, Mother, dear, suppose I should grow up and never get married, won't you give me these little dolls to play with?"

"If that should happen I suppose I must," my mother said with a laugh, and tied the box up tightly again and put it back on the upper shelf.

I dreamed about that box. I talked of it to Lily-Ann and described the enchanting veil at great length, and I even condescended to tell the twins about the dolls that mother had. Once with great pain from the acute rasping of my knees, I climbed up the closet shelves and peeked in a loose corner of the box. Then I came down again, perfectly satisfied, for the dolls were still there, and if I escaped marriage they were to be my own. I determined that I would never marry. It would be at too great a cost.

Soon after this there came a day when everything seemed to go wrong. Lily-Ann was very cross, while my mother looked sad and even frightened. She went up and down stairs many times. She watched me furtively and asked whispered questions of Lily-Ann. I wondered what Lily-Ann could possibly be telling her. I knew that it was not about me, for I had been very good that afternoon. To be sure, I had pulled the cat's tail, but she and I had kissed each other affectionately afterwards, and were friends again. Nor was Lily-Ann apt to reveal my misdeeds. She liked to judge me herself in that dread hour when the dark brought repentance. Still, as the questions went on and on, I was sure that I heard my name, not once but many times, now from Lily-Ann, and now from my mother with a gasp of dismay.

Then my mother took me in her arms and kissed me, and rocked me as if I were a baby again, and in the middle of it all made me a little confidence.

"Rhoda, Mother always meant to give you those little dolls," she said.

"Oh, did you, Mother!" I cried eagerly.

"But giving is different from taking. Do you know what it means to steal a thing, Rhoda?"

I nodded solemnly.

"'Thou shalt not steal,' you know the Bible says."

"Yes, Mother."

"Did you climb up into my closet one day?"

I hung my head.

Sarah's

"MOTHER LIFTED THE COVER ONE DAY AND SHOWED ME WHAT WAS INSIDE"

Norah was staunch. She kissed me as she carried me, big girl as I was, straight down the steps into the dazzling light of the supper-table. Norah was excited. She had a red spot on each cheek, and her eyes shone like stars. She held me tightly with one arm and gesticulated with the other. Against the white panel of the kitchen door Lily-Ann was crouched in a timid, frightened fashion, with all the spirit gone out of her wide face, and almost the very curl gone out of her hair.

"She had them dolls yisterday," Norah cried accusingly, her finger pointed straight at the kitchen door. "I saw them in her box. Sure, I thought that the mistress gave them to her, and it's not for the likes of me to say what the mistress shall give or not give. Then this morning when there was questions asked, she crept up-stairs and put them in the doll-house. The sarpent! Is my child to lie in the dark crying her heart out, and that sarpent set at my kitchen-table, drinking her tay, and telling me wicked tales of my child?"

Nobody answered her. They stared at her in bewilderment. Norah had never acted like that before.

"If there was questions to be asked, why wasn't I asked?" she went on angrily. "If the mistress or the master had said to me, 'Norah, where's them little dolls?' I would have told them the truth. I would have said, 'Lily-Ann stole them yisterday, ma'am, and to-day she put them in the doll-house, sur.' But, no, they don't ask honest old Norah. They listen to that sarpent backbiting my child. The little innocent creatur! The dear little old-fashioned thing that niver took nought from nobody!"

I put my arms around Norah's neck and hugged her until I nearly strangled her.

"Give Rhoda to me, Norah," my mother said jealously.

"There's only one thing more to be said, ma'am," Norah continued, obstinately standing her ground, still with my arms about her neck. "Either old Norah goes, or that sarpent goes. I'll have no sarpents in my kitchen."

They were all looking at Lily-Ann now. There was a ring of truth about Norah's story which had convinced them at last.

"Have you anything to say, Lily-Ann?" my father asked sternly.

She had nothing to say. As she drooped a little closer to the door and wiped her eyes in a miserable fashion, I felt that I could forgive her all the harm which she had done me. Poor Lily-Ann, who my mother said had never been a child!

"Oh, please, Norah, let Lily-Ann stay!" I cried piteously. "I'll be so good if you'll let Lily-Ann stay!"

Norah might, perhaps, have been softened by my appeal; but my father would not listen. The words which he used were very stern ones, and his was the hand that held open the door for Lily-Ann to pass out of the house. She went slowly, almost regretfully, as though at the last she felt repentance. I never saw her again.

It was many a long year, however, before I cast off her evil spell. Even in the illnesses of my maturer years those crawling Things have come back, passing across the mirror of a pain-racked mind with all the horror of childish ignorance and fear. Yet I still feel that I have forgiven Lily-Ann. Coming from the home that she did, and unwatched and unsuspected as she was, she might easily have destroyed the holy innocence of a child's life. But she left me as she found me.

I went up-stairs very quietly that night. There was a candle burning on the bedroom table, and something which my prayer had brought, something frosted, with scalloped edges, was tucked under my pillow. The whole family came to put me to bed, and made so much of me that I glowed under their affection.

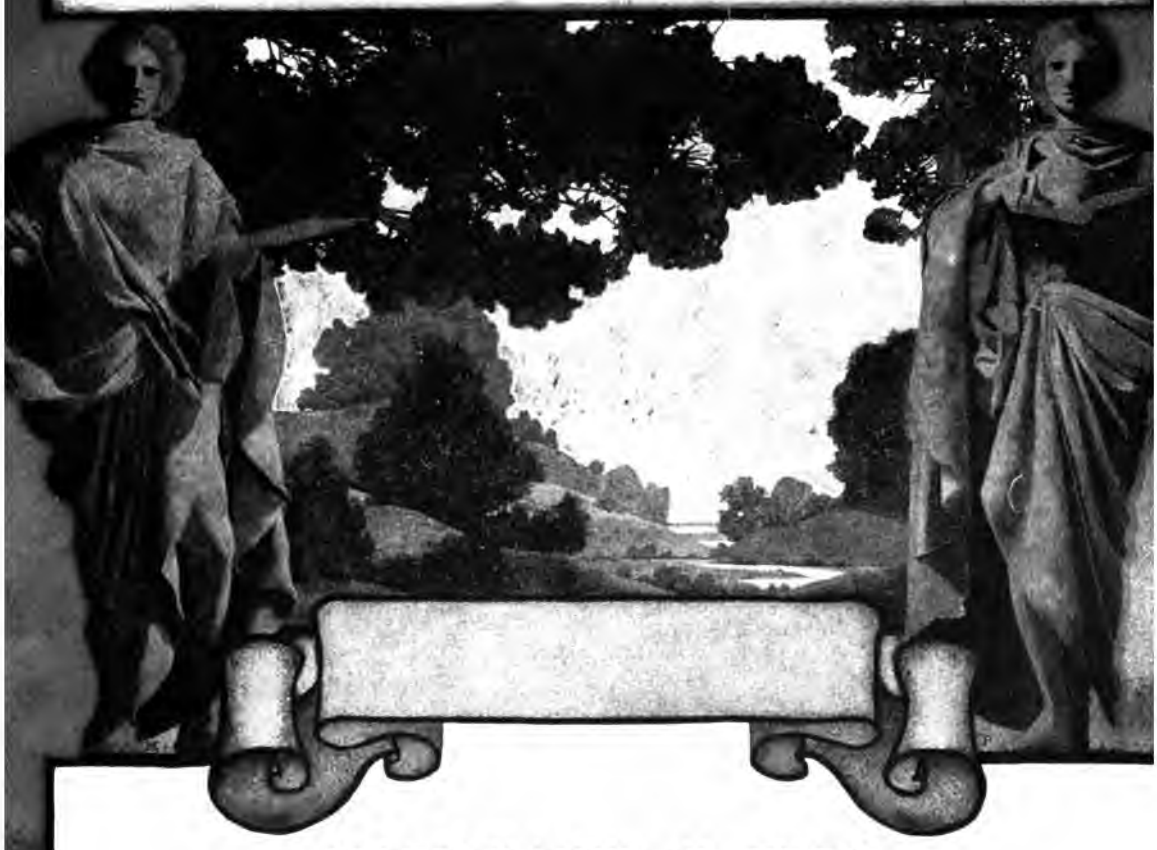
"She will forget it all in time," my father said tenderly, unwitting of my long memory. "Evil dies away quickly from a child's mind."

My mother was more impulsive. She went down on her knees and put her arms about me.

"Forgive Mother," she whispered, with her mouth against my ear. "Mother knows how true you are, Rhoda!"

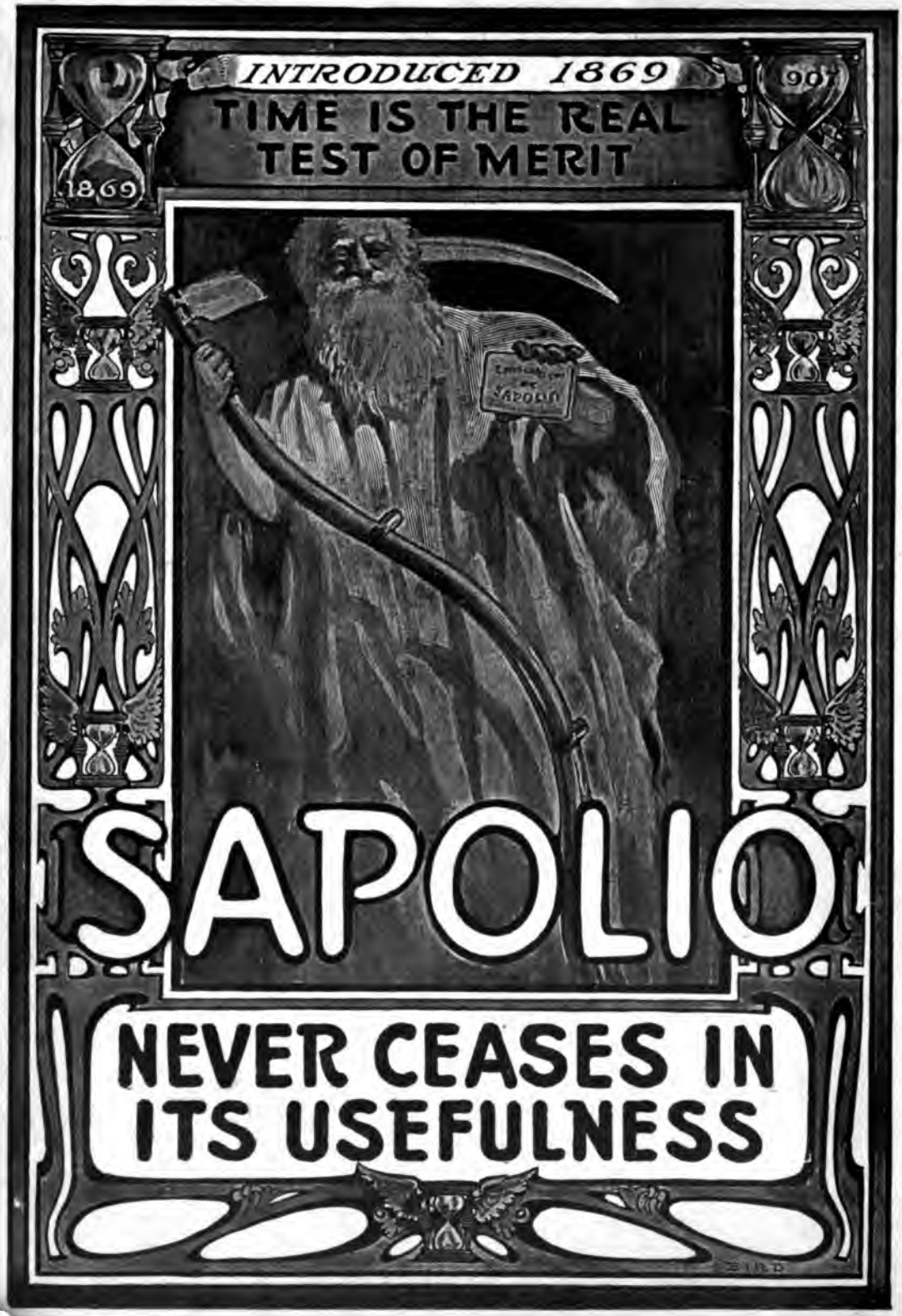
After all there was really something for which to thank Lily-Ann.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE



MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE


INTRODUCED 1869
TIME IS THE REAL TEST OF MERIT
1869
SAPOLIO
NEVER CEASES IN ITS USEFULNESS

DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

"CARL"

SEE PAGE 327

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY 1907

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MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS, VIEWS, AND FACSIMILES

I

FORTY YEARS OF OBSCURITY

MARY A. MORSE BAKER, the future leader of the Christian Science Church, was the youngest child of Mark Baker and Abigail Barnard Ambrose. She was born at Bow, on the Merrimac River, New Hampshire, July 16, 1821. With her origin and early surroundings tradition has already busied itself. Beside the Eddy fact has developed the Eddy fable. One enthusiastic admirer has traced her ancestry to the prophet David, and Mrs. Eddy herself has claimed immediate relationship with a distinguished family of Scotland. No mystery, however, enshrouds her birth. Her ancestors, for more that two hundred years, had lived on the New Hampshire hills where she herself was born. Her father and grandfather had both cultivated that same upland farm which has since become a Christian Science shrine. The Bakers on the father's side, the Ambroses on the mother's, had for generations been sober and industrious farmers of the familiar old New England type. They had seldom advanced beyond the somewhat sordid and unimaginative routine of their occupation. They possessed all the New England sternness of character and rigid standards of moral conduct. The Bakers had always favorably represented this type. In the community they had usually stood well; and though rough in manners and uncultivated of mind, had manifested much intelligence and personal force. They were preëminently "good New England stock."

Mrs. Eddy's mother was a gentle, capable, conscientious New England housewife. She came of a severe Congregationalist family at Pembroke, on the opposite side of the Merrimac from Bow; and whatever energies were not absorbed in bringing up a family of six children, she devoted to the church. In the community and in her home she was always a peaceful and inspiring influence. Mark Baker, her father, must figure largely in any estimate of Mrs. Eddy. In local annals he is more than Mary Baker's father;

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From a tintype

MARK BAKER

Mrs. Eddy's father

his figure stands out boldly; he enjoys a peculiar fame of his own. He lived at Bow from 1785 until 1836, and at Tilton, New Hampshire, from 1836 until his death in 1865; and he strongly impressed his personality upon both places. His old associates have still a clear remembrance of his tall, gaunt frame, his large, well-poised head, with its high forehead, its sharp, gray eyes, its firm-set jaw. They still see the old man tramping doggedly along the highway, regularly beating the ground with a huge walking-stick, his head and hands trembling with the palsy. They recall his grizzled hair, his deeply indented face, his knotted hands, his terrific voice. Among them, indeed, the "Baker voice" is still a tradition. Mark's neighbors, half-admiringly, half-affectionately, called him "Squire Baker" and "Uncle Baker." They found him ignorant, dominating, passionate, fearless. He drove the sharpest bargains, paid his workers the smallest wages, and came in the category known in New England as "hard-fisted."

From a tintype

MRS. MARK BAKER

Mrs. Eddy's stepmother. Her own mother died in 1849

But he never cheated a man, and he always sacredly kept his word. In a narrow way he was a good citizen and a good father, training all his children to live soberly and to fear God.

In his deadening routine Mark Baker found only two higher interests—politics and religion. Both he carried to extremes. He was a strong pro-slavery advocate before the War; an unbending Copperhead during it. A man of the most pronounced antagonisms, he hated Abraham Lincoln above all men. Once two misguided young women entered the house selling pictures of Lincoln. They saved themselves from forcible ejection only by a hasty flight. Mark Baker stood working in his garden when word of Lincoln's assassination reached Tilton. "What!" he cried, when a breathless neighbor told him the news. He threw down his hoe and shouted, fairly biting off the words, "I'm glad on't!" His old friends still remember how restlessly he sat during the Civil War sermons of the Rev. Corban

DR. DANIEL PATTERSON

An itinerant dentist, Mrs. Eddy's second husband. Of him Mrs. Eddy says: "My second marriage was very unfortunate and from it I was compelled to ask for a bill of divorce." Dr. Patterson died in 1896, at Saco, Maine, where for many years he had lived the life of a hermit

Curtice, an ardent Republican. Old Mark attempted to have the minister removed for "political preaching"; failing in that, his only revenge was to attend service religiously and visibly manifest his displeasure. He showed a grim satisfaction in doing this. He sat with fists clenched upon his walking-stick, his eyes steadily fixed on the preacher, his trembling head thrust forward. Whenever the Reverend Curtice uttered the word "rebellion," — whether he referred to the rebellion of the states or the rebellion of the angels — Mark Baker arose and with long strides pounded his way down the aisle out of church.

As a churchman, however, Uncle Baker took high rank. He served frequently as a delegate to church conferences and on committees to "labor" with backsliding brethren. He rigidly upheld the old blue law New England Sabbath. He made his six children, after attending service, sit quietly, with folded hands, all day. He was a warlike Christian and dearly loved a good church row. For several years he aired his neighborly differences before the congregation. The yellowed books of the Tilton Congregational Church record these disputations in great detail. The brethren did not always take Uncle Baker's side; he refused, however, to accept their decisions, and hammered away at the same quarrels, year after year.

A story of him which has passed into neighborhood tradition illuminates the man. One Sunday, he mistook the day and worked as usual in the fields. On Monday morning he dressed himself in Sunday black and started for church. As he pounded along the roads, he noticed that his neighbors were about their regular secular employments. "What does this mean on the Lord's day?" he cried to a fellow-member of the church, whom he met driving to market. "This ain't Sunday," replied the neighbor. "You

Mrs. Tilton's house at Tilton, New Hampshire, where Mrs. Eddy lived for several years

Old Congregational Church at Tilton

District School at Tilton, New Hampshire

House at North Groton, New Hampshire, in which Mrs. Eddy lived for seven years

Mark Baker's house at Tilton, N. H.

MR. AND MRS. RUSSELL CHENEY

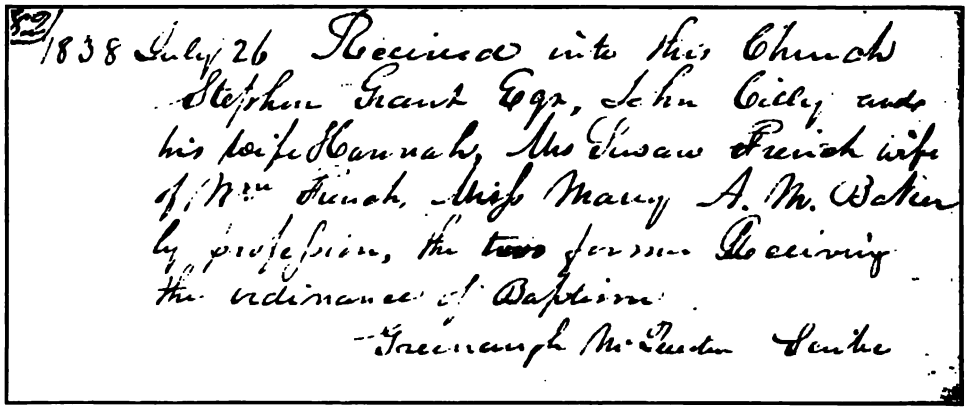
Who brought up Mrs. Eddy's only child George Glover. Mrs. Glover gave the boy to the Cheneys in 1851 when he was seven years old

are a lost soul," said Mark Baker, and stumped on down the road. But more neighbors passed; and presently he came upon a woman hanging out her washing in the back yard. "Don't you know that this is the Sabbath?" he shouted. "Why, Uncle Mark, this is Monday," she replied. "I'll have no joking with the Sabbath day," said Mark Baker, and went on. But when he reached the church, the doors were closed, and Mark Baker was forced to believe, in spite of himself. He went at once to Elder Curtice, who confirmed his worst fears. The two fell on their knees in prayer. Then, having purified his soul, Mark Baker started home.

The godly part of him was purged of sin, but the old Adam remained. The children of the neighborhood had a tame crow which used to hop through the yards of the village, stealing first from this house and then from that. As Mark Baker neared his house, this crow hopped upon a bush before him and uttered a confident caw. Baker raised his stick and struck the bird dead with one blow.

"I'll learn ye to hop and caw on the Sabbath day!" he said. When he reached

Photographic reproduction of the record in the Secretary's book of the Tilton Congregational Church, showing the date of Mrs. Eddy's entrance into the Church


1838 July 26 Received into this Church
Stephen Grant Esqr, John Cilley and
his wife Hannah, Mrs Susan French wife
of Mr. French, Miss Mary A. M. Baker
by profession, the two former Receiving
the ordinance of Baptism.
Freeman H. Curtis Pastor

THE ALEXANDER HAMILTON TILTON FAMILY

With whom Mrs. Eddy, as Mrs. Glover, lived from 1844 to 1853. Mrs. Tilton was Abigail Baker, Mrs. Eddy's oldest sister

home, he made the family drop all work and observe that Monday as the Sabbath.

Mark Baker transmitted his qualities to nearly all his children. All the Bakers were high-tempered and headstrong; all had a local reputation for "crankiness." They had another thing in common: striking good looks. In Tilton, Mary Baker herself became the village beauty; her brother, George Sullivan, was generally acknowledged to be the handsomest man in town. Nearly all had personal force. Of the six children, two — Abigail, the oldest girl, and Albert, the second son — made something of a mark. Abigail married Alexander Hamilton Tilton, after whose family the present town of Tilton is named. He owned several large woolen mills and accumulated a considerable fortune in manufacture. Mrs. Tilton was the queen of that little community. She had a clear-cut, statuesque beauty, a fine dignity, an aggressive character. She had all the familiar family traits, but they combined into pride, masterfulness, and a keen sense of responsibility. She had also much executive capacity; when her husband died, she took direct charge of his large manufacturing interests, and managed them even more successfully than he. Albert Baker early manifested the same high qualities. Alone of the Bakers, he received a liberal education. He prepared himself for college, was graduated from Dartmouth in 1834, studied law with Franklin Pierce, afterwards president of the United States, and soon acquired much reputation and practice. He plunged into politics, served in the State legislature as assemblyman, and in 1841 received the nomination for representative in Congress. He died, however, before the election, at the age of thirty-one. In the estimation of his friends, Albert Baker was destined for important things. Loyal Christian Scientists believe that he had considerable influence in Mrs. Eddy's spiritual development. Mrs.

From the etching made under Mrs. Eddy's direction. Copyright, 1899, by Rufus H. Baker

MRS. EDDY'S BIRTHPLACE AS SHE REMEMBERS IT

From a photograph made in 1906

MRS. EDDY'S BIRTHPLACE TO-DAY

Eddy has said, herself, that in the old days she had spiritistic communications with him.

Mrs. Eddy's other sister, Martha Smith, also showed excellent womanly traits. She married Luther C. Pillsbury, deputy warden of the New Hampshire penitentiary. Samuel, the oldest brother, became a bricklayer, the youngest boy, George Sullivan, a workman in a Tilton woolen mill. Of the whole family, Mrs. Eddy alone survives. All, excepting Albert, died of cancer, and nearly all their children fell victims to the same disease.

Mary Baker passed her first fifteen years at the ancestral farm at Bow. It was a lonely and unstimulating existence. The church supplied the only social diversions, the district school practically all the intellectual life. Mark Baker's whole library consisted of the family Bible. He believed religiously in the doctrine of toil, and life at the farm, for both boys and girls, meant a daily twelve-hour grind. Bow had no village life even; the town consisted of a few scattered farms. The Baker estate was the most isolated of all. The house itself was a small, square box building of rudimentary architecture; now, with its boarded-up windows, its front room converted into a granary, it has sadly gone to decay. It stood on a hill, far removed from the highway, and was reached by a road, now deep-gullied and overgrown. The prospect, however, was superb. From her room Mary Baker looked

down upon the Merrimac valley, with its white-banked stream slowly picking its way in and out among the hills. Here and there little white villages bordered the river; almost opposite stood the town of Pembroke, and to the west, the city of Concord. Near at hand lay many prosperous farms, and woods of white birch and pine; and in the distance the blue New Hampshire hills. Evidently, Mrs. Eddy's childhood felt these influences. In her age she has made her home amid the old familiar scenes. From Pleasant View, where she lives now, she catches glimpses of the Baker farm and the fields where she romped as a child.

In 1836, when Mary was fifteen, Mark Baker sold the Bow farm and moved to Sanbornton Bridge,— now Tilton. Here there were larger opportunities. "The Bridge" was a lively manufacturing place. It contained many rich and public-spirited citizens, and had considerable social life. Mark Baker's circumstances improved. At first he farmed a mile or two outside of the town, but when he acquired something of a competence he purchased a house in the village. Here Mary Baker attended school, passed her girlhood, married, and spent several years as a widow. Many old residents survive who have the clearest recollections of her.

It is one proof of her remarkable personality that these old people remember her, even as a little child, so clearly. The writer has talked to scores of her contemporaries in Bow, Concord, and the other towns in which she has lived. In their estimates of her character, in their descriptions of the nervous phenomena of that strange childhood, there is a remarkable consistency. Allowance must always be made, in dealing with the early life of a great personage, for the dishonor of a prophet in his own country. That allowance has been made here; and nothing essential is set down which is not backed by the testimony of many witnesses among her neighbors and relatives.

They remember Mary Baker as a most interesting and beautiful child. She was dainty, fragile, and precocious in development. Her baby manners, in an age which enforced the law that children should be seen and not heard, were considered a little "forward." She has kept her beauty all her life; apparently there was not even an awkward age for her. As a young woman she was slim, alert, and graceful. Of medium height, she had a well-formed figure which she has not lost even in her old age. Her feet and hands were exquisitely fashioned. Her features were regular and refined — a delicately aquiline nose, a rather long and pointed chin, a firm mouth, and a high, broad forehead. Her most striking beauty was her big, gray eyes. Deep-set and overhung by dark lashes, they had the gift of emotional expression. "When she was angry," says an old neighbor, "they became fairly black." All her life, those eyes have had such an effect upon their beholders that they may justly be called an important factor in her career. Her skin was clear red and white, and her hair wavy brown.

In this hair, as in the whole glory of her beauty, she took the greatest pride. She always dressed well and kept more closely to the fashions than was common in that rustic community. Her schoolmates remember that, when not more than fifteen or sixteen, she introduced the "French Twist" in Tilton.

It was an age when languishing manners were fashionable. As a little girl, even, Mary Baker adopted and exaggerated that pose. Her behavior was mincing and artificial, and by contrast it stood out in that rather rough and primitive community. Strong in the memory of the old inhabitants is her appearance at church. She hardly ever entered until the rest of the congregation were seated. Then she tripped in, dressed a little conspicuously, but always in taste — a picture of fashionable beauty which made strangers and visitors stare. These baits lured the village boys; and at church festivals all the young farmers were at her feet.

At home, the Baker family petted and coddled Mary. They all loved her especially as the youngest child, and were proud of her beauty and cleverness. The whole household regarded her as "different" from themselves, possibly made of a little finer clay, and took pleasure in smoothing the natural hardness of her life. In a household where personal labor was invariably exacted from others, Mary spent most of her time in idleness. She accepted this devotion as her natural right. As a child she displayed that power of compelling obedience which has marked her through her life. She ruled at the old Bow household as unquestionably as she ruled afterward at Pleasant View. Mark Baker alone attempted

to discipline her, and the two strong wills constantly clashed. The quarrels between Mary, a child ten years old, and her father, a gray-haired man of fifty, frequently set the house in an uproar. In these disputes, however, Mary's mother and her brothers and sisters usually ranged themselves upon her side.

Indeed, Mary was the type of girl that strong men and women instinctively champion. At times she appealed by her sweetness and amiability, and in her best moments she was the embodiment of gaiety. More potently, her continual ill-health aroused their sympathy. She was extremely nervous and hysterical, and, as child and woman, subject to certain violent seizures. Mary Baker's "fits," as outsiders rather crudely called them, are still a household word among her old friends. They frequently came on without the slightest warning. At times the attack resembled a convulsion. Mary pitched headlong on the floor, and rolled and kicked, writhing and screaming in apparent agony. Again she dropped limp and lay motionless. At other times, like a cataleptic, she lay rigid, almost in a state of suspended animation. The family worked over her, but usually in vain. Mark Baker, standing upright in his wagon and lashing his horses, would drive for Dr. Ladd, the family physician. An old neighbor remembered him driving thus and shouting all the way: "Mary is dying!" The family actually believed that she was. For years they expected that Mary would end her days in one of her hysterical attacks, and went to every extreme to prevent them. As a precautionary measure they gave in to all the girl's whims.

Outside the Baker home, Mary's spells did not inspire the same sympathy. The uncharitable called them "tantrums." They even said that Mary took advantage of them to enforce her own way. Mary repeatedly used her nerves, they noted, against her father. Nervous as she was, she found the quiet, blue-law Sunday especially irksome. Sunday, it happened, was the great day for these fits. The family pleaded with Mark Baker and finally obtained more liberty. It seems that her father was in two minds about these seizures. Though complaisant enough at times, he frequently said harsh things to his friends. "Oh, Mary had me up again all last night," he would declare, explaining his haggard and bleared-eyed appearance. Once he called a neighbor's attention to the girl, who was then walking wildly up and down a second-story piazza. "The Bible says Mary Magdalen had seven devils," he declared, "but our Mary has got ten!"

These fits or hysterical attacks are important in the estimate of Mary Baker and her career. Mrs. Eddy was subject to them continuously for many years.

Unquestionably, Mary's attacks represented to a great extent a genuine affliction. Dr. Ladd occasionally diagnosed them as "hysteria mingled with bad temper"; but at other times he took them seriously. He regarded the girl as an interesting pathological case. Becoming much interested in mesmerism at about that time, he practised upon Mary Baker. He found her a sensitive subject. He discovered that, by mental suggestion, he could partly control her. "I can make that girl stop in the street any time, merely by thinking," he would tell his friends; and he frequently demonstrated that he could do this.

Mrs. Eddy, in her autobiography, "Retrospection and Introspection," speaks of certain youthful experiences. Like little Samuel, she had her ghostly visitations as a child. She describes them in these words:

> For some twelve months, when I was about eight years old, I repeatedly heard a voice, calling me distinctly by name, three times, in an ascending scale. I thought this was my mother's voice, and sometimes went to her, beseeching her to tell me what she wanted. Her answer was always: "Nothing, child! What do you mean?" Then I would say: "Mother, who *did* call me? I heard somebody call *Mary*, three times!" This continued until I grew discouraged, and my mother was perplexed and anxious.

At another time her cousin, Mehitable Huntoon, heard the voice, and told Mrs. Baker about it. Then, according to Mrs. Eddy, her mother advised her to answer in the words of Samuel, "Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth." The voice came again, but Mary had not the courage to answer it. When she did get that courage there was no response, nor did she ever hear the voice again.

Like Christ, she debated at the age of twelve with the wise men of the church. She does not draw the parallel; she only tells the story. Christian Scientists, however, have done it for her. When, she says, she had prepared to enter the church at the age

of twelve, predestination and such doctrines seemed terrible to her. She wept over the necessity of believing that her unregenerate brothers and sisters would be damned. Her mother advised her to pray. She did so, and peace followed. Finally, she appeared for examination on doctrinal points. When they reached predestination, she refused to accept it. She goes on:

> Distinctly do I recall what followed. I stoutly maintained that I was willing to trust God, and take my chance of spiritual safety with my brothers and sisters,— not one of whom had then made any profession of religion,— even if my credal doubts left me outside the doors. . . . Nevertheless, he (the minister) persisted in the assertion that I *had* been truly regenerated, and asked me to say how I felt when the new light dawned within me. I replied that I could only answer him in the words of the Psalmist: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."
>
> This was so earnestly said, that even the oldest church-members wept. After the meeting was over they came and kissed me. To the astonishment of many, the good clergyman's heart also melted, and he received me into their communion.

The official record bearing on this point, taken from the clerk's book of the Tilton Congregational Church, is as follows:

"1838, July 26, Received into this church, Stephen Grant, Esq., John Cilly and his wife Hannah, Mrs. Susan French, wife of William French, Miss Mary A. M. Baker, by profession, the two former receiving the ordinance of baptism. Greenaugh McQuestion, Scribe."

As Mary Baker was born on July 16, 1821, and as this record is dated "1838, July 26," she was evidently seventeen, and not twelve, when the event described above took place.*

Mrs. Eddy has also given some details concerning her education. Her father, she says, kept her much of the time out of school; he regarded her brain as "too large for her body." Her brother Albert taught her Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; and she gives as her favorite childhood studies, Natural Philosophy, Logic, and Moral Science. She also describes herself as a most intelligent child; she learned with unusual facility; and, at ten, had as much familiarity with Lindley Murray's grammar as with the Westminster Catechism. She "graduated," she adds, "from Dyer H. Sanborn's Academy at Tilton." At present, however, Mrs. Eddy makes no pretensions to scholarly accomplishments. "After my discovery of Christian Science," she says, "most of the knowledge I had gleaned from school-books vanished like a dream. Learning was so illumined that grammar was eclipsed."*

According to her old neighbors at Tilton, Mary Baker had even less schooling than most girls of her class. Her ill-health and hysteria constantly interfered. She would attend school for a few weeks, have a nervous spell, and then drop out. Consequently, she usually recited with girls considerably younger than herself. Her old schoolmates say that she was indolent, constantly lolled in her seat, and spent much time scribbling on her slate. Apparently, she was incapable of concentrated or continuous thought. They do not believe that Mrs. Eddy's brother Albert taught her Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. He entered college when Mary was nine and left home when she was thirteen. There was, they say, no Dyer H. Sanborn's Academy; Sanborn, however, did teach a few children each year in a room above the district school. Formal graduations were unknown; the boys and girls left when they were old enough to go to work or to marry. According to these schoolmates, Mary Baker completed her education when she had finished Smith's grammar and reached long division in arithmetic.

Other more subtle influences, then abroad, must have largely affected her career. From the first she had an inclination toward the occult and an honest belief in many of the strange ideas then prevalent in New England. The air was full of mesmerism, animal magnetism, clairvoyance, mind-reading, and other new and strange phenomena. Lecturers discussed these subjects from every village platform; in all the New England towns Mesmer had numerous followers. The name of Charles

* This is not the only demonstrable misstatement made by Mrs. Eddy in her official biography. She begins her book, for example, by saying that her great-grandfather, on her father's side, was John McNeil, of Edinburgh; and she claims, as a relative, Sir John Macneill, G. C. B., a "Scotch knight who was prominent in British politics and at one time held the position of ambassador to Persia." She says elsewhere that she is Sir John's only descendant. Mrs. Florence McAllister, of Aberdeen, a granddaughter of Sir John McNeil, published in London *Truth*, in 1904, a detailed refutation. Mrs. Eddy practically accepted the correction by notifying all Christian Science writers not to connect her in future with the Scottish McNeils. She herself, however, has not yet corrected her own statement in "Retrospection and Introspection." She also still uses the McNeil coat-of-arms. It hangs on her library wall at Pleasant View, embroidered in white silk. It is also engraved in gold on Pleasant View stationery and is impressed upon her seal.

* "Retrospection and Introspection."

Poyen, a French disciple, was a household word. Poyen, in 1837, published a book on "Animal Magnetism in New England." According to this work, he visited and lectured in many of the towns where Mrs. Eddy spent her early days. At that moment, says Poyen, animal magnetism "indisputably constituted, in several parts of New England, the most stirring topic of conversation among all classes of society." He calls it "A Great Truth," "Power of Mind over Matter," a "Demonstration," a "Discovery Given by God." Above all, he pronounced it "Science." Whether Mrs. Eddy ever read this book or saw Poyen is not known; the circumstance merely proves that many of the phrases with which her name is now associated were current in her youth. As will appear, "animal magnetism" figures largely in Christian Science; in "Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy has devoted a whole chapter to this phenomenon, which she treats as a supreme manifestation of error. The cure of disease by clairvoyance, mesmerism, and other psychical processes was also common. Andrew Jackson Davis, afterwards a celebrated spiritualist,— of whom more in another place,— had already begun to astound the public by his remarkable literary and mediumistic performances.

Concord and other New England towns had also witnessed the growth of many strange religious movements. Here, in particular, had sprung up the American Shakers. There was a large and flourishing colony at Canterbury, only five miles from Tilton. Their somber costumes, their queer religious enthusiasms, their spiritual exaltations, were part and parcel of the life in which Mary Baker passed her youth. In her girlhood many people still lived who personally remembered Ann Lee. This celebrated lady, fleeing from England in 1774, spent her first few years in America at Concord and the neighboring towns. All through Mary Baker's youth the Shakers, because of the scandalous charges brought against them, figured largely in the courts. On one occasion Franklin Pierce, in whose office Albert Baker studied law, defended them. Laws directed against their communities were constantly presented to the legislature. A famous "exposure," written by Mary Dyer, was published in Concord in 1847. Inevitably, a girl with Mary Baker's love of mystery must have learned their story.

Without implying any fundamental similarity between Christian Science and Shakerism — the two systems are indeed entirely distinct — a few significant resemblances may properly be pointed out. The Shakers regarded Ann Lee as the "female principle of God," the "female Christ"; Christian Scientists, at times, have not hesitated to picture Mrs. Eddy in the same light. The Shakers have even asserted that Ann Lee was greater than Christ; Mrs. Eddy has herself said that her revelation was "higher, clearer, and more permanent" than that given eighteen centuries ago.* The Shakers prayed always to "our Father and Mother, which art in Heaven"; Mrs. Eddy has "spiritually interpreted" the first line of the Lord's Prayer, making it read "Father-Mother God." Shakers called Ann Lee the woman of the Apocalypse, the "God-anointed woman," the "Holy Comforter"; Christian Scientists have made, unofficially, the same claim for Mrs. Eddy. In the old Mother Church of Boston is a stained-glass window, showing the woman of the Apocalypse clothed in the sun and crowned with twelve stars. It is titled "The Woman God Crowned," and above it is a representation of the book "Science and Health." Shakers always called Ann Lee "Mother"; Christian Scientists formerly thus addressed Mrs. Eddy. Mother Ann, like Mother Eddy, declared that she had the gift of healing. She also believed that she took upon herself the sins and sufferings of others; in the early days, Mrs. Eddy had the same idea. The Shakers believed that Mother Ann had spiritual illumination — the mind that saw things as they were; that the rest of the world was deceived; that the evidence of the senses, used against her, might mislead; this is a prevailing idea in regard to Mrs. Eddy among Christian Scientists. Ann Lee governed largely through fear; her followers believed that with her mental powers she could inflict torment upon them in this world. In the early Christian Science days, if not now, "malicious animal magnetism," — as Mrs. Eddy named this power of mentally working evil on others — was an orthodox doctrine. The Shakers called their establishment "The Church of Christ"; Mrs. Eddy used the same name, adding the word "Scientist." They called the original foundation the "Mother Church"; Mrs. Eddy so designated her first Boston building. Ann Lee forbade audible prayer,

* From a statement in a personal letter.

teaching that it "exposed the desires." Mrs. Eddy opposes audible prayer, which may "utter desires which are not real."* Finally, Ann Lee enjoined celibacy. Mrs. Eddy teaches that celibacy is a more spiritual state than marriage; she permits the marriage relation merely as "expedient,"— "suffer it to be so now."

Outwardly, Mary Baker's early life was sufficiently humdrum. In December, 1843, when twenty-two, she married her first husband, George Washington Glover. "Wash" Glover was a close personal friend of Mary's oldest brother, Samuel. The two young men had learned the bricklayer's trade together at Boston; and Samuel Baker had married Glover's sister, Eliza. George Glover left home and settled in Charleston, South Carolina, where northern labor then commanded high prices. On one of his visits home to Tilton, he fell deeply in love with Mary Baker. He was a big, kind-hearted young fellow, unquestionably the most manly of Mrs. Eddy's husbands. He took his bride to Wilmington, South Carolina, and in June, 1844, six months after his marriage, he died of yellow fever. He left his young wife in a miserable plight. She was far from home and entirely without money or friends. Glover, however, was a freemason, and thus received decent burial. The masons also paid Mrs. Glover's fare to New York City, where she was met and taken to her father's home by her brother George. Here, the following September, her only child, a son, was born. She named him George Washington, after his father.

Now begins the second period of Mrs. Eddy's life — her ten years' widowhood. Her position was an embarrassing one. She was a grown woman, with a child, but entirely without means of support. Her brothers and sisters had all married and left home; her mother was old and incapacitated†; her father, too, had passed his prime. Mrs. Glover made only one effort at self-support. For a brief season she taught school. Several Tilton people, who received a few weeks' instruction, remember the experience well. They tell a few characteristic anecdotes. They recall especially that Mrs. Glover required them, at stated intervals, to march around the room singing a few lines she had written in her own honor. The refrain was as follows:

"We will tell Mrs. Glover
How much we love her;
By the light of the moon
We will come to her."

However, Mrs. Glover's experience as a schoolmistress lasted only a few weeks. After this she went back and forth between her father's house and that of her sister Abigail, staying a few months at a time with each. Upon these two relatives she was dependent for shelter, clothes, and such money as she had. She never, however, showed that she felt any humiliation. Her attitude was not that of a poor relation. She almost made her family feel her presence a privilege. They gave her the best room in each house and showed her every personal attention. She had long periods of illness, and at times could not stand the slightest noise. The rumbling of wagons, the play of children, almost crazed her. Mark Baker, for weeks at a time, spread the road in front of his house with tan-bark and straw. Now, at last, Mrs. Glover subdued her father to her every caprice. He waited on her as on a child. Mrs. Tilton's husband and children, also, accommodated themselves to her nerves. They tiptoed around the house, that they might not disturb Mrs. Glover, and placed covered bricks against every sill, that the doors might close softly.

Mrs. Glover's hysterical spells became more violent as she grew older. For months at a time she lived in an almost continuous state of collapse. She was given to long and lonely wanderings, especially at night. During her many illnesses her family would leave her in bed, apparently helpless, and returning a moment later find that she had disappeared. One manifestation of her pathological condition was a mania for being rocked or swung. Mark Baker frequently took the grown woman in his arms, dropped into a big rocking-chair, and soothed her to sleep like a baby. Then he carried her to bed, gently tucked her in, and stealthily tiptoed out of the room. Mrs. Tilton, when Mary stayed at her house, performed like service. Usually, at the Tilton house, the task fell to one John Varney, the man of all work. He, like the members of her own family, rocked her to sleep in his arms. To put an end to this proceeding, which they

* "Science and Health," page 7.

† Mrs. Eddy's mother died November 21, 1849. In the fall of 1850 Mark Baker married Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Duncan of Londonderry, New Hampshire. The second Mrs. Mark Baker died June 6, 1875.

regarded as unseemly, the Tiltons constructed a huge cradle. It was built just like a baby's, with a decorated balustrade, soft cushions, and other essentials of comfort. It had at one end a platform; upon this Varney sat, and, rocking himself, also rocked the cradle. At times the Tiltons put up a large swing in Mrs. Glover's room. Her nephew, Albert Tilton, would swing her for hours in the daytime. Sometimes, with small coins, he would hire certain village boys as substitutes. "Swinging Mrs. Glover" became a popular way of turning an honest penny. One, at least, of these boys still lives, and has described his experience to the present writer. This swinging motion, indeed, grew absolutely indispensable to Mrs. Glover's peace of mind. Often her father had to carry her in his arms from room to room; and she always insisted upon being carried up-stairs.

Mrs. Glover now dabbled in mesmerism on her own account. She started as an amateur clairvoyant; the superstitious country folk frequently sought her advice. Occasionally, in the course of a social call, she would go into a trance. She closed her eyes, sank backwards, apparently lost consciousness, and, while in this state, described scenes and events. Old "Boston John Clark," a mesmerist of some local fame, experimented upon her. He used her to trace lost or stolen articles; once he tried through her to locate a drowned body. John Varney sought to turn this talent to practical account. At his suggestion, Mrs. Glover described the hiding-place of Captain Kidd's treasure, then a subject of particular excitement. She indicated a spot near the city of Lynn. Varney and several of his cronies took the train and dug diligently for several days without result. Mrs. Glover showed much interest in spiritualism, which in the early '50's began to attract general attention. Like the Fox sisters, she heard rappings at night. An old lady still survives who remembers spending a night with her and having her peace of mind constantly disturbed by these mysterious noises.

Mrs. Glover by no means lacked engaging qualities. At times she appeared the very soul of gentleness, patience, and humility. Her beauty increased with years; yet she showed a constant inclination to improve on nature. Though she had a fine complexion, she rouged her face; though she had excellent teeth, she had several extracted, and false ones put in. This artificiality she carried into her speech and manner. She queened it at the Tilton sewing-circles, and figured conspicuously at prayer-meetings. Now, also, she began "to compose." She wrote verses that appeared in the "poet's corners" of local newspapers; she also indulged in light love stories that occasionally found their way into print. In that narrow community, Mrs. Glover figured as something of a blue-stocking. Her affectations, however, interfered with her popularity. She drew strange and grandiloquent words from the dictionary — sometimes misapplying them. "When I vociferate so loudly, why do you not respond with greater alacrity?" is one of her phrases that has passed into a local by-word.

During all these years Mrs. Tilton and her sister repeatedly quarreled. Finally, there came a complete break. Mrs. Tilton shut the door upon Mrs. Glover, commanding her never to enter the house again. "I loved Mary more dearly than any of my brothers and sisters," she told her friends, "but it's all gone now." Indeed, her bitterness increased with the years. She lived to see Mrs. Eddy the widely acclaimed leader of a new religious cult. She died of the family malady, cancer, in the early '90's. A few weeks before the end she left instructions that Mrs. Eddy should not be allowed to attend her funeral. She left none of her large property to Mrs. Eddy, though George Glover, Mrs. Eddy's son, received $10,000.

While she lived with her sister and her father, Mrs. Glover had many love affairs. To men she always showed her most winning side. Conspicuous among her suitors was one Dr. Daniel Patterson, an itinerant dentist. Patterson had for years been a familiar figure about Tilton. He was a handsome man; tall, erect, black-bearded, invariably well-dressed in a frock-coat and top hat. He was well liked for his good-nature, and generally respected. In a worldly way he was not over-successful; dentistry was not then one of the lucrative professions, and Patterson himself was somewhat inclined to shiftlessness. From his first acquaintance with Mrs. Glover, he determined to marry her. Conscientious Mark Baker, when he heard the news, visited Patterson and told him of Mary's ill-health and nervous afflictions. But in 1853 the wedding took place at the Baker home in Tilton.

Patterson, on the day of the marriage, carried his bride down-stairs from her bedroom, and back again, after the ceremony. Her ill-health continued all through the honeymoon, and intermittently through the succeeding twelve years. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson lived for a short time at Tilton, then moved to Franklin. Old residents of Franklin still recall the day when Patterson came driving into town with a large wagon containing his wife's cradle. During the following nine years the Pattersons led a roving existence. The doctor practised in several towns, from Tilton to North Groton and then to Rumney. In North Groton they lived seven years. A more desolate existence could hardly be imagined. The town stood on the southern fringe of the White Mountains. It contained only a few hundred people, living on widely scattered farms; there was no village center, and no access to the world except by stage. Dr. Patterson purchased a small one-story house, located in a little blind lane leading off from the main road. Back of the house ran a swift brook; in front was a deep wood; on the right side rose the untraveled mountains. There was only one neighbor immediately at hand. An occasional farm wagon lumbered along the road, but days and weeks went by without a visitor. The winters started in early, the snow lying deep many months. For weeks at a time Patterson would leave his wife alone while he attended to his practice in near-by towns. During most of his married life, Patterson was extremely poor. He alternated his dentistry with intermittent practice as a homeopathic physician. In the rear of his house he had a saw-mill, which he ran during the dull seasons.

Mrs. Eddy has sought to blot out this part of her career. She makes no reference to it in "Retrospection and Introspection"; and in another place has said that no special account is to be made of the twenty-two years from 1844 to 1866. It is one of the singular facts of her career that it blossomed so late. These were the years between twenty-three and forty-five, when most men and women do the significant work of their lives; yet they counted so little in Mrs. Eddy's life that she wishes them forgotten. As described by old residents of North Groton, her life with Patterson was hardly felicitous. They tell the same old stories of her illnesses, her hysteria, her high temper, her quarrels. Patterson constantly covered the wooden bridge over the brook with sawdust to quiet his wife's nerves. He spent many evenings, according to a local tradition, killing the discordant frogs. Other stories sink still further toward burlesque.

In 1861 Patterson visited the early battlefields of the Civil War as a spectator, strayed into the enemy's lines, and was taken captive. He spent one or two years in a Southern prison, Mrs. Patterson meanwhile selling off the household effects and returning to her sister's house. Patterson eventually turned up, penniless, emaciated, and in rags. With Mrs. Patterson he went to Lynn, Massachusetts, and made another brief and futile attempt at housekeeping. About 1866 the doctor appeared at Tilton. He held a consultation with his wife's family, declared that he had done forever with Mrs. Patterson, and made some provision for her support. He set up a practice at Littleton. In 1873 Mrs. Patterson applied for and obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion. The doctor did not contest the suit. His end was melancholy. Evidently his experiences preyed upon his mind; he wandered aimlessly around for many years, and eventually lived the life of a hermit near Saco, Maine. There he died in 1896. For years Christian Scientists attacked him, but he never seemed enough interested in the world to reply. For example, Alfred Farlow, head of the Christian Science Publication Committee, says, in his "Christian Science Historical Facts," that Mrs. Patterson obtained a divorce because of the doctor's "adultery." The court records, as already said, show that the divorce was obtained on the ground of desertion.

All this time we have lost track of Mrs. Eddy's only child, the son of her first marriage, George Washington Glover. He disappears from this narrative, however, no more completely than he disappeared from his mother's own existence. In "Retrospection and Introspection," Mrs. Eddy gives the following account of her son:

> After returning to the paternal roof, I lost all my husband's property, except what money I had brought with me; and remained with my parents until after my mother's decease.
>
> A few months before my father's second marriage to Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Duncan, sister of Lieutenant-Governor George W. Patterson, of New York — my little son, about four years of age, was sent away from me, and put under the

care of our family nurse, who had married, and resided in the northern part of New Hampshire. I had no training for self-support, and my home I regarded as very precious. The night before my child was taken from me, I knelt by his side throughout the dark hours, hoping for a vision of relief from this trial. The following lines are taken from my poem, "Mother's Darling," written after this separation:

"Thy smile through tears, as sunshine o'er the sea,
Awoke new beauty in the surge's roll!
Oh, life is dead, bereft of all, with thee,—
Star of my earthly hope, babe of my soul."

My dominant thought in marrying again was to get back my child, but after our marriage his stepfather was not willing he should have a home with me. A plot was consummated for keeping us apart. The family to whose care he was committed, very soon removed to what was then regarded as the Far West.

After his removal a letter was read to my little son informing him that his mother was dead and buried. Without my knowledge he was appointed a guardian, and I was then informed that my son was lost. Every means within my power was employed to find him, but without success. We never met again until he had reached the age of thirty-four, had a wife and two children, and by a strange providence had learned that his mother still lived, and came to see me in Massachusetts.

George Glover and his mother lived in the same vicinity, at times in the same town, for thirteen years. All that time she saw little of him and did not provide for his wants. She seemed, indeed, to have for him a positive aversion. "Mary," said Mark Baker, "acts just like an old ewe sheep that won't own its lamb. She won't have it near her." Strangely enough, she centered her attention upon a neighbor's child in North Groton, and named him Mark after her father. As an infant, George Glover lived at his Aunt Tilton's with his mother. She sent him on long visits to the family of John Varney, the hired man; and also to Mahala Sanborn, a spinster, who had attended her at the boy's birth. The latter learned to love the child, and when she married Russell Cheney and settled in North Groton, took him, at Mrs. Eddy's request, to live with her. Here he spent the years from 1851 to 1857 — the larger part of which time Mrs. Patterson dwelt in the same village. In 1857 the Cheneys moved to Enterprise, Minnesota, taking George with them. He enlisted in the Civil War; was wounded at Shiloh; made an excellent record as a soldier; became United States marshal; knocked about the western states as a prospector and miner; and finally established himself at Lead, South Dakota. The Cheneys, after settling at Enterprise, wrote constantly to their friends and relatives at Tilton and North Groton, giving complete details of the young man's progress. Mr. Cyrus Blood of North Groton, one of George Glover's early chums, well remembers a visit he paid to Dr. Patterson in 1861. Mrs. Patterson read a long letter from her son, describing his army experiences. The present writer has also read a letter from Mrs. Patterson to P. P. Quimby, of Portland, Maine, dated July 29, 1865, in which she describes her son as mortally ill "at Enterprise, Minnesota." Mother and son finally met in 1878, and again a few years ago. They are upon friendly terms. Glover has a family, is apparently prosperous, and lives in a handsome house at Lead, which Mrs. Eddy built for him in 1902. He is not a Christian Scientist. Three years ago his eldest daughter died. The neighbors expressed amazement that he had not called upon Mrs. Eddy to cure her. "Why, do you know," replied George, "I never thought of mother!"

So Mary Baker lived until she was forty years old — the time of life when most women have settled themselves and are looking toward a comfortable middle age. It had been a hard life, sordid in many of its experiences, petty in many of its details, revolving in small circles and around small people. No one knows how much the narrow, Puritanical atmosphere of Mark Baker's farm cramped and warped her hysterical and somewhat abnormal nature. At forty, although a striking figure of a woman, she was known only for her eccentricities. Had she died then, the local papers would have printed a few lines about it; the world would have taken no notice beyond that. Indeed, it was fifteen or twenty years more before she was known outside of a few New England towns. She had her peculiarities, her flaws of conduct; yet, so far as her world could judge her, these might have been only the shadows in a dominant character.

And when she was about forty, there came the tide in her affairs, the great change which transformed her, the incident which carried her on to her extraordinary career. What this opportunity was and what use she made of it, will be told in the next article.

THE MAN WHO KNEW

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "THE TRADER OF LAST NOTCH," "THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER," ETC.

BEARDED, bowed, with hard blue eyes that questioned always, so we knew David Uyo as children; an old, remotely quiet man, who was to be passed on the other side of the street and in silence. I have wondered sometimes if the old man ever noticed the hush that ran before him and the clamour that grew up behind, the games that held breath while he went by, and the children that judged him with wide eyes. He alone, of all the people in the little dorp, made his own world and possessed it in solitude; about him, the folk held all interest in community and measured life by a trivial common standard. At his doorstep, though, lay the frontier of little things; he was something beyond us all, and therefore greater or less than we. The mere pictorial value of his tall figure, the dignity of his long, forked beard, and the expectancy of his patient eye, must have settled it that he was greater. I was a child when he died, and remember only what I saw, but the rest was talk, and so, perhaps, grew the more upon me.

One day he died. For years he had walked forth in the morning and back to his house at noon, a purple spot on the raw colour of the town. He had always been still and somewhat ominous, and conveyed to all who saw him a sense of looking for something. But on this day he went back briskly, walking well and striding long, with the gait of one that has good news, and he smiled at those he passed and nodded to them, unheeding or not seeing their strong surprise nor the alarm he wrought to the children. He went straight to his little house, that overlooks a crowded garden and a pool of the dorp spruit, entered, and was seen no more alive. His servant, a sullen Kaffir, found him in his bed when supper-time came, called him, looked, made sure, and ran off to spread the news that

David Uyo was dead. He was lying, I have learned, as one would lie who wished to die formally, with a smile on his face and his arms duly crossed. This is copiously confirmed by many women who crowded, after the manner of Boers, to see the corpse; and of all connected with him, I think, his end and the studied manner of it, implying an ultimate deference to the conventions, have most to do with the awe in which his memory is preserved.

Now, a death so well conceived, so aptly preluded, must, in the nature of things, crown and complete a life of singular and strong quality. A murder without a good motive is merely folly; properly actuated, it is tragedy, and therefore of worth. So with a death: one seldom dies well, in the technical sense, without having lived well, in the artistic sense; and a man who will furnish forth a good death-bed scene seldom goes naked of an excellent tradition. I have been at some pains to discover the story of David Uyo; and though some or the greater part of it may throw no further back than to the vrouws of the dorp, it seems to me that they have done their part at least as well as David Uyo did his, and this is the tale I gleaned.

When David was a young man, the Boers were not yet scattered abroad all over the veldt, and the farms lay in to the dorps, and men saw one another every day. There was still trouble with the Kaffirs at times, little risings and occasional murders, with the sacking and burning of homesteads, and it was well to have the men within a couple of days' ride of the field-cornet, for purposes of defence and retaliation. But when David married all this weighed little with him.

"What need of neighbours?" he said to his young wife. "We have more need of land — good land and much of it. We will trek."

"It shall be as you will, David," answered Christina. "I have no wish but yours, and neighbours are nothing to me."

There was a pair of them, you see — both Boers of the best, caring more for a good fire of their own than to see the smoke from another's chimney soiling the sky. Within a week of their agreement the waggons were creaking towards the rising sun, and the whips were saluting the morning. David and Christina fronted a new world together, and sought virgin soil. For a full month they journeyed out, and outspanned at last, on a mellow evening, on their home.

"Could you live here, do you think, Christina?" asked David, smiling, and she smiled back at him and made no other answer.

There was need for none, indeed, for no Boer could pass such a place. It was a rise, a little rand, flowing out from a tall kopje, grass and bush to its crown, and at its skirts ran a wide spruit of clear water. The veldt waved like a sea — not nakedly and forlorn, but dotted with grey mimosa and big, green, dropsical aloes, that here and there showed a scarlet plume like a flame. The country was thigh-deep in grass and spoke of game; as they looked, a springbok got up and fled. So here they stayed.

David and his Kaffirs built the house, such a house as you see only when the man who is to make his home in it puts his hand to the building. David knew but one architecture, that of the great hills and the sky, and when all was done, the house and its background clove together like a picture in a fit frame, the one enhancing the other, the two being one in perfection. It was thatched, with deep eaves, and these made a cool stoep and cast shadows on the windows; while the door was red, and took the eye at once, as do the plumes of the aloes. It was not well devised — to say so would be to lend David a credit not due to him; but it occurred excellently.

The next thing that occurred was a child, a son, and this set the pinnacle on their happiness. His arrival was the one great event in many years, for the multiplication of David's flocks and herbs was so well graduated, the growth of his prosperity so steady and of so even a process, that it tended rather to content than to joy. It was like having money rather than like getting it. In the same barefoot quiet their youth left them, and the constant passing of days marked them, tenderly at first, and then more deeply. Their boy, Trikkie, was a man and thinking of marrying, when the consciousness of the leak in their lives stood up before them.

They were sitting of an evening on the stoep, watching the sun go down and pull his ribbons after him, when Christina spoke.

"David," she said, "yesterday was twenty-five years since our marriage. We — we are growing old, David."

She spoke with a falter, believing what she said. For though the blood is running strong and warm, and the eye is as clear as the heart is loyal, twenty-five years is a weary while to count back to one's youth.

David turned and looked at her. He saw for a moment with her eyes — saw that the tenseness of her girlhood had vanished, and he was astonished. But he knew he was strong and hale, well set-up and a good man to be friends with, and as he gripped his knees, he felt the tough muscle under his fingers, and it restored him.

"Christina," he said, seeing she was troubled, "it is the same with both of us. You are not afraid to grow old with me, little cousin?"

She came closer to him, but said nothing. It was soon after that, and a wonderful thing in its way, such as David had never heard of before, that there came to them another boy, a wee rascal that shattered all the cobwebs of twenty-five years, and gave Christina something better to think of than the footsteps of time.

Trikkie had been glorious enough in his time, and was glorious enough still, for the matter of that; but this was a creature with exceptional points, which neither David nor Christina — nor, to do him justice, Trikkie — could possibly overlook. Trikkie had a voice like a bell, and whiskers like the father of a family, and stood six foot two in his naked feet, and lacked no excellence that a sturdy bachelor should possess. But the other, who was born to the name of Paul, lamented his arrival with a vociferous note of disappointment in the world, that was indescribably endearing; had a head clothed in down like the intimate garments of an ostrich chick, and was small enough for David to put in his pocket. He brought a new horizon with him and imposed it on his parents; he was, in brief, a thing to make a deacon of a Jew pedlar.

Thereafter, life for David and Christina was no longer a single phenomenon, but a series of developments. It was like sailing in agreeably rough water. No pensive mood could survive the sight of mighty Trikkie gambolling like a young bull in the company of Paul; nor could quiet hours impart a melancholy while the welkin rang with the voice of the *kleintje* bullying the adoring Kaffirs. Where before life had glided, now it steeplechased, taking its days bull-headed, and Paul grew to the age of four as a bamboo grows, in leaps.

Then Trikkie, the huge, the hairy, the heavy-footed, the man who prided himself on his ability to make circumstances, discovered, in a revealing flash, that he was, after all, a poor creature, and that the brightest being on earth was Katje Voss, whose people had settled about thirty miles off — next door, as it were. Katje held views not entirely dissimilar, but she consented to marry him, and the big youth walked on air. Katje was a dumpy Boer girl, with a face all cream and roses, and a figure that gave promise of much fat hereafter. Christina had imagined other things, but the idea is a rickety structure, and she yielded; while David had never considered such an emergency, and consented heartily. Behind Trikkie's back he talked of grandchildren, and was exceedingly happy.

Then his dream-fabric tumbled about his ears.

Trikkie had ridden off to worship his beloved, and David and Christina, as was their wont, sat on the stoep. They watched the figure of their son out of sight, and talked awhile, and then lapsed into the silence of perfect companionship. The veldt was all about them, as silent and friendly as they, and the distance was mellow with a haze of heat. From the kraals came at intervals the voice of little Paul in fluent Kaffir; David smiled over his pipe and nodded to his wife once when the boy's voice was raised in a shout. Christina was sewing; her thoughts were on Katje, and were still vaguely hostile.

Of a sudden she heard David's pipe clatter on the ground, and looked sharply round at him. He was staring intently into void sky; his brows were knitted, and his face was drawn; even as she turned he gave a hoarse cry.

She rose quickly, but he rose too, and spoke to her in an unfamiliar voice.

"Go in," he said. "Have all ready, for our son has met with a mishap. He has fallen from his horse."

She gasped and stared at him, but could not speak.

"Go and do it," he said again, looking at her with hard eyes, and suddenly she saw, as by an inward light, that here was not madness, but truth. It spurred her.

"I will do it," she said swiftly. "But you will go and bring him in?"

"At once," he replied, and was away to the shed for the cart. The Kaffirs came running to inspan the horses, and shrank from him as they worked. He was white through his tan, and he breathed loud. Little Paul saw him, and sat down on the ground and cried quietly.

Before David went, his wife touched him on the arm, and he turned. She was white to the lips.

"David," she said, and struggled with her speech — "David."

"Well?" he answered with a pregnant calm.

"David, he is not — not *dead?*"

"Not yet," he answered; "but I cannot say how it will be when I get there." A tenderness overwhelmed him, and he caught a great sob and put his arm about her. "All must be ready, little cousin. Time enough to grieve afterwards — all our lives, Christina, all our lives!"

She put her hand on his breast.

"All shall be ready, David," she answered. "Trust me, David."

He drove off, and she watched him lash the horses down the hill and force them at the drift — he, the man who loved horses and knew them as he knew his children. His children! She fled into the house to do her office and to drink to the bottom of the cup the bitterness of motherhood. A cool bed, linen, cold water and hot water, brandy and milk, all the insignia of the valley of the shadow did she put to hand, and con over and adjust and think upon, and then there was the waiting. She waited on the stoep, burning and tortured, boring at the horizon with dry eyes, and praying and hoping. A lifetime went in those hours, and the sun was slanting down before the road yielded, far and far away, a speck that grew into a cart going slowly. By-and-by she was able to see her husband driving, but nobody with him — only a rag or a garment that fluttered from the side. Her mind snatched at it; was it — God! what was it?

David drove into the yard soberly; she was at the stoep.

"All is ready," she said in a low voice. "Will you bring him in?"

"Yes," he said; and she went inside with her heart thrashing like a kicking horse.

David carried in his son in his arms; he was not yet past that. On the white bed inside they laid him, and where his fair head touched the pillow it dyed it red. Trikkie's face was white and blue, and his jaw hung oddly; but once he was within the door, some reinforcement of association came to Christina, and she went about her ministry purposefully and swiftly, a little comforted. At the back of her brain dwelt some idea such as this: here was her house, her home, there David, there Trikkie, here she, and where these were together Death could never make the fourth. The same thought sends a stricken child to its mother. David leant on the foot of the bed, his burning eyes on the face of his son, and his brows tortured with anxiety. Christina brought some drink in a cup and held it to the still lips of the young man.

"Drink, Trikkie," she pleaded softly. "Drink, my *kleintje*. Only a drop, Trikkie, and the pain will fly away."

She spoke as though he were yet a child, for a mother knows nothing of manhood when her son lies helpless. The arts that made him a man shall keep him a man; so she coaxed the closed eyes and the dumb mouth.

But Trikkie would not drink, heard nothing, gave no sign. Christina laid drenched cloths to his forehead, deftly cleansed and bandaged the gaping rent in the base of the skull whence the life whistled forth, and talked to her boy all the while in the low, crooning mother-voice. David never moved from the foot of the bed, and never loosed his drawn brows. In came little Paul silently and took his hand, but he never looked down, and the father and the child remained there throughout the languid afternoon.

Evening cool was growing up when Trikkie opened his eyes. Christina was wetting towels for bandages, and her back was towards him, but she knew instantly and came swiftly to his side. David leaned forward breathlessly, and little Paul cried out with the grip of his hand. They saw a waver of recognition in Trikkie's eyes, a fond light, and it seemed that his lips moved. Christina laid her ear to them.

"And — a — shod — horse!" murmured Trikkie. Nothing more. An hour after, he was cold, and David was alone on the stoep, questioning pitiless skies and groping for God, while Christina knelt beside the bed within and wept blood from her soul.

They buried Trikkie in a little kraal on the hillside, and David made the coffin. When

he nailed down the lid, he was an old man; when the first red clod rung on it, he felt life had emptied itself. When they were back in the house again, Christina turned to him.

"You knew," she said, in a strange voice —"You knew, but you could not save him." And she laughed aloud. David covered his face with his hands and groaned, but the next instant Christina's arms were about him.

Yet of their old life, before the deluge of grief, too much was happy to be all swamped. Time softened the ruggedness of their wound somewhat, and a day came when all the world was no longer black. Little Paul helped them much, for what had once been Trikkie's was now his, and as he grew before their eyes, his young strength and beauty were a balm to them. David was much abroad in the lands now, for he was growing mealies and rapidly becoming a rich man; and as he rode off in the morning, and rode in at sundown, his new gravity of mind and mien broke up to the youngster who jumped at the stirrup with shouts and laughter and demanded to ride on the saddle-bow. At intervals, also, Paul laid claim to a gun, to spurs, to a watch, to all the things that go in procession across a child's horizon, and Christina was not proof against the impulse to smile at him.

It is not to be thought, of course, that the shock of foreknowledge, of omnipotent vision, had left David scatheless. Though the other details of the tragedy shared his memory, and elbowed the terrifying sense of revelation, he would find himself now and again peering at the future, straining to foresee, at a sailor bores at a fog-bank. Then he would catch himself, and start back shuddering to the instant matters about him. Eventualities he could meet, but in their season and hand to hand, afar off they mastered him. Christina, too, dwelt on it at seasons; but, by some process of her woman's mind, it was less dreadful to her than to David: she, too, could dream at times.

One day she was at work within the house, and Paul ran in and out. She spoke to him once about introducing an evil-smelling water-tortoise; he went forth to exploit it in the yard. From time to time his shrill voice reached her; then the frayed edges of David's black trousers of ceremony engaged her, to the exclusion of all else. Between the scissors and the needle, at last, there stole on her ear a faint tap — tap — such a sound as water dropping on to a board makes. It left her unconscious for a while, and then grew a little louder, with a note of vehemence. At last she looked up and listened. Tap, tap, it went, and she sprang from her chair and went to the stoep and looked out along the road. Far off on the hillside was a horse, ridden furiously on the downward road, and though dwarfed by the miles, she could see the rider flogging and his urgent crouch over the horse's withers. It was a picture of mad speed, of terror and violence, and struck her with a chill. Were the Kaffirs risen? she queried. Was there war abroad? Was this mad rider her husband?

The last question struck her sharply, and she glanced about. Little Paul was sitting on a stone, plaguing the water-tortoise with a stick, and speaking to himself and it. The sight reassured her, and she viewed the rider again with equanimity. But now she was able to place him: it was David, and the horse was his big roan. The pace at which he rode was winding up the distance, and the hoofs no longer tap-tapped, but rung insistently. There was war, then; it could be nothing else. Her category of calamities was brief, and war and the death of her dear ones nearly exhausted it.

David galloped the last furlongs with a tightened rein, and froth snowed from the bit. He pulled up in the yard and slipped from the saddle. Christina saw again on his face the white, stricken look and the furrowed frown that had stared on Trikkie's death. David stood with the bridle in his hand and the horse's muzzle against his arm and looked around. He saw Christina coming toward him with quick steps, and little Paul, abandoning the *skellpot*, running to greet him. He staggered and drew his hand across his forehead.

Christina had trouble to make him speak.

"A dream," he kept saying, "an evil dream."

"A lying dream," suggested Christina anxiously.

"Yes," he hastened to add, "a lying dream."

"About — about little Paul?" was her timid question.

David was silent for a while, and then answered. "I saw him dead," he replied

with a shudder. "God! I saw it as plain as I saw him a moment ago in the kraal."

They heard the child's gleeful shout the same instant. "I've got you! I've got you!" he cried from without.

"He has a water-tortoise," explained Christina with a smile. "Paul," she called aloud, "come indoors."

"Ja," shouted the child, and they heard him run up the steps of the stoep.

"Look," he said, standing at the door, "I found this in the grass. What sort is it, Father?"

David saw something lithe and sinuous in the child's hands, and stiffened in every limb. Paul had a *skaapstikker* in his grip, the green-and-yellow death-snake that abounds in the veldt. Its head lay on his arm, its pin-point eyes maliciously agleam, and the child gripped it by the middle. Christina stood petrified, but the boy laughed and dandled the reptile in glee.

"Be still, Paul," said David, in a voice that was new to him — "be still; do not move."

The child looked up at him in astonishment. "Why?" he began.

"Be still," commanded David, and went over to him cautiously. The serpent's evil head was raised as he approached, and it hissed at him. Paul stood quite quiet, and David advanced his naked hand to his certain death and the delivery of his child. The reptile poised, and as David snatched at it, it struck — but on his sleeve. The next instant was a delirious vision of writhing green and yellow; there was a cry from Paul, and the snake was on the floor. David crushed it furiously with his boot.

Christina snatched the child. "Did it bite you, Paul?" she screamed. "Did it bite you?"

The boy shook his head, but David interposed with a voice of thunder.

"Of course it did!" he vociferated with blazing eyes; "what else did my dream point to? But we'll fight with God yet. Bring me the child, Christina."

On the plump forearm of Paul they found two minute punctures and two tiny points of blood. David drew his knife, and the child shrieked and struggled.

"Get a hot iron, Christina," cried David, and gripped Paul with his knees.

In the morning the room was wild and grisly with blood and the smell of burnt flesh, and David lay face downwards on the floor, writhing as the echoes of Paul's shrieks tortured his ears. But in the next room little Paul was still for ever, and all the ghastly labour was to no purpose.

I suppose there is some provision in the make of humanity for overflow grief, some limit impregnable to affliction; for when little Paul was laid beside his brother, there were still David and Christina to walk aimlessly in their empty world. Their scars were deep and they were crippled with woe, and it seemed to them they lived as paralytics live, dead in all save in their susceptibility to torture. Moreover, there was a barrier between them in David's disastrous foreknowledge, for Christina could not throw off the thought that it contained the causal elements which had robbed her of her sons. Pain had fogged her; she could not probe the matter, and sensations tyrannized over her mind. David, too, was bowed with a sense of guilt that he could not rise to throw off. All motive was buried in the kraal; and he and his wife sat apart and spent days and nights without the traffic of speech.

But Christina was seized with an idea. She woke David in the night and spoke to him tensely.

"David," she cried, gripping him by the arm — "David! We cannot live for ever. Do you hear me? Look, David, look hard! Look where you looked before. Can you see nothing for me — for us, David?"

He was sitting up, and the spell of her inspiration claimed him. He opened his eyes wide and searched the barren darkness for a sign. He groped with his mind, tore at the bonds of the present.

"Do you see nothing?" whispered Christina. "Oh, David, there must be something. Look — look hard!"

For the space of a hundred seconds they huddled on the bed, David fumbling with the trusts of destiny, Christina waiting, breathless.

"Lie down," said David at last. "You are going to die, little cousin. It is all well."

His voice was the calmest in the world.

"And you?" cried Christina; "David, and you?"

"I see nothing," he said.

"Poor David!" murmured his wife, clinging to him. "But I am sure all will yet be well, David. Have no fear, my husband."

She murmured on in the dark, with his arm about her, and promised him death,

entreated him to believe with her, and coaxed him with the bait of the grave. They were bride and groom again, they two, and slept at last in one another's arms.

In the morning all was well with Christina, and she bustled about as of old. David was still, and hoped ever, with a tired content in what should happen, a languor that forbade him from railing on fate. Together they prepared matters as for a journey.

"If the black trousers come frayed again," said Christina, "try to remember that the scissors are better than a knife. And the seeds are all in the box under our bed."

"In the box under our bed," repeated David carefully. "Yes, under the bed. I will remember."

"And this, David," holding up piles of white linen, "this is for me. You will not forget?"

"For you?" he queried, not understanding.

"Yes," she answered softly. "I will be buried in this."

He started, but recovered himself with a quivering lip.

"Of course," he answered. "I will see to it. I must be very old, Christina."

She came over and kissed him on the forehead.

In the middle of the afternoon she went to bed, and he came in and sat beside her. She held his hand, and smiled at him.

"Are you dying now?" he asked at length.

"Yes," she said. "What shall I tell Trikkie and the *kleintje* from you?"

"Tell them nothing," he said, after a pause. "It cannot be that I shall be apart from you all long. No; I am very sure of that."

She pressed his hand, and soon afterwards felt some pain. It was little, and she made no outcry. Her death was calm and not strongly distressing, and the next day David put her into the ground where her sons lay.

But, as I have made clear, he did not die till long afterwards, when he had sold his farm and come to live in the little white house in the dorp, where colours jostled each other in the garden, and fascinated children watched him go in and come out. I think the story explains that perpetual search of which his vacant eyes gave news, and the joyous alacrity of his last home-coming, and the perfect technique of his death. It all points to the conclusion, that however brave the figures, however aspiring their capers, they but respond to strings which are pulled and loosened elsewhere.

THE FOOL'S MOTHER

BY

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

WHEN I — the fool — am dead,
There will be one to stand above my head,
Her wan lips yearning toward my quiet lips
That stung her soul so oft with bitter cries.
And I shall feel forgiving finger-tips,
And I shall hear her saying with her sighs:
"This fool I mothered sucked a bitter breast;
His life was fever and his soul was fire;
O burning Fool! O restless Fool at rest!
None knew but I how high you could aspire,
None knew but I how deep your soul could sink!"

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE AT QUINCY, ILLINOIS—THE BOSTON LITERARY CIRCLE—ROUGH CAMPAIGNING IN MINNESOTA—A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT RACE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS

WHEN we arrived in America, in May, 1856, the public mind seemed to be in a state of high political animation. The hotels and the railroad cars and the steamboat decks were buzzing with eager discussions of the slavery question and the impending presidential campaign, which were not seldom enlivened by bitter attacks from Democrats upon those who had left the Democratic party to join the new Republican organization, then entering upon its first national contest. My German neighbors in Watertown, Wisconsin, were almost all Democrats. As a rule, the foreign immigrants had drifted into the Democratic party, which presented itself to them as the protector of the political rights of the foreign-born population, while the Whigs were suspected of "nativistic" tendencies, hostile to the foreign-born. The attachment of the foreign-born, and among them the Germans, to the Democratic party was, therefore, not at all unnatural, and although they were at heart opposed to slavery, yet their anxiety about their own rights outweighed for the time all other considerations, and served to keep them in the Democratic ranks.

But what I read in the newspapers of the invasions of the Territories of Kansas by the pro-slavery "border ruffians" of Missouri, and of their high-handed and bloody attempts to subjugate the free-state settlers there, deeply agitated me. In June, the national conventions of the great political parties were held. That of the Democrats met at Cincinnati, in its platform approved the opening of the territories to slavery under the guise of "popular sovereignty," and nominated Buchanan and Breckenridge as its candidates; that of the young Republican party met at Philadelphia, in its platform demanded the exclusion of slavery from the territories dedicated to freedom, reaffirmed the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and nominated, as its standard-bearers, Fremont of California and Dayton of New Jersey. The Republican platform sounded to me like a bugle call of liberty, and the name of Fremont, "the Pathfinder," surrounded by a halo of adventurous heroism, mightily stirred the imagination. The old cause of human freedom was to be fought for on the soil of the new world. The great final decision seemed to be impending.

Mr. Schurz Enters American Politics

I was eager to take part in the contest. But at the same time a feeling came upon me that I was still sadly incompetent for the task. While I was in that troubled state of mind, I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Louis P. Harvey, later Governor of Wisconsin, who was then a member of the State Senate of Wisconsin, and one of the Republican leaders. He asked me

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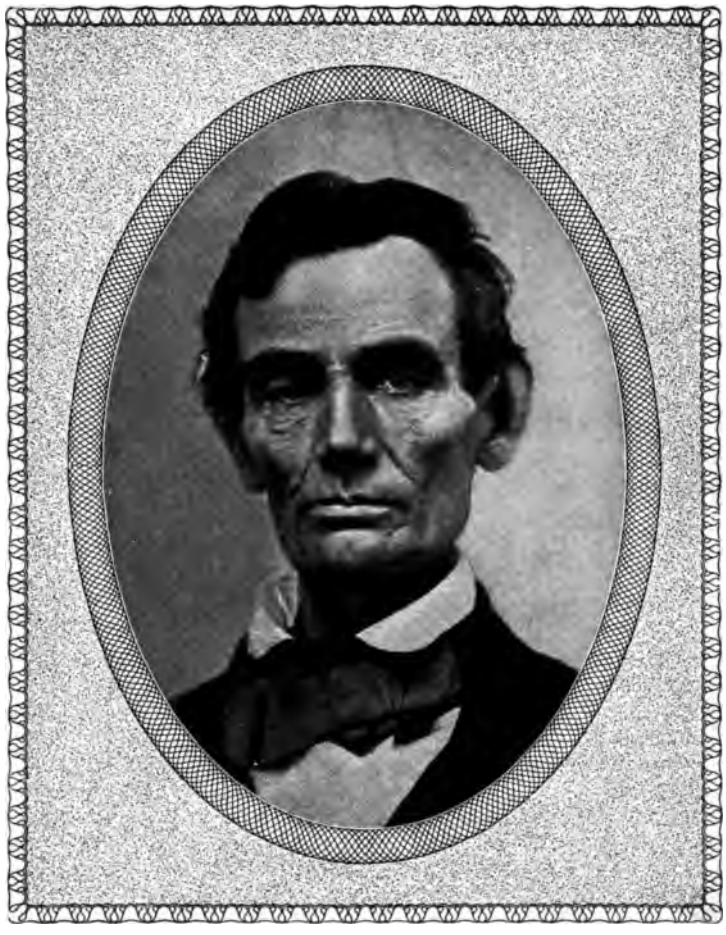


ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1858

whether I would not make a little speech in German at a mass-meeting to be held in a few days at Jefferson, a country town near by. No, I could not think of it, for I was not prepared. Would I not, then, at least come and hear him speak at that meeting? Of course I would, with great pleasure. It was an open-air meeting, attended by a large crowd of country people. Mr. Harvey invited me to the platform and introduced me to the local magnates. He spoke with uncommon eloquence.

When the applause following his speech had subsided, the chairman of the meeting coolly rose and said: "I have now the great pleasure of introducing Mr. Carl Schurz, of Watertown, who has fought for human liberty in his native country and who has come to us to do the same in his adopted home. He will address his fellow-citizens of German birth in their native language." Well, well! I felt myself blush all over; but what could I do? I stammered a few initial words about the entirely unexpected honor, and then, for half an hour or more, I blurted out what happened to come into my mind about the slavery question. After the first sentences, the words came easily, and my hearers seemed to be well pleased. This was my first political speech in America. The ice was broken. Mr. Harvey triumphed over my diffidence. Invitations to address meetings poured in upon me from all sides and kept me busy during the whole campaign. I did not yet trust myself to make public speeches in English, and therefore in that campaign addressed only German audiences in their own language.

On the whole, the campaign of 1856 was to me a very happy experience while the

SCENE OF THE LINCOLN–DOUGLAS DEBATE AT QUINCY, ILLINOIS

This photograph, taken in 1862, shows at the left the public square in which the debate took place

contest was going on. I was so confident of the irresistible power of truth and justice on our side that I did not permit myself to entertain any doubt of Fremont's success, and when, after the November election, the returns had all come in,— I would not abandon hope until I had seen them all,— and our defeat was certain, I felt as if I had suffered an immeasurable personal misfortune. It was a stunning blow. Was not this like the disastrous breakdown of the great movement for popular government on the European continent in 1848? Was the democratic principle to collapse in America, too? It took me some time to recover from my bewilderment and to recognize the fact that this was only the first battle in a long campaign — a campaign of many years.

In the autumn of 1857 the Republicans of Watertown sent me as a delegate to the Republican State Convention. A great surprise awaited me there. I found that the leading party managers had selected me as the Republican candidate for the office of lieutenant-governor. I soon perceived that my nomination was intended as a bid to draw the German vote to the Republican party, and as it would serve the anti-slavery cause if it had that effect, I accepted.

But I had my misgivings. Would not the nomination of a young and comparatively unknown new-comer for so conspicuous and honorable a place, while it might attract some German votes, displease many voters of American birth? Besides, the thought of making a campaign for my principles, while I had a personal stake as a candidate for office, was uncomfortable. The campaign — at least my share in it — was not nearly as spirited as that of 1856, the Fremont campaign, had been. However, it was good experience for me, as I made then my first public speeches in English. My misgivings were justified by the result. While the Republican candidate for the governorship, Mr. Alexander Randall, was elected by a small majority, I was defeated by 107 votes.

"Abe" Lincoln — Shawl, Cotton Umbrella, and Stove-pipe Hat

In the fall of 1858, the Republican State Committee, of Illinois, asked me to make some speeches in their campaign, and obeying that call I found myself for the first time on a conspicuous field of action. One of my appointments called me to Quincy, on the day when one of the great debates between Lincoln and Douglas on the slavery question was to take place there, and on that occasion I met Abraham Lincoln himself. On the evening before the day of the debate, I was on a railroad train bound for Quincy. The car in which I traveled was full of men who discussed the absorbing question with great animation.

A member of the Republican State Committee accompanied me and sat by my side.

All at once, after the train had left a way-station, I observed a great commotion among my fellow-passengers, many of whom jumped from their seats and pressed eagerly around a tall man who had just entered the car. They addressed him in the most familiar style: "Hello, Abe! How are you?" and so on. And he responded in the same manner: "Good-evening, Ben! How are you, Joe? Glad to see you, Dick!" and there was much laughter at some things he said, which, in the confusion of voices, I could not understand. "Why," exclaimed my companion, the committeeman, "there's Lincoln, himself!" He pressed through the crowd and introduced me to Abraham Lincoln, whom I then saw for the first time.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS IN 1858

I must confess that I was somewhat startled by his appearance. There he stood, overtopping by several inches all those surrounding him. Although measuring something over six feet myself, I had, when standing quite near to him, to throw my head backward in order to look into his eyes. That swarthy face, with its strong features, its deep furrows, and its benignant, melancholy eyes, is now familiar to every American. It may be said that the whole civilized world knows and loves it. At that time it was clean-shaven and looked even more haggard and careworn than later, when it was framed in whiskers.

On his head he wore a somewhat battered "stove-pipe hat." His neck emerged, long and sinewy, from a white collar turned down over a thin black necktie. His lank, ungainly body was clad in a rusty black frock-coat with sleeves that should have been longer; but his arms appeared so long that the sleeves of a "store" coat could hardly have been expected to cover them all the way down to the wrists. His black trousers, too, permitted a very full view of his large feet. On his left arm he carried a gray woolen shawl, which evidently served him for an overcoat in chilly weather. His left hand held a cotton umbrella of the bulging kind, and also a black satchel that bore the marks of long and hard usage. His right he had kept free for hand-shaking, of which there was no end until everybody in the car seemed to be satisfied. I had seen, in Washington and in the West, several public men of rough appearance, but none whose looks seemed quite so uncouth, not to say grotesque, as Lincoln's.

He received me with an off-hand cordiality, like an old acquaintance, having been informed of what I was doing in the campaign; and we sat down together. In a somewhat high-pitched but pleasant voice, he began to talk to me, telling me much about the points he and Douglas had made in the debates at different places, and about those he intended to make at Quincy on the morrow. When, in a tone of perfect ingenuousness, he asked me — a young beginner in politics — what I thought about this and that, I should have felt myself very much honored by his confidence, had he permitted me to regard him as a great man. But he talked in so simple and familiar a

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW IN 1860

strain, and his manner and homely phrase were so absolutely free from any semblance of self-consciousness or pretension of superiority, that I soon felt as if I had known him all my life, and we had very long been close friends. He interspersed our conversations with all sorts of quaint stories, each of which had a witty point applicable to the subject in hand, and not seldom concluded an argument in such a manner that nothing more was to be said. He seemed to enjoy his own jests in a childlike way. His usually sad-looking eyes would kindle with a merry twinkle, and he himself led in the laughter; and his laugh was so genuine, hearty, and contagious that nobody could fail to join in it.

When we arrived at Quincy, we found a large number of friends waiting for him; there was much hand-shaking, and many familiar salutations were exchanged. Then they got him into a carriage, much against his wish, for he said that he would prefer to "foot it to Browning's," an old friend at whose house he was to have supper and a quiet night. But the night was by no means quiet outside. The blare of brass bands and the shouts of enthusiastic and not in all cases quite sober Democrats and Republicans, cheering and hurrahing for their respective champions, did not cease until the small hours.

Lincoln and Douglas at Quincy

The next morning the country people began to stream into town for the great meeting, some singly, on foot or on horseback, some in small parties of men and women and even children, in buggies or farm wagons; while others were marshaled in solemn procession from outlying towns or districts, with banners and drums, often headed by maidens in white with tricolored scarfs, who represented the Goddess of Liberty and the different states of the Union, and whose beauty was duly admired by everyone, including themselves.

On the whole, the Democratic displays were much more elaborate and gorgeous than those of the Republicans, and it was said that Douglas had plenty of money to spend for such things. He himself traveled in what was called in those days "great style," with a secretary and servants and a numerous escort of somewhat loud companions, moving from place to place by special train, with cars especially decorated for the occasion, all of which

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN 1859

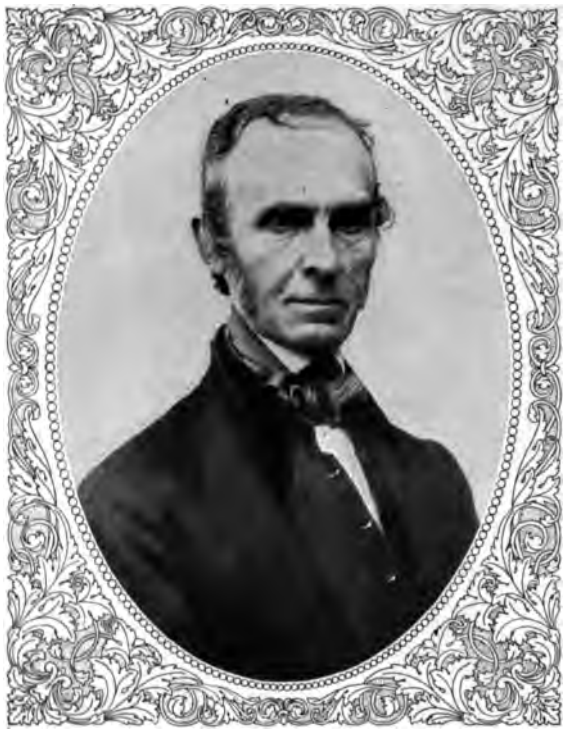
contrasted strongly with Lincoln's extremely modest simplicity. There was no end of cheering and shouting and jostling on the streets of Quincy that day. But in spite of the excitement created by the political contest, the crowds remained very good-natured, and the occasional jibes flung from one side to the other were uniformly received with a mere laugh.

The great debate took place in the afternoon in the open square, where a large, pine-board platform had been built for the committee of arrangements, the speakers, and the persons they wished to have with them. I thus was favored with a seat on that platform. In front of it many thousands of people were assembled, Republicans and Democrats standing peaceably together, only chaffing one another now and then in a good-tempered way.

Lincoln's Ungraceful Style of Oratory

As the champions arrived, they were demonstratively cheered by their adherents. The presiding officer agreed upon by the two parties called the meeting to order and announced the program of proceedings. Mr. Lincoln was to open with a speech of one hour, Senator Douglas was to follow with a speech of one hour and a half, and Mr. Lincoln was to close with a speech of a half hour. The first part of Mr. Lincoln's opening address was devoted to a refutation of some things Douglas had said at previous meetings. This refutation may, indeed, have been required for the settlement of disputed points, but it did not strike me as anything extraordinary, either in substance or in form.

Neither had Mr. Lincoln any of those physical advantages which usually are thought to be very desirable, if not necessary, to the orator. His voice was not musical, being rather high-keyed and apt to turn into a shrill treble in moments of excite ment; but it was not positively disagreeable. It had an exceedingly penetrating, far-reaching quality. The looks of the audience convinced me that every word he spoke was understood at the remotest edges of the vast assemblage. His gestures were awkward. He swung his long arms sometimes in a very ungraceful manner. Now and then, to give particular emphasis to a point, he would bend his knees and body with a sudden downward jerk and then shoot up again with a vehemence that raised him to his tiptoes and made him look much taller



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER IN 1859

From an ambrotype never before reproduced, now in the possession of Samuel T. Pickard of Amesbury, Massachusetts

than he really was — a manner of enlivening a speech which at that time was, and perhaps still is, not unusual in the West, but which he succeeded in avoiding at a later period.

There was, however, in all he said, a tone of earnest truthfulness, of elevated, noble sentiment, and of kindly sympathy, which added greatly to the strength of his argument, and became, as in the course of his speech he touched upon the moral side of the question in debate, powerfully impressive. Even when he was attacking his opponent with keen satire or invective, which, coming from any other speaker, would have sounded bitter and cruel, there was still a certain something in his utterance which made his hearers feel that those thrusts came from a reluctant heart, and that he would much rather have treated his foe as a friend.

When Lincoln had sat down amid the enthusiastic plaudits of his adherents, I asked myself with some trepidation in my heart, "What will Douglas say now?" Lincoln's speech had struck me as something very clear, logical, persuasive, convincing even, and very sympathetic; but not as something overwhelming. Douglas, I thought, might not be able to confute it, but by the cunning sophistry at his command, and by one of his forceful appeals to prejudice, he might succeed in neutralizing its effect.

Douglas, Agressive and Overbearing

No more striking contrast could have been imagined than that between those two men as they appeared upon the platform. By the side of Lincoln's tall, lank, and ungainly form, Douglas stood almost like a dwarf, very short of stature, but square-shouldered and broad-chested, a massive head upon a strong neck — the very embodiment of force, combativeness, and staying power. On that stage at Quincy he looked rather natty and well-groomed, being clothed in excellently fitting broadcloth and shining linen. But his face seemed a little puffy, and it was said that he had

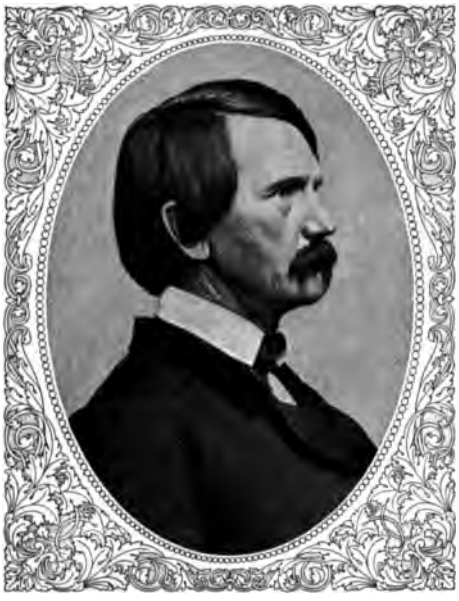
JUDGE AARON GOODRICH

With whom Mr. Schurz stumped the Minnesota frontier in the first State election in 1859

been drinking hard with some boon companions either on his journey or since his arrival. The deep horizontal wrinkle between his keen eyes was unusually dark and scowling. While he was listening to Lincoln's speech, a contemptuous smile now and then flitted across his lips, and when he rose, the tough parliamentary gladiator, he tossed his mane with an air of overbearing superiority, of threatening defiance, as if to say: "How dare anyone stand up against me?"

As I looked at him, I detested him deeply; but my detestation was not free from an anxious dread as to what was to come. His voice, naturally a strong baritone, gave forth a hoarse and rough, and at times something like a barking sound. His tone was from the very start angry, dictatorial, and insolent in the extreme. In one of his first sentences he charged Lincoln with "base insinuations," and then he went on in that style with a wrathful frown upon his brow, defiantly shaking his head, clenching his fists, and stamping his feet. No language seemed to be too offensive for him, and even inoffensive things he would sometimes bring out in a manner which sounded as if intended to be insulting, and thus he occasionally called forth, instead of applause from his friends, demonstrations of remonstrance from the opposition. But his sentences were well put together, his points strongly accentuated, his argumentation seemingly clear and plausible, his sophisms skilfully woven so as to throw the desired flood of darkness upon the subject, and thus beguile the untutored mind; his appeals to prejudice were unprincipled and reckless, but shrewdly aimed, and his invective was vigorous and exceedingly trying to the temper of the assailed party.

But then came Lincoln's closing speech of half an hour, which seemed completely to change the temper of the atmosphere. He replied to Douglas' arguments and attacks with rapid thrusts so deft and piercing, with humorous retort so quaint and pat, and with witty illustrations so clinching, and he did it all so good-naturedly, that the meeting again and again broke out in bursts of delight by which many of his opponents, even, were carried away, while the



FRANCIS P. BLAIR, JR.

GALUSHA GROW

scowl on Douglas' face grew darker and darker.

Those who, by way of historical study, now read the printed report of that speech and of its pointed allusions to persons then in the public eye and to the happenings of those days, will hardly appreciate the effect its delivery produced on the spot. But that has been the fate of many far more famous oratorical feats, to which cold print never could do justice.

At that period Abraham Lincoln had, indeed, not yet risen to the wonderful elevation of sentiment and the grand beauty of diction which the whole world, some years later, came to admire in his Gettysburg speech and still more in his second inaugural address. But there was in his debates with Douglas, which, as to their form at least, were largely extemporaneous, occasionally a flash of the same lofty moral inspiration; and all he said came out with the sympathetic persuasiveness of a thoroughly honest nature, which made the listener feel as if the speaker looked him straight in the eye and took him by the hand, saying: "My friend, what I tell you is my earnest conviction, and I have no doubt that at heart you think so yourself."

When the debate at Quincy was over, the champions were heartily cheered by their partizans, the assemblage dissolved peaceably, the brass bands began to play again — several of them within hearing of one another, so as to fill the air with discordant sounds — and the country people, with their banners and their maidens in white, got in motion to return to their homes; each party, no doubt, as it usually happens in such cases, persuaded that the result of the day was in its favor. I took my leave of Mr. Lincoln and was not to meet him again until about twenty months later, and then on an occasion even more memorable.

Lincoln Proves His Leadership

The result of the election in Illinois was unfavorable to Mr. Lincoln as a candidate for the Senate. Douglas did not, indeed, receive a majority of the popular vote, but, owing to the apportionment of legislative districts, he won a majority in the new legislature. His return to the Senate was thus assured. But Lincoln was the real conqueror in another sense. His keen political foresight and his courageous leadership had secured to the anti-slavery cause an advantage which rendered its triumph in the next presidential election well-nigh certain. In the famous Freeport debate he had forced Douglas to make, in the most authoritative form and on so conspicuous an occasion that all the people would hear every word uttered, a declaration which

rendered the disruption of his party inevitable. It was the declaration that while the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott decision had asserted the constitutional right of the slave-holder to hold his slave as property in any territory of the United States, yet the people of a territory had the legal power practically to nullify that right by denying to slavery the necessary police protection — in other words, practically to exclude slavery by unfriendly legislation.

This was a jugglery which the slavery propagandists who formed the aggressive force of the Democratic party in the South not only would not accept, but would never forgive. With inexorable logic they argued that, if the Constitution gave the slave-holder the right to hold his slave as property in the territories of the United States, the territorial legislatures were in duty bound not only to abstain from whatever might tend practically to defeat that right, but to make such laws as were required to protect him in the full enjoyment of it. Whoever refused to subscribe to that doctrine was in their eyes an enemy of the South. And as to making such a man President, it would not be thought of. Thus the fate of Douglas as a candidate for the presidency was sealed. And as he could not accept that doctrine without utterly ruining himself at the North, and was therefore bound actively to resist it, the fate of the Democratic party was sealed, too.

Lincoln had clearly foreseen this; and when, on the night before the Freeport meeting, the Republican managers had tried to dissuade him from forcing the decisive declaration from Douglas for the reason that Douglas, by a plausible answer, might win the election in Illinois, and with it the senatorship, Lincoln answered that he was after larger game than the senatorship; that Douglas could then never be President, and that the battle of 1860 was worth a hundred of this. The sureness of his outlook and the courageous firmness of his attitude in this crisis proved that Lincoln was not a mere follower of other men's minds, nor a mere advocate and agitator, but a real leader — a leader in the truest sense of the term.*

* The history of the Wisconsin campaign in 1859 for Byron Paine, the Republican nominee for the Supreme Court of the State, on the issue of opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, is omitted here, but will appear when Mr. Schurz's Reminiscences are published in book form.

Holmes, Longfellow, and Whittier

In the spring of 1859 I was urgently invited by United States Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, to attend a Jefferson birthday banquet in Boston, the real object of which was to afford an opportunity for a protest against the so-called "Know-Nothing" movement. A few days later, on April 18, 1859, I myself spoke on the subject at a large public reception in Faneuil Hall.

Several evenings later I was invited to a dinner party at the house of Mr. Gardner Brewer, one of the patrician houses of the town. I met there several of my friends of the Jefferson birthday dinner; also, for the first time, Longfellow and Banks. I was seated at the table by the side of a little gentleman whose name had escaped me when I was presented to him. He was very kind to me, and soon I found myself engaged with him in a lively conversation which gradually drew the attention of the whole table. His talk was so animated, bubbling, and sparkling, and at the same time so kindly and genial a flow of wit and wisdom, that I sat there in a state of amazed delight. I had never heard anything like it. After a while I asked my neighbor on the other side: "Pray, who is this wonderful man?" "You do not know him?" he answered. "Why, that is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes."

I visited Boston often after those days in 1859, and I had sometimes the happiness of sitting as a guest at the same table with the members of the famous circle of Boston's, or rather, America's great celebrities — Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Agassiz, Holmes, Norton, Field, Sumner, and others of their companionship — and of hearing them converse among themselves, not with an effort to say remarkable things, but with the natural, unpretending, and therefore most charming simplicity of truly great minds. I never saw Whittier at one of those dinners. But being a warm admirer of Whittier's powerfully moving anti-slavery poems, I wished very much to behold the poet's face and to hear his voice. Therefore, I eagerly accepted, on one of my visits to Boston, the offer of one of Whittier's friends to take me to Amesbury, the village where he lived, and to introduce me to him.

When we called at his very modest frame house, the typical New England village

house, painted white with green shutters, we were told that he was not at home, but might possibly be found at the post-office. At the post-office we were told that he had been there, but had probably gone to the drug store. At the drug store we found him quietly talking with a little company of neighbors assembled around the stove — for it was a cold winter day. I was almost sorry to break into that tranquil chat between the poet and his village familiars, for I was satisfied with looking at him as he stood there, tall and slim, with his fine, placid face, all goodness and unpretending simplicity, so superior to those surrounding him, and yet so like them. My friend introduced me to him as a co-worker in the anti-slavery cause, and he received me very kindly. We had a little exchange of questions and answers not remarkable, and he offered to take us to his house. But we could not accept the invitation, as we had to hurry back to the train for Boston. I left him with a feeling as if the mere meeting with him had been a blessing — a breath of air from a world of purity and beneficence.

To no member of that famous circle did I feel myself more attracted than to Longfellow, and he, too, seemed to look upon me with a friendly eye. He kindly invited me to visit him whenever I might come within hailing distance. And how delightful were those hours I spent with him from time to time in the cozy intimacy of his old colonial house in Cambridge, the historic Washington headquarters! We usually sat together in a little room on the right hand of the hall, the room with the round, book-covered table in it. He used to bring in a bottle of old Rhine wine and a couple of long German student pipes which, I fear, he did not very much enjoy smoking, although he pretended to, because, no doubt, he thought I did. And then he talked of German poetry and poets, and of the anti-slavery cause, in which he cherished a warm, although quiet, interest, and of Charles Sumner, whom he loved dearly, as I did.

Longfellow was one of the most beautiful men I have ever known, and he grew more beautiful every year of his advancing old age, with his flowing white hair and beard and his grand face of the antique Jupiter type — not indeed a *Jupiter tonans*, but a fatherly Zeus holding a benignant hand over the world and mankind. He was by no means a brilliant conversationalist — not to be compared with Oliver Wendell Holmes — but his talk, although not remarkable for wit or eloquence, had for me a peculiar fascination. It produced, upon me at least, the impression of modestly withholding behind it a great store of serene reserve power, and it flowed on so placidly as to make me feel as if I were in a gently rocking boat, floating down a tranquil stream meandering through green meadows. His very being seemed to be enveloped in an atmosphere of peace and noble sympathy. I have seen him quietly entering social gatherings of men and women when everybody seemed at once to become sensible of the mellow sunshine radiating from his presence, and all faces, old and young, turned to him with an expression of something like joyous affection.

Stumping the Frontier with a Spread-Eagle Orator

In the autumn of 1859, I not only was on duty in Wisconsin, but I was also urgently asked to make some speeches in Minnesota, where the first State election was to be held in November. I obeyed the call.

I remember that journey with pleasure, and may be pardoned for indulging myself in giving a picture of what political campaigning, with its humors, was at that period in the "Far West." The population of Minnesota was thin, the western part of the State being still occupied by Sioux tribes. The twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, which now count their population by the hundred thousands, were then still in their infancy. St. Paul, if I remember rightly, had about 12,000 inhabitants, and the name of Minneapolis did not yet exist at all. That settlement was called the Falls of St. Anthony and had a population of about 2,000 souls. At St. Paul I was received by the Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. Alexander Ramsey, a man of moderate gifts, but blessed with one of those winning countenances which betoken sound sense, a quiet conscience, good humor, and a kind heart for all men. I was to meet him again at a later period in the Senate of the United States and in the cabinet of President Hayes.

I found myself put down in the plan of campaign for one or two speeches a day, with an itinerary spreading over a large part of the State. I was to travel for several days in the company of a gentleman who

introduced himself to me as Judge Goodrich. There being at that time no railroads in that part of the State which I was to visit, Judge Goodrich and I rode in a buggy from place to place, to small country towns and sparsely populated settlements. He was a middle-aged man of slim stature, a clean-shaven, somewhat haggard face, and lively dark eyes. I soon discovered in him one of those "originals," who at that time seemed to abound in the new country. His conversation was indeed rather liberally interspersed with those over-emphatic terms of affirmation which are much in use on the frontier, so that it seemed as if the Judge liked to appear as one of the people. But sometimes he made keen observations touching a variety of subjects — political, historical, philosophical, even theological, — which betrayed an uncommonly active and independent mind and extensive reading.

As we became better acquainted, he began to confide to me the favorite trend of his studies. It was the discovery and unmasking of sham characters in history. He had found, upon close investigation, that some men, whom conventional history called very good and great, had not been good and great at all and did not deserve the credit which for centuries had by common consent been bestowed upon them; but that in fact that credit and praise belonged to others. His pet aversion was Christopher Columbus. His researches and studies had convinced him that Christopher Columbus had made his voyage of discovery according to the log-book of a shipwrecked seaman who had sought shelter with him, whom he had treacherously murdered, and whose belongings he had made his own. Judge Goodrich told me long stories of the misdeeds of Christopher Columbus, which he had found out in their true character. He spoke of the so-called "Great Discoverer of the New World" with intense indignation and denounced him as an assassin, a hypocrite and false pretender, a cruel tyrant, and a downright pirate. He was industriously pursuing his inquiries concerning that infamous person, and he was going to expose the fraud in a book which he hoped to publish before long.

"The Ruins of Palmyra and the Downfall of Rome"

Judge Goodrich's oratory was somewhat singular. We agreed to alternate in the order of proceedings in addressing audiences; he was to speak first at one meeting, and I at the next, and so we listened to one another a great deal. His speeches always had a sound, sober, and strong body of argument, enlivened by some robust anecdotes after the fashion of the stump, but he regularly closed with an elaborate peroration couched in wonderfully gorgeous and high-sounding phrase, in which the ruins of Palmyra and the decline and fall of the Roman Empire played a great and mysterious part. That a man of such practical intellect and large reading, and so capable of strong reasoning, should please himself in such a euphonical display astonished me not a little. It actually troubled me. One night when, after a very successful meeting and after an especially cordial and confidential talk, we went to bed together, I picked up courage to say: "Judge, those sentences about the ruins of Palmyra and the downfall of the Roman Empire are very poetical, but I have not been able exactly to catch their meaning and application to the slavery question. Will you tell me?" The Judge gave a good-natured laugh. "Well," said he, "I have thought all along that the ruins of Palmyra and the downfall of the Roman Empire would strike you. The fact is, I composed the piece in which those sentences occur many years ago when I was young, and I have always been fond of it and kept it in my memory. I thought it would do splendidly to wind up a speech with. It's true, its bearing upon the slavery question is not quite clear. But don't it sound beautiful? And don't you believe it sets folks to thinking?" Of course, I thought it would, and there was nothing more to be said.

The next day I was sent by the campaign managers upon an expedition on which Judge Goodrich could not accompany me, and we parted with very sincere regret. I have never seen him again. But he sent me a copy of his book on Christopher Columbus — a book full of ingenious ratiocination and righteous wrath — as soon as it appeared in print, and I heard that after a long bachelorship he had married a beautiful and accomplished lady of Spanish or South-American birth, and had been appointed secretary of our legation at Brussels. I have often thought how careful he would be in that place to tone down the western vigor of his vocabulary, and how difficult

he would find it to reduce and adapt it to the diplomatic usage.

An Informal Luncheon with Frank Blair

I was to speak at a place called, by the committee-man instructing me, the "City of Lexington," the center of a large farming district. It was marked with a big dot on the map. A buggy was assigned to me with a young man who "knew the road" as a driver. I should have to start at about daybreak in order to reach my destination in time for the afternoon meeting. There I should meet the Hon. Galusha Grow, the well-known representative from Pennsylvania in Congress. This was all the committee-man could tell me.

It was a glorious sunrise, and soon I found myself on the open prairie, swept by the exhilarating morning breeze. The empty spaces between farms became larger and larger, human habitations scarcer. Now I saw a number of Indian papooses sitting in a row on the fence of a lonesome settlement, and an Indian wigwam near by; then, before me, the vast plain, apparently boundless and without a sign of human life; here and there a little strip of timber along a water course; the road a mere wagon track. It was delightful to breathe. I heartily enjoyed the bracing freshness of this western atmosphere.

After we had traveled on for two or three hours, a buggy hove in sight, coming the opposite way. Two men were seated in it, one of whom hailed me with, "Hello, stranger! Please stop a moment!" We stopped. A tall gentleman jumped down from the other vehicle and, saluting me, said: "I wonder whether you are not Mr. Carl Schurz?" "Yes, that is my name." "I am Frank Blair from St. Louis, Missouri," said he. He was well known to me as one of the bravest anti-slavery men in that slave state, and as the son of Francis P. Blair, who had been one of the confidential friends and advisers of President Andrew Jackson. "A committee-man told me last night," he said, "that you were in this part of the country, and when I saw you in that buggy, I made a happy guess. Very glad to meet you. Let us sit down in the grass and have some lunch. I have a bottle of claret and some sandwiches, enough for both of us." So we sat down.

This was the way in which I made the acquaintance of the famous Frank Blair, one of the most gallant and successful anti-slavery leaders in the South, who later, after the breaking out of the Civil War, bore such a splendid part in the movement which saved St. Louis and the State of Missouri to the Union; who then became a major-general in the Union Army; then, being discontented with the Republican reconstruction policy, went over to the Democrats and was nominated by them for the vice-presidency in 1868; took a somewhat sinister part in the Liberal-Republican Convention at Cincinnati in 1872; and met me again in the Senate of the United States. Our meeting on the Minnesota prairie was exceedingly pleasant. We laughed much about the fun of this wild campaign, and rejoiced together in the prospects of our cause.

The Mysterious "City of Lexington"

Before we parted, I inquired of Mr. Blair's driver whether he knew where the City of Lexington was. He had only heard of it, but guessed that if we followed "this road" westward, we should strike it. So our buggy trundled on over "this road" several hours longer, until we entered a belt of timber on a creek bottom and suddenly found ourselves in front of a cluster of log houses, the largest of which seemed to be a tavern. Near its door a man was lounging on a wooden bench, whittling a stick. I asked him whether we were on the right road to the City of Lexington and what the distance might be. "Why," said he, with a contemptuous drawl, "this is the City of Lexington. Be you one of the chaps that's to lecture here this afternoon?" I confessed that I was, and at the same moment another buggy drove up, from which a traveler alighted, in whom, from some picture I had seen, I recognized the Hon. Galusha Grow from Pennsylvania, the speaker of the National House of Representatives that was to be. I found in him an exceedingly jovial gentleman, in the prime of life, and inclined to look at the bright or humorous side of everything. His search for the City of Lexington had been no less arduous than mine, and we had a hearty laugh at our discovery.

The "City" consisted of the tavern, a small country store, a blacksmith's shop, a school-house, and perhaps an additional cabin or two, all built of logs. But the landlord — the man I had seen lounging

on the bench — assured us that a great many blocks of city lots had been laid out which were for sale cheap, and that this was sure to become a "big business center." We asked for a room where we might "clean up." He pointed to the pump in the yard and gave us a tolerably clean towel. As to our dinner, the landlord told us that he was a little short of provisions just then, but would give us the "best he had." The "best he had" consisted of salt pork, somewhat rancid, boiled onions, very sour bread, and a greenish fluid of indescribable taste, called coffee.

As to the meeting we were to address, we learned that it was to be held at half-past two, in the school-house. We looked at the school-house, and we found a few wooden benches in it, which, together with the standing room, would accommodate some forty or fifty persons. A member of the county committee arrived, who apologetically told us that the assemblage would "not be very large," as the population of the district was still sparse; although, the land being of first-rate quality, they expected it to be thickly settled before long. Presently some farm wagons arrived with men, women, and children, and also a few young citizens on horseback. Soon the school-room was filled, the men mostly standing and the women, some with babies in their arms, sitting on the benches. Mr. Grow and I contemplated the situation with much amusement. Finally, we concluded to make our very best speeches, just as if we had thousands before us, and to put in some extra flights of oratory in honor of the rare occasion. And so we did. We discussed the slavery question with all possible earnestness and fire. By and by the audience became quite enthusiastic. The men stamped and yelled, some of the boys whistled, and the babies shrieked. When the meeting had adjourned there was much vigorous hand-shaking, and we had many urgent invitations to "take a drink" at the tavern bar, which it required no little strategy on our part to evade without giving offense. At last the honest farmers, with their wives and children, departed, and the City of Lexington relapsed into stillness.

The Savage Excitement of Steamboat Racing

My return home from Minnesota was no less characteristic of the Western country than the campaign had been. I took passage on a Mississippi steamboat down to La Crosse. Steamboat travel on the Western rivers, which soon was to go down under the competition of railroads, was then still in full bloom. I have forgotten the name of the fine boat on which I traveled, but will call her the "Flying Cloud." It so happened that another boat of different ownership, but of about the same size, started at the same time down the river. Let us call her the "Ocean Wave."

When we passed those majestic bluffs of Lake Pepin, the "Ocean Wave" seemed to be gaining on our "Flying Cloud," and my fellow-passengers began to yield forthwith to an irrepressible feeling that this must not be. At first this feeling seemed to be confined to the men, but then the women, too, began to show an interest in the matter, which constantly grew more lively. They crowded around the captain, a short, broad-shouldered, and somewhat grumpy-looking man, who paced the "hurricane-deck" with an air of indifference. Would he permit the "Ocean Wave" to get ahead? he was asked. "Would you like to be blown up?" he asked in return. "No," was the answer, "we should not like to be blown up, but we don't want the 'Ocean Wave' to beat us, either." The captain looked up with a grim smile, said nothing, and walked away.

After a while the thumping of the engine grew louder, the guttural, raucous breathing of the smoke-stacks heavier and more feverish, the clouds of smoke rolling up from them blacker and more impetuous, and the quiver of the big vessel, as it rushed through the water, more shuddering. At the same time we noticed that the "Ocean Wave," which was almost abreast of us, showed the same symptoms of extraordinary commotion. She even seemed to have anticipated us somewhat in her preparations for the contest and forged ahead most vigorously. Indeed, a cheer went up from her decks, her passengers evidently thinking that the "Ocean Wave" would soon leave us behind. Our people cheered back defiantly, and the "Flying Cloud" again put in an extra throb.

I see our captain now before me, as he stood on the upper deck with his left foot on the low railing, his elbow resting on his knee, and his chin on his fists, his cheek full of tobacco which he was chewing nervously, and his glittering eye fixed upon some spot

ahead. From time to time he would turn his head and shout a hoarse order up to the pilot-house. The passengers crowding around him, men and women, were almost wild with excitement, which vented itself in all sorts of exclamations, some of them, I regret to say, quite profane. Suddenly the captain looked up, and with as much of a smile as the tobacco quid in his mouth permitted, he muttered: "Now I've got that 'Ocean Wave,' d— her!" Then we noticed that the "Ocean Wave" suddenly "slowed up" and fell behind, and our "Flying Cloud" shot forward, far ahead. Our passengers sent up a triumphant shout and seemed beside themselves with joy. It turned out that the channel had considerably narrowed so as not to be wide enough for two boats, and made at the same time a pretty sharp turn, and that our boat, having the inside of the curve, had succeeded in rushing into the narrow pass first.

But this victorious manoeuver did not altogether relieve us of our anxieties. After a while, our fuel being much reduced, we had to land near a big pile of cord-wood to take in a new supply. Our passengers were dismayed. "Never mind," said the captain, "the 'Ocean Wave' will have to take in wood, too." No sooner had the "Flying Cloud" made fast near the woodpile than a large number of my fellow-travelers jumped ashore to help the "roustabouts" take in the fuel, and thus shorten our delay. Everybody worked with the utmost ardor. While this was going on, the "Ocean Wave" steamed majestically by, her people rending the air with their cheers. When we started again we saw her a formidable distance ahead. But our captain was right. Soon we beheld the "Ocean Wave" lying still to take in a fresh supply of fire-wood, and we expected to run by and leave her far in the rear. But we had reckoned without our host. Before we had reached her stopping-place, she hastily pulled in her gang-planks and started again.

And now came the real tug of war. The whistles of both boats blew fierce notes of challenge. For a long stretch the channel seemed to be wide, and the boats ran side by side, neck to neck. The paddle-boxes sometimes almost touched each other. The passengers crowding the two decks were within speaking distance and jeered from one side to the other half good-naturedly, half defiantly. Meanwhile, the smoke-stack heaved and puffed and snorted, and the engines thumped and thundered, and the lightly-built decks shook and quaked and creaked as if the boat were engaged in a desperate struggle for life. The captain now seemed to divide his time between the engine-room and the pilot-house, moving up and down with nervous quickness. Once, when he crossed the deck, I saw a delicate-looking woman stop him with something like anxiety in her eyes, and ask him whether it was "all safe." "Well," he grunted, "I can slow down and drop behind if you say so!" The poor woman did not say so. She looked abashed, as if she had been trying to do something mean and contemptible, and the passengers cheered.

Both steamboats stopped at one or two places, to discharge and take on passengers and cargo. But they both did this with such marvelous rapidity that neither of them got an advantage. They also had occasion again for sharp manoeuvering to get in one another's way when narrow places in the channel were reached. Luck was first on one side and then on the other, and the spirits of the passengers rose and fell accordingly, now to boisterously triumphant assurance and then to gloomy wrath, and even despondency.

At last La Crosse hove in sight. The end was near, and many hearts beat with anxious expectancy. The crowd on the deck grew still. Hardly anybody dared to say anything or to make any demonstration of his feelings. But now fortune favored us again. The boats were still side by side, doing their utmost with fearful energy. But they had to make a curve in order to swing to the landing-place, and the "Flying Cloud"—whether owing to good luck or to the foresight of the captain—had the advantage of the inside. Running full speed as long as it was possible, and stopping the engine only when it was absolutely necessary, the "Flying Cloud" touched the dock with a crash and had the lines fastened and the gang-planks thrown out with the utmost rapidity while the "Ocean Wave" was just coming in. The victory was ours, and a tremendous shout of jubilation went up.

MR. SCHURZ'S REMINISCENCES IN FEBRUARY WILL DESCRIBE THE NOMINATION OF LINCOLN AND WILL RECALL THE GREAT MORAL ENTHUSIASM OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860

THE DRAMA IN OUR TOWN

BY

EUGENE WOOD

AUTHOR OF "BACK HOME," "NIAGARA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY HORACE TAYLOR

WHAT was the first real "the-ay-ter" play you ever went to?

I can hear you say "O-o-o-oh. . . ." in a long-drawn sigh. I can see you close your eyes, and a faint smile come over your face, as you recall that night. It is the first time you have thought of it in many a day. Wasn't it just gra-and?

I suppose that when they come to our age, the children of this day and generation will hardly be able to remember with as much distinctness their first real play. They see so many of them; so much is done for them that it wasn't thought well to do for us, and they live in a world at all points so widely different from that of ours "back home." And even so, that world was somewhat emancipated as compared with the one in which Grandpap lived when he was young. In those days Grandpap was a fine, strong, husky fellow (so other people have told me; he never said much about it himself), and took great delight in wrestling. But he got to thinking it over, and the upshot was that he stopped wrestling, right square off. He applied the moral touchstone of his day: If a thing is good fun, then it is wicked. I mind the first time Grandpap ate a dish of ice-cream. It tasted so good he knew it must be bad for the health. So he went and took a pill to counteract the evil.

In his young days all that people could do — nice people, I mean, not the rough element — was to attend to business, farming or shoemaking or housekeeping or whatever; and to try to be good men and women. What kind of a life is that? When folks don't do anything foolish, but just attend to business and try to be good — why, they might as well be dead. That's the way I look at it. The rough element might go to dances, might play euchre and seven-up; might read novels; might fiddle; might go to horse-races and the playhouse; might wear gold and silver and costly apparel, such as gold collar-buttons, and neckties, and artificial flowers, and ruffles, and ribbons and beads, and all such dew-dabs; but not nice people, not people that wanted to be somebody. And here's a funny thing: In spite of the fact that the girls wore no ruffles and beads and ribbons and artificial flowers, but went around in plain straight skirts and slat sunbonnets, they all got married. Some of them, two or three times. Now, how do you account for that?

This thing of being sensible and good went well enough while everybody lived in log cabins, but after the War was over, and the men that had been sleeping out of doors for four years and living a pretty strenuous life came home and began to put the same energy into business that they had put into fighting, things began to hum. The country went ahead like a scared rabbit. People made money so fast that they had to put some of it on their backs. They had to buy melodeons and pianos. Now, pretty nearly the first thing you learn when you take music lessons is the "Sack Waltz." As a natural consequence, whenever you'd find half

a dozen girls together, one of them would have her skirts drawn up to her shoe-tops, so the others could see how she moved her feet, and she'd be counting, "One, two, three, One, two three." It wasn't long before they got in a real organ, and a paid choir, and stained-glass windows, and a carpet on the floor. I shouldn't wonder if even the U. P's had organs now in the meeting-houses.

Well, you know what all that leads to. You might stave it off a little while, you might titivate yourself with lectures on "Does Death End All?" by the Rev. Joseph Cook, but you had to own up that you liked John B. Gough a lot better. He — er — er — (Out with it!) — Well, he kind o' acted it out more. Now, take the "Swiss Bell-ringers," for example. The music was lovely and elevating to the mind, and all like that, but the fellow that was with them — what was his name, now? Sol. Smith Russell. That's the man — He was a heap more interesting. He acted it out. And then, about that time along came a lecturer on "Richard Brinsley Sheridan." Sheridan was a man that wrote plays, yes, I know, but don't you see? It was English Literature the man was lecturing about, and it was merely incidental that he should tell about the characters, *Bob Acres*, and *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, and the rest. He did it very well, and you could tell right away which was which character, but it kind of made you wish that . . . that . . .

Just about that time, too, the elocution teacher came to our town. A lot of people learned from him how to talk like a dry cistern. I won't be sure, but I think he was the first to start the fashion of saying "i-ther" and "thurfore," two pronunciations which confer distinction upon any discourse, I think even more so than "disremember." (There was something so dressed up about "disremember.' So much more refined than "fergit.") You remember the elocution teacher, and his plug hat, and his ginger-colored whiskers dyed a crape black up to within an eighth of an inch of the roots. You remember his explosives and effusives, his gutturals and pectorals, his orotunds and orals, his "Ho! Ha! Hee! Hoo!" his wavings and weavings of hands, "from the shoulder always; never from the elbows." You remember his:

"Rrrrrrr-*ouse* h-ye Ro-MUNS! H-rrrrrr-*ouse* ye sul-LAVES!" his:

"Hn-thy liver *loves*-ah, CUR-few SHALLLL LLLll not ha-rrrrringngng to NIGHTTTT-t!" and his:

"Hea-ea-ear the sledgeeswiththeirbellllllls, SEE-eelver bellllllls!"

Quite a few in our town took lessons from him. The worst of it was that a body could never get a chance to practise. The girl that took piano lessons might clatter and boom up and down the scale in contrary motion from breakfast till bedtime, and nobody noticed it; the fellow that played the "tooby" in the band could take the lantern and go down to the barn and snort by the hour "Poomp! Poomp! Poom-poom-poom-poomp!" and nobody made fun of him. But let an elocution student start in with "Ho! Ha! Hee! Hoo!" and Pap would fling down his *Examiner* with "Aw, let up on that!" and if you persevered, he would bawl out, "Give that calf more room!" There'd be a crowd out on the front sidewalk in no time, mocking you, and making that sound with their soft palates, a kind of snoring laugh which is so chilling to the artistic temperament. If he goes out to the woods pasture to practice, he has to keep one ear hung out, even in his intensest moments, for the rattle of a wagon

jingling down the big road, or this will ensue :

"Whoa! Ho, there! Stand still, can't ye? . . . Mother, did you hear that? They're killin' somebuddy in yan!"

"Why, Pap!"

"Yes, sir, they are. Why, jis' listen to him holler. My Lord! Oh, I can't stand this."

"Now, Pap —— "

"Don't hang onto me thataway. Leggo."

"Now, Pap, now don't ye go fer to git mixed up in no muss 'at don't concern you, runnin' headlong into danger like that. Now, Pap! An' a mortgage on the farm, smf! an' me left all, all alone in the world with four little helpless, innocent children, ahoo! an' the milk o' five cows to 'tend to — Aw, now, Pap!"

"Mother, it ain't human for me to drive apast and leave that pore bein' to his fate. Now. It won't do, I tell you, to wait till we git to the Squire's. It'll be too late then. Whoa, Fan! Whoa, girl! You set right still and keep a-holt o' them lines. I'll be right back. LET THE MAN ALONE!"

He crashes through the hazel-brush with the noise of a yoke of oxen, while his poor wife sits perched up there, sniffling and "all of a trimble," till he comes back, mad as a hornet and red in the face.

"Aw, jist some fool in there speakin' a piece! Go on, Fan! Ck! Ck! Half a cent I'd 'a' broke his neck for him. D-tarn . . . fool!"

But while "Kentucky Belle" and "Lasca" and "The Polish Boy" were exciting and all that, something was lacking. There wasn't any dressing up; there wasn't any painting your face; there wasn't any curtain to go up and come down (which is perhaps the most important of all, since a curtain means mystery, and charm, and magic). But there was missing, too, the reckless deviltry, the risk of something which I will not further hint at than to say that these blue-tipped matches put you in mind of it, the state of mind associated with euchre in the haymow, and novels. Ah, the first novel! I don't mean "Antelope Abe," but the first bound novel. In vain you argued with your mother that George Eliot's Works were entirely fit and proper reading for the young. She took the book and turned over to the title page and pointed her accusing finger at the black and shameless words, "Adam Bede, a Novel." She had you there. You might protest. "Oh, well, it ain't a *dime* novel." It was "A Novel" just the same, and there her finger stayed. Something sank within you. You might talk and talk, but you could not evade the fact. You could not but stare where the finger pointed. You, *you* were reading *novels*. False, false to the vows you had made! Knowing the good and choosing the evil. This was not your

first step downward. Before this, you had borrowed from a neighbor Shakspere's Plays. You heard what Brother Longenecker said about that only last Sunday. He said, "Shakspere is the Devil's Bible!" And you had borrowed that book, *borrowed* it, when you had Butler's "Analogy of Revealed Religion," Nelson's "Cause and Cure of Infidelity," "The Autobiography of Hester Ann Rogers," and other good books about the house, scarcely opened. Scarcely opened. What did you suppose was going to become of you if you kept on like that? The next thing, you'd be wanting to go to the the-ay-ter. And something within you thrilled in answer, although you knew then and know now that the word, especially when pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, connotes, as no other word in our language does, hardened impenitence that can look reproach in the eye and say, "Well, what of it?"

That is why we have so few theaters in this country and so many Opera-Houses. So much of conscience is left to us yet, that though we may do the deed, we dare not speak the word. Hence such conversations as:

"Goin' to the Opry to-night?"

"Why, I hadn't thought. What is it?"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Perhaps it was not all your fault that the Old Boy leaped up in you at the bare mention of the the-ay-ter. The dialogues at the Sunday-school exhibitions might have fostered in you the wish to see and hear character impersonated. The minstrel show your daddy took you to, not long after your curls were cut off, first showed you the luxury of the sight of others' miseries (when they are feigned). It was in the old Melodeon Hall. That was before Judge Rodehaver built the Opry-House. All the comedy went by you, and you wondered and wondered what the folks were laughing at. But the afterpiece you understood. It showed how it would be away, 'way off in the future, in 1909, when the colored folks, so lately freed, would have the upper hand and would then give the white folks a taste of their own medicine. A lot of nig — Sh! How many times have I got to speak to you about that word? It's very low, and rude. Only Democrats say that — A lot of colored gentlemen were having a fine dinner, when in comes a poor white man all wrapped up in a quilt, his cold pink legs showing underneath. He begged them for something to eat. He couldn't have it.

"What did you eat last?"

"I had a peanut last week."

Aw, the poor man! You felt so sorry for him. And just when you were wishing they would tell him to draw up and eat himself done, Bang! went a cannon or a pistol or something, and the curtain came down, shutting off the colored gentlemen, and the man threw off his quilt, and there he was all in pink tights and spangles, and dancing to the music. And coming home, your father explained to you that the man was only pretending. He wasn't really hungry.

And then the pammer-ammer of "The Pilgrim's Progress" gave you an inkling of scenic effect. "Pilgrim's Progress" is (or was) a boys' book all full of fighting and adventures. It only had a few black and white pictures in it. The pammer-ammer was a whole, whole lot of colored pictures, big ones that they rolled past whenever the man clapped his hands. And maybe *Apollyon* wasn't a fierce-looking critter, all green and scaly, and an arrow-headed stinger on the end of his tail! But it was the effects that interested you. For instance, when *Christian* first started out, it came up to storm, and they turned down the gas, and the piano

went whanga, whanga, whanga on the bass notes, just exactly like thunder. And then *Christian* meets *Evangelist* and asks the way, and *Evangelist* says, "Do you see yonder shining light?" and *Christian* says, "I think I do." Well, I should think so too, for there was a hole cut in the canvas, and just then somebody put a light behind it, so that you couldn't help but see it. There were a lot of those things, but the best of all was the Grand Transformation Scene at the last. *Christian* and *Hopeful* swum the River of Death. It seemed as if they swum standing up and kind of cow-fashion, but we didn't mind that, we were so interested in seeing how the story came out. And sure enough, they got to Heaven. In the next scene there they were, being pulled up by a wire, and two angels, also on wires, came in from the sides, blowing on horns. And there was the Celestial City, all gold and white, splendid, if a little skimpy.

And here's something they had in our town that I don't think they had in yours. Just as *Christian* and *Hopeful* started to wabble upward, a painted scene-cloth all blazing at the edges swung across the opening. The lecturer gave a kind of jump, but kept right on talking, and pretty soon he bowed and smiled, and the curtain came down, and the piano started up a grand march, and the people put on their things and sauntered out talking about how lovely it all was, and how much better they understood it now than they ever had before. Apparently it never crossed their minds — it certainly did not cross mine — that possibly the blazing scene-cloth might not have been down on the program as a scenic effect; that while the lecturer was bowing and smiling he was scared half to death, and if the piano had played a shade less loudly, I might have heard them behind scampering here and there for buckets of water, and stamping out the blazing canvas. So far as I know, never a word got out that would make people understand how near they came to being burned alive or trampled to death that night. And speaking of fire makes me think of red fire and the entertainment they got up for Center Street M. E. when they were going to build the new church. It ran for three nights. They called it "Tableaux Vivants." When I say "they," I mean the bills, for the people just skipped those words. That is, all of them did except those folks who always make fun of everything stylish. They said, "Tab-lokes Vi-vance! What in tunket is tab-lokes vi-vance?" In case you don't know what these words mean, I'll explain that it's where you get folks to dress up and stand just so and not move, and then you pull the curtain up, and when they can't stand it any longer without breathing, you let the curtain down, and you burn red fire so's the light will shine on them. The reason why you mustn't breathe is, that if you do, the smoke of the red fire will make you cough. I don't know whether, when you saw these what-you-may-callums, they had what they had the night I went. The program said: "Poses Statuesques — Ajax Defying the Lightnings —Cain Killing Abel — The Dying Gladiator." Well, sir, when the curtain went up, there stood a man without anything on but a suit of union underwear, no pants or shirt or anything but just this white suit of underclothes, looked like it was all in one piece, and his face was all white, and he had kind of cotton-batting hair, and he looked for all the world like a marble statue, like that one on the Clayton Monument down at the

cemetery, only that is a marble angel with a nightgown on, and kind of holes cut in the back to let the wings go through, though how they get the feathers through without rumpling them all up, I never could see. This man I'm telling you about was a fine-looking young man and very well-built but—Well, what's your opinion?

Do you think such a thing is calculated to set a good example to the young? There was a good deal of talk about it at the time, I remember, especially among the old stick-in-the-muds up in the Amen corner, and I heard that old Aunt Betty Mooney went so far as to threaten to take out her letter. She said such goings-on were perfectly scandalous, and if that was the way they were going to do, she just wouldn't stand it. Now! But there could be no possible complaint as to the last thing on the program. When the curtain went up, there were potted palms on the stage, and a rubber plant tied with a red ribbon. That was to show it was in the tropics somewhere. Then a lot of the Company K fellows marched in with their guns, only they wore red-and-yellow uniforms and carried a flag that made you think of a horse-blanket. It was yellow and had two narrow red strips, one at each end, like a horse-blanket. And there was a man led out with his hands tied behind him and a handkerchief over his eyes. Then we knew what it was. It was down in Cuba that time they were going to shoot a revolutionist. The captain said: "Read-ay-ay! Aim!" and just as he was going to say: "Fire," and the women started to put their fingers in their ears, here came Abel Horn—Oh, sure, he was in it. He was in everything—here came Abel Horn and threw the American Flag over the man as much as to say: "You just dare!" And while the captain was studying whether he'd better or not, down dropped what they call a "tar-po-le-on" that they had hung up at the back of the stage, and there stood Jenny Snodgrass with her hair let down, and a kind of a skating-cap on her head, and a big shield that came up so she could rest her hand on it, and all dressed up in the American Flag, low-neck-and-short-sleeves and a trail, or would have been a trail if she hadn't been standing on a white box, kind of. Well, sir, that just settled it. They dassent to shoot the man then, and they lighted the red fire, and the piano started to play, "O, say, can you see," and the people clapped and stomped like everything. But I tell you it was a mighty near thing for that fellow with his hands tied. Little more, and he'd have been a goner. It was bully.

Coming home with George Donnyhew that night, I said as much. Now, George was a boy that had been around a good deal. He had been down to Columbus twice, and I think he had been as far as Circleville. "Aw, that ain't nothin'," says he. "You ought to see a real the-ay-ter play once." At that moment Satan entered into me. I fought against the entrance. I knew how wicked it was to think of such things, let alone going to them. But I also knew (rejoicing and despairing in spirit at once), that a day would come when I should be among those who sat and saw the Devil's Bible acted out on a stage by people painted up and dressed up to look the way they did in those days. I knew, too, that very likely I should sink so low as to attend a "variety show," and that, as you know, scrapes on the bottom, for the ladies wear short skirts and kick up their heels, as bold as brass. It all came true, I regret to say. But I shall also have to tell you that even in a "variety show" I never saw any "Poses Statuesques," in union underwear.

In another place I have written about William B. Bradbury and the great work he did for this country's musical development by his composition of sacred songs, whose bass was invariably do, sol, and fa, so that any young man who learned those three tones of the scale could join in without having to sing "air." Bradbury did something

which contributed more to the dissipation of the old fogy notion that we are here to attend to business and try to be good, than any other one thing. He composed "Esther, The Beautiful Queen." It was all about *Esther*, and *Mordecai*, and the Israelites, and that rapscallion of a *Haman*. Being from the Bible, it took the people off their guard, don't you see? Musically, the work compares favorably with "Work for the Night is Coming," and "Shall We Gather at the River?" and that is a great convenience in the matter of amateur productions. And you can make the costumes out of cheesecloth, blue and red and yellow, and all such; and it's great fun getting it up, and taking the girls home after the rehearsals, and there are more solos for more different people than you can shake a stick at; and there are no end of chances to work in all the nice-looking little boys and girls in town as pages and train-bearers, and so all the fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and husbands and wives, and uncles and aunts and cousins, to the fifth remove, and relations of every degree, and friends and acquaintances of everybody that "takes part" all buy tickets, and the Opry-House is chock-a-block for the three nights. It could run longer, but everybody in it is just played out with excitement and can't stand any more. There is acting in it, and scenery, and costumes, and you paint your face, and the curtain goes up, and all like that, but it isn't a the-ay-ter. Not at all.

It's all singing. So it can't be a the-ay-ter.

Well, if it's acting and costumes, and the curtain goes up and down, and it's all singing, it must be an opera.

No. It's about the Bible, so it can't be an opera.

Well, what is it, then?

It's a cantata. Something entirely different from an opera or a play. Right here I must confess my entire unfitness to write on this subject. I suppose I am the only man in the United States of America, able to sing the scale in C, who not only has never taken part in "Esther, The Beautiful Queen," but who has never even witnessed a performance of that great work. I never had the chance. I suppose I ought to feel proud of the distinction, but I'm not. It makes me feel lonesome. You saw it, and I didn't. You were in it, and I wasn't. I'll bet that at times you find yourself whistling that about: "Ever the dutiful more than the beautiful," and, "I'll go unto the King, though not according to the Law." Oh, well, that's the way of it in this world. Some have everything nice, and some don't have anything but trouble.

But I saw "The Drummer-boy of Shiloh," just the same as you did. Laura Hornbaker, who was *Esther*, was the girl that Mose Coogler wanted to get, and that Johnny Durfee got. Mose was afterward Prosecuting Attorney, you remember. He played the part of the *Rebel Colonel*, and was in command of Andersonville, and who should turn up among the Union prisoners but Johnny Durfee that got engaged to Laura before the War broke out. She mittened Mose because he talked so against the Old Flag. Harry Detwiler that played the *Dutch Recruit* wasn't in the prison scene at all because he was such an awful cut-up you couldn't help laughing at him, and this scene wasn't intended to be a bit funny. The Company K boys were all in rags, and chalked up to look pale and starved to death. In walks Mose Coogler with a bucket, and they all clamor for something to eat, and he scatters wet sawdust like it was chicken feed. They made out it was cornmeal. And the boys grabbled for it with their hands like they

were crazy to get it, and pretended to eat it. (Oh, it made you wild to see 'em.) Johnny Durfee was supposed to be too sick to be able to get his share (he had such pretty black eyes and mustache!). So *Little Jimmy*, the *Drummer-boy of Shilob*, who was supposed to be the brother of Johnny Durfee (young Loosh Benson played the part), he up and asks Mose for something for his poor sick brother. That was Mose's chance to get even with Johnny for cutting him out with Laura. So he roars out: "No, you Yankee dogs! No-o! Right here in this prison pen you shall rot, starve, and die!" (Oo-oo! You ought to have heard the people grit their teeth at that.) So Loosh he throws himself at Mose's feet and begs and pleads with him. But Mose was a coward as well as a villain, and he shot the poor boy dead. That is, he did on the nights when the blame thing would go off. Sometimes it wouldn't, and young Loosh would have to stagger and fall and struggle and die just the same as if he had been shot. Heart failure, you know. Abel Horn was in that, too, and after Johnny Durfee said: "My G—! *Little Jimmy* dead? This will kill poor mother!" Abel had a speech like this: "Comrades, unknown to you all I have kept concealed next to my heart —" But wait till I tell you. One night he forgot to put the folded-up flag inside his shirt-bosom, so when he came to feel for it there, he didn't find it.—"Next to my heart," says he, hunting wildly, and reaching way down.—"Next to my heart"—(then he whispered: "Where is it? Quick, you fellows!") —"Next to my heart — next to my — my heart"—Abel was getting rattled. Finally he fished it out of his pistol pocket where he had thoughtlessly stowed it.—"Next to my heart the dear Old Flag. Let us spread it over *Little Jimmy* for *Little Jimmy* is dead."

Now you might say that was a the-ay-ter. It was a regular play, costumes and everything, and all spoken except in the last act where Laura sings "There will be one Vacant Chair," with that kind of a tremble in her voice that she got right after she began to take vocal of old Prof. Minetti who plays the organ in St. Bridget's Church. Yes, but don't you see, these were our boys, the Company K boys, and we wanted to help 'em along. It wasn't like upholding regular actors, trapesing around the country, too lazy to make a living in an honest way. And besides, it was about the War, and that's the next thing to a Bible story. People went to see it and laughed till they got to coughing at Harry Detwiler trying to make his blanket cover both his head and toes at once when his stuffed stomach made the blanket too short,—people that would no more have gone to a regular the-ay-ter than they would have walked into Oesterle's and ordered a glass of that mixture of yeast and quinine that Oesterle called beer. All this time, whenever they threw show-bills over into your front yard, you studied them till you almost knew them by heart. They were these long narrow bills that they don't have any more. Now and again there would be a picture on one of them of people with their hands clasped in agony while they saw somebody running a butcher-knife into somebody else. How you did wish you knew the story of it, and how it all came out! But it was wicked to go, and it cost money. But one day the man that papered your house, who was also a bill-poster, left a complimentary ticket for you. He said he didn't care much for that kind of a show, but he thought maybe you would. Would you? Aw-haw-haw-aw-aw! *Would* you? Would a duck swim? *Could* you? That was the question. Well —er—er—seeing that it said "Complimentary" on it, why, it would be kind of ill-mannered not to go. Oh, goody! Goo—But—er—er— How about your getting home? Because it would be pretty late at night. Oh, you'd come right home as soon as it was out. Yes, mam. You wouldn't loiter? No'm. Well—er—er— Wouldn't you be afraid to be alone on the street so late at night? Ah, afraid! You afraid! What of, for pity's sakes? Well, you know you always said the covered bridge was so spooky after dark. Oh, well! That was a good while ago. That was along last spring when you were littler. And besides, there

would be people coming home from the the-ay — from the entertainment, and you could come along with them. What time did it begin? "Doors open at 7:30. Performance begins promptly at 8."

The doors did open at 7:30, didn't they? You were there and saw 'em open. In those days there weren't any reserved seats, no boxes, or orchestra seats, or "parkay," or balcony, or even gallery. There was just the flat floor of the Opry-House, and rows of wooden chairs nailed to scantlings. First come, first served, and you were in the front row, so close that you could just see over the edge of what the janitor called "de flat-fawm." You stared at the drop curtain with its view of Swiss scenery tastefully bordered with painted advices like: "Go to J. P. Runkle's for your Hardw're, Stoves and Tinw're"; "Highest Prices for Country Produce at Rouse & Walker's Grocery Store, Main St. opp. P. O."

Dinny Lynch's orchestra must have been playing for a dance that night somewhere, so the "troupe" engaged the nig — the colored band from the South End, and whenever they got to going, the windows of the hall would bulge outward, and little flakes of whitewash floated down on you from the ceiling. That helped to pass the time a little, though if anybody asks you if you have any notion of how long a thousand years is, you can tell 'em. Yes, you have. It's just about as long as from 7:30 till 8, the first time you ever saw a real the-ay-ter play. But you enjoyed yourself in anticipation — until you heard something that made your heart sink within you. Right back of you sat two farmers, come into town to "set" on the Grand Jury. One of them said to the other: "Tell you what, I jist bet you anything 'at when it gets along to the excitin' part, they'll come out an' say, 'To be continued in our next,' like they do in them weekly paper stories." Gosh all fish-hooks! If they did that! And your "Complimentary" was for one night only.

Even a thousand years will pass if you wait long enough, and finally the curtain did go up, and there on a green sofa sat the *Lady of Lyons* with a bunch of hat-trimmings in her hand, saying: "I cannot think who it is sends me these beautiful flowers every day." Got you interested right from the word go. And she had such pretty rosy cheeks! And wasn't *Claude Melnotte* perfectly elegant? And that *Mossoo Bo-se-ong*, I just despised that man, didn't you? Think of him drawing a revolver on a lady! That's no way to act. And then, when he got left after all, and he says: "K-hairses on ye both!" that old fellow (I can't think of his name now), he jumps up and cracks his heels, and he says to him: "Curse away! But remember that curses are like chickens and always come home to roost." And that's just about so, too.

So far from the story being "continued in our next," it was completed that night, and more also, for they had another one, a short one, about a lady that took in roomers, and she rented out the same room to two men, one that worked nights, and the other days. They didn't know she did that, but they suspicioned something was wrong, and finally, one day, the man that worked days got laid off or something, and came home unexpected, and here was this other fellow in his room. Well, sir, if they didn't have it hot and heavy there for a while!

Don't you remember? Sure, you do. Well, maybe it wasn't "The Lady of Lyons." Maybe it was "East Lynne," or "The Marble Heart," or Maggie Mitchell in "Fanchon the Cricket," or even "Uncle Tom's Cabin." No matter. It was the most entrancing thing that ever was. George Donnyhew was right when he said of the tableaux vivants: "Aw, that ain't nothin'. You want to see a real the-ay-ter play."

Let me see, now—How long was it after that before you said to yourself, "I could do as well as that"? And when was it you began to subscribe for a theatrical paper and read with eager interest the news-notes from Ishpeming and Canal Winchester, like "Giddy Girls comb. 16 to fair house. Leap for Life co. 21 failed to show up and house dark. Next wk. Sharon's U. T. C. co. 28-29"? How you pondered on "WANTED — AT ONCE. For Bigelow Bros'. Refined Wagon Show, leading juvenile. Must be neat dresser and double in brass, willing to eat and sleep on lot. We PAY, not promise. Mashers and boozers, first offense, Bing! Address Bigelow Bros., Jefferson Center, Shelby County, Ind." You came very near writing to them, didn't you? "Wait a while," says you to yourself. You have been waiting ever since. The birthdays have come and come, each one a little swifter-footed than its predecessor, each one exhaling a faint sigh, as it found you less likely to do what you had dreamed so vividly of doing — er — (Whisper) — going on the stage. You could do as good as some of them. You could do it better now than ever; could put more intelligence into it, more feeling, but—(Whisper again) — you're bigger around the waist.

Wouldn't you like to see again that first real the-ay-ter play of yours, if you could see it with the same eager interest, if once again you could sit there tranced, your lips moving as the actors spoke their lines? Wouldn't you like to see "The Drummer-boy of Shiloh" once more if you could laugh as once you did at Harry Detwiler's fooling as the *Dutch Recruit*, and grit your teeth at Mose Coogler's villainy? Wouldn't you like to take the girls home from the rehearsal of "Esther," singing, as you went through the quiet streets, "Go thou unto the King"? I think I'd like to see the pammerammer of "The Pilgrim's Progress" again if I could also see a resemblance in the tremolando of the bass notes of the piano to the rolling thunder, and if I were right sure they would have "Poses Statuesque — Ajax Defying the Lightnings — Cain Killing Abel — The Dying Gladiator," and it was for the new Center Street M. E. I believe I'd buy a ticket to the "Tableaux Vivants," and go, even if the smoke of the red fire, "the incense of the scene," as Abel Horn called it, did make me cough. Alive yet? Yes, indeed. Abel's in the insurance business up in the northern part of the State somewhere. Alive? Well, I guess. Just married his third wife the other day. Who was this that was telling me?

REMOLDING IT

BY

LILY A. LONG

AUTHOR OF "A SQUIRE OF LOW DEGREE," "APPRENTICES TO DESTINY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY PAUL JULIEN MEYLAN

"Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

I

THREE young men were having their tea one summer evening under an apple-tree in Miss Mary Stubbs' back yard in the Vermont village of Bennettboro. They chose the apple-tree instead of Miss Stubbs' neat dining-room because they wished to give visible expression to their inner feeling that they were bivouacking with the Red Gods, and also because it insured greater privacy to their conversation. One of the three young men had a great deal of money, the second had a great deal of imagination, and the third had a great deal of ingenuity. They called the first the Mint, because they had detected a desire on his part to have the fact that he was a millionaire overlooked and forgotten in the ordinary relations of life, and they held that it was necessary for his soul's discipline to dangle the obnoxious truth before him until he had somehow managed to live it down. The man of imagination owned the name of Richard Lawrence Smith, but he was known simply as "R. L. S." The appellation gave him a joy that was three parts pain, and he tried to conceal both feelings under an air of modest unconsciousness. After all — But that, of course, was a dream. Still some of his verses *had* been printed. The third was known among themselves as the Knight of Labor, because to him usually fell the lot of executing the schemes of his two friends. He told them that he was the only one of the three who had any sense, and they told him that this was what made his peculiar charm. The oldest of them was twenty-three, and they had all graduated at Harvard two weeks before, and they were now carrying out a cherished plan to spend a month together, loafing and inviting their souls, before separating to tackle Life. The idea had originated with R. L. S. He spoke of it as the Vigil before the Quest.

Miss Stubbs came out from the house, bearing an earthenware coffee-pot in her hand, and she set it down on the unsteady table under the tree with protest in every line of her severe face, against this irregular way of living. She felt that it was hardly decent to eat in the open air, in the first place, and that the indifference of these college boys to the household traditions was something which should not be condoned merely because they were lavish in paying.

"Anything else wanted?" she asked curtly.

"No, thank you. You have made us entirely happy," said R. L. S. gently.

Miss Stubbs did not sniff. She was too well-bred for that. But as she turned away she succeeded in conveying the impression of a sniff without any material manifestation of the idea.

"What's the use of working your imagination overtime in that way, R. L. S.?" asked the Knight of Labor, as he poured the black coffee.

"Didn't. I *am* happy," protested R. L. S., producing a box of cigars.

"*She* isn't happy," said the Mint, jerking his head in the direction of Miss Stubbs' retreating figure. "I've noticed it for some time. I think it's because she's poor."

"That's a rich man's sordid way of looking at things," cried R. L. S. "How many times must I tell you that people aren't necessarily happy and enviable because they have much money? Isn't it within your possibilities, even, to imagine a hunger of the soul? That's what Miss Stubbs is suffering from."

The Knight of Labor rapped for silence with his coffee-cup.

"You are both guessing," he said. "Now *I* know the facts. In order to do anything effectively in this world, it is highly essential that one should have facts to go on."

"Then *go* on," cried R. L. S.

"Mint is right —— "

"I knew it," cried the Mint.

" — though he didn't know it," pursued the Knight calmly. "He was merely floundering about among possibilities. The facts are that Miss Stubbs' house and garden and apple-tree and all are mortgaged, and lacking the five hundred dollars which is necessary to redeem them from the village Shylock, they will all be sold at auction on the 10th proximo."

"Let's redeem them for her — a little souvenir of our stay," cried the Mint. Then he blushed, for he had learned that any heedless display of his resources was a risky piece of business. But this time the indiscretion passed without retribution. Indeed, the Knight nodded at him approvingly.

"I thought that idea might strike you," he said. "With that in view, I have taken the trouble and pains to find out all about the situation — a piece of work, I may point out in passing, which cost me a great deal more personal effort than signing your name to a check will cost you, Mint."

"I know it," said the Mint humbly.

"Facts are all right in their proper places," conceded R. L. S. magnanimously. "They make a good foundation. Go on with them."

"Miss Stubbs is thirty-eight years old, though she looks ten years older and owns to five years less. She is one of four sisters. All the others have married and left Bennettboro. The house and garden belong to her, but she had to mortgage them when her mother died, and she has never been able to pay off the debt. She raises a little garden truck, and she tries to sew to eke out a living. But most of the poor people in Bennettboro do their own sewing, and the well-to-do get their sewing done by city dressmakers. I dare say she isn't strictly up to date, poor thing. So her trade has fallen off, and there you are."

"We'll settle the mortgage matter tomorrow," cried the Mint, starting up and walking about in his enthusiasm. "You'll arrange the details, won't you, Knight, like a good fellow?"

"That's all very well, so far as it goes," said R. L. S. slowly; "but how is she going to live afterwards? You say, yourself, that she can't support herself by the needle, and that she has no other means."

"Are you suggesting that we endow her?" demanded the Knight.

"Something of that sort," R. L. S. replied, with the careless magnificence of a prince of imagination.

The Mint caught at the suggestion alertly. "It wouldn't require very much," he urged, eagerly and persuasively.

"Five thousand would do it — do it magnificently," said the Knight thoughtfully. "Invested in some safe six per cent stock, it would give her a steady income of three hundred a year. With the house cleared, she would be as independent as a queen — or, rather, as no queen ever was."

"What's five thousand?" urged the Mint, watching his face eagerly.

"*And* five hundred."

"Yes. What's five thousand five hundred? We might easily have spent it on a yacht, or on the races, or on something else that we haven't."

The Knight drummed with his fingers on the table.

"There's another fact which you are not taking into consideration," he said after a moment. "That's the New England conscience and the New England pride of independence —— "

"Oh, Lord," groaned R. L. S. "That's what comes of being born without any imagination."

"Of course, she mustn't know," cried the Mint, speaking from the fullness of his past experience at the hands of R. L. S. "It must be managed anonymously somehow."

"Oh! And you think that easy? Well, even if she hasn't any more imagination than I have, it won't be very hard for her to guess —— "

"See here, where do I come into this deal?" cried R. L. S. "I guess that's my part of the affair, isn't it?"

"Well, then," yielded the Knight, "what's your idea?"

"It's my idea that if we are going to do this thing, we want to do it in style," said R. L. S. calmly. "The gift without the giver is bare, isn't it? You can't simply poke the money at her. Even if you tell her to shut her eyes and open her mouth, you aren't quite rising to the occasion. Anyhow, you are only considering half the situation, and the less important half, at that. Miss Stubbs needs more than money to make her life happy. She needs love."

"Oh, hold on," gasped the Mint.

"Well?" demanded the Knight sternly.

"Suppose this fortune, which you crudely suggest should come to her anonymously, be the bequest of a dying lover, instead?" suggested R. L. S. with ill-concealed triumph.

The two others stared at him a moment in silence, and then they allowed themselves to exchange a glance of gratification.

"We point with pride," they murmured in unison, and in turn they arose and solemnly shook hands with R. L. S., who puffed his cigar with more than usual nonchalance.

"Quiet being restored," said the Knight, "let us get down to considering the thing practically."

But the divine madness had descended upon R. L. S., and he was not to be diverted.

"All of her sisters are married, and she is left," he said, addressing the white rings of smoke that he sent curling up toward the leaves; "left with the feeling that no one has ever wanted her, that she counts for nothing in the sum of existence, that her neighbors look upon her as that supreme failure, a superfluous woman. What wonder that she grows stern and angular and unbeautiful? Her soul is starved."

"What good will a dead lover do her?" scoffed the Knight.

"All good. He will fill her dreams. She will idealize him and then live up to that ideal. The hard lines will melt away from the corners of her lips and eyes, and she will wear lace at her throat instead of that linen collar, and she will let her hair come down in little waves about her temples instead of pulling it back till it hurts, and her eyes will grow dreamy —— "

"Shake him, Mint; you are nearer him than I," ejaculated the Knight.

"No, humor him," said the Mint. He leaned toward R. L. S. and spoke in the quietly respectful tone that would befit an inquirer before a somewhat difficult Delphic oracle.

"When did she know this lover of hers?"

"It must have been when they were children. They went to the village school together. Then he went away — went West."

"Why did he never tell her of his love?"

"He was too poor. He had his fortune to make, and he did not wish to fetter her."

"Didn't he ever write, or anything?"

"No. He did not succeed as he hoped, and so he got discouraged."

"Perhaps he was told that she had married someone else," suggested the Mint, forgetting his rôle of inquirer and drawing upon his memories of melodrama to assist the oracle's imagination. He was crushed with one look of eloquent scorn.

"Would he be sending money to another man's wife?"

"No," said the Mint meekly. "He made a fortune, then, and died?"

"He didn't make any fortune. He must have been away from Bennettboro about twenty years, and he has only saved up five thousand five hundred dollars after his funeral expenses are paid. He died of quick consumption, and knew the end was approaching, so he had time to put all his affairs in order — turn everything into money and leave no loose ends for anyone to settle up. He has no relatives or near friends. She has been the one star of his life, worshiped from afar, and the thought of her — in the pink lawn dress she wore the last time he saw her, with her hair blown loose about her forehead — has been his inspiration in toil, his consolation in defeat, his sorrow in life, and his triumph in dying."

"Just make your facts fit that, Knight," said the Mint tersely, turning to their silent companion.

"It will mean another evening over the parlor-table album while you fellows are loafing," grumbled the Knight. But even as he grumbled, his mind was working on the problem, and the fire of his own special ambition smouldered in his narrowed eyes.

"There was a Roger Tompkins who left Bennettboro years ago and died out West," he said musingly. "A dough-faced youth. He was at school with her."

"That sounds all right," cried the Mint encouragingly. "The first report of his

death was a mistake. He really dies now for the first and only time."

"It will bear looking into," admitted the Knight modestly. "But there's a lot to be considered — relatives, and correspondence with neighbors, and his line of work, and whether anyone here is in a position positively to swear that he died ten years ago, and no end of details. Then there's the selection of the right kind of stock for the investment, and his letter to the lawyer —— "

"Hold on there. I'll take exclusive charge of *all* his letters, if you please," interrupted R. L. S. "Why, that's the delicate and crucial part of the whole thing."

"Of course," said the Mint soothingly. "We shouldn't think of touching that part. But it must all be settled before the 10th prox. Won't she be amazed! And pleased. After all," he added thoughtfully, "it's a good thing to have money."

"It's a glorious thing to have imagination," cried R. L. S., swelling out his chest.

"And it isn't an altogether contemptible thing to have some practical sense," chipped in the Knight. "An engine is a pretty piece of machinery, and live steam has its points, and the two in combination can make a noise, but unless you have some steel tracks in the neighborhood, they are more liable to mix themselves up with the scenery than to get anywhere in particular."

"Oh, WE are great," laughed the Mint, throwing an arm across the shoulders of each of the others, as they all strolled toward the street.

II

A week later the three conspirators were lunching together in a cheap little Italian restaurant in New York. The zest of life was still so strong within them that they found cause for deep joy in the fact that the waiter repeated their order with an accent suggestive of Italian opera, while the odor of garlic hanging about the dish which was set before the operatic villain on their left was to them as a breath from Bohemia the wonderful. When a dilapidated sandwich man came in from the street and, after a moment of hesitation, slipped modestly out of his boards and slid evasively into a seat near the door, they gazed upon him with lively curiosity, as a Public Character caught in the undress of private life. But nothing could long keep their attention or their speech from the great matter in hand.

"By this time she has the letter," said the Mint.

The Knight looked at his watch. "She has had it for an hour. The carrier was never later than twelve."

"By this time," said R. L. S. dreamily, "she has taken that old photograph of his out of the parlor-table album. She has taken it up to her room and set it up on her table and has looked at it long and wonderingly. She has walked away from it and casually returned to it, trying to catch its effect upon herself when she comes upon it unexpectedly. She has now hidden it away at the bottom of her handkerchief box, but she will take it out and look at it again to-night, before she goes to sleep."

"I'm glad you allow her the afternoon to attend to business in," commented the Knight, with a suspicion of scorn in his tone. "It is a mere trifle, of course, compared with the importance of setting up a shrine for a faded old photograph, but still a mortgage is a mortgage, and it is worth while detaching one's mind from the higher levels of sentiment just long enough to see that it is cleared off the records."

"Her lawyer will attend to that," said the Mint pacifically. "It was clever of you, Knight, to think of finding out what lawyers were there twenty-three years ago, so as to select one whose name might reasonably be familiar to him."

"Those little things are what count," said the mollified Knight. "You mustn't allow a flaw anywhere. I figured out the dates very carefully. See here." He took a letter from his pocket and began scribbling figures on the back of the envelop. "If he was eighteen years old twenty-three years ago, he would now be —— "

A sudden gust of wind from the windy street puffed into the room and sent the menu cards and the noon editions and the Knight's letter fluttering across the tables in a scurry of startled paper. A surprised waiter gave chase and, returning, laid two rescued letters before the Knight — who stared at the topmost one in paralyzed silence.

"Excuse me, I think that letter is mine," said a deprecating voice at his elbow. It was the sandwich man, who had himself arisen to pursue his fleeing property. He picked up the letter with an unsteady hand and returned to his plate of spaghetti and tomatoes.

The Knight stared after him as if hypnotized.

"What's the matter?" asked the Mint, following his fixed gaze.

The Knight pulled himself together. "Did you see the name on that envelop?" he asked, in a subdued tone

"No."

"It was Roger Tompkins."

"Really?" laughed R. L. S. "Well, the name is not copyrighted. Still it is a curious coincidence."

But the Mint looked serious. "You made sure that *the* Roger Tompkins is really dead, didn't you?" he asked.

"That's what everybody up there has believed for ten years."

They all turned to study the Public Character who had so unexpectedly taken on a wholly private interest. He was a man of middle age, with the thin, intellectual face of the New Englander, but stamped with the open though indefinable stamp of failure, poverty, and dissipation.

"Oh, it can't be true," murmured R. L. S. "It would be too awful."

"That's the worst symptom. It's too awful not to be true," frowned the Knight. The sandwich man finished his mug of beer and was pushing back his chair.

"He's going," murmured R. L. S. "The horrible uncertainty will hang over us like a pall forever more."

"We must know," said the Mint, taking things into his own hands as he did in emergencies only. He approached the stranger with external composure.

"Excuse me — that name on your letter — may I ask if you are Roger Tompkins?"

"Yes," said the man, with a surprised look.

"Formerly of Bennettboro, Vermont?"

"Yes."

"But everybody in Bennettboro believes that Roger Tompkins died years ago," cried the Knight accusingly.

"Indeed?" The man took in the three friends, and surprise almost made his look steady. "Well, they are probably misinformed. So far as I know I am still alive — after a fashion."

"Can't we keep them from ever knowing the truth?" asked R. L. S. hopefully.

"It might be difficult," said the man thoughtfully. "You see, I'm going up there to-morrow, if my pay for this job will cover the cost of a ticket."

The Knight groaned aloud, and the sound spurred the Mint to action. He gently laid hold of the stranger's lapel.

"Sit down at our table. Have a cup of coffee or something with us. We must come to an understanding."

"I confess you have excited my curiosity," said Mr. Tompkins, allowing himself to be drawn to the other table. "Coffee and — yes, thank you; mince."

"We have just been up to Bennettboro — a fishing trip," said the Mint. "We boarded with Miss Mary Stubbs — you remember her?"

"Stubbs? Stubbs?" said Mr. Tompkins thoughtfully. "No."

The Mint stole a sympathetic glance across the table to R. L. S. and continued:

"We found that she was very hard up — property going to be foreclosed, and all that sort of thing — so we thought it would be a pleasant thing to help her out. She's alone in the world, you see. And it only took a few thousands."

"Very generous of you, I'm sure," said Mr. Tompkins, as the narrative came to a dead stop. "I hope, for the credit of my native town, that she was properly grateful."

"Well, we naturally didn't appear in the transaction ourselves," said the Mint, toying with his spoon. "It was to be anonymous, you see. At the same time, we thought it would look better to have it come as a bequest from someone dead than to have it just plain anonymous."

Mr. Tompkins dropped his spoon and honored the speaker with more serious attention than he had heretofore given him.

"You seem to have thought it out carefully," he said. "Go on. Am I to understand - - -"

"Yes, we used your name. You were the only person we could find who had gone away and definitely died and left no relatives."

"I see. And even I am a disappointment to you. It's too bad," said Mr. Tompkins, swallowing his coffee a little too hastily and choking over it. "What was the amount — some thousands, you say?"

"Five thousand five hundred," said the Mint reluctantly.

Mr. Tompkins permitted himself to laugh, but there was more bitterness than mirth in his laughter.

"I am flattered! To feel that I have given away five thousand five hundred dollars as a little souvenir gives me a sense of affluence I haven't had for some time." He glanced involuntarily at the sandwich boards which leaned against the wall. "I was glad to get a chance to do *that* for a few days, because there was ready money in it — money enough to buy a ticket to Bennettboro."

"But you can't go *now!*" cried the Knight. "Good heavens, you can't!"

"You think she'll want to return my money, if she sees how needy I am?" he asked, with a keen look. "I suppose she really might."

"It isn't that," said the Mint hesitatingly.

"Then what is it?"

"She must never see you," said R. L. S. earnestly. "She must never know that you are alive. It would spoil the illusion."

"I'm afraid that it would," said the man dryly. "But please remember that I am not responsible for the illusion. You can't exactly ask me to stay away from my native place because you have been spinning yarns which you don't want unraveled. I am going back to take up an old farm my people abandoned some years ago. Besides, Bennettboro used to be a temperance town. That naturally attracts me."

R. L. S. met the insolent bravado of the man's eyes with such serious gravity in his own, that Mr. Tompkins was irritated into honest openness.

"Oh, I suppose it is pretty obvious that I'm a failure and a disgrace. But I've got to hide myself somewhere, and if the old farm can't support me and my wife, we might as well be buried there as anywhere else."

"Your *wife?*" gasped the Knight, while R. L. S. and the Mint stared at him in open-eyed horror. "Are you married?"

"Unfortunately, yes," Mr Tompkins answered, with some deliberation.

He studied the three blank faces before him for a moment, and then his own seemed to grow a shade thinner, and his look definitely became more sober.

"What have you been doing?" he demanded curtly.

"That part was all my affair," said R. L. S. staunchly. "I thought it would give more verisimilitude to the story if there were some reason for your leaving her the money — some personal reason. So, naturally, — we thought you were dead, you know, — naturally, we made it out that you had been in love with her. You must see yourself that no other motive would have been quite strong enough to account for it."

"That is quite obvious," said the man, squaring his jaw. "It is quite diabolically irrefutable. Has it occurred to you to wonder how the story will strike a woman who is already as jealous and unreasonable as the devil?"

"But you see we never thought of you as being married," protested the Mint.

"We'll explain it to her," suggested R. L. S. hopefully. "Don't you think if we went with you to her and explained to her how it is, as we have to you, she would agree to keep the secret and not disturb poor Miss Stubbs in her possession of the money?"

The man shot a glance keen with scorn at poor R. L. S.

"Would Miss Stubbs consent to keep the money sent her by a lover who turns out to be the living husband of another woman? And as to explaining to my wife — well, you don't know anything about women, that's all. The more you explained, the more she'd believe there was something in it."

The Mint looked up from the patterns he had been drawing on the table-cloth.

"That means that for your own sake, as well as for ours, you must keep away from Bennettboro," he said, with unexpected and logical clearness.

The man tugged impatiently at his mustache.

"Shall I get off the earth? No matter where I am, I'll be walking on a mine so long as that story is in the air. I'm liable any day to meet someone from Bennettboro who'll touch a match to the fuse. I suppose everybody there knows the story?"

"I'm afraid so," admitted the Mint.

"In the letter to the lawyer," said R. L. S., "which was designed to give necessary color to the bequest, for public satisfaction, I merely made the formal statement that you left this property to Miss Stubbs because you had loved her all your life and had once hoped to make her your wife. There was nothing perfervid or sentimental about *that.*"

"It seems to have been reasonably comprehensive, however," said the man, after a moment's attentive observation of R. L. S. "About *that*, you say. Was there anything else?"

"There was a personal letter to Miss Stubbs herself," R. L. S. answered with dignity.

"Oh! There was? Do you think, under the peculiar circumstances, that I might be permitted, without breach of confidence, to see that personal letter to Miss Stubbs?"

R. L. S. opened his pocket-book, took out his neatly folded copies of the two letters, and silently handed them over to the stranger. They were not long, but Mr. Tompkins took a long time to read them, and when he finally folded them up, his face was gray.

"Well, you *have* done it," he said, more in awe than in sorrow or anger. "It's as neat and complete a piece of work as could have been devised. You didn't happen to know it, but I lost some money last week — not five thousand, but all I happened to have. I put it into a machine I had invented — which just failed of working. I didn't have the courage to tell my wife because she is not sympathetic about my inventions, so, to give variety to her reproaches, I told her I had been gambling and had lost it. But I would better have told her the truth and taken my medicine than let her get the idea that I was making surreptitious donations to spinsters I had known before her day. Why, the affidavit of the archangel Gabriel wouldn't convince her it was the invention of a lot of hare-brained young fools."

"I think it would be best simply to keep the story from her," said the Knight sagely.

Mr. Tompkins turned and looked at him attentively. "I agree with you most cordially," he said. "How is it to be done?"

The dense silence which fell upon the table was broken finally by the Mint.

"Will you go to South America — and take your wife with you?" he asked slowly.

"Is this another bit of imagination?" asked Mr. Tompkins.

"Oh, no. I don't attempt that. I have some influence with a business house in Buenos Aires, and if you will go out, I'll give you a letter that will insure you a position — the best you may prove capable of filling. I'll pay your passage out, of course. The boat leaves this evening. I suppose you wouldn't have much packing to do. They say the climate is delightful."

"Come off," ejaculated Mr. Tompkins.

"Oh, he means it," cried the Knight.

The Mint extracted a card from his case and laid it on the table. "You may have heard of my father," he said.

Mr. Tompkins looked at the card, and then he looked respectfully at the Mint. "Yes," he said.

"What do you think of my suggestion?"

Mr. Tompkins looked at the table-cloth, at the ceiling, and out of the window where New York hummed past like a big, busy machine, and his face was full of doubt. Then his eye fell upon the letters which he still held in his hand, and the chaotic waves of uncertainty crystallized sharply into decision.

"I'll go," he said. "Lord, I'll go."

"This evening?"

"The sooner the better, man."

The Mint wrote two short notes. One was addressed to the purser of the ship "Yankee Doodle," and one to the general manager of a certain shipping company in Buenos Aires. Both of them had heard of his father before, and even of himself. Then he counted out some bills, but after a moment's imperceptible hesitation he replaced them in his pocket-book.

"If you will permit me, I'll go with you while you select a suitable outfit," he said courteously.

Mr. Tompkins flushed. "Are you suggesting an advance on my prospective salary?"

"Call it the cost of exchange on our remittance to Miss Stubbs," the Mint answered gently.

Mr. Tompkins considered a moment; then he laughed and pushed back his chair.

"All right," he said. "When I get to Buenos Aires we will consider that account squared. I'm not in a position to be too nice about my means of getting there. Ready?"

R. L. S. held out his hand. "Those letters —— "

"Oh, yes." Mr. Tompkins fingered them again and yielded them with some reluctance. "It would be pleasing to keep them by me as proof of my epistolary talents — but I guess it's better to be able to sleep o' nights. Say," he murmured, drawing R. L. S. somewhat aside, while the other two were consulting together, and dropping his voice, "what sort of a person is Miss Mary Stubbs, anyhow?"

"She has lovely brown hair — and she wears pink," said the prophetic R. L. S., in the same tone. (He had never seen her in anything but black.)

"Squint-eyed? There was a little squint-eyed girl named Mary, I remember —— "

"Of course not!" R. L. S. repudiated the suggestion as indignantly as though squint eyes were a moral weakness. "She has fine eyes — a little sad and weary, but

deep — as though she had thoughts she didn't tell."

Mr. Tompkins nodded. "Well — perhaps it's just as well," he said enigmatically. He turned to the Mint.

"My wife may have some difficulty in comprehending the exigency which demands my instant departure — women don't understand business, you know. Would it be possible for you to come with me and help me explain to her?"

The Mint bowed gravely.

"We will stand by you till you are both on board the steamer," he said.

They did. It was a strenuous afternoon. When at last a space of clear water separated a man in a new suit of clothes and a still expostulating woman from their three determined and watchful friends on shore, the said three friends mopped their brows as one man.

"You got us into that, with your frills on the Mint's bequest," said the Knight to R. L. S., with dispassionate candor.

"Never mind," said the Mint soothingly. "We're out of it now, all right."

R. L. S. tried to assume a look of penitence, but it shaded off into a joyous grin. "I don't care! Just think what his worthless old photograph is meaning to Miss Stubbs this minute!"

III

"Shall we stop off at Bennettboro?" asked the Mint, with sudden interest in his voice, running his eye down the time-table while the train curled around a spur of the Green Mountains.

The three friends were coming down from a summer vacation trip to the Maine woods, and the years that had passed since their last visit to Bennettboro had made them, as R. L. S. phrased it, each five years older and collectively fifteen years wiser.

R. L. S. shook his head at the Mint's suggestion.

"Let sleeping dreams lie," he said.

"'In dreams she grows not older,
The land of dreams among.
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung,
In dreams I shall behold her
Still fair and kind and young.'"

"That 'still' is good," commented the Knight. "When I recall Miss Stubbs As She Was, I should call 'still' an example of poetic license. By the way, Mint, whatever became of that clever reprobate you shipped to South America?"

"He did good work for the company for about a year, then he went to pieces — in the old way, I suppose. At any rate, he disappeared from the records, and when I sent a special inquiry to the manager, he said the man had quit work on the alleged ground of illness and had left Buenos Aires. I confess I went to my physician and asked for something to steady my nerves, but I never heard anything more of him."

"He was clever," said the Knight reminiscently. "I remember yet how he balled us up."

"He was too clever," said R. L. S. righteously. "There is nothing so dangerous or so inimical to the finer emotions as cleverness."

"A spirit of meek thankfulness would be more becoming in you, R. L. S., than vainglorious boasting," said the Knight severely. "It isn't your doing that you were born free from all temptation toward cleverness."

"There's Bennettboro," cried the Mint, as the train swung around a curve, revealing the village far below. "How peaceful it looks! I'd half like to stop off, after all."

"Any of your folks live down Bennettboro way?" asked a native Yankee in the opposite seat, seizing the conversational crevice with an adroitness that showed he had been watching for the opportunity.

"No," said the Knight laconically.

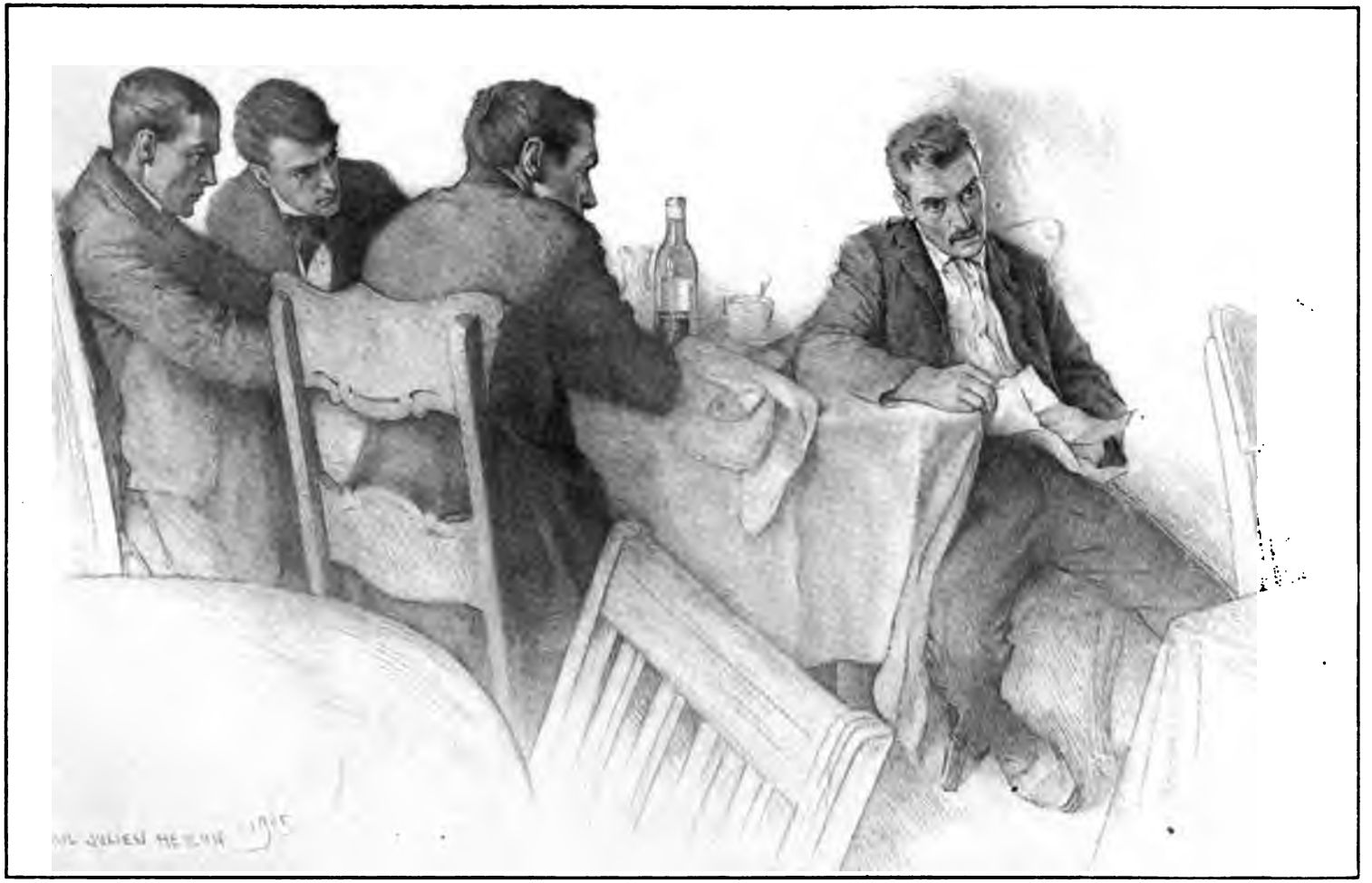
"I live in West Hill, myself," continued the native, lounging against the Mint's seat in neighborly fashion, "but my wife's aunt lives in Bennettboro, and she keeps us up on the news there. I thought maybe you'd like to hear something about your folks, if you had any."

"Thank you," said the Mint conciliatingly, trying by the warmth of his tone to distract attention from the Knight's air of haughty reserve.

"Now there's the case of Miss Mary Stubbs," said the native.

The three men turned their eyes upon him with sudden interest, and he perceived that he had scored.

"She came into a fortoon five years ago, in a most romantic manner," the Teller of Tales continued affably. "An old admirer of hers, long supposed to be dead, left it to



"MR. TOMPKINS TOOK A LONG TIME TO READ THEM, AND WHEN HE FINALLY FOLDED THEM UP, HIS FACE WAS GRAY"

her in his will, like. Neat way of making a present!"

"*Supposed* to be dead?" repeated the Mint slowly. "Wasn't he dead, then?"

"Not a bit of it. He turned up alive and well a month ago, so Aunt Malindy says. Quite a story, eh?"

"Well?" demanded the Knight, while R. L. S. leaned forward in near-sighted tension.

"Well, that's all, so far, but there's no tellin' where it will end," he said, with a wink. "My Aunt Malindy seemed to think he was making up for lost time, all right. What, be you stoppin' at Bennettboro, after all?" he asked in surprise, for the three men had simultaneously begun to gather up bags and traps.

"Yes, we're stopping here," said the Mint. They had dropped from the train to the Bennettboro platform before the native had recovered from his surprise.

"Well, what are we going to do?" asked R. L. S.

"We're going to find out," said the Knight succinctly.

The others nodded.

The village of Bennettboro lies somewhat apart from the railway station, and the three young men struck out across a remembered meadow. Half way across they saw two people approaching from the other side. R. L. S. was near-sighted, but his perception was acute, and after one glance he turned to rest himself upon the zigzagging rail fence that divided the cows of Squire Brown from the cows of Farmer Green.

"It wouldn't be dignified for me to sit down on the ground, and my knees won't hold me up," he explained simply to the inquiring look of his companions.

"All right. We'll await them here."

"The enemy seems to have joined forces," said the Knight, watching the approaching pair.

Miss Stubbs — there was no doubt about the personality of the brown-haired woman in pink — was the first to notice and recognize them. She took a quick step in advance of her companion, and her cheeks were as pink as her gown as she held out her hand in surprised welcome and with more than her old warmth.

"Why, it's my college boys! How natural you three look together! Why, I'd know you anywhere!"

"That's almost more than I could say," said the Knight, with a frank look of scrutiny. "You look so different, Miss Stubbs, that I should hardly know you on your own door-step."

"That's because these last five years have been — oh, so different from any other years in my life," said Miss Stubbs, and she actually dropped her eyes with the shy, downward glance of a young girl. "I want you to know a very dear old friend of mine, Mr. Tompkins."

Mr. Tompkins drew near and bowed, without speaking. His eyes were grave to solemnity.

"You were not in Bennettboro five years ago, Mr. Tompkins," said the Mint, with his unfailing courtesy of manner.

"No," said Mr. Tompkins, letting his eyes fall slowly upon the Mint. "I was — in New York."

The Mint felt rather than saw the prodding glances directed at his back, and struggled on. "I am glad to see you so well, Miss Stubbs, and — and to know of — your good fortune. A man in the train told us of your — your legacy."

"Yes, wasn't it wonderful?" murmured Miss Stubbs.

("By my faith, a dimple," R. L. S. whispered to his soul.)

"And I hope we can think of you as settled here in peace and comfort for all the rest of your life," he concluded, with what a stage-manager would call "intention."

"Well," hesitated Miss Stubbs, with a half laugh and a swift glance at Mr. Tompkins, "I — there may — there's no telling."

"No," echoed Mr. Tompkins, "there's no telling — anything."

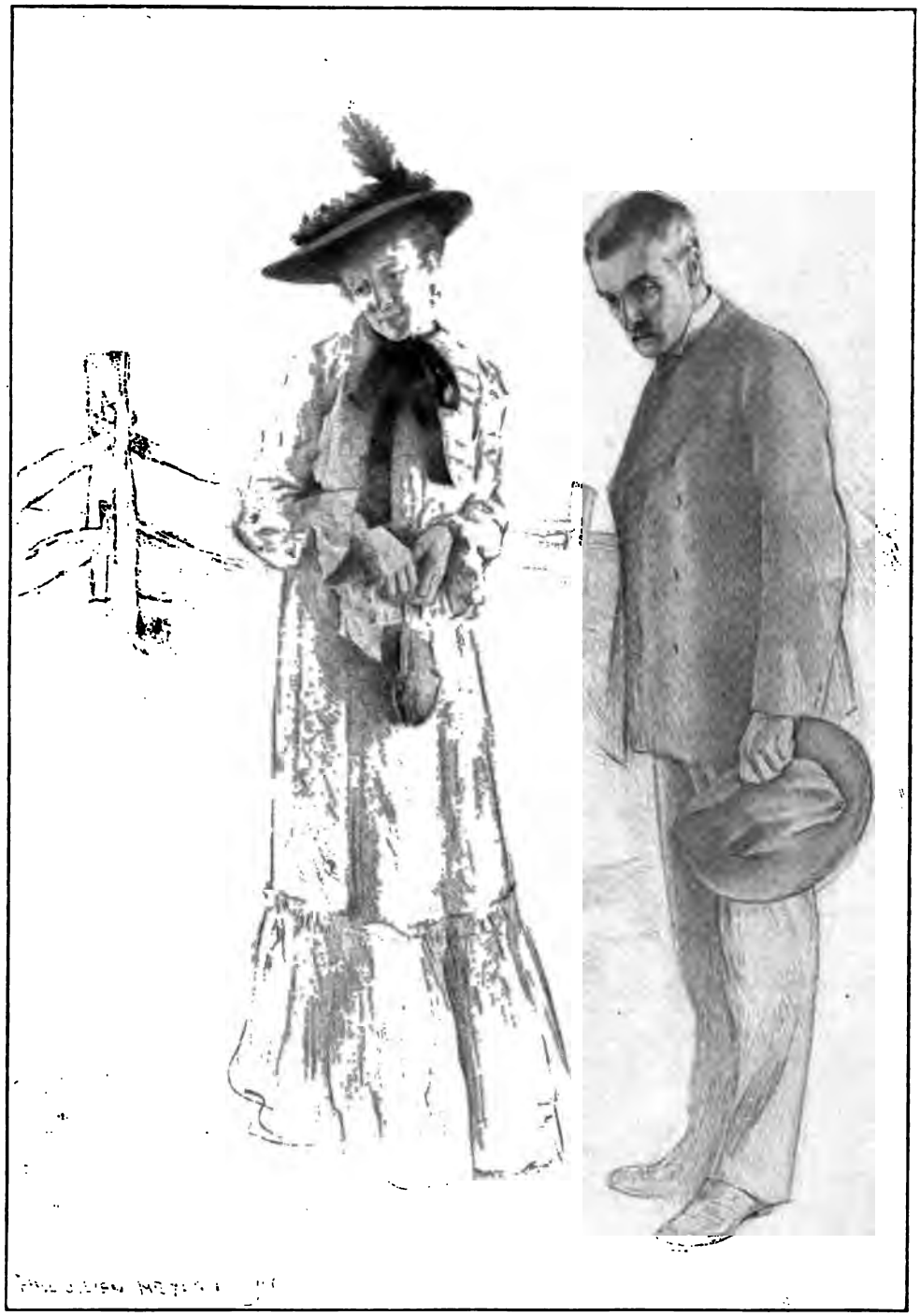
The Mint, aghast, shot a look at his coadjutors. Things evidently were as bad as possible.

"You certainly would never think of leaving your old home and your trusted friends here," he said hastily.

"Mr. Tompkins is the oldest friend I have, — and the trustiest," said Miss Stubbs, with winning and shy dignity. "I must tell you, — it is so strange meeting you just to-day, — I am to be married to Mr. Tompkins."

The silence that fell upon the group was so profound that Miss Stubbs caught her breath with a little surprised gasp, and the Mint stumbled over his own words in his haste to cover it up.

"You know we wish you all possible happiness in the world, Miss Stubbs. We — we quite feel a personal interest and — and



"'I AM TO BE MARRIED TO MR. TOMPKINS'"

responsibility — always have. I should like to have a little talk with Mr. Tompkins if I may venture to claim the place of your friend."

Mr. Tompkins bowed with an air. "I shall be glad to hear anything that you may wish to say to me before Miss Stubbs," he said grandly. "*Have* you anything that you wish to say to me — before Miss Stubbs?" he added softly, after a moment.

The Mint looked so uncomfortable that the Knight plunged to his rescue.

"I remember meeting you in New York five years ago, Mr. Tompkins," he said, trying at the same time to fix Mr. Tompkins with a severe glance, but failing somewhat because of the far-away dreaminess in Mr. Tompkins' eyes. "At that time your wife — " (He heard R. L. S gasp behind him, but he went grimly on) " — your wife was with you."

"Yes," said Mr. Tompkins simply. "She died a year later, in South America."

"Really?"

"Really," Mr. Tompkins echoed.

There was an awkward pause. Condolences were evidently not in place.

"That reminds me," the Knight persisted, "it was reported at one time that you were dead."

"Oh, you are thinking of that legacy," Mr. Tompkins said, with a keen glance. He laughed derisively. "That was nothing to speak of — merely a fantastic whim."

"But didn't you yourself claim to be dying when you sent that legacy to Miss Stubbs?" asked R. L. S. seriously. "Having done that, why didn't you stay dead? That would have been to play the game fairly and like a man."

Mr. Tompkins looked into the eyes of R. L. S., and the defensive and half-insolent banter which had lurked under the surface smoothness of his replies died out of his voice.

"That's a fair question," he said. "I did mean to stay dead at first. Then, gradually, certain things came to seem of so much importance that I risked coming back to Bennettboro — under another name. I was recognized in spite of myself. Then I tried to make Miss Stubbs believe that I had not sent her that legacy. But when she showed me a letter indubitably bearing my signature, which she had considered worth preserving, and which, womanlike, she valued more than the legacy itself — well, I couldn't very well deny *that*."

"No, you couldn't," R. L. S. admitted.

"So, considering everything, I just dropped the matter. Perhaps that old letter was truer, in reality, than it was in — in fact."

R. L. S. beamed upon him and held out his hand.

"May I offer my congratulations and wish you all happiness?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Tompkins. "And now may I ask a favor? We were just on our way to Squire Brown's to execute a legal document, and I should like to have you sign it as witnesses. You see, Mary has a pretty fancy of leaving her cottage and the annual income from that famous legacy to Bennettboro, as a perpetual home for some lone woman. I don't know of any use more in harmony with the original intention, that it could be put to. We shall live in South America, and fortunately shall be quite independent — some little inventions of mine have turned out pretty well —— "

"He's dazzlingly and vulgarly rich," laughed Miss Stubbs. "And to think of his coming back for me after all these years!"

Mr. Tompkins quietly took her hand, but it was R. L. S. he looked at and spoke to.

"It was the thought that up here in Bennettboro a good woman believed in me and valued my good name, that put new life into me when I was pretty well dead," he said. "So, on the whole, you can hardly blame me for coming back here, when it became possible, to redeem that letter of mine," he added slowly. "No letter that I ever wrote was so profoundly mine as that one."

"No," said R. L. S., with eyes alight.

"We shall count it an honor to be witnesses to that deed," said the Mint.

Half an hour later the three friends stood on the platform waiting for the next southbound train.

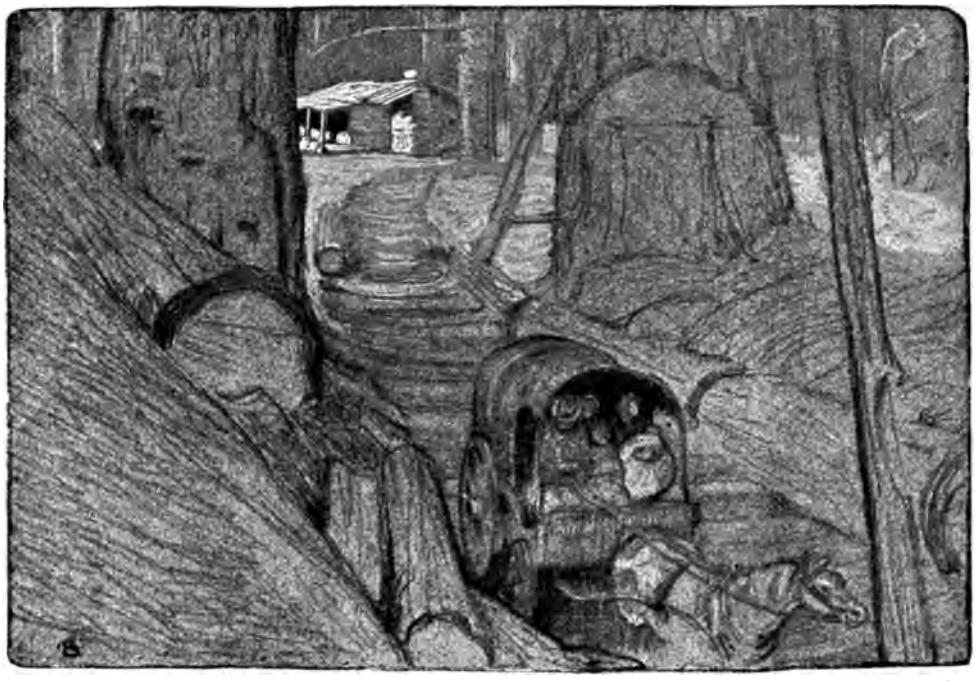
"Well, how do you feel?" demanded the Knight, wheeling abruptly upon his silent companions.

"As though I had dropped a match in a powder factory, and it had not exploded," answered the Mint promptly.

"It certainly was a mighty narrow shave."

"It was a mighty sentiment," cried R. L. S. exultantly. "He thought she loved him, she thought he loved her. The facts *had* to swing around under such a tremendous pressure from the ideal. Incidentally, they have both been made over in the process. And we did it all."

"Oh, WE are great," chanted the Mint, with his old laugh.



CARL

BY

ADA MELVIN

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

I

FOR company and neighbor, the cabin in the little clearing had only the unseen creek, whose waters could be heard gurgling against the logs that choked it a new way after every freshet.

The sun had just ceased to glint from behind the pointed tops of the great firs that rimmed the tiny space.

Miles away they stretched, those pointed evergreens, grand miles in all directions, and along each side of the little-used, fern-grown county road they swept in vast columns magnificent to behold. The county road, chancing here to curve in graceful sinuousness, looped both its ends down somewhere to tide-water. You could walk out into the world either way. But by its least lengthy reach you would need seven of those toilsome miles, up hill and down, to bring you to the nearest gap that had been chopped into the forest:—a place on the tree-hung river where six or eight families, dwelling in their rain-dimmed houses around a store and a post-office, hung their salmon nets in the water, and farmed near by their small, slow-waxing ranches. And not once in all that dragging distance would another smoke mark another lonely and laborious home.

Within the cabin the mother lay on a canvas cot that had been drawn well out to get such fresh drafts as came from the door.

A cherished and admired family possession was that narrow canvas cot. It had been an exciting day when the father had brought it home, all the seven miles from Brown's Landing, strapped to his big Scandinavian shoulders. It was for the baby, he had said, or for anyone who might be sick. Later, in the same way, he had brought the stout little rocking-chair, and very funny it had looked, sticking up like horns above the gunny-sack that held the flour and the sugar and the other things for which the father's wages had been spent. The chair was for the mother, and all her chubby-faced, good little children had loved to jump up and give it to her when she came in so tired from the clearing. Whenever the father had come home to visit, he had had to hurry back again to make more money working in the mill. But the mother and Carl and the little ones had stayed out here to hold the homestead. Two years and five months more would they need to hold it, and then it would be theirs forever.

Carl was nearly fourteen; nearly grown, he thought himself, and to them all the two years between him and Christine seemed a great gap, such close and anxious work-mates had he and the mother been since the father was killed in the accident last spring. Christine was good — patient, trustworthy, tireless little Christine. She would watch the children carefully and help to sweep and cook. But it was Carl's place to help the mother think how they would spend every half-dollar of the money which the men had given them. And how gladly, how willingly, he had helped her to roll, to cut, to saw, to burn, to dig. For Nature had fashioned Carl from her Atlas man-material — the kind on which the world rests. He loved his power to help, and the heavier were the bags, which it was now his place to bring on his back from the Landing, the more tenderly he thought of those for whom he carried them. He loved them all so much — Oh, so much!

A handsome boy was Carl, too, in the large, blond, sculptured way of his ancestors — as good to see, almost, as he was good to know. Such looks, covering such a nature, must have brought back compensating joy to his mother's heart on many a day of dumb aching. For only mothers know how good it is to love the kind of man-child that mothers *can* love with all their souls, bowing down without reservation before the work of God which is also theirs.

Carl's aged shirt and faded overalls were variously and hastily patched, but clean; and patiently cared-for also seemed everything else in sight. From the spotted cat asleep on a well-swept hearth, to the family wardrobe hanging inoffensively on its nails, all was decency and order. Such cleanliness as the poor may practise was plainly here the rule of life: a rule so established that it seemed to keep to the road of itself, though the guiding hand had dropped. Like the sun's rays steeping the earth, the mother's character had stored itself up in the son and daughter who were springing to take her place — her burden-bearing.

In the rocking-chair, placed to command the cot, the door, and the hearth, where a little pot was bubbling for the children's supper, Carl was sitting to watch his mother. So he had sat all this last day, ready to jump if she stirred or needed him. So absorbedly he watched, that at times his eyes seemed straining with the effort to force from his inexperience a way to help her. He had sent Christine and the children to stay out in the clearing, lest some inadvertent noise might bring back the mother's moaning. To his ignorance, the stupor had seemed so much less dreadful than the fevered tossing. Now and then, in the long afternoon, one or another of the barefooted little creatures had crept up to peep in dumbly at the awing silence and creep away again. They would as soon have thought of disobeying the mother as of not heeding what Carl bade them do.

It had been so still all day, so hushed in the sun that was pouring down on the dry greenness. Only the topmost boughs of the highest trees ever seemed to move. So silent was it that Carl could hear every least splutter and crackle of the August fire-piles, now burning low and dull from lack of tending; so silent, so abandoned to the creeping inward chill of the boy's watch. It might have eased him a little to have heard sometimes one of the short and abrupt but not uncheerful bird-calls of the deep woods; or the wind beginning its familiar, long, billowy sweeping in the great trees. But today not even the small, far sound of the mill-whistles had come in at noon or at six o'clock.

"CHRISTINE WEPT WITH DESPAIRING SOBS"

Presently, it seemed as if the darkening of the air drew a last automatic flicker of interest to the dying eyes that slowly unclosed and turned for a moment to the west window, where a wisp of starched and ruffled white curtain had been crumpled aside by little hands. Then, wanderingly, the sick woman's gaze found and settled on her son. At the same instant Carl, turning back his head, saw that his mother was looking at him with eyes so wide open that a dreadful rim of white showed around their blue. The child sprang up and ran to the bed, his hands outstretched to the struggling clutch of his mother's fingers. The boy's own eyes were of as clear a northern blue as ever looked out of a tanned viking face on perilous seas; and certainly, if any ancestral aid were due to him, he was about to need it now.

Last week the mother had fallen heavily on a sharp, little splintered stump hidden in the fern.

"Carlie — I'm — afraid — mudder's going — to die."

The hoarse whisper strove desperately to clear itself from the almost useless throat. The cruel return of consciousness had brought with it the wine of anguish — the need for effort still.

"Oh, no, Mother." Carl was already trembling hard, but his voice was as firm and strong as a man's; and how his heart was swelling with the necessity to save his mother from being frightened!

"Yes — my good — boy —" came the determined breath — "de little ones — don't — let dem — get — scattered. Safe dem, Carl ——"

"Hush, Mother, you're dreaming," rolled clearly, upholdingly, from the child's shaking lips; "everything's all right — I'll call the children to supper in a minute. Go to sleep now, Mother dear, and you'll wake up and feel better. Everything's all right, Mother."

The mother ceased her struggling to rise, and her unseeing eyes turned away from her boy. But after a little, with the very last of her brief seconds, she succeeded in still a service more.

"De gunny-sacks — son — sew dem togedder — I'm so big — drag me — easy — to — dig — where — de tree — fell ——"

Carl waited for his mother's faintness to pass — waited with eyes strained on her face in the growing awful dusk of the still room. Realizing at length that her breath had not returned to move her, breathless himself, he began to call to her, softly at first, afterwards very loudly. For so, as she teaches us all when the strain comes, Nature taught the poor child to call to his dead, who had but gone away and could hear him yet in the far places.

Carl had seen death before, only too often, in the saw-mill town where they had lived before they came out here. Drowned men washed ashore, men crushed to death in the logging camps, or found dead in the woods, or killed in the mills like his father — all these his childish attention had followed as they were brought into town for burial. But those were men, and this was mother. Whatever became of the men, mothers always stayed to take care of their children.

Incredulous, frenzied, Carl rubbed his mother wildly, always calling her. He ran stumbling for the whisky, bathed the still face, and poured spoonfuls into the motionless mouth. When at last he had to believe, it was not like Carl — patient Carl, always ready to bear the feather more in this hard life — that he stood with his whole body contracting like that of some wild thing under the lash. This was too much. His hands were clenched, his lips were opening to yell forth his overwhelming horror and loneliness, when at the door he saw Christine — O poor Christine! In all the world there was no one now to be good to Christine but just him. Like the rebounding of some mighty spring, the boy's normal nature sprang back from its moment's recoil. Carl ran to the door to meet and guard his dependent ones.

II

The mother lay in her place under the crumbly red earth where, with her last maternal triumph over the forces against them, she had bidden her children find easy digging. Several weeks had passed, and it was a soft September morning. Breezy sun-brightness was sparkling in a thousand reflections in the clearing. Three or four days of gentle rain had cleansed the forest of its summer drought and brought back the pleasant wet smell of things which was the native breath of these children of the Northwestern woodland.

Near the house, beside a flower-bed raggedly flourishing with petunias and portulaca, the three younger ones were busily playing; Ansel,— pettish, made-allowance-for Ansel,— round little Mary, and the fat

baby, aged two. The happy inconsequence of childhood had quite returned to them, for to infancy a day of grief is as a thousand years.

In a dozen places, from knots and hillocks of obstinate, ever re-piled, charred remnants, smoke was waving upward, fragrant and dark. On the outer edge of the clearing droned and buzzed the chief implement of man's supremacy in the forest.

For, steady as the trees around them, the two children had relighted the hope-giving fires and brought out again the cross-cut saw. In like manner, their mother had picked up the difficult ax as it fell from the hand of her husband and, with more than a man's courage, had stepped into the breach. While he lived, the father had shielded her from the harder work, himself doing all the heavier clearing in the intervals when the mill was idle, and on such Sundays as he could be at home. In him, neither, had there been any drop of shirking blood.

One on each side of a felled monarch, back and forth bobbed the heads of Carl and Christine, with that patience which they must learn who match an ounce of strength against uncounted pounds of resistance. Measured by their feelings, the sawing was as endless as eternity. It was also to them of as little present use; though this they had not as yet paused in their routine to recognize. On a woodland ranch, more clearing and more clearing, filling in all the intervals of bread-winning, becomes a second nature that demands little conscious thought.

Carl, who had been doing double share as became his bigness, pushing as well as pulling, straightened up to rest, and Christine lost no time in following suit. No matter how much you may love to work with your brother, sawing is not light work when you are only twelve. Breathing deep, she rubbed away with her checked apron at the dampness under her neck-ruffle, her sun-bleached, yellowish hair crinkling around her forehead in a way that Carl loved to see. Christine, too, was a pretty child — Carl thought her beautiful; as, also, he found much to admire in the Swedish breadth and solemnity of feature of the other three. The boy's heart yearned over his own with constant caressingness, like a mother's.

"Christine," said Carl, and then he hesitated. He dreaded to give Christine more pain.

"Yes Carlie." No lamb was ever more gentle for the slaughter.

"Christine, you know how people do when they open a ranch in the woods. Somebody has to make money, and the rest of them clear and get a herd of cattle started."

"Oh, yes," said Christine. Her mind darted off after old Bessie, who was not starting their herd very fast. Old Bessie was unlucky with her calves. She had only the yearling that trotted around after her with his milk-thieving little muzzle bound with a row of spikes in a leather band.

"You know father made the money for us, and mother kept things straight here."

"Oh, yes."

Carl was leading up to his point with unconscious skill, and Christine was following unsuspectingly; though she added, as if suddenly awakening to the sequence:

"What was mother going to do when her money was all gone?"

"She was going to send me to the mill pretty soon, Christine. There's only five dollars left. Do you think, honey, you could take mother's place here and let brother go?"

Christine was staring at him with a paling face. Oh, yes, she saw the point — saw it with such pangs of acceptance and rejection as they can understand who also are born to suffer and glow with the passion of helpful love. But Christine had reached her limit. With mother or Carl beside her, she could bear anything — she was not afraid. But all alone with the children, to wake in the night and see those strange flashings of cougar eyes outside the windows — Oh, no! To be always hearing bears trampling about, snapping sticks under their feet as they sneaked through the woods — Oh, no! no!

Dropping on a twig-strewn salal mat behind the log, where the children could not see her, Christine wept with despairing sobs. In a moment Carl was sitting beside her, cuddling his little sister, but wearing in his turn a stricken face. Christine afraid of bears and cougars, when she knew as well as he did that they hardly ever came around and never hurt anybody when they did come! Christine, who had always seemed so brave, as brave as the mother!

In vain Carl coaxed, explained, reasoned. The little girl's sobs ceased only to break forth again more helplessly. The eon-long instinct of the feminine race to abhor a solitude peopled with wild beasts was too much for Christine the individual.

"Hush, hush, honey," said the boy at last; "brother doesn't have to go, not this fall anyhow. There's the fishing; I can do that. I can make enough at that to last till the loggers come. I know I can. They're bound to get here sometime this winter. They can't take it out in talk forever."

The rainbow in Carl's life was the long talked-of establishment of a logging camp near by on the creek. His fancy loved to riot in the variety and multiplicity of the jobs that might then be his.

But when Carl had finished telling Christine all about the possibilities for the fishing, his little sister could only look at him with a face grown more and more piteous.

"O Carlie, it will 'most kill you. Maybe I can stay. I'll try, brother."

"No, you won't," said Carl, stoutly. "It will not kill me at all. I'm as strong as an ox. You'll see."

He felt that he could never leave Christine, now that he knew so well that weak place in her heart, poor, little, patient thing.

So there was only the fishing left, till the loggers came.

To make you a trap, having seen traps handled all your life, and knowing where at the Landing plenty of cast-off netting was to be had for the taking; to catch the salmon in the creek by your door, the run being now good; to lift your net, say every other day, and drag your fish, well-wrapped in hemlock boughs, on a hand-sled, the seven miles to the Landing — how simple! And with what desperation, falling more and more into the silence of dumb endurance, Carl lived through the toil of it all, as the shortening days went on!

For failure meant an alternative so terrible that he and Christine had borne to whisper of it only once or twice. If he could not make it, if he had to ask for help, then the people would come and take them all away and part them among different families, as they had parted the Nelson children, and they would never be together again, no, never any more.

Unfortunately, it was a year when the rains came early and persisted with their utmost continuousness and volume. The forest was a dark and dreary place of chill darkness, with the eternal mists dripping overhead, and underfoot slimy, deep-piled, soaked decay. The brief inroads of sunshine with which, ordinarily, the climate embroiders its winter grayness, were this year so brief and so infrequent that even the baby scarcely noticed the brightness when it came. The younger children Christine was able most of the time to keep within by the protecting fire, and this fact was Carl's thought of comfort as he himself, ill-clad as they, trudged to and fro in the wet world without. On his days at the Landing he must be up and away by his lantern light so early in the morning that it was still last night, and often his weary home-coming was well into the darkness at the other end of the short day. His Landing days he made as frequent as it was possible for him to endure, for he never forgot that the expiring of the salmon season would bring him all too soon to the evil days when he must wait without employment till the loggers came. He must make all the money he could while the chance was his. On the days when he was forced to rest at home, Carl helped the others to clean and smoke the fish that were unsalable. His catch was always light, disheartenningly so too often. Adult pride, of course, would not have descended to the humility of a trap so far upstream, since at the best only a few fish could be expected to escape the nets at the mouth of the creek.

Gaunt and grim, limping and stiff, Carl lived through the days, anxiously adding to his little hoard of savings, and glad of the scanty hours when he could sit by the fire and see how glad the others were to have him there. Happily, no cringing, no chilling in his splendid love and courage added itself to his burden. It was only the dark and rolling creek — even in summer how shadowy and cold it was under the great height of the trees! — it was only the rolling of the dark creek that would not leave his sleep; that was able to haunt his dreams with a sort of sickness and weariness of its unwearied drive. None other of the powers of the forest got within his guard; no fear of darkness, of cougar, of slouching bear, or even of the rushing wind that sometimes swung the big trees about not at all cheeringly. In all those long months since the father died, Carl had lived with his mother very close to the edge of life, too close for common fears to hurt him now. They who dwell within the very sound of the snarl of the wolf and see nakedness just ahead, lose the habit of troubling themselves as to what else the world can do to them.

And so for an eternity of five months the son of his mother stood his guard.

III

It was not until well into January that rescue came — not too soon. In the waning of a sodden afternoon in that dark month, two men came along the county road: a toughened native timber cruiser and his employer, an investor in mills, a city man from afar. Swinging along in the drip, their heavy footwear making a dull thudding on the corduroyed, swampy place in the road-bed, rain-coated, pack on shoulder, they looked masterful, the genii of the place. In truth, the city man was not thinking masterful thoughts. Oppressed by the savage, primeval grayness rolling over and into the black-green of the forest, he was thinking how remarkably the ancient woodland kept itself up-to-date in the fight. Not a month ago, down below on the Columbia, it had cast out an engineering party, two of them crazy, another as good as dead; and this within a stone's throw of cities all around.

Emerging on the clearing, the two men beheld in the little cabin an opportune vision. The twelve days of their cruise had given them the most uncompromisingly nasty weather of the season, a constant pour-down just missing the freezing point. The woods had been reeking and rotting with the chillest saturation of that saturated portion of the world.

"Stop?" said the laconic native.

"You bet," said the city man.

It was little Mary who opened the door for them, piteous little six-year-old with cheeks well drained of chubbiness. From each bed a flushed face with a swathed throat under it was lifted from its pillow as the travelers entered. The enemy had Christine and Ansel down, though happily not as yet with fatal intent. The baby, not much reduced — he had been the favored one — sat on Carl's well arm as the boy rose from the rocking-chair by the fire to receive his visitors. His left arm, swollen and useless from salmon poisoning, Carl carried in a sling.

Barefooted in mid-winter, no longer very clean, gaunt and oldened, the boy was still at the front so far as his eyes went. Steadfast and hopeful still, they stamped themselves into the city man's fancy, a die that time was not to eradicate.

Greetings were followed by a succinct extracting of information on the part of the adults.

"Well!" suspirated the city man, beginning to remove his pack and rain-wear.

"Well!" agreed the native, beginning to do the same. Him the city man checked.

"There's no use dodging, McKinnon. You'll just have to trot along on to that place on the river — Brown's Landing, you call it? — and get out here with a team as soon as you can in the morning. I'll feed up these kids to-night with what's left in the packs. Sorry, McKinnon, but you'll do better going than I would. You know those folks."

"All right," sighed McKinnon, departing as he sighed. He wished that the other fellow were the hired man and that he himself had the choice of parts in this game of Providence.

Carl felt a strange, not unpleasant pang, the stirring of a fiber long disused, at hearing himself termed a kid to be fed up. And as the city man bustled about, more and more the child's forced growth and age died away from him, like the unnatural thing it was. With the round-eyed, watchful baby on his knee, with an easing heart, Carl saw the city man taking hold. Only a few minutes ago he had been truly hopeful still, for it must surely be that he could hold out till March, in which month the loggers had at last definitely announced their intention of arriving. But those few minutes had unstrung him to blissful weakness. Now he knew how tired he was, how ill. Nevertheless, the relaxing of his nerves to their proper childish tension did not cause Carl to unlearn the deep, manly sympathy with which his eyes followed the kind man about. His heart would never be a child's heart again.

The city man began his ministrations with the feeling that here was a job cut out for him and not for some other man, and he ended by pluming himself on the aptness and enjoyment with which he played the part of Providence. Later, with well-earned complacency, he heard from his rescued one the story of the brave, foolish fight.

Yes, sir, he had stuck to the fishing till the run was over. His shoes did not go entirely until December. Before that he had taken care to bring out all the supplies which he had money to buy. Of course, Ansel had to have shoes, his throat was so bad. Besides, it was Ansel's business to tend the cow, and he had done it all right, too, poor little fellow, until one day he was so sure he saw a wild-cat that he ran old Bessie into a bad place and broke her leg, so that she died.

"I killed her, sir, of course," added Carl. "She couldn't be left to suffer. And I would have cut up her meat, too, only Christine cried so. Besides, my hand was getting pretty bad then. Yes, sir, it is better. I must have got hold of a poison salmon. Father said he did not know the cause of them, but you strike them sometimes. Yes, sir, we ate all the chickens the wood-rats didn't get. I thought we'd buy some more in the spring when the camp comes. The calf got lost after its mother died. Oh, yes, sir, we had a good deal in the root-house. No, sir, we've some left. There's some smoked salmon and some potatoes."

Thus ran the little story, questioned out, so short in the telling, so long in the living.

"Potatoes and fish is a very good dish," croaked Ansel, from his restless pillow. It was the breadless slogan of the very earliest home-makers in the Northwest woodland. Carl and Christine had chanted it with him in the first rebellious days of failing palatableness in the food.

Carl got up to make his little brother more comfortable and to speak to him soothing words; to go across and pull the covers straight on little Mary and the baby; to touch with lingering, anxious examination Christine's hot, sleeping face — unconscious actions all, plainly the offspring of his habitual mind.

The city man blinked. Natural goodness, found deposited in a rich pocket in some human heart, is such a wonderful sight.

"It must have been pretty bad, that fishing of yours. Hard work, I mean."

"Yes, sir," said Carl, with reserve. Life would not be long enough for him to forget the heart-breaking toil with which he had earned those too few salmon dollars.

"Christine helped a great deal," he remarked.

"I'll bet she did," muttered the city man, rising to get out again the quinine and throat medicine which he always carried as a charm against his own chance of needing them. "I shouldn't wonder if the baby darned the stockings. And I'll bet that boy could make it yet. It seems almost a pity to interfere," thought the deputy of Providence.

Nevertheless, he unfolded to Carl the plans that had been growing in his mind.

The next morning, early, Carl was outside the cabin. The others were still sleeping deep, the city man having made himself comfortable in the shed-room.

Miraculously, the sun was in full glow just above the swaying tops. A bracing east wind, hinting of snow, had piled all the cloud into the white fog-bank in the west. After the weeks of impenetrable gray above, it was a great clearness.

It had been with little of the alleviation of the naturalist's or the artist's eye that Carl had battled with the deep woods all these months. To him, as to his mother, the forest had been but an over-stout adversary, savagely repellent, veiled as to its details and its mysteries. Weakness can not measure itself with the wilderness in a struggle for life and find much joy in the process.

But now, for good-by, the mighty woodland seemed to fling itself on the boy's heart in a great gamboling riot of rough goodwill. Carl moved about, hither and yon, in the little domain that could hurt and threaten him no more. His chest labored and heaved with the excess of his feeling for it all.

Oh, the thimble-berries, how they had bloomed — wild rose blooms! And the million tiny jewel leaves of the huckleberry trees, how they seemed to be dancing, dancing around the red berries, the blue berries that shone out so beautifully it hurt to think of them! And the great carpeting banks of shiny dark salal, and the wonderful pale green of the sorrel patches, and the devil's-club — the queer devil's-club in its tangled jungle — Oh, how they came rushing, smiling! And the smell of it all, the great, great breath of it, and the low, lonesome murmuring that would be around mother forever and forever!

But when McKinnon came with the wagon and the cooked food and the hospitable messages from the astonished people at the Landing, Carl knew that he was glad to go — glad to give up and lean on a stronger arm, for the city man was increasingly kind. Mother would know how hard he had tried, and she would not blame him. And it would only be for a little while. The kind man had said so.

As his eyes looked their last on the red hillock under the torn-out root, the true heart — surely the most marvelous of created things! — whispered in itself once more — so it had whispered in the dreadful dusk of that day —

"Don't be afraid, Mother. I'll get them again. They sha'n't get away from me and you."

ON THE NIGHT TRAIL

BY

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "ALIEN OF THE WILD," ETC.

THE radiant, blue-white, midwinter moonlight, flooding the little open space of white in the blackness of the spruce forest, revealed the frozen fragments of a big lake trout, scattered over the snow. They stood out sharply, so that no midnight forager of the wilds, prowling in the fringes of the shadow and peering forth on the watch for prey or foe, could by any possibility fail to sight them.

The stillness of the solitude was intense, breathless, as if sealed to perpetual silence by the bitter cold. At last, at one corner of the open, a spruce branch that leaned upon the snow stirred ever so slightly; and from its shelter a little gray-brown nose, surmounted by a pair of tiny eyes like black beads, anxiously surveyed the perilous space of illumination. For perhaps half a minute there was not another movement. Then the shrew-mouse, well aware that death might be watching him from under every tree, plucked up a desperate valor and darted out into the light. He seized the nearest bit of fish that was small enough for him to handle and scurried back with it to his safe hole under a fir root. It was a brave adventure and deserved its success.

For ten minutes more nothing happened to break the stillness. Then again the little shrew-mouse peered from the covert of his hanging branch. This time, however, he drew back instantly. He had caught sight of a pointed black head and snake-like neck stealthily reconnoitering from the opposite side of the open. A hungry mink was making ready to appropriate some of the fish; but since he knew that a forest glade, far from the water, was not a customary resort of fish, alive or frozen, he was inclined to be suspicious. Instead of looking at the delicious morsels there in plain, alluring view, he scanned piercingly the shadows and drooping branches which encircled the glade. Suddenly he seemed to detect something to his distaste. A red gleam of anger and ferocity flared into his eyes, and he sank back noiselessly into covert.

A moment later came a huge lynx, padding softly but fearlessly straight out into the revealing light, as if he knew that at this season, when the bears were asleep, and the bull moose, bereft of their antlers, had lost their interest in combat, there was not one of all the forest kindreds to challenge his supremacy. He was stealthy, of course, in every movement, and his round, sinister eyes glared palely into every covert, but that was merely because he dreaded to frighten off a possible quarry. The frozen fish, however, showed no signs of flight at his approach; so he fell upon the nearest fragment and bolted it ravenously.

Having thus eagerly disposed of several substantial lumps, the great lynx became more critical and went sniffing fastidiously from morsel to morsel.

Suddenly there was a vicious *click;* and with a spit and a yowl the lynx started as if to jump into the air. But instead of rising some six or seven feet, under the propulsion of his mighty, spring-like muscles, he merely bowed his back and strained tremendously. In response, a small thing of dark steel emerged from the snow, followed closely by a log of heavy wood. The lynx was caught in a trap by his right forefoot.

For a minute or two the panic-stricken beast went through a number of more or less aimless contortions, spitting and screeching, biting at the trap, and clawing frantically at the log. Presently, however, finding that his contortions only made the thing that had him grip the harder and hurt him the more savagely, he halted to consider his

predicament. Consideration not appearing to ease that urgent anguish in his paw, he began to strain steadily backward, hoping, if he could not free himself, at least to drag his captor into the woods and perhaps lose it among the trees. The log, however, was very heavy, and his best efforts could move it but a few inches at a time. When, at the end of an hour of fierce struggle, he lay down utterly exhausted, he was still in the full glare of the moon. But no sooner had he lain down than the crunching of a footstep on the crisp snow brought him to his feet again; and with every hair along his back on end, his eyes ablaze with rage and fear, he turned to face the tall figure of a backwoodsman, who stood gazing at him with a smile of satisfaction from the other side of the glade.

Just about three hours earlier, on his way into the Cross Roads Settlement, Pete Logan had set that trap with particular care, and with the definite purpose of capturing that particular lynx. With all his cunning, little did the great tuft-eared cat suspect that for weeks the backwoodsman had been watching him, noting his haunts and trails, observing his peculiarities, and laying plans for his capture. That very evening, at the Cross Roads, Logan had boasted that single-handed he would bring the big lynx into the Settlement, alive and undamaged. He wanted the splendid animal to sell to an American who was collecting wild beasts for menageries; and to avoid injuring the captive's fine gray fur he had partly muffled the cruel teeth of the trap, that they might take hold without tearing.

Having no dread of anything that inhabited the wilds, Logan had left his rifle at home and carried no weapon but the knife in his belt and his light, straight-hafted ax. In the pack on his back he brought what he intended should serve him better than any weapon — a thick blanket and a heavy canvas sack. Now, as he stood eyeing the frightened and furious captive, he undid the pack and shook the big blanket loose.

Logan had made his plans with careful foresight, and it was with the deliberation of absolute confidence that he went about the execution of them. His ax gripped in readiness for any unforeseen piece of strategy on the part of the foe, he advanced with the blanket outspread before him like a shield. Back and back, to the limit of his bonds, cowered the lynx, glaring defiance and inextinguishable hate. Slowly the man drew near, till, just barely within reach of the beast's spring, he stopped. For perhaps half a minute more neither man nor beast stirred a muscle — till the tension of the captive's nerves must have neared the breaking point. Then, as if his own nerves knew by sympathy the exactly proper moment for the next move in the game, Logan made a swooping forward plunge with the blanket. With a screech of fury the lynx sprang to the grapple — to find himself, in half a second, rolled over, tangled up, and swathed helpless in the smothering woolen folds. In vain he bit and spat and yowled and tore. His keen white fangs caught nothing but choking wool; his rending claws had no chance to do their work; and the crushing weight of the woodsman's sturdy body was bearing him down into the snow. In a few moments, daunted by the thick darkness over his eyes and exhausted by the impotence of his efforts, he lay still, quivering with rage. Then, with the most delicate caution, working through a couple of folds of the blanket, Logan released the jaws of the trap and slipped it warily from the imprisoned paw. He feared to damage the joint by leaving it in that inexorable clutch a moment longer than was necessary. This done, he deftly whipped a lashing of cod-line about the bundle, binding the legs securely but leaving a measure of freedom about the head and neck. Then he thrust the bundle into the canvas bag, slung it over his back, and started on the five-mile tramp back to his camp.

Logan traveled without snow-shoes, because there was just now little snow on the trail or even in the deep woods. An extraordinarily heavy and prolonged January thaw, followed by fierce and sudden frost, had brought about this unusual condition, producing something like a famine among the hunting kindreds of the forest, whose light-footed quarry, the eaters of bark and twig and bud, now found flight easy over the frozen surfaces.

The complacent trapper, ruminating pleasantly over his triumph, had covered perhaps a mile of his homeward journey when from far behind him came to his ears a novel sound, faintly pulsing down the still night air. Without seeming to pay it any attention whatever, he nevertheless was instantly and keenly concerned; and he perceived that the uneasy bundle on his back was interested too, for it stopped its

indignant wrigglings to listen. Up to this moment Logan had believed that there was no voice in all the wilderness unfamiliar to his ears. But this cry he did not understand. A few moments more, and again it floated down the moonlight, high, quavering, musical, yet carrying in its mysterious cadences an unmistakable menace. Logan knew now to a certainty that it was a sound he had never heard before; and he knew what it was, though he refused to acknowledge it to himself, because it was a refutation of many of his most dogmatic pronouncements.

"It *ain't* wolves!" he muttered to himself obstinately. "Ther' ain't never been a wolf in New Brunswick!"

But even as he spoke, the sinister cry arose again, nearer and yet nearer; and he was obliged to confess to himself that, whatever it was, it was on his trail, and he was likely to know more about it within a few minutes. He was not alarmed, but he was annoyed, both at the upsetting of his theories and at the absence of his gun.

In spite of the fact that his dignity as a woodsman would not permit him to be alarmed, he could not but recognize that a number of wolves might be capable of making things very unpleasant for him. He remembered, uncomfortably, that in this weather, with the snow so hard that the deer could run their fastest upon it, the wolves must be extremely hungry. He had been walking as fast as he could; but now he broke into a long, swinging lope. For a moment he thought of ridding himself of the burden on his back; but this idea he rejected resentfully and with scorn. He was not going to let himself be robbed of his triumph by a bunch of rascally, interloping wolves!

Meanwhile, the quavering, high-pitched chorus was sweeping swiftly nearer through the moonlight; and Logan put on a burst of speed in order to get to a stretch of open burnt lands before his pursuers should come up with him. If he was to have a fight forced upon him, he wanted plenty of room and the chance to keep all his adversaries in plain view. He gained the open, with its scattered black stumps and gaunt, ghostly "rampikes" dotting the radiant silver of the snow; and he was some eighty or a hundred paces beyond the edge of the woods before the wolves appeared. Glancing over his shoulder he saw the gray forms of the pack halt, come close together, then separate again, hesitating at the venture of the open. The hesitation was only for a moment, however. Then, in formation so close that one might have covered the whole pack with a bedquilt, they came on again. His trained eye counted eight wolves in the pack.

Logan was too wise to run, now that he was in view of his foes. He stalked on with haughty indifference till the pack was within twenty-five or thirty yards of his heels. Then he turned and spoke, with an air of sharp, confident authority. Even through their hunger and their savage madness of pursuit the beasts felt the mastery of his voice. They paused irresolutely, then opened out and sat down on their haunches to see what he would do.

After surveying them superciliously for a few seconds, the woodsman turned again and stalked on, keeping, however, a keen watch over his shoulder, and his ax poised ready for instant use. As soon as he moved on, the wolves followed, but no longer in their pack formation. Not yet audacious enough to come within ten or twelve feet of this arrogantly confident being, they spread out on either side of the trail, half surrounding him and keeping pace with him at a skulking trot. Little by little they drew closer in, while Logan pretended to ignore them contemptuously. All at once he felt, almost more than saw, one of the largest of the pack dart in to spring upon his back. Out went the bright ax-blade like a flash of blue flame, as he whirled on his heel; and the wolf dropped with a choked-off yelp, shorn through the neck. Thrice around him he wheeled the circle of the deadly blade; and the wolves deferentially slunk beyond reach of it, not yet ready to tempt the fate of their comrade.

Five minutes more, however, and the wary beasts again drew closer, and Logan found that the strain of guarding himself on all sides at once was overwhelming. A few hundred yards ahead, as he bethought himself, the trail led under the foot of a high, almost perpendicular rock; and he made up his mind that he must reach that rock as speedily as possible. With his back against the steep face of it he could meet the charge of the pack to better advantage. Breaking into a long, unhurried trot he pressed on, swinging the ax from side to side in swift, menacing sweeps.

When he reached the foot of the rock and turned at bay, the wolves drew back once more and formed a half circle before him,

a moving, interweaving crescent that drew closer and grew smaller stealthily. For the sake of greater freedom he now swung the heavy bundle from his back and dropped it on the snow behind him, without taking his cool eyes for an instant from his foes. On a sudden, the wolf which appeared to be the leader sprang straight in. But the woodsman seemed to divine this move even before it began, so sharply did he meet it with a step forward and a savage ax-stroke; and the wolf sprang back just in time to save its skull.

And now, in the clutch of the final trial, Logan had an inspiration. With all the doggedness of the backwoods will he had vowed that he would not give up the rich booty on his back. But the question had at last, as he saw, become one of giving up his own life. In this crisis, his backwoods understanding and sympathy suddenly went out toward the plucky but helpless captive in the sack on his back. It would be quite too bad that the splendid lynx, with all his fighting equipment of fangs and claws, should be torn to pieces in his bonds without a chance to make a fight for life. Moreover, here was perhaps a chance to create an effective diversion in his own favor.

With a shout and a mad whirling of the ax he once more drove back the narrowing crescent of the wolves. The next instant he stooped, ripped open the mouth of the bag, and emptied out the writhing roll of blanket upon the snow at his feet — while the wolves, eyeing this new procedure with suspicion, held back a few moments before again closing in. As the bundle fell, Logan slashed the cord, seized one corner of the blanket, and with a dexterous twist and throw unrolled it, landing the prisoner almost under the noses of the wolves.

Bewildered for an instant, the great cat had no time to bound back and scurry up the steep face of the rock to safety. He had no sooner gained his feet than the whole pack was upon him. With a screech of fury he proclaimed his understanding of the crisis, and turned every tooth and claw into the fray. His fangs, of course, were no match for those of any one of his assailants, but his claws were weapons of such quality that no single wolf could have withstood him. As it was, the wolves, in their eagerness, got in one another's way; and as the mass of them smothered the lynx down, more than one received eviscerating slashes that sent them yelping out of the battle.

For a few breathless seconds Logan watched the fight. Then he realized that the time had come when he must himself take a hand. Silently he darted upon the screeching, growling heap. The light ax flashed this way and that; and even in so brief time as takes to tell it, three more of the pack were down, kicking and dying silently on the snow. The leader of the pack, the side of his neck redly furrowed and the lust of battle hot in his veins, wheeled, and jumped madly at Logan's throat. But the woodsman met him with a terrific short-handled upward stroke which fairly split his ribs and hurled him over backwards. On the instant, the remaining wolves, who had each suffered something in the mêlée, concluded that the game was up. Leaping away from the reach of those deadly ripping claws, they turned and ran off like whipped dogs.

Bleeding from a dozen gashes, bedraggled and battered, but still full of fight to every outspread claw, the lynx crouched and glared at the man, with ears flattened back and eyes shooting pallid flame. For some seconds the two faced each other, the man grinning with approval. Then it occurred to him that the maddened beast, in despair of escape, might spring at him and compel him to strike, which, in his present sympathetic and grateful mood, he was most unwilling to do. Cautiously, keeping his eyes on the sinister, flaring orbs that faced him, he took a step backwards. Still the lynx crouched, ready to spring. Then Logan spoke, in quiet expostulation.

"Don't ye go for to fight *me*, now! *I* never done ye no hurt!" he argued mendaciously. "It's them durn wolves, that was after the both of us; an' it was me got ye out of that scrape. Don't ye come lookin' fer trouble, fer I don't want to hurt ye!"

At the sound of the quiet voice, soothing yet commanding, the tension of the beast's madness seemed to relax. The fixity of his glare wavered. Then his eyes shifted; and the next moment, turning with a movement so quick that the woodsman's eyes could hardly follow it, he was away like a gray shadow among the stumps and trunks, not leaping, but running belly to ground like a cat. Logan watched him out of sight, then nonchalantly put two wounded wolves out of their misery, whetted his knife on his larrigans, and settled down to the task of stripping the pelts.

A PERJURED SANTA CLAUS

BY

MYRA KELLY

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE CITIZENS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"YOU'RE crazy," said Mike Dwyer, out of the deep experience of his eight and a half years. "You're crazy, I tell you. Nobody gives you nothing for nothing."

"But ain't I told you that *he* does?" his friend, Patrick Brennan, assured him. "Ain't I telling you what he give me last year? A fire-engine, a prayer-book, and a bag of candy."

"An' you ain't paid *nothin'* for 'em?" marveled Mike.

"Not a cent."

"Ain't nobody never came 'round to collect on 'em?"

"Not a one."

Mike pondered a moment and then demanded:

"Have you got 'em now?"

"Well," Pat admitted, "I ain't got all of 'em, but I've got three wheels and one of the horses. The rest busted when it fell off the fire-escape. An' me mother has the prayer-book."

"There wasn't any sense to them things anyway," said Mike. "Crazy truck, fire-engines, prayer-books, and candy. Gee, if he was going to give youse somethin', why couldn't he give you somethin' youse could use?"

"They wasn't foolish, they was what I wanted," Patrick maintained.

"How did the old guy know what you wanted?"

"Didn't I write and tell him? I wrote it on a piece of paper, an' I pinned it to the shelf over the stove, an' he come down the chimney an' got it."

"Down the chimney!" exclaimed Mike incredulously. "That's the craziest yet. If you don't look out, you'll get put in the funny wagon. A lady in our block, she thought her man was Czar of Russia, and they put her in the funny wagon, and they took her away, and we ain't never seen her again. You better shut up about your old man Sandy Claws, or somethin' like that'll happen to you."

"Christmas is next week," Pat announced in grim finality. "What do you bet I don't get an express-wagon and cap-pistol? I wrote Sandy Claws about 'em last night, an' put the letter on the mantelpiece, an' this morning it was gone; and I've got a picture of him in a book — I'll show it to you if you come 'round to our block — and Teacher tells us about him at school, and we know songs about him, and po'try pieces. I tell you what: you come to school just one day, an' Teacher'll learn you about him."

MIKE

"Aw, I ain't got no time to go to school," said Mike contemptuously. "I've got my business to tend to, and I guess maybe I'd better tend to it now. But say, that's a good one about the old gent coming down the chimney. I was up and down them lots of times, and it's hard enough for *me* to get through, and I ain't much for size."

"You come 'round to my house on Christmas day," said the militant Patrick, "an' I'll leave you look at my express-wagon and hold my pistol."

When Michael boasted an exhaustive acquaintance with the inside of chimneys, he did not speak lightly or without truth. It was some years since he had abandoned the scholarly career which his pious mother had hoped would culminate in his consecration to the priesthood, in favor of the more active life of "odd boy" in a local hardware store where he was "helper" in the stove department. That he would ever have made a priestly man was a moot point, but no one could conscientiously deny that he was an odd boy.

His hair, once red, was darkened by his avocations and his hygienic convictions to an indescribable sooty brown. His clothes matched his hair, and his skin struck no discordant note in the subdued color scheme. But there was nothing subdued about his spirit, or his eyes, or his startlingly brilliant smile. And there was nothing which could subdue his adoration for his mother.

He and she had suffered many sorrows in common and almost in silence, though their pleasures they took more noisily. Sickness and babies had come, had been borne and tended in patience, and had passed away leaving them chums and partners still. He and she had journeyed to Calvary or to Coney Island, always together and always alone. For Mr. Dwyer had devoted his great energy and his scanty gleanings from his profession of "fence" — the go-between for small pickpocket and pawnbroker — to drinking himself from one fit of delirium tremens to another. He was as familiar an inmate of Bellevue or the Island as he was of the home which he had laid desolate; as familiar and as welcome.

On the evening of his enlightening conversation with his staunch admirer, Patrick Brennan, Michael appealed to his mother for information.

"Say, Maw, did youse ever hear of a gent what goes 'round in sort of fancy fixin's an' gives kids things for noth'ng?"

Mrs. Dwyer turned from the window, whence she had been watching for what she always dreaded, and answered quickly:

"Yes, dear, Santa Claus."

"That's the name Patsy Brennan called him. He showed me his picture on a book, but I thought he was guying me. I never heard of him. Don't he never come 'round here?"

"Not lately, dear. But when you were quite little, he brought you a rocking-horse and a fire-engine."

"That's him!" her son exclaimed in high excitement, "I knew him by the fire-engine. That's him. Say, Maw, what ever happened to them things? Did I bust 'em?"

"No," answered the woman, who, still watchful, had transferred her vigilance from eyes to ears, and now listened shrinkingly for an unsteady step upon the stairs: "No, Mike, you didn't; they — went."

It was a familiar explanation in that house, but the woman never made it easily.

So many things — went: the few relics of her more prosperous youth, her street clothes, little refinements with which she tried to dignify or disguise her poverty, little comforts or necessities given by kind neighbors in times of stress, her own meager earnings in an uptown laundry, or Mike's, still more meager, in the hardware store. For Mr. Dwyer, though meeting in the course of his professional labors with many proofs that stealing could be successfully practised upon absolute strangers, still believed in the prior claim of family, and had so far confined his own active operations to the home circle. It was a safe practice ground, and he could always flatter himself that he would one day broaden his field to include such gentlemen — if he could find them entirely unprotected and unobserved — as had reached that degree of intoxication which raised his envy and his courage almost to the point of action.

Nothing could accustom Mrs. Dwyer to this system of petty pilfering and the deceits it forced upon her, for through all vicissitudes of neglect, ill-treatment, and abuse, she persevered in her fierce determination that the boy should never know, so long as she could keep the knowledge from him, his father.

And all the time the boy knew much more clearly than she, and was often forced to allow her panic-stricken vigilance to continue when he could have told her that the voice she dreaded was enlivening the alcoholic wards of Bellevue, or that the foot she feared was marching, in decorous step, upon Blackwell's Island. But he was as fiercely resolved that his mother should never know, so long as he could keep the knowledge from her, her husband; and he was always careful to receive this explanation as satisfying and quite natural.

"Well, Patrick was talkin' about it today. He got a fire-engine, candy, an' a prayer-book, an' he says he's goin' to have a express-wagon an' a pistol this time. Do you think it's on the level?"

"Of course it's true. Why, when I was your age he used to bring me the loveliest things, and they always seemed to be exactly what I wanted ——"

"But Patsy writes an' tells him what to bring. He gits what he wants every time. I wonder what I'd better write for?"

And then, wistfully, Mrs. Dwyer set to work to destroy the faith she had established. It was unlikely, she pointed out to her son, after a rapid survey of her own financial position, that the gentleman, having for so long neglected them, would remember them now. He was always, she delicately hinted, a little snobbish in his tastes, and was more inclined to add to a store already amassed than to lay the corner-stone of a property. But these reflections affected her son not at all.

"He give you stuff when you was as big as me. He gives it to Patsy. He used to give it to me. I guess I kin git somethin' off of him all right, all right."

Then was Mrs. Dwyer forced to disclose the fact that there were some persons of upright lives and minds who utterly refused to credit even the existence of such a person, and to hint that doubts of such a nature had sometimes visited her gentle breast. But Mike's faith, founded largely upon the coincidence of fire-engines, held firm against all attacks. And then, he knew of a reason, happily hidden from his mother, that might cause fastidious gentlemen to avoid Mr. Dwyer's abode.

On the next afternoon he came upon Santa Claus, suffering quite humanly from cold, standing at the corner of Grand and Essex Streets, wearing his white beard and other "fancy fixin's." He was guarding a three-legged iron pot into which the prosperous cast pennies, and the unprosperous — in overwhelming majority — longing looks. The pot hung upon a metal tripod bearing a printed appeal for contributions to aid the Salvation Army in supplying a Christmas dinner to all such as should approach the hospitable boards to be spread in Madison Square Garden on December 25th. The shower of coin was not very heavy, and Mike seized his courage and a propitious moment to remark:

"You don't get 'round to *all* the houses *every* year, do you?"

"Well, no," answered the old gentleman in a surprisingly young voice, "not down here. There are quite a number of houses in this neighborhood and quite a number of children in every house."

"Every other year, do you?"

"Just about."

"Well, you've skipped me quite a while. I was wondering if you was plannin' to take in our house this year."

"Sure," the old man answered, after he had acknowledged a contribution and

breathed upon his freezing fingers; "where do you live?"

Mike told him. "On the top floor," he amplified, "back. If you drop around to-night, I'll have the list ready on the mantelpiece."

"Please don't make your order too big. I'm a little strapped this year. You don't want a house an' lot, do you?"

"No, but I'd like a lady's hat," the boy announced, "an' I'd like some real good tea, an' I'd like a good, warm shawl. Can I have all that?"

"Sure," Santa Claus agreed, "anything you say, my boy. You're the doctor."

"Then I'd like enough dress goods to make a dress for a lady — a small lady — I'd like it red with black spots on it. Can I have that?"

"Oh, I guess so. I owe you something for back years, don't I?"

"I might let you have a little money on the goods. Not an awful lot, but if fifteen cents would help you any, I could let you have it."

"Fork it out, put it in the pot."

"I can't let you have it *now*. I ain't got it in me clothes, but I'll put it with the list on the mantelpiece to-night, and you come down an' git 'em. Say, a kid told me you come down chimneys. Is that right?"

"That's how I come when I come."

"How do you git through the stove? That's what I want to know," said Mike, with professional interest.

"Well, I can't tell you that. You don't belong to the union. And don't you wait up for me. I may be a little late, and if that fifteen cents is there in the morning, you'll know it's because I can't fill your order. I just have to look over my stock, you know, before I take a deposit on the goods."

After one hour of intense exertion, mental and physical, Michael evolved the list; laid it upside down upon the mantelpiece; weighted it with three five-cent pieces; cautioned his mother against disturbing it; and vanished into his sleeping closet. Mrs. Dwyer bent over the pathetic little scrawl and scanned it tearfully. This tiny rift of fancy in her boy's prosaic life was doomed to such bitter disappointment, and she was so powerless to prevent it. And even as she read the list of feminine fancies and knew them designed for her, the vigil of the last three fearful weeks ended. The heavy step she dreaded sounded on the stairs. The heavy hand she dreaded turned the handle of the door, and Mr. Dwyer, in a state of intoxication very creditable to one without popularity and without steady source of income, lurched in. He ignored empty forms of greeting and began at once upon the object of his visit.

"There, under his eyes, lay three nickels"

"Where's that boy of yours?" he demanded. "Where is he?" and then, as she did not answer, he enforced his question with a curse which made her retreat behind the table. Her posture, as she crouched there, was more eloquent than any words.

"Never here when I want him"; Mr. Dwyer rambled on in one of the rapid emotional changes common to his state.

"Never any good to me. Never stands a drink to hard-working father. Rotten with money, that kid, and never a nickel for suffering parent. Suffering, *incurable* parent. Where's he now?" he repeated, with a fresh oath which terrified the woman into the monosyllabic lie:

"Out."

"Always out," complained Mr. Dwyer, aggrieved almost to tears. "Hard-working father comes home, wants see ungrateful son; wants press his hand, wants give him father's blessing, dying father's *dying* blessing, not here."

In keen appreciation of his own mournful eloquence, Mr. Dwyer made his shivering way to the stove and, maudlin in his grief, laid his head upon the mantelpiece and wept miserably. Now it chanced that his despondency led him to his desire, and that he had no sooner bowed his forehead in sorrow than he raised it in joy. There, under his eyes, lay three nickels on a dingy piece of paper; three nickels meaning much stimulant and unlimited free lunch. Gloatingly he wrapped the coins in the paper and pocketed them, and straightway he decamped, leaving his wife shaken with fear, repugnance, and wrath, and tortured by that old, old question: What, *what* could she tell the boy? What could she ever tell the boy? She fell asleep in her chair still wondering. And in the morning she told the boy — nothing.

The days that remained before Christmas were full of breathless excitement for Mike. He made all sorts of vague promises to his mother. He asked her again and again if, in the event of her having an entirely new gown, she wouldn't prefer one of a good, bright red with black spots. He planned all sorts of excursions for her. Wouldn't she like to go to High Mass on Christmas Day? What were her views on a visit to the Eden Musee? Did any of the current theatrical attractions appeal to her? Wouldn't a red dress with black spots be the most suitable thing to wear when they should go to see that classic drama, "The Withered Wedding Wreath"?

He even condescended to discuss heavenly visitants with Patrick Brennan, and to hint at the nature of his demands. The idea of vicarious generosity was new to Patrick, but he adopted it with energy and pinned a new list to the mantelpiece. It puzzled his always puzzled parents, for it commanded a set of doll's dishes and a silver thimble, extra small size.

In the gray dawn of Christmas morning, Mike was astir, and there upon the mantelpiece he found, not the red and black spotted dress, not the shawl, nor the hat, but a very shield and buckler of an Ascot tie,

"'It's something fierce,' Eva sympathized"

impervious to pin or tenpenny nail, and of a most compelling yellow. For some space he was dumfounded, absolutely speechless with disappointment. "He played me for a sucker and he won out," was his vengeful thought. "He's got me good money, an' I've got his dirty truck. I ain't goin' to stand for no such deal." His abhorrence of the yellow Ascot distressed his gentle mother, for the satin atrocity represented to her many an act of self-denial, many an hour of work or even of hunger. He refused to touch it; to allow it to touch him; to see any beauty in its shiny impassiveness, or to agree that it was, after all, a satisfactory proof of the existence of the old gentleman. Upon the whole, that Christmas morning could not be said to have brought peace and good-will to the modest home of the Dwyer's.

Late in the afternoon Michael came upon Patrick Brennan seated in his express-wagon, flourishing his cap-pistol, and being drawn through the crowds of Henry Street by a young lady who wore on the thumb of her uncovered right hand a silver thimble — extra small size. Almost instantly the two Hibernian gentlemen appeared to be at swords' points. And Miss Gonorowsky, waiving the ceremony of a formal introduction, was all voluble concern.

"It's something fierce," Eva sympathized. "In all my world I ain't heard how it is fierce. He takes bunches of money from off of you und don't gives you nothings only neckties that you don't needs."

"That's what he done," said Mike grimly. "He played me for a sucker."

"Und mit Patrick," Eva continued, "he makes all things what is polite. He gives him cap-pistol, und wagons, und dolls' dishes, und thimble — Patrick gives me the dishes und thimbles. From long, a man makes like that with my papa. He takes money, und he don't sends goods, und my papa he goes where judges und lawyers sets, und they arrests the man, und they makes him he shall give back the money on my papa. Do you know where them judges und lawyers sets?"

Michael pondered on the suggestion. He was familiar with the workings of the law and had assisted at evictions, man hunts, raids, and riots, and had often been present at the Essex Market Police Court when his own disreputable father stood before the magistrate. On the following morning, therefore, he approached the court-house and demanded audience with the judge, who had always taken a kindly interest in his small fortunes. And Mr. Dwyer, senior, never knew that his commitments were somewhat longer than his offenses demanded, simply because the judge was interested in the struggle which a small, honest-eyed boy was making; and had endeavored to remove — as effectually as might be — the stumbling-blocks or the stumbling parent which stood in his way. Michael's charge was explicit:

"A swell guy wid white whiskers done me dirt," he announced.

"Go on," said the judge, as the clerk of the court prepared to record the complaint, and some ladies in search of local color got out their note-books.

"Go on, what did he do to you?"

"He took an order for goods, he took me coin, and he delivered this here necktie."

"A very fine necktie. It seems warm and it ought to be becoming."

"It ain't what I ordered," said Mike "and it ain't what I wanted."

"What was your order?" asked the majesty of the law.

"A lady's hat, some good tea, a lady's shawl, and black and red dress-goods for a lady's dress — a small lady."

The clerk of the court made careful entry of this haberdashery, and the ladies in search of local color marveled audibly until the judge restrained them.

"A yellow satin necktie," he solemnly agreed, "does not occur in this invoice, but I should think it might perhaps be a little more useful to you."

"Me!" exclaimed the boy, in quick scorn. "Say, did youse think I wanted them fixin's for *me*?"

"For some friend, perhaps?"

"I wanted them things for me mudder," Michael asserted belligerently. "She's too much in the house, she is. I want to take her to the theayter, and 'round to see the sights, and show her a little life."

"Bless his heart," murmured an emotional tourist from the upper West Side. "Bless his little heart of gold."

"Madam," the judge sternly reminded her, "this is the court-room — not a church," and then of the boy, he asked:

"How large a deposit did you send with this invoice?"

"I left fifteen cents for him with the order, and he come and got it."

' 'A swell guy wid white whiskers done me dirt,' he announced"

"And you don't regard the yellow satin necktie as covering that amount?"

"It ain't worth nothin' at all, 'cause I don't want it. I want the things I ordered, or I want me money back, an' I want you to arrest that foxy gran'pa, an' make him act on the level."

"For whom shall I issue the warrant? What is the name of the accused?"

"Sandy Claws. That's his name. An' Mr. Sandy Claws is a crook for fair."

There was a fresh outbreak on the part of the fair pilgrims from the West Side, and the judge quelled them sternly:

"Mr. Crothers —" he began, addressing one of the lawyers, who had been an interested spectator of the scene — "may I ask you to attend to this case? The clerk will hand you a copy of the original invoice and, until we locate the accused, the expenses will be defrayed by the court."

The harassed Mr. Crothers was ruefully examining the list when one of the tourists stepped forward and asked permission to address the court. She had borne no part in the recent enthusiasm, she looked capable and calm. The judge folded his arms and nodded acquiescence, and she laid a card before him. He waited with a new consideration until she began to speak, and the card's effect upon both Mr. Crothers and the clerk of the court was remarkable.

"I am, as you see, the representative of Mr. Santa Claus."

"I have often, Madam," said the judge, "heard of you in that connection, but your name will be found upon the everlasting records of a court much higher than this."

"— and we were obliged to take on a number of new packers for the holiday rush season and regret that several mistakes of this sort have occurred. The gentleman who ordered this necktie called at the warehouse early this morning and reported that some ladies' furnishings had been left at his apartment. It is altogether regrettable, as the gentleman had planned to wear these goods at his wedding yesterday, and in consequence of their non-delivery was obliged to retain his overcoat throughout the ceremony. He was very indignant, and Mr. Santa Claus was greatly distressed. If this customer will withdraw his complaint, and if the court will grant me the custody of the goods now in his possession, I shall see that the mistake is rectified."

The judge turned to Michael, whose naturally sharp expression had grown steadily sharper since the intervention of this alien female.

"Do you agree to this proposition?" he asked.

"Naw," said Mike, "I don't. An', yer Honor, don't let her bunco you like the old gent done me. He fooled me out of me fifteen cents, but the old lady don't get nothing as long as she don't give me nothin'. They's all in the same gang, I tell you. If they think such a awful lot about the gent's yellow tie, why don't they bring me mudder's hat, an' tea, an' shawl, an' dress-goods? I'll trade quick enough."

"I should suggest," was the urbane ruling of the bench, "that this plan be adopted. I will set over this hearing for two hours, and I direct that both the plaintiff and the representative of the defendant shall then appear before me. Next."

Throughout the hearing of intervening cases, Michael held the disprized necktie with watchful care. It shone like a slab of petrified butter through its tissue paper wrappings. The transaction was evidently puzzling him a little, and his eyes narrowed suddenly with new suspicion when the lady reappeared, still calm and still alert, followed by Mr. Crothers, still impressed, but now laden with bundles.

The judge reopened the case by ordering that the bundles should be undone and their contents compared with the list and submitted to Mike. They were all perfectly satisfactory, and Mike, still puzzled, released the yellow necktie and gathered up his treasures. The lady was the first to leave the court-room, and Mike paused for a last word with his friend.

"Your Honor," said he, "do you think the old gent tried to work a con game on me? It don't seem to me like all this song and dance about mistakes was on the level."

"Oh, I think so, Michael," the judge replied. "I have heard of Mr. Santa Claus for a number of years, and I never knew him to get into trouble before."

"Well, maybe you're right," agreed Mike, "but the thing looks funny to me. It seems to me like the lady was in the game with the old gent. Perhaps she's his wife, you can't tell, and she got scared that you and me would pinch their joint. It's good I came to see you. And say," he cried, "you seen me mudder once, didn't you?" The judge's memory traveled back to his one ineffectual attempt to induce a panic-stricken little woman to testify against her useless husband. No array of brass buttons or of officialdom could force her to admit discord in the music of their life. Terrified but loyal, she resisted all cross-examining and persisted in denying to all her world what all her world knew.

"Yes," said the judge, "I remember."

"Well," Mike continued, "she wasn't feeling just right that day. But just the first time I can get an hour off, I'll get her to fix up in these here fixin's, and I'll bring her 'round and let you see how she *can* look. She sure is a daisy."

"Do," said the judge, "I shall be honored. Next."

THE GREAT JEWISH INVASION

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

THE Jews of New York City have recently celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their settlement on Manhattan Island. In many ways it was the most triumphant episode in the long and lugubrious history of their race. It marked what is unquestionably Israel's highest stage of social, political, and industrial development. It commemorated the progress of an energetic people from poverty to wealth, from ignorance to knowledge, from political and social ostracism to independence and power.

More striking still, it emphasized the vast contribution which the Jews have made, and will continue to make, to our complex American civilization. Our greatest American city is already, as far as numbers are concerned, largely Semitic. The twenty-seven Portuguese Jews who obtained a scant asylum in 1655 have multiplied into a colony of 800,000 souls. This is the greatest Jewish community ever assembled, in ancient or modern times, in any one place. Jerusalem itself, at its period of greatest development, sheltered not one-sixth as many Jews.* Warsaw, the largest Jewish city except New York, contains 300,000, Lódz, 120,000, and Vilna, 100,000. In the whole United States there are 1,400,000; thus, in New York City three-fifths of our total Jewish population is found. In the greater city one man in every five is a Jew; on Manhattan Island, one man in every four. And the Hebrew population grows faster than the other racial elements. The Biblical injunction is still accepted literally by Israel. For every twenty Jews that die, thirty-five are born. By immigration alone the Jewish districts increase 70,000 a year. At the present rate, New York, in ten years, will contain a million and a half of Jews — a city as large as Philadelphia now. While Mr. Zangwill and his fellow enthusiasts preach the return to Palestine, the real modern Zion, greater in

* Estimate furnished by Dr. Isidore Singer, editor of the *Jewish Encyclopedia*.

New York Jew now sits in President Roosevelt's cabinet.

Unquestionably, we are thus face to face with one of the most remarkable phenomena of the time. New York, the headquarters of American wealth, intelligence, and enterprise — the most complete physical expression, we have been told, of the American idea — seems destined to become overwhelmingly a Jewish town. More remarkable still, the great mass of its Jews are not what are commonly regarded as the most enlightened of their race. They are not drawn from Germany, from France, from Austria and England — countries in which the Jew has been practically Europeanized; but from Hungary, from Poland, from Roumania, from Galicia, above all from the Russian Empire. Before the Russian migration began in 1881, New York contained only about 50,000 Jews, practically all Austrians and Germans; since then its Jewish immigrants have come largely from eastern Europe. Between the German and the Russian or Polish Jew there is almost as much difference as between the German and Russian Christian. The former is extremely liberal in his religious observances; the latter extremely orthodox. The one is the product of free institutions and a tolerant civilization; the other is the victim of religious and economic persecution. In New York the German and Russian Jewish populations have always kept distinct. Intermarriages have been about as infrequent and as much frowned upon as between Protestants and Catholics. Nevertheless, the German element is probably not one-sixth of the whole Jewish population. In a word, New York is not only largely, and probably destined to be overwhelmingly, a city of Hebrews, but a city of Asiatics.

This is the direct result of the domestic policy of the Czar. Alexander III., Nicholas II., M. Pobedonostseff — in the last analysis

One of the most picturesque sights in lower Manhattan is the fish-market underneath the Williamsburg Bridge. Here the East-Side Jews display that remarkable instinct for barter which has given them a race reputation.

they have founded a community 75,000 strong in the area north of Central Park from Fourth to Lenox Avenues. Further south, even in so definitely established an Irish section as Hell's Kitchen, they have gained a foothold. They have taken up enormous areas in the Bronx; have crossed in large force into Brooklyn; and have built up whole areas in New Jersey. Williamsburg, once a German settlement, is now almost exclusively Jewish. Brownsville, in the eastern district of Brooklyn, contains 100,000 Jews, where ten years ago there were only a few hundreds. The Jewish population is by no means confined to the tenement districts. It largely peoples the expensive property east and south of Central Park. It occupies many of the most elaborate palaces along Fifth Avenue. It lives in state in Central Park West, on the ridges of the Morningside plateau, and along many of the finest thoroughfares of the West Side.

An East-Side Jew of the thriving proprietor class. "The East Side is possessed with an unending earth-hunger. Wherever you see a Russian Jew, however insignificant his station, you see a prospective landlord"

The Jews are active, and invariably with success, in practically every business, professional, and intellectual field. The New Yorker constantly rubs elbows with Israel. The thoroughfares abound with Jewish hucksters, selling all imaginable jimcracks; certain streets are almost impassably clogged with Jewish push-carts. Jewish young men are generally occupied as clerks, bookkeepers, and salesmen; Jewish girls are largely employed as stenographers. Take a walk up Broadway or the business sections of Fifth Avenue — the names on the signs are almost invariably Jewish. Turn into the great popular shopping district of Sixth Avenue — the largest department stores are owned by Jews. Drop in at the opera or the theater — the bediamonded audience, and even the performers, are frequently members of this race. Manhattan's fifty theaters are practically all controlled by Jewish syndicates. The most successful plays are the work of Jewish playwrights. Actors and actresses who received their training in the Ghetto now draw enormous audiences on Broadway. In Wall Street, business is largely in Jewish hands. Japan, for financial assistance in the recent war, turned several times to a great Jewish banking house of New York.

In all the professions the restless Hebrew is found. In the courts, the litigants, the lawyers at the bar, not infrequently the justices on the bench, are Jews. Many leading physicians are loyal Israelites. In the public schools they are the largest numerical element; the teachers, too, are frequently Jewesses; and in the higher educational institutions — Columbia University, the City College, and the Normal School — they invariably carry off the highest honors. In the public service they are conspicuous, especially when positions are obtained by competitive examination. In the newly organized tenement-house department, for example, three-fourths of the 400 employees — clerks, stenographers, copyists, and inspectors — are Jews. They often represent the city at Albany and Washington; and Jews from New York have been sent abroad as ambassadors. A

New York Jew now sits in President Roosevelt's cabinet.

Unquestionably, we are thus face to face with one of the most remarkable phenomena of the time. New York, the headquarters of American wealth, intelligence, and enterprise — the most complete physical expression, we have been told, of the American idea — seems destined to become overwhelmingly a Jewish town. More remarkable still, the great mass of its Jews are not what are commonly regarded as the most enlightened of their race. They are not drawn from Germany, from France, from Austria and England — countries in which the Jew has been practically Europeanized; but from Hungary, from Poland, from Róumania, from Galicia, above all from the Russian Empire. Before the Russian migration began in 1881, New York contained only about 50,000 Jews, practically all Austrians and Germans; since then its Jewish immigrants have come largely from eastern Europe. Between the German and the Russian or Polish Jew there is almost as much difference as between the German and Russian Christian. The former is extremely liberal in his religious observances; the latter extremely orthodox. The one is the product of free institutions and a tolerant civilization; the other is the victim of religious and economic persecution. In New York the German and Russian Jewish populations have always kept distinct. Intermarriages have been about as infrequent and as much frowned upon as between Protestants and Catholics. Nevertheless, the German element is probably not one-sixth of the whole Jewish population. In a word, New York is not only largely, and probably destined to be overwhelmingly, a city of Hebrews, but a city of Asiatics.

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A JEWISH WORKING-GIRL

these are the responsible creators of the New York tenement districts. An edict is issued commanding all the Jews in the Pale to leave the country and settle in the towns; instead, several hundred thousand settle in New York. Again, the Jews are driven from Russia itself into the old Polish provinces; and a few more hundred thousand find their way into the Manhattan Ghetto. A mob robs and slays and ravishes at Kishinef; and thousands seek protection in the lower East Side of New York. The greatest immigration is that at present under way, precipitated largely by the Japanese war and the Russian internal troubles. Russia prohibited Jews from becoming officers in her army, but impressed them into service as private soldiers in Manchuria. The one refuge from this fate is a two- or three-room flat on Hester Street or East Broadway. Again, such events as the dissolution of the Duma have enormously increased Jewish immigration.

No people have had a more inadequate preparation, educational and economic, for American citizenship. "Out of the four or five million Russian Jews," said a leading St. Petersburg newspaper in 1893, "only from ten to fifteen thousand have a stable means of subsistence." "What did you do in Russia?" the East-Side Jew is frequently asked to-day; a shrug of the shoulders is the invariable reply. For a century all manner of restrictive laws have heaped up against them. They are kept out of all the learned professions, virtually forbidden the primary schools, the technical institutions, and the universities,—even those which they have founded themselves, — and prevented from owning or leasing agricultural land. Practically everything they have is taxed — their kosher food, their skull-caps, their praying shawls, the candles which the pious Jewish housewife lights every Friday night. They are shut up in a few cities, forbidden to live in the

A sweat-shop type. "The Russian Jew . . . is a remorseless pace-maker. He allows himself no rest nor recreation, and works all hours of the day and night. He saves every penny, will constantly deny himself and his family nutritious food, and until he has made his mark will live in the most loathsome surroundings"

country or in the Russian towns. By the State they are treated as outcasts. They are not Russians and never can become such; in the caste system of Russian society they are reckoned in the same class with the Kirgniz of Siberia, the Kalmucks of Astrakhan, and other semi-civilized tribes. Thus, when they land at Ellis Island, they are to a large extent ignorant, unable to read or write; personally uncleanly; without professions or skilled trades; inevitably with a suspicious hatred of governmental authority. Their only capital stock is an intellect which has not been stunted by centuries of privation, and an industry that falters at no task, however poorly paid.

In spite of all these drawbacks, the Russian Jew has advanced in practically every direction. His economic improvement is paralleled by that of no other immigrating race. In accumulating wealth, in liberating himself from ignorance and poverty, the Irishman, the Italian, the German, even the German Jew, cuts a poor figure beside the Russian and Pole. We hear constantly of the Ghetto's poverty; we seldom hear of its wealth. And yet no section of New York generates so many rich men. New York's greatest business and residential sections are filled with Russian Hebrews who started among tne tenements ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years ago. In the section from Sixtieth to Ninetieth Streets, and from Lexington to Park Avenue — one of New York's premier residential districts — there are said to be 500 Russian and Polish Jews whose fortunes range anywhere from $100,000 to $1,000,000.

Let us take a few specific instances. There is Harry Fischel, the owner, among numerous other properties, of the Grand Street Theater. Mr. Fischel, a native of Vilna, arrived at Castle Garden in 1884 with just sixty cents in his pocket. In Russia

he had been a carpenter; and the first week or two he spent — getting food, Heaven knows where — tramping from tenement-house to tenement-house, or standing, saw in hand, at the junction of East Broadway and Canal Street, looking for a job. He finally got one — at three dollars a week, part of which he had to send home to Russia to keep his aged parents from starvation. Soon this was increased to six; and after a year and a half in this country, Mr. Fischel found himself with a painfully accumulated fortune of $250. With this he married and set up business for himself. He became a builder and prospered greatly. In one year he made $300,000. He is now worth not far from $800,000, and has built a $60,000 residence only a block or two from Andrew Carnegie's Fifth Avenue mansion. Then there is Harris Mandelbaum, who came during the anti-Jewish persecutions of the early '80's. He started in as a peddler. He toured the Irish and German sections with a pack on his back, containing clothes, calicoes, cheap jewelry, and miscellaneous notions. He rose in time to do an instalment business — furnishing wearing apparel to the poor at the rate of fifty cents a week. In this way he accumulated enough to buy a tenement-house. He is now the owner of some twenty parcels of real estate, and easily worth a million. From Warsaw, about thirty years ago, came two brothers, tailors, Abraham and Julius Cohen. They became ol' clo' men and finally opened a second-hand clothing store on Baxter Street. Neither can read or write; but they long since passed the million-dollar mark. One of those driven to this country by the persecutions of 1891-92 was Herman Adelstein, a tinsmith. He had had no opportunities, educational or otherwise. He obtained employment in an iron-shop, and finally became a proprietor himself. His fortune now exceeds $400,000. Nathan Hutkoff came here thirty years ago from Kebart. He was a glazier, but had not succeeded in keeping his head above water at home,— he was forty years old at the time of his landing. He went about the East Side, putting in lights of glass for a pittance; then he opened a little glass store on Canal Street. He is now one of the largest plate-glass merchants in New York. His fortune is estimated at $400,000. Bernard Galewski came over twenty-five years ago. He was a shoemaker, and in an alley-way on Orchard

SELLING HOT SWEET-POTATOES — A LUCRATIVE OCCUPATION ON THE EAST SIDE

Street — he could not afford shop rent — he began repairing shoes at from five to twenty cents a pair. He went into real estate, and is now worth several hundred thousand. Israel Lebowitz started as a peddler about twenty years ago. In this way he became the proprietor of a small "gents' furnishing store" on Orchard Street. This developed into what is now one of the largest shirt-manufacturing establishments in New York. Mr. Lebowitz has at present some $500,000 invested in Manhattan real estate. Hiram Spectorsky, formerly a peddler of feather dusters, owns property valued at $250,000. Samuel Silverman, who began as a worker in the sweat-shops, is now a cloak manufacturer, with a fortune estimated at $500,000. S. Friedlander, a millinery merchant on Division Street, has made $500,000 in twenty-five years. And so on. The list might be extended indefinitely.

In his activities here the Russian Jew evinces two marked characteristics. He is a remorseless pace-maker. He allows himself no rest nor recreation, and works all hours of the day and night. He saves every penny, will constantly deny himself and his family nutritious food, and until he has made his mark will live in the most loathsome surroundings. Whether a child in the primary schools, the bent stitcher in the sweat-shops, the manufacturer, the merchant, the professional man: constant industry, the determination to succeed — that is his only law. Again, he is an individualist. The Russian population is a great mass of incoherent human particles. Take a walk in some crowded East-Side thoroughfare — say, Grand Street — some evening after the theaters are emptied. On Broadway the crowds move orderly; they naturally form in two lines, one going north, one south. On Grand Street, however, there is no regular division of traffic; each individual selects his own path, picking his way confusedly in and out among the crowd. This is precisely the way this enormous mass of 800,000 Hebrews moves among the city's industrial, financial, and social activities. Organization it incompletely understands. There is tremendous energy, but it is expressed individually and not collectively.

The occupations in which the Russian Jew has largely succeeded are those to which, because of these two characteristics, he is most adapted. Naturally, thousands drifted at once into the miserable occupations in which they had been trained. They bought or rented push-carts and became peddlers of all kinds. Only a comparative few, however, found continued employment in these traditionally Jewish occupations. The great mass have been living refutations of a popular anti-Semitic libel — that the Jew is congenitally a money-changer, a trader, and not a workman, a manufacturer, an actual producer of wealth. New York's great Jewish community has always supported itself by the labor of its own hands. It is the city's largest productive force and the greatest contributor to its manufacturing wealth. The Russian Jew had not been here many years before he had worked himself, in large numbers, into all the productive industries. By thousands he took to rolling cigars, making paper boxes, manufacturing surgical instruments, wrought-iron articles, lamps, hardware, cut-glass, practically all the ready-made woodwork used in the building trades, proprietary medicines, drugs, leather goods, cutlery, furniture, upholstery, wagons, harness — indeed, it would be hard to find a manufacturing field in which he has not succeeded. His greatest triumph, of course, has been his absolute control of the clothing trades. This is the largest industry of New York. It employs 175,000 craftsmen, who annually turn out a product valued at $300,000,000. It manufactures more than one-half of all the wearing apparel — men and women's suits, cloaks, overcoats, underwear, hosiery, neckties, collars and cuffs, shoes, slippers, etc. — used in the United States. Its predominant factors are now the Russian Jews.

Precisely as they supplanted the Irish and Germans in their homes, have they taken their places in these trades. Fifty years ago all our tailors were native-born Americans; later they were Irishmen and Germans; now they are Jews — with a new sprinkling of Italians. Under the Jews, however, the business has reached its largest proportions. They have turned the whole East Side into one huge workshop. Their inclination to the clothing trades is probably explained by the two traits already described — their intense ambition and individualism. In no manufacturing line was the Russian Jew so left to himself. In most trades he was held down to certain hours, to the production of a certain day's work, to a fixed wage, and to affiliation with trade-unions. In the tailoring-shops, however, he

A Jewish mother, one of the finest Hebrew types. The face expresses the intelligence and deep-rooted vitality which have been the enduring heritage of the race

was entirely free. Freedom meant to him, not short hours and idleness, but long hours and constant work. Instead of laboring in a factory and submitting to its arbitrary rules, he worked at his own home as long and as steadily as he chose.

Likewise, the tailor-shops gave greater opportunities of competence and possible wealth. Under the Jew, labor became minutely subdivided. The feature of the business was the subcontracting. From the position of journeyman to contractor was only a step; from contractor to manufacturer and wholesaler a comparatively easy stage. Thus the whole sweating system was explained by the reckless ambition of all parties — of workmen to become contractors, of contractors to become large manufacturers. For the same reason the Russian Jew kept out of the labor movement. Unions were organized, but only at great crises; they faded away as soon as the

purpose aimed at succeeded or failed. Trade-unionism is antagonistic to the Jewish character. It abolishes competition among workmen by equalizing wages and work. The Jew, however, constantly strives to get ahead; to him the competitive system is the industrial ideal.

In recent years, the Jewish manufacturer has pressed into service thousands of Italians. He has quickly utilized an alien population living on a lower economic plane than himself. In the control of the business he has forced to the wall not only the German, the Irishman, the native-born, but the German Jew. Recently one of the largest cloak manufacturers in the country, a German Jew, failed; he had succumbed to the competition of the Russian Jews. The prevalence of Jewish names on Broadway has already been noted; but the important fact is that German names every day give way to Russian. Ten years ago the signs were all Oppenheimers, Rothschilds, Adlers, and Rosenthals; now the Rabinovitzes, Horowitzes, Welinskys, and Finkelsteins are increasing constantly.

From Fourteenth to Twenty-third Street, Fifth Avenue, the former homes of the Knickerbocker aristocracy have been replaced by Jewish business blocks. In the building at the corner of Twenty-first Street and Fifth Avenue every floor bears a Jewish sign

The growth of this industry has necessitated the reconstruction of great areas of New York. Before the Russians came, the section west of Broadway and south of Fourteenth Street was one of the city's most disreputable parts. The Jews have torn down block after block of brothels and erected huge clothing factories in their stead. The whole of Broadway, from Chambers to Fourteenth Street, has largely been rebuilt for their occupancy. Here are enormous ten-, twelve-, and fifteen-story buildings, filled from cellar to roof with Jewish clothing manufacturers and merchants. Their most remarkable architectural achievement, however, has been the rebuilding of Fifth Avenue, from Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third Street. Thousands have admired the beautiful granite and marble sky-scrapers which, in the last ten years, have replaced the former homes of the Knickerbocker aristocracy; but how many have imagined that they house scores of wealthy Russian Jewish merchants, who, twenty or twenty-five years ago, were ragged and penniless immigrants? In one generation the clothing business, in their hands, has progressed from the second-hand store of Baxter Street and the sweat-shop of East Broadway to the beautiful steel buildings on Manhattan's most expensive thoroughfare. In the last five years not far from $15,000,000 has been invested in new Fifth Avenue buildings to provide accommodations for hundreds of Jewish clothing manufacturers, who, a few years ago, started on the East Side. In 1882 a large mass-meeting of sympathetic New Yorkers was held at Chickering Hall, Eighteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, to protest against prevailing Russian persecutions of the Jews. Chickering Hall has recently been demolished and a twelve-story granite warehouse building erected, now filled with prosperous

Jewish merchants — perhaps including some of the very unfortunates in whose interest that mass-meeting was held. The builder and owner is himself a Jew.

The other field in which the Russian Jew has outdistanced all competition is real estate. Here again he found a field for his restless energy and his individualism. Into landed property go all the profits made in the clothing and other manufacturing industries; and of the thousands of small shops scattered all over the East Side. With the Russian Jew it is the exclusive form of investment. Stocks and bonds are absolutely unsalable upon the East Side. The principle of dividends is incompletely understood. In this, as in all things, the Russian is an individualist; he cannot share property ownership with others. A few slips of paper, theoretically representing proprietorship of a part — that is not property in his eyes. On the East Side, prestige attaches generally to wealth; but especially to the ownership of real estate.

THE CRITERION CLUB

This organization, which supports a costly club house on Fifth Avenue, has an almost exclusively Jewish membership

Thus we find a great active community working as one man for a single end — the acquisition of the soil. The East Side is possessed with an unending earth hunger. Wherever you see a Russian Jew, however insignificant his station, you see a prospective landlord. In attaining this position there are no hardships that he will not endure. Tenement properties are expensive, ranging, on the East Side, from $35,000 to $50,000 each; but thousands of humble immigrants are their owners. They frequently start in the smallest way. First they become lessees. By constant saving the East-Sider gets together $200 or $300, with which, as security, he gets a four or five years' lease of a house. He moves his own family into the least expensive apartment. He himself acts as janitor; his wife and daughters as scrubwomen and housekeepers. He is his own agent, his own painter, carpenter, plumber, and general repair man. Thus he reduces expenses to the minimum. He lets out apartments by the week, always calling promptly himself for the rent. By thus giving constant attention to his work, he has, perhaps, a few hundred dollars every year as profit. By the time his lease expires, this has swollen to a few thousands. With this he buys a tenement outright. He puts down from $3,000 to $5,000 on a $45,000 building, giving one, two, three, sometimes four mortgages in payment of the rest. Then he repeats his old operation: moves into the cheapest flat, presses his family into service, cuts down all possible expenses, and gives the property his own immediate supervision. When the third or fourth mortgage comes due, he has invariably made enough out of the building to pay it off. He keeps on hard at work and likewise pays off the third and second. Then, as his rents still come in, he invests them in more tenements; until, as a monument to a life spent in the hardest sacrificial toil, he may own a string scattered all over the town.

Frequently, after several years of the closest living, he may still not have the $400 or $500 necessary for a start. In that case he organizes a "syndicate." A number of Jews get together and pool their interests. Usually they are from the same Russian or Polish town, and they name their association after their birthplace. Each man puts in $50 or $100; and jointly they acquire a small equity, the mortgages payable in "instalments," one and two hundred dollars a month. They manage the properties together; and as the indebtedness is reduced, one after another drops out of the syndicate, his interests purchased by the rest. Ultimately the building remains the sole possession of one of the original associates. The rest have profits, anywhere from $500 to $1,000, with which they begin business on their own account, and soon blossom out as prosperous landholders.

The Russian Jew is not only the largest investor in real estate, but the most extensive speculator. As already said, he will not speculate in stocks; but he is an inveterate land-gambler. A real estate department is added to nearly every East-Side business house. Furniture merchants, clothing manufacturers, small storekeepers — all make a side issue of real estate. One partner devotes his time to piling up the profits on the East Side; the other rapidly converts them into landed property. Operations are carried on with the smallest possible margin. An entirely new system has been devised. The largest operators buy long-vacant properties by the block, giving a liberal first mortgage in part payment. They subdivide and sell to another group, taking a little cash and a second mortgage. The latter in their turn divide and again sell to still smaller fry, who put in a few dollars — sometimes paying this with notes — and give back third mortgages. And so on. Twenty-five or fifty dollars cash is sufficient capital to give one a hand in the game. If the lots are finally improved and the buildings sold to investors, the mortgages are converted into cash, and each participant takes his profit. And the East-Side Polish or Russian Jew is wonderfully successful. Many as are the possible pitfalls, he seldom falls in. Hardly one of the great string of mortgages is foreclosed. If he once risks a few hundreds or a thousand dollars, he will work all hours of the day and night and literally starve to death before he will let go.

The great increase in the population of New York and the opening of new lines of transit — the subway, the under-river tunnels, and the bridges — have furnished unusual opportunities for real estate speculation. Thousands of hitherto inaccessible acres have been brought within the inhabitable area, and property values have been enormously increased. Practically all these profits have been realized by East-Side Jews. The subway, for example, has added millions and millions to the value of vacant land which it traverses; these millions have gone into the pockets of the recently-landed Russian and Pole. The native population has been strangely obtuse. In the main, new lands opened up have been the former country-seats of well-known Knickerbocker families. In the past year these old families, instead of themselves realizing the full increment in the land, have handed it over to the capitalists of the East Side. An area especially rich in historical associations is that extending from the northerly boundary of Central Park northwesterly to the Harlem River. This is the path of Washington's famous retreat. All along this territory, in the last year, have followed the Jews of the lower East Side, buying up the old estates, parcelling them out to each other, and realizing enormous profits. Here the Jewish builders are already at work putting up acre after acre of apartment- and tenement-houses. Into them is rapidly crowding a Jewish population. In a few years practically all of Washington's old battlegrounds will be occupied by thousands of Russian Jewish exiles. The East-Side Jew has also crossed to Brooklyn and bought up the ancestral acres of numerous old Long Island families.

The Russian Jew is thus the most important factor in determining the physical growth of New York. He decides where the people are to live and the form their housing is to take. He does this, not only because he controls the land, but because he also controls the building business. Not far from 1000 apartments and tenements are built in New York every year, involving an investment of at least $60,000,000. This enormous business is almost entirely in Jewish hands Under them the building of tenement-houses has become a staple business, like the production of ready-made clothing or women's cloaks. The ranks of the builders are constantly recruited from the shoemakers, butchers, and garment-cutters of the

East Side. As in other fields, the Jew shows his wonderful ability in operating on a small capital. With a few hundred dollars he buys land worth $20,000 and puts up a tenement costing as much more. Rapidity of construction is essential; and the quickness with which buildings are rushed up, rented, and sold almost takes one's breath away. The building business in New York has run the course of many other occupations. Formerly it was controlled by native stock; later it was taken up by Irish and Germans; the latter are now practically driven from the field by the Jews. They build not only tenements, but large apartment-houses, hotels, and office buildings. The Flatiron building, and the Broad Exchange building, the largest office building in the world, were financed by companies whose master minds were Jews. The great clothing buildings on Broadway and Fifth Avenue, already described, are the handiwork of Jewish builders.

Not only the contractors, but in many instances the workmen, are Jews. Hundreds of tenements on the East Side are put up by Russian carpenters, bricklayers, ironworkers, painters, and other craftsmen. Every year from Russia come thousands of workmen in the building trades. Many recruits are also turned out by the Jewish technical schools. Those who declare that Hebrews do not take kindly to the manual trades should visit Seward Park any morning. Here, rain or shine, stands a large aggregation of Jewish carpenters, saws in hand, waiting for work. Practically none speak English, and their appearance is all raggedness and humility. The Jewish painter is also a familiar figure. Jewish workmen in the building trades, no more than in the clothing business, are attracted by the unions. Most look forward to the day when they will become contractors, even owners of tenement-houses. To get their start they are willing to work for small wages and long hours; in the building business, indeed, there are already the beginnings of the sweat-shop. There is the same minute subdivision of contracts, the same quick change from workman to employer. In building, too, the Jew's pace-making tendencies are manifest. Artisans of other nationalities, especially union men, regard him with contempt, and harshly criticize his work.

In the brief space of twenty-five years Russian-Jewish immigrants have acquired the fee to a considerable proportion of Manhattan Island. Their holdings aggregate in value hundreds of millions. In the real estate transfers now made, at least seventy-five per cent of the buyers belong to this race. In the great Jewish quarter — the section south of Houston Street, north of Oliver, and east of Broadway — the former starving subjects of the Czar now hold seventy per cent of all the land. In two or three years they will have it all. Up to 1880, when they first began to come, this was held largely by the great estates — the Astors', Stuyvesants', Rutgers', and Whitneys'. These estates, however, rapidly sell off to Jews. Even the Astors, most tenacious of land-owners, have felt compelled to retire in their favor. The Jews also own the larger part of Harlem. In the section bounded by One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Streets, Seventh and Lenox Avenues, are some sixty blocks, containing about 3,000 parcels of property, aggregating in value not far from $60,000,000. Five years ago, when the last census was taken, there were very few Russian Jewish landholders here; now they control almost every parcel. They own these and other areas, because they have shown themselves the fittest to survive. It is easy to say that they grind the tenants; that they make them pay higher rents than other landlords; that they give them poorer quarters in flimsy buildings. It is even said that they are responsible for the horrible tenement system of New York. Of course, this is untrue; the tenements existed decades before Jewish immigration began; present housing conditions are no worse than those existing in the fifties or sixties. There are few Jewish landlords more neglectful of their tenements than Trinity Church. The Russian, however, has unquestionably made the tenements yield greater returns. Apparently the Jewish workman can pay higher rents than his Christian brother. Perhaps it is because he spends less in drink and gambling, and works harder and more persistently. At any rate, wherever you find a Jewish settlement, you find high land values. There is no tenement district in New York where property is so expensive as in the lower East Side.

Of the material prosperity of the Russian Jew, therefore, there can be no question. He will never crowd our almshouses nor be a serious drain upon private charity. But is he assimilable? Has he in himself the stuff

of which Americans are made? One point in his favor must be at once set down; his enthusiasm for America knows no bounds. He eagerly looks forward to the time when he can be naturalized. An alien Jew legally entitled to citizenship is a rarity. He has no allegiance to forswear; and he cannot return to Russia. The rapidity with which the New York Jew adopts the manners and trappings of Americans almost disproves his ancient heritage as a peculiar people. He objects to being regarded as a thing apart, and goes to extremes to make himself like the native-born. Everything that typifies the Russian he seeks to shake off. Thus he has a mania for changing his name. The Russian -skis and -vitches are liberally dropped. Levinsky becomes Levin; Grafinsky, Graf; Kudinosky, Kudin; Michaelowitz, Michaels. Ingeniously the Russian or Polish is transformed into good old Anglo-Saxon. Stepinsky becomes Stevens; Snidlowsky, Sheldon; Willinsky, Wilson. Davidowitz readily translates into Davison or Davidson, Jacobson into Jackson. Russian and Polish Jews commonly have German names, precisely as they speak, not Russian — which only the educated know — but a German dialect. These are readily translated or transformed into English. Weiss becomes White, Preiss, Price, and Reiss, Rice. A certain Mr. Jaim Kele, after a few months' residence, blossomed out as Hugh Kelly. They also abandon their surnames with no pretence of translating. In the Jewish quarters you will meet hundreds of Smiths, Robinsons, Browns, Johnsons, Taylors, and Greens. One of the leading clothing manufacturers is a Mr. Jones. They even name themselves after the old East-Side streets. There are many Ludlows, Delanceys, Rutgers, Rivingtons, and Clintons among recently arrived Hebrews. They regard their former connection with Russia as a degradation. Those born close to the Prussian or Austrian border line regard that fact almost as mitigating the disgrace. If they came here when small children, too young to remember the Pale, that is a cause of special pride; and nothing can exceed the gusto with which a scion of the second generation informs you that he first saw the light in the United States!

They do more, however, than change their names. They change their homes, and adapt their manner of life to that found here. That they lower the standard of living is a ridiculous accusation. They do not constantly draw the rest of the population to their level; they constantly seek to raise their own. In describing the Russian Jew, too much emphasis is always laid upon the lower East Side. That is the home of the newly arrived, and of the old. The life ambition of most residents of the East Side is to leave it. In this the children are especially persistent. They quickly outgrow the three- and four-room flat. Their parents may have worked in the sweat-shop, but they eschew it. The increase of Italian workmen in the clothing trades, and the gradual decrease of Jews — to which attention has already been called — is one of the most striking evidences of economic improvement. Under the pressure of the second generation the old folks pack their goods and leave Hester, Suffolk, and Essex Streets for more sanitary and pretentious quarters. The prosperous, as already said, find their way up to Lexington, Madison, Park, and Fifth Avenues, and the adjoining streets. The great Jewish *bourgeoisie*, however, lives in Harlem. The section from Lexington to Seventh Avenues, One Hundred and Tenth to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Streets, is a great Russian and Polish community, made up almost entirely of East-Siders who have outgrown their station. About 70,000 have emigrated northward in the last five years. Even more have crossed into Brownsville, in the eastern section of Brooklyn. In other places — in the Bronx, the Lenox Avenue part of Manhattan — new ghettos have sprung up. In two years an enormous population has settled in East New York. Lands upon which, in 1904, potatoes and cabbages grew, are now covered with up-to-date apartment-houses and dwellings. None of the East-Side impedimenta have been carried north. There are no push-carts, no itinerant peddlers, no marriage brokers, no red lights. Yiddish is never heard, except when the old folks get together; and familiar Jewish mannerisms — that queer gesture with the uplifted palm — are infrequent. The women do not appear in the streets bareheaded; they wear American millinery, natty white shirt-waists, and tan shoes. The little girls have on the most up-to-date frocks; the little boys the everlasting Russian blouse. Instead of a three- or four-room flat, each family has five or six or seven rooms. "Crayon portraits," brass bedsteads, artificial flowers,

"oil paintings," instalment pianos, an incipient library — everything suggests the middle-class American home.

Politically, the Jew's individualism is his saving grace. It prevents him from organizing in a mass. There is no such thing as the "Jewish vote" as there is an "Irish vote," and still, to a considerable extent, a "German vote." The Hebrews of New York are not controlled as a unit by political leaders. They vote for one party at one election, for another at the succeeding. Better than any other element, even the native stock, do they meet the two supreme tests of citizenship; they actually go to the polls, and when once there, vote independently. Politically the most interesting assembly district in Manhattan is the Eighth — the one with the densest Russian Jewish population. Here all but four per cent of the registered electors voted last November. The average stay-at-home in the whole Borough was seven per cent. In the district with the largest native American population, the Twenty-third, the absentees numbered six per cent. From this we must conclude that the Jewish people fulfil the obligations of citizenship — the actual voting — more regularly even than the native-born. And the statistics also show that they vote with discrimination. A study of the election figures for several years shows that there are only eight assembly districts in Manhattan that do not invariably vote one way; districts, that is, evidently with political convictions. They contain Manhattan's great "independent vote," which holds the balance of power. Included in these eight banner districts are the Eighth, Tenth, and the Sixteenth — sections predominantly Jewish. By all odds the most noteworthy is the Eighth. It contains such well-known Ghetto streets as Hester, Delancey, Eldridge, and Allen. Politically, it is always uncertain. Its population is about evenly divided between the two great political parties. One year it has a Republican assemblyman at Albany; next year a Democrat. It voted for Bryan in 1900; for Roosevelt in 1904. Coler (Democratic) captured it in the governorship election of 1902; and Higgins (Republican), in that of 1904. The Tenth, also exclusively Jewish, shows the same independence. It voted for Low in 1901, and for McClellan in 1903. In 1904 its ballots were cast for the Republican candidates on the National ticket, and the Democratic on the State. Politically, therefore, it cannot be said that the Jews are a problem. In partizan politics their influence is decreased because of this very independence. Their leaders are unable to deliver their votes and thus are unable to demand much patronage. Of the thirty-five district leaders of Tammany Hall, in spite of the preponderance of the Jewish population, only one is a Jew. In all the East-Side districts except one, the Irish still control the party machinery.

IN EXTREMIS

BY

GEORGE STERLING

TILL dawn the Winds' insuperable throng
Passed over like archangels in their might,
With roar of chariots from their stormy height,
And broken thunder of mysterious song —
By mariner or sentry heard along
The star-usurping battlements of night —
And wafture of immeasurable flight,
And high-blown trumpets mutinous and strong.
Till louder on the dreadful dark I heard
The shrieking of the tempest-tortured tree,
And deeper on immensity the call
And tumult of the empire-forging sea;
But near the eternal Peace I lay, nor stirred,
Knowing the happy dead hear not at all.

FLOOD-TIDE

BY

MARGARET CAMERON

AUTHOR OF "COMEDIES IN MINIATURE," ETC.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

HALSTEAD had checked his trunk and was making his way toward the Forty-second Street entrance, where he was to meet Carter, when he caught sight of her. For an instant he paused, frowning, still gripped by the determination not to see her again in which his long struggle had resulted. Then he remembered that it would be the last time, and gave himself five minutes for the conventional leave-taking which would be all that could be possible in such a place.

"Will you stop long enough to say good-by?" he asked, at her shoulder.

If she caught her breath, he did not notice it for trying to control his own unsteady pulse. He gathered, however, a comfortless impression that her glance was entirely calm.

"How did you hear that I was going?" Her voice sounded unnatural in her own ears, and she forced a more even tone. "I intended to 'fold my tent like the Arab.'"

"You!" he exclaimed. "You going away? Where?"

"Just at present, to spend a day with my cousin at New Haven. I'm early for my train, I think. My watch stopped."

It seemed to him all at once that she looked very tired. Her eyes were duller than their wont; about her mouth lay drooping lines; he missed the customary easy elasticity of her bearing and a certain buoyant quality in her voice.

"Shall we sit down for a moment?" That she hesitated before accepting his suggestion disquieted him further. Hesitancy was not characteristic of her.

"I beg pardon,"— Halstead was sensitive —"perhaps you are not alone? Or Dewing is coming?"

"No," she said. "See that funny little man with the broad shoulders and the short legs. He looks as if he had been forty years a football player, and had gradually been telescoped. By the way, what was the score Saturday?"

Halstead replied briefly: "Tie. Six to six," the while he nursed a cumulative indignation that any man bearing, as Horace Dewing did, the immeasurable distinction of being Betty Davenport's accepted lover, could be so ungrateful and indifferent to the honors and privileges of his position that he could permit her to start on even so short a journey without his attendance, at least to the ticket gate.

Following his thought, he asked: "Shall you be long at New Haven?"

"Only until to-morrow afternoon."

"Oh, of course! You'll return for the Keene's dinner to-morrow night!"

"No." She did not soften the brevity of her reply.

He turned to her in surprise, but her glance was toward the door.

"See that nice old — why, it's Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge!" She rose as two smiling, white-haired people came toward them, the man in clerical dress.

"Have you seen Mrs. Bidwell?" asked Mrs. Eldridge. "We are to meet her at this train. She's coming to visit us."

"No, I haven't seen her," replied Betty.

"I hope she's not going to miss it! Ordinarily we could wait, but Mr. Eldridge has a wedding to-night, and we must get home. I wonder if she could find her way alone?"

"If I see her, shall I tell her —— ?"

"Oh, if you please! Tell her, Betty, that we *had* to take this train, and we'll have a cab at the station to meet the next one. Thank you so much! Come, James."

"But Betty may not see Mrs. Bidwell," mildly protested the clergyman. "There will be other trains, and ——"

"I decline to take any risks," interrupted his wife, whose firm tone in no wise discounted the sweetness of her smile. "You must not be late at that wedding, James. Everybody would say I had managed so badly! Mrs. Bidwell will come along presently, I'm sure."

"If I see her —" began Miss Davenport.

"Yes, if you please! Good-by," and the gently protesting clergyman was borne away by his energetic spouse.

Betty laughed. "He'll not be late at the wedding," she said, resuming her seat.

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Eldridge? Rector of 'The Three Angels' at New Rochelle. He used to be in Albany. He married — and buried — my parents, and christened me."

"And I suppose he'll marry you." Halstead used the carefully commonplace tone with which a man masks his wounds.

"I don't know." Her glance seemed to wander vaguely. "What is that megaphone man saying? It must be time for my train."

"Not quite, I think. I — please don't think me intrusive, but — is it to be soon?" Halstead knew that he was playing with fire, but he felt a savage pleasure in torturing himself with temptation to which both pride and honor forbade his yielding.

"Soon? What?"

"Your wedding."

She met his glance with reserve. "I don't know," she said, coldly.

"I beg pardon. I asked because I am going away, and if it is to be soon — very soon ——"

"*You* are going away? For long?"

"I am going to Japan, for — forever, I hope." Striving to make his tone light, he still did not trust himself to look at her, for fear of what his eyes might tell of suffering.

"When?" Only an almost imperceptible hardness in her tone indicated the tension under which she held herself.

"Now,— to-night. My train leaves at 6:35, and I have just time to connect with the 'Empress of India' at Vancouver."

"Isn't this — very — sudden?"

As the cool voice slowly dropped the words, resentment stirred him. It seemed to him that she might at least feign regret; their friendship had apparently been pleasant to her. There grew in him a bitter desire to end it all quickly, and to get away. Over the confusion of many voices sounded the drone of the man with the megaphone, while Halstead replied mechanically to her query.

"Sudden? No, not particularly. I have been considering an excellent offer to go out there, and yesterday I cabled that I would take this steamer. I think your train is called. Shall we go?"

The girl sat perfectly still. "To Japan," she said, "and for years." Halstead winced and arose with decision.

"Your train," his tone was formal; "I must not detain you."

"Oh, I've decided to wait for Mrs. Bidwell," she replied, hurrying her words; "didn't I tell you? I'm in no haste, and she might not understand that they will expect her."

Halstead almost groaned as he resumed his seat beside her, and in the silence that ensued between them he moodily bit his mustache, while around them moved the eddying crowds, and above the sound of many feet tapping the paved floor came still the monotonous announcement of departing trains.

Suddenly the girl stripped off a glove, and laid a ringless left hand in her lap. Then, because it shook, she frowned, and gripped the fingers around the magazine she held.

"Then you won't be at the Keene's dinner, either." The light tone conveyed no hint of the trembling that had fallen upon her. "How fortunate for them that the number is merely diminished by two! Eleventh hour invitations are so awkward, and poor relations are usually obvious expedients."

"You intend going on somewhere from New Haven, then?" Halstead's mind was busily seeking a means to end, decently, a situation that he felt to be increasingly difficult, and his question was perfunctory.

"Yes, I'm going — home." For the first time her voice escaped control, and the last word was almost inaudible.

"Home!" he echoed. Incredulously, he turned to look at her, but for once her eyelids were lowered, and she failed to meet his glance. Her left hand moved slightly, but its tentative suggestion was lost in his preoccupation.

"Home!" he repeated. "You're going home — alone — like this?"

"Oh, I didn't tell anybody. I was — tired, and — and I just ran away. I didn't want anyone to come — here — with me." Her voice still wavered uncertainly, and she

continued to look steadily at the gloveless hand gripping the magazine.

A growing excitement burned in Halstead's eyes.

"But Dewing?" he demanded. "Dewing knew?"

Under the eager pursuit of his glance, the feminine instinct of flight reasserted itself. She hid her left hand under its gloved fellow, and gathering all her forces in an effort to assume the calm frankness which, to women of her type, is an armor, forced herself to meet his glance with apparent simplicity, and to speak with deliberation, covering her retreat.

"Oh, yes, Horace knew. He said he would come to the train, but I told him I'd rather not."

Halstead fell back, biting his mustache, and his brain jeered at his impulsive heart.

She altered her position, sitting more easily, her lighter tone suggesting that the relaxation was not alone physical. "And you?" she asked. "Why is there no one to see you off?"

"There is," he replied. "Carter was to meet me here. He's probably waiting in the crowd over there by the door somewhere."

"Then I mustn't detain you." She glanced at the clock, and again it seemed to him that she looked pitifully tired. "Your train goes at 6:35? You have only half an hour."

He arose unwillingly now, determined to seize the opportunity to end the strain and yet reluctant finally to leave her presence. She arose, also, and instinct giving way once more to the impulse born of parting, extended her bare left hand. "Good-by," she said.

When he took the hand, the close, nervous clasp of it comforted him, even while it threatened his careful self-control.

"I wish you knew —" He checked the impulsive words and stood looking down at the hand he held, wondering how he should complete the sentence without betraying himself and leaving regret with her.

As his glance fell for the first time on her fingers, she held her breath for an expectant instant; then the quick light died out of her face, leaving it paler than before.

"I do know that Mr. Carter will never forgive me if I keep you longer. He must be growing impatient." She moved her hand as if to liberate it, gently adding, "Good-by."

"Good-by," he dully responded. "I'm going to Japan, and you'll marry — *Betty! Where is your engagement ring?*" Snatching at the fingers that had almost slipped from his clasp, his breath caught in his throat, and his eyes blazed into hers the story of his heart.

"It's gone. I gave it back to Horace," she whispered, when she could control her lips.

"When?"

"This morning."

"Why?"

Against the encroachment of his tone, her last feeble struggle began in hysterical flippancy and ended in capitulation.

"Because his name commenced with D." Her laughter was palpably artificial. "'Change the name and not the letter,' you know — ah, *please* let go my hand!"

He released it instantly, but his eyes compelled her gaze as he bent toward her.

"I love you! I love you!" he whispered.

"Oh, don't!" She shrank slightly and covered her flushing cheek with her hand. "Please — not here!"

Obediently drawing a little away from her, his quick glance found in the careless, hurrying crowd no impediment to the course of his long restrained wooing, but he touched her arm, and they stepped aside a few paces, out of the thickest current.

"Betty," he asked very gently, "do you love me?"

Her lips quivered. "Oh, why do you ask me here?" she cried. "You know — you must have known — and I *couldn't* marry Horace after I realized —" A sob choked her, and he waited while she fought for self-control. When he spoke again, his voice was grave and quiet.

"I never even dreamed it, dear. If I had, do you think I would have run away from you?"

A faint smile crept into her eyes. "Were you running away? So was I. I was afraid ——"

"Of me?" gravely.

"Of — life, I think. It seemed so big, all at once — and so tragic!"

"But you knew that I ——"

"Oh, no! Sometimes I wondered if you did — a little; but not often. I only knew that I was afraid. Now —" sudden realization widened her eyes, and her tone grew sharper. "Dwight, *must* you go to Japan — now?"

For a moment he pulled at his mustache, while she stood anxiously watching the tenser lines appear in his face, half unconsciously noting the streaks of gray over his temples, and about his eyes the traces of sleepless

nights. From a neighboring bench, an elderly woman yielded them, with tender reminiscence, the tribute that all the world pays a lover. A party of travelers, laden with bags, golf-clubs, umbrellas, and rugs, jostled them in passing, and the voice of the train-caller came again monotonously through the long room.

"I'm afraid I must, dear," at last said Halstead. "You see, it's rather important to the man at the other end. Certain serious business interests depended upon my decision. I have accepted, and now if I fail him ——"

"But the next steamer!" she begged. "Look, we have only twenty minutes!"

He frowned, pulling still at his mustache, and she pressed pleading fingers for a moment on his arm, removing them at once.

A vigorous, clean-featured man of thirty-five, or thereabout, approached them, smiling.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "You two look as if you were deciding the destiny of the Universe. Give it up, Halstead! You've only twenty minutes left."

"Hello, Carter!" Halstead mechanically extended his hand. "Thought you weren't coming."

Carter cast a whimsical glance at him, responding dryly: "Oh, did you? I've been holding up a door-post at our trysting-place over there for exactly twenty-five minutes! Miss Davenport," sadly shaking his head, "this chap isn't right! Doesn't this sudden whim of his to rush off to the other side of everywhere impress you as being decidedly crazy?"

"I've been trying to persuade him to stay over one steamer for — treatment," said Betty. She endeavored to respond to his mood of raillery, but as she turned to Halstead, her eyes grew wistful again. "Will you?"

"Betty, I can't! I *must* go, and I can't even be sure that I can come back for you for a long time. Perhaps — would you be willing to come out to me — by and by?"

After looking into his face a moment, she turned her troubled glance toward the mystified Carter. Thus recalled to a realization of his friend's presence, Halstead continued: "See here, Carter, it was no end good of you to come to see me off, but the truth is —" Betty was looking toward the door, but as he paused, she flushed and nodded slightly — "the truth is, Joe, Miss Davenport has just promised to marry me, and — and so — you see —" he paused, frowning expectantly.

"To marry — *Jove!*" gasped Carter. "Why! — why!" It was obviously impossible to ask what had become of Dewing.

"You see, I was going away," hurriedly broke in Miss Davenport, her head very high and her cheeks very pink; "I was — I am — going home to-morrow — to my aunt's in Albany, you know. I — it was impossible for me to remain here any longer ——"

"Oh!" comprehensively ejaculated Carter.

"And — and we just happened to meet here. I'm going to New Haven to-night, and — and he said he was going to Japan, and — and ——"

"To be sure! Certainly!" Carter interrupted her breathless utterance with soothing conviction. "Nothing could be more natural! And you're simply the luckiest mortals in the world that you found it out in time. I've seen it all along! Oh, I'm a regular old woman for match-making, and anyone can see with half an eye that you two were just born for each other. Now, I'm off. Bless you, my children!" He gave a hearty hand to each. "It's mighty tough your having to part like this, now, isn't it? Why don't you go along?" he inquired of Betty.

"Nobody axed me to," she laughed, winking the tears off her lashes.

"Betty!" Halstead seized her arm. "You wouldn't! Would you?"

"Blessed man, how could I — in fifteen minutes? If you'd give me half an hour, now — !" in a gallant attempt to be merry.

Halstead bit his lip. "Joe, is there any way of getting to a preacher and back here in a quarter of an hour?"

"Not that I know of, but you might bring Mahomet to the mountain. I saw Mr. Eldridge a minute ago."

"Not *my* Mr. Eldridge!" cried Betty. "Oh, no! They took the 5:50."

"Then it's their ghosts! I saw Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge and some other woman come out of the tea-room not five minutes ago. They're probably out there now, waiting for their gate to open."

"If I only had a license!" groaned Halstead.

"Don't need one in New York State," alertly responded Carter. "Shall I run?"

"Betty, Betty, will you go?"

"Why — why — if — oh, Mr. Eldridge christened me!" she finished impotently, feeling the breath of Fate upon her.

"Run, Joe!" cried Halstead, but Carter was off before the words were formed.

"Betty -- oh, my love, will you marry me here - - now -- and go with me?" Regardless of the throngs about them, he took her hands, and bent his head to read her face.

"Why - - I - - how can I? How can you? Oh - - it isn't possible!" The brave voice shook pitifully. "Oh, Dwight, suppose he shouldn't find them!"

"You *darling!*" he breathed.

After that, they stood, tense and motionless, watching the doors that lead to the tracks. Presently appeared the rotund figure and placid face of Mr. Eldridge, followed in rapid succession by his wife, Mrs. Bidwell, and Carter. Mrs. Eldridge reached them first.

"James insisted upon waiting for Mrs. Bidwell, and we missed four trains," she exclaimed. "My dear child, have you *thought?*"

Miss Davenport hid her face in the older woman's shoulder, whispering: "I don't have to think: I know."

"Betty," softly and tenderly, "do you love him? Are you very sure?"

The girl lifted her head, flushing proudly. "Mrs. Eldridge, *this* is Dwight," was her conclusive reply.

The clergyman's wife turned from her scrutiny of Halstead's face as her husband joined them, panting a little from his rapid walk.

"It's all quite as it should be, James," she announced. "The dear child is exactly like her mother."

"Bless my soul! Bless my soul!" gasped the old man. "How you young people do rush things! My dear Betty," in a low tone, as he drew her apart from the others, "isn't this very sudden? What about Horace Dewing?"

A shadow fell athwart her face. "I am very sorry about Horace, but -- he understands. I told him — the truth."

"You told him - —"

"I had to be honest, hadn't I, Mr. Eldridge? He was very good about it." Quick tears wet her lashes, but she blinked them off again. "And I was going away — I really was! But I met Dwight here, and — oh, Mr. Eldridge, he's going to Japan."

"Yes, yes, young Carter told me. My dear child - - -"

"James," interrupted Mrs. Eldridge, "if you don't make haste with this wedding, you'll miss the other one entirely. Come over this way."

They followed her to a comparatively quiet spot near the west end, and there, while the locomotives without rumbled a mighty triumphal paean, the simple old words of the marriage service transformed, for that little company, the resounding vault of the railway station into the lofty spaces of a cathedral, and the multitudinous voice of the hurrying throng became to them a hymning choir, chanting unceasingly of the love that is brave to meet life and strong to endure.

"God bless you, my dear." Mrs. Eldridge wiped her eyes, kissed Betty, and promptly embraced the commonplace that crowds ever upon the heels of romance. "What about your things? Shall I send your trunk after you?"

"Why — it's here — somewhere. I was going home, you know." In Betty's eyes shone ineffable light, and she seemed to speak from a great distance.

Mrs. Eldridge took Betty's purse from her unresisting hands and extracted from it the transfer company's receipt.

"James, take this and find that trunk quickly." Her husband hurried away. "Mr. Halstead, have you a ticket for your wife?"

"No, not yet. You see, I ——"

The clergyman's wife took instant possession of the roll of bills which Halstead drew from his pocket and, thrusting a part of them into Carter's hand, concluded her directions.

"Mr. Carter, we have only five minutes. There is not time to get a through ticket. Get one to Montreal, find Mr. Eldridge, check that trunk, and meet us at the gate in five minutes." Carter dashed through the crowd. "Mr. Halstead, at Montreal you can get the rest of your transportation. Give me your Pullman check. I'll try to get you a drawing-room. All you have to do is to go to the gate and wait." The last words were called over her shoulder as she propelled Mrs. Bidwell through the crowd toward the Pullman office.

Halstead turned to his wife in silence. She put her hand in his, and for a moment they stood looking at each other in the radiance of this new transfiguration. Then, silently still, he drew her hand within the curve of his arm, and together they walked through the crowded ways of the long waiting-room and out through its portals, into Life.

THE POT-HUNTERS

BY

REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "PARDNERS," "THE SPOILERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I HAD finished the sporting sheet and impatiently awaited the first pages with the war news, but Kink feeds upon written language temperately and with apparent languor; picking it apart, line from line, like a girl eating shoe-string potatoes with her fingers. When I had re-read for a third time all about the victory of the American track team eight weeks before, and was deep in the "Gossip of the Fighters," he finished. We traded halves gravely, for the first spring newspaper is more precious than fine gold, and lends itself neither to jest nor laughter.

It was considerably later that he brandished his pink sheet meditatively.

"What kind of a jack-pot did these foot-racers win, hey?"

"Prizes, do you mean?" questioned I. "Why, they don't sprint for money; they're amateurs. They compete for sport."

Followed a discourse on athletics which he interrupted.

"Don't talk to me about sport; I know it all. Mebbe it's news to you, but I am the human handbook on runnin', an' I promulgates the maxim that necessity is the father of foot-racin'! I s'pose you never heard about Mojave Mike Butters, none to speak of, did you?"

"Certainly!" said I, "an old time pro. He was a pot-hunter."

"Well, him an' me has harvested more goods an' chattels through the bettin' proclivities of the American public than any pair of sportsmen west of Wall Street. His case'll p'int my illustration, I reckon, namely an' to wit: in order to do anything right well, a man has got to have a consumin' motive, like hunger, or marriage, or some sim'lar kind of fright."

Outside the bunk-house, the drip of spring snows told of the coming clean-up, while the soft mountain twilight invited reminiscence.

"I was range ridin' for the 'C Circle R,' an' one day comin' back from the foot-hills I jumped up the ondecentest party I ever see disfiggerin' of nature's perspective. He wore knee panties an' a undershirt without no sleeves. Furthermore, he walked bareheaded, bareleggèd, an' barefoot, carryin' in his hands a pair of dancin' pumps with spikes in the soles. It ain't conventional to flush up no such aspects twenty mile out in the sage-brush, an' the pinto tore up something fierce.

"'How!' says I, peelin' up track to see if somebody was bringin' his trunk.

"He didn't retort nothing relevant; just as't for my knife. I give it to him, an' he begin manicurin' cactus thorns out of his feet.

"Bime by I cl'ared my throat.

"'Nothin' is more repulsive to my nature than vulgar cur'osity,' says I, 'but I deem all precedents is busted by the sight of a man in a bathin'-suit wadin' through a cactus flat with his hands full of shoes. You have upset the processes of reason in me, complete. Be you a crip with some newfangled lung cure, or is these clues the ear an' foot marks of a nimble "get-away"? If the latter, I begs pardon and passes by its animatin' motives without interest, as befittin' a gentleman. If the former, I pines to know more of the treatment an' if it's too impulsive to permit of a man's shoein' hisself.'

"'I'm afraid of bustin' a spike on these rocks,' says he; 'there ain't another pair west of Denver.' An' havin' chiropped sufficient, he stood up.

"I got a real Bertillion of him then, an' the evidence sure tore into the invalid hypothesis, for he loomed up terrible deep in the

chest an' bulky about the boosum. When he tiptoed acrost the road, his calves stood out lean an' stringy, an' them shameless pantalettes showed leg muscles veined like the flanks of a quarter-hoss. Altogether, he looked to need an open-air treatment 'bout as urgent as I hungered for a hossback ride, havin' cantered forty mile since day.

"'Gentle stranger,' I emits, 'maybe you're plenty buxom in the legs, but your speech is plainly feeble an' limpin'. As for me, I am that far lost to all sense of shame that I asks right out: who are you, what is them cock-fightin' slippers for; an' how come you flauntin' your unblushin' nekkedness before the virgin face of me an' Montana?'

"'Them's my runnin' shoes,' says he. 'I'm Mojave Mike, an' I can beat any man, woman, or child, fish, fowl, or foot-racer that inhabits the dry land, or lives outside of Kansas; for any sum or distance up to four hundred yards an' a like total of dollars; flyin' start; money at the tape. I might say further that I am the hind quarters an' workin' capital of a scheme for the invigoration of the sportin' instinct in small towns. The other an' forra'd half of the sketch comprises Rev. Martin Luther Worthy, of Binghamton, New York, who's on ahead with the "Holy Land on a Bicycle"; seven hundred views; an' all the latest song successes. He instigates Y. M. C. A.'s for a main line, an' looks over the ground for me as a side graft.

"'I got a letter from him at Pocatello, sayin' that the town of Little River wallered in the belief that it had a sprinter. Along with an' added to this asset, the village now has my clothes an' three hundred an' forty dollars in side bets belongin' to me an' that earnest Christian worker, Dr. Worthy. Them mournful numbers explains this display of my unseemly charms that you alluded at.'

"'So ye bet your whole roll, clothes an' all,' says I, 'an' instead of emergin' garnished with the proud flesh of vic'try, you found the feller could run some after all, eh?'

"Naturally this here epic is good readin' to me, an' I hungers for more.

"He snorts like the pinto.

"'Run? I could give him a start, beat him out, an' be hid before he'd finish. They jobbed me! They're crooked! I'm wise to most every graft, an' when it comes to havin' the bunk handed to me, I'm the armless wonder of the museum — I ain't got hands to receive it; but these fakers laid the goldbrick in my lap while my hands was busy. They're thieves! Run? He's hamstrung, I tell you.'

"Bein' as I could have heard him plain if I'd been hull down below the sky-line, I judges that Mr. Mike had antipathies to his treatment, an' from his tale I don't wonder that sorrow gnawed at his innards.

"It seems he'd wandered into Little River an' got a job as a painter. When he'd been there a week he let out kind of chesty that he was awful fast on his feet.

"It didn't take no time to get his money placed. The village star of hope was a college youth named Mulveyhill, whose pa was mayor of the town.

"The race come off at a picnic the morning I rides onto the scene, an' as near as I could make it out, Mojave had let the boy run close to him in hopes of gettin' another race later on. The judges was holdin' the tape at the finish, an' what did one of 'em do when he see Mike leadin' by six inches, but drop the string before either man touched, an' yell:

"'Mulveyhill wins!'

"He had fifty on the college boy himself.

"When things was right at their worst, a stranger tips him off to the multitude as Mojave Mike Butters, the pot-hunter, an' claims he'd seen him beat the state champeen at Pocatello, usin' sim'lar wiles, only at that time Mike was a miner by name of Jimson. This here Judy Iscariot had lost a hundred on the exhibit.

"These discrepancies sort of fanned the feelin's of the populace into a kind of enthusiasm. Foot-racin' seemed to have got into their systems. They craved further exhibitions of his speed, an' they followed him three mile across the prairie, afoot an' hossback, through cactus an' sage-brush, till their cravin's was assuaged.

"I never did get all the straight of the obsequies, for Mike gets loose from his language whenever he comes to the indignities of this epoch.

"'Pardner!' says I, when he concluded, 'eight mile over yonder is our outfit. I've got a war-bag in the bunk-house with more or less of a troosoo therein. The overhalls ain't been pressed recent, nor there ain't no raised silk monograms on the jumper sleeves, but it'll keep you from mauraudin' over the

welkin in your goose-flesh a-debauchin' the morals of livestock, this-a-way. Moreover, I has forebodin's of a back payroll to the extent of thirty-four dollars, the which I deems it a relaxation to split with you. Is it a go?'

"'We have wasted too much time in idle chatter,' says he. 'Let us advance by rushes on the thirty-four.'

"Somehow I was drawed to this stranger from the first; his methods was that open an' refined.

"On the way over he reverts to the thirty-four subject again.

"'How foolish to toil for a niggardly stipend,' he says, 'when every hamlet supports a pterodactyl who hugs the delusion that he can run, an' is willin' to further the conceit by wagers. There's fortunes in foot-racin'!'

"'Doubtless,' I interrupts, gazin' at his white meat, all cactus scratched, 'but after the horrible example of pot-huntin' prosperity which you presents, I ain't really hungerin' for none of it — not personally.'

"'All the game needs is a lookout,' says he. 'If you an' me was hooked up double with that thirty-four dollars, we could go back to Little River an' clean 'em out slicker'n bass-wood bark. We'd quit the place with money in every pocket, an' plenty of pockets.'

"'Strikes me that some other town further on might lend itself to pillage just as easy,' says I, 'bein' as you're so well known an' abominated there, so to speak.'

"'No, sir-ee! I had an uncle back in Arkansas, that got flimmed on a hoss deal onct, an' when he found it out he called at the party's house with his shot-gun.'

"'"Where's Bill?" he inquires of the gent's wife.'

"'"He's 'listed an' gone to the war," she says.'

"'"Thank yo' ma'am," says he, shoulderin' his weapon an' commencin' to tramp back an' forth, "I'll wait for him."'

'That's me. I'm goin' to wait fer them Little Rivulets.' An' with that he unfolds a scheme which for plumb legitimate frenzied finance had the U. S. Steel an' Shipwreckin' deals looking like a game of old maid for hairpins.

"It has allus been a religion with me that the circ'latin' medium should circ'late, an' it has been my earnest effort to become a full-growed artery therefor. When I'd heard him through, I stood good for him at the ranch, an' the foreman put him on.

"Well, the next day I rode over to Little River an' had a long pow-wow with a barber I knowed. He said he didn't have the dope, but he could get it in Denver by writin', which he done.

"I never seen such a change as there was in Mojave when I got through landscape-gardenin' of him. The oxhide stuff bleached him out till he was yaller as a dance-hall daisy. It was plumb startlin' to see him grow pallid. Altogether it took 'bout a month to get him Swedified proper an' for his mustache to grow, but, as it happened, him an' me was camped over in the Red River flats, with a bunch of yearlin's, where he wasn't bothered.

"We got in line and rode the cayuses back an' forth across the flat till we wore a smooth trail through the grass, 'bout two foot wide an' two hundred yards long. Then every evenin' we'd line out for this stadium, him in his spikes an' panties, me with my Colt's. He'd scrouch down an' stomp his feet into the dirt, while I'd yell:

"'On your marks! Git set! Bang!' an' he'd beat the echo out of range. We lived an' slept an' et foot-racin'. I dreamed about 'starts' an' 'strides' an' 'take-offs' an' such.

"He could run, all right, all right. He had to. Talk about your amatoors that sprint for sport — this party had learned to run or starve, as a boy, an' had never forgot how. Why, say, when he tore hisself loose from a vicinity, it seemed like the whole landscape was crippled. I used to try him out by givin' him a start an' shootin' at him. If he beat the bullet, we figgered he was up to form, but if the lead overtook him, we'd call it an off-day an' underload the ca'tridges. I've seen him scare a jack-rabbit up till it was workin' under forced draught, then limp up to it from behind an' kind of yawn an' stretch, an' then goad it to wake up or else get off the trail an' let somebody run that knowed how.

"Well, when we broke training, he pointed out direct for Little River, while I rode back to the camp an' drawed out of the stock business our wages aggravatin' the stupefyin' total of seventy-eight dollars.

"When I got into town I found him turnin' faro in the 'Ophir' on the swing shift. He'd got a job the first clatter, an' made as

fine a golden-haired cherub as ever robbed a church; different entire from Mojave Mike Butters, who had a mane like the cover of a hair sofa. This blondifyin' seemed to gentle him a heap, too, for he bore up under the burden of 'Curley Terwilliger,' the which sounds to me like some Eastern cuss word.

"That evenin', conversation in the 'Ophir' turned to foot-racin'.

"'Which, though not dependent on same for no livelihood,' says Curley, 'when it comes to runnin' I might lay claim to bein' present with bells — in a strickly amatoor way, of course.'

"'Might you be wedded to such a theery to any extent?' inquires a bystander.

"'Well, yes! I am shore cinched up considerable to the predilection that I ain't no worm on my feet,' says Curley. 'Not that I ever run much since I was a boy in Fredonia, Kansas, but in them days I was a wonder at pris'ners' base an' town ball, an' I ain't wind-broke nor blemished none, to this day. I wouldn't mind reskin' a few stingy pesos on my alacrities; just enough to remove the contest out of the disreppitable realms of church raffles an' such snares.'

"'We has a tender youth who ain't so ossified around the limbs as the rest of us, an' I am minded to place fifty dollars on him if he'll run,' resumes the speaker, who, I finds out, is the party that helped job Mike the time previous; Briggs, by name.

"'You're on,' says Mike. 'Trot out your prodigy any day, an' I'll scratch dust in his eyes. Moreover, I delegates Mr. Martin here, of the "C Circle R," as stake-holder. He's a stranger to me, but he looks good an' disinterested.' So I am selected to that important position. Later on, Mike covers another twenty-five dollar bet; then, seein' as our pile is all in, he declines further wagers.

"'This ain't no get-rich-quick scheme,' says he. 'I am utilitarian in my instincts from the concrete up, an' I'd a heap ruther see this town flourish like the Green Bay, Wis. tree of fiction than be withered by the frost of adversity, as would shorely happen if it coppered me on the tan-bark. This velocity exhibit is goin' to be an educational divertissement with no motive but the upliftin' of the masses an' the greatest good to the greatest number.'

"About ten o'clock the next morning, Curley sneaks out onto the prairie back of the 'Ophir' an' begins shakin' the kinks out of his legs, unostentatious. I'm watchin' him from a back winder, along with most of the sportin' element, an' it is pitiful to see how he has walked into the jaws of the gamblin' vice. It looked like a mud-turtle could give him the run of his life.

"'Lord!' says a bystander, 'my gran'-mother is raisin' eighty-four next month, but I'm tempted to back her agin that tin-horn for a hundred yards. If she can't run rings around him, carryin' her knittin' with her, then I'm a louse.'

"'He ain't much like Butters, that professional we had last July, is he?' says another.

"'Good thing for him,' the crowd murmurs, kind of somber an' darkly forebodin'— 'we don't stand for no pot-hunters in this town.'

"'What do *you* think of this salmon-tipped gambler, Mr. Martin?' they questioned.

"'Bein' interested soley an' strickly in a official capacity,' I replies, gazin' gravely out to where Curley has his pants rolled up, straddlin' about with symptoms of locomotive ataxia, 'I bears the laurels to the victor, that's all.'

"That night, Briggs brings up the subject again.

"'Did the rejuvention of them laig muscles inspire you with any more confidence, Mr. Terwilliger?'

"'Them are the suitablest words for my symptoms,' says Curley. 'Havin' seen how my limbs retains their Fredonia freshness, if this here match wasn't primarily a work of charity on my part, I would certainly overcome my repugnance to a cinch, an' insulate these purlieus from any redundancies of cash that might pain 'em.'

"'Don't let no chivalry to these environs interfere with your natural depravity,' says Briggs. 'I have a hundred dollars which has growed moldy under the hearthstone. Mebbe we can put it in circ'lation.'

"'Sure!' says Mike. 'Your kind indulgence, Mr. Martin'; so I pockets the bet, likewise, two more for twenty-five each, which runs us up to our limit again.

"The game worked so easy that I begin to like the place an' the profession, but with prosperity comes that cravin' of nature that has to be satisfied. We got full, an' filled the floatin' pop'lation of Little River likewise. Nothin' ribald an' frivolous — just a plain New-England-boiled-dinner kind

"'It ain't conventional to flush up no such aspects twenty mile out in the sage-brush'"

of a jag — made up of the necessities, like 'sky' an' gin an' bitters. There wasn't no valenciennes nor point-lace frills to this tear in the way of busted bar-fixtures an' all that. Of course, Curley spent the money, as it would never do fer the stake-holder to frivol nothin' away, thereby arousin' gossip.

"We was kippered for two days, an' seein' him bust trainin' that-a-way, the sports got ravenous for more of his money. We took all bets up to our limit, an' done the same the next night, only gettin' twice as much each night, of course. We kept doublin' up for several days till the impression got out that this new faro dealer was filthy with the spoils.

"How could we do it with only seventy-eight dollars to start with? Why, simple enough. All we *needed* was a start. We bet seventy-five the first night, which give us a hundred an' fifty to bet the next, an' three hundred the next, an' so forth, only it didn't hold up this pleasin' ratio, because we paid cash for the few things we craved, thus cuttin' down the sum total to reasonable proportions, an' easy to handle. When I get to fondlin' too big money, I grow dizzy an' gaze down on mundane affairs from a great height. I get a contempt for the vulgarities of life such as honest work an' the cost of articles; I ignores 'em complete.

"I don't recall such another eary of high-proof lickers an' high-priced livin' in my whole repertory, while the report that this Mulveyhill biped was trainin' for the race filled us with a great an' consumin' mirth.

"Curley nailed all bets which showed their heads, and we entered into the gamblin' areeny, too, at least I did; played 'bank' durin' my wakin' hours. I had mighty poor luck at it; seemed like I couldn't win. I found out, one day, that the game was a 'brace' an' it made me awful sore to think I had fell amongst crooks.

"A few days before the race, I follers the crowd over to gaze pityin'ly on the Mulveyhill invalid out for his airing, an' when I had done so, I felt like I'd clutched with both hands onto the sag in a trolley wire. I didn't note no tracks of a wheeled chair goin' out, an' when I got there, instead of seein' a hundred-pound college boy, totterin' down the track with a cigarette in his mouth, my eyeballs was seared onto a party about six foot long, all dyked out in dinky pants an' spike shoes like Mike's. Moreover, he was lean, like a race hoss, an' as musc'lar as dog-meat. He had a heavy jaw an' an eye like the flash of a bowie, an' even though he was a head taller than Mike, he handled hisself like a bantam.

"Just as I got placed, 'Crack!' went the starter's gun for a try-out.

"Gentlemen! The mild-Key-West-two-for-a-dollar bow-sprit in my face turned flat an' tasteless, an' I realized that this here world is a deceitful, unfeelin' vale. That man faded away like a mist, that's all. When he whizzed off, the sod tore out in hunks at every stride, an' he made a buzzin' sound in the air, the pitch of which kept gettin' higher, the further he went.

"'He'll make Mike look like he's runnin' backwards,' thinks I, an' the desire growed on me coldly, of a sudden, to do some urgent bookkeepin' an' strike a trial balance.

"It calc'lated up that I was involved on the debit side of the populace of Little River to the extent of eight hundred an' forty-five dollars. If they won I'd be called on for sixteen hundred an' ninety Kopecks, V. D. Q. As assets for the performance of these covenants, I had three hundred an' thirty in coin of the realm, the balance havin' been doled out for necessaries durin' the week. I ain't no lightnin' calc'lator, but it didn't take me a minute to get the right answer to this problem, viz., the difference in them quantities divided by the result of this foot-race made a lynchin', as clear as day, an' a lynchin' in which I might claim an interest. I proved an' reproved the example, but the quotient was the same every time.

"As I gazed out to the west'ard, the purple foot-hills beckoned to me. Up beyond I seen the main range, cool, mysterious, an' what was better, trackless. Before I realized it, I was sa'nterin' toward the outskirts of that benighted village, bearin' a heavy heart an' a look of innocence. A camp that growed ostriches like the monster I'd just quit was no place for an honest man, an' I planned to shift my game to other lands. It made me shiver to think what a pit of iniquity I had avoided. No doubt the foot-racin' game would go great in some places, an' I judged Mike an' me could do well elsewhere — say at some sanitarium, or a One-legged Soldiers' Home— but we was plainly out-classed here.

"I hadn't gone three hundred yards before the town marshal tapped my snap.

"'You'll oblige by omittin' any constitootionals outside the town limits till after the races, Mr. Martin,' says he, overtakin' me. 'No offense, mind, but the boys has delegated me as body-guard an' guide to you; just to show you around an' keep you from gettin' confused as to directions, also to prevent any trees from fallin' on you.'

"Bein' as there wasn't a rose-bush in forty mile, I seen that his fallin' timber simile was most apt an' pleasin'. Therefore, we sa'ntered back down the main street, arm in arm, boilin' over an' runnin' down the sides with mutual esteem an' confidence.

"I hunts up Mike.

"'We're agin it,' says I.

"'You're crazy,' he answers.

"'Not crazy, just unfortunate. Listen to this! There's only one man in the whole world that can outrun you. I meet up with you nekked, in the underbrush, an' am inveigled into backin' your play. I puts up all my coin, an' lo! We draws that fast runner, the first clatter. Again, you stand to lose nothin' in this race but your breath, an' a little ground, while I am goin' to part absolute from both breath an' ground, if signs don't fail.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'Well, this angleworm can outrun the Morse Code, an' my books don't balance, there bein' a triflin' discrepancy of thirteen hundred an' some odd dollars.'

"'Don't worry!' says he, 'I'll beat him. It's as easy as kickin' a lamb in the face. He's an amatoor; I'm a professional. He runs for sport; I run for grub. I've *got* to win. Why, I've laid awake nights gloatin' over the thoughts of doin' unto them what they done unto me last summer.'

"Well, his talk chirked me up considerable, though I growed awful nervous as the time approached.

"I s'pose the total census of Little River dreened off to the fair grounds the day of the race, an' it seemed like they'd all got some kind of a bet on Mulveyhill.

"In them days foot-races wasn't started with no gun-shot like they are now, because there wasn't no runners philanthropic enough to take chances on the starter bein' friendly to the other side an' allowin' his man to beat the gun. No, they used the old-time professional start. That is, they jockeyed back of the scratch, runnin' up to it together, but the race wasn't started till both men had crossed the line. In other words, neither one had to start till he figgered he had a shade the best of it, an' as there was no time limit set, they could fiddle as long as they wanted to.

"There was a bunch of buckboards an' ranch wagons near the finish, an' the committee seen that I got foot room on a buggy seat right clost to the tape, where I was easy prey for the winners. I seen Briggs eyein' me scroop'lous, while the marshal stood handy to thrust hisself between me an' danger or temptation.

"I near fell off when I gazed into the eye of that mob, an' realized how my bank roll stacked. They all had bristly whiskers, an' yaller teeth, an' suspicions of me, apparently, while as for milk of human kindness, them pastures was dry as Death Valley. This episode had snuck out of the comedy field an' was wallerin' hock deep in the blackest kind of tragedy.

"'S'posin' Mike casts a shoe, or busts a blood-vessel, or goes crazy with the heat?' I thinks. All of which catastrophies looms up, of a sudden, not only horrible, but plumb imminent an' impending, so that I

"'On your marks! Git set! Bang!' an' he'd beat the echo out of range"

"'I NEAR FELL OFF WHEN I GAZED INTO THE EYE OF THAT MOB, AN' REALIZED HOW MY BANK ROLL STACKED'"

goes spineless an' soggy like a paper bag full of sour milk. I dassent show symptoms of these impendin' dissolutions, however, 'cause the marshal has his cold, unfeelin' eye on me constant; therefore, I prays for stiff knees so that I don't wabble overboard, squash down, an' mush out all over the ground. Scared! Oh, no! I wasn't horrified, nor hopeless, nor aghast. Them words is feeble an' senseless, an' language shrivels all up over feelin's like mine. They has to be endured to be appreciated, an' few has the constitootion to endure 'em. To make matters harder, I was up in full view an' bass-relief where those who run might read, as it were.

"Just when I diagnosed the worst, a yell streamed out of that ravenin' wolf-pack that shoved over the magnetic pole about three degrees. I thought it was my blood they hungered for till I seen Mulveyhill trot down the track to limber up.

"The college man has on his runnin' pants an' a sweater with a whackin' big letter on the front — most likely his initial — an' all over him is medals an' break-a-brack to burn. To hear 'em, you'd think that assembly had mortgaged the fillin's in their teeth on that lad, while Mike never got a hand as he come out. He looked to be fat an' soft, compared to the amatoor, an' moreover he kind of loafed around like he didn't rec'onize the importance of his lines. The boy was keyed up like a fiddle-string; on his toes an' prancin'; but Mike just slopped about like he'd been robbed of his sleep, the which was such fine comedy to me that I begin my prayers fervent.

"'Too much wood-alcohol an' bitters in that yaller-hammer,' says a party as Mike trots by. 'He's too strong a booze-fighter to run fast.'

"'He'll blow up in fifty yards, sure pop,' says another. 'Wish I had a twenty case note on it.'

"First time up to the mark the youngster beat Mike over by a yard. I never see a man so sudden at startin'; he didn't run; he just occurred here and there. Of course, my pardner stopped short of the scratch, an' the other one come back. It tickled the crowd, though, an' they begin guyin' Mike, while I went gropin' for a Scriptural verse. It seemed like a little singin' an' a few words to the bereaved was about due, but all I could recall was 'The Battle of B'ilin' Water,' so I wore out the first verse of that.

"They tried again, an' it was worse'n ever; he led by five feet, greatly to the frenzy of the populace.

"'What'll he do to Mike when he starts to *run?*' thinks I, while the sweat oozed out of my shoes.

"At the third try he left Mojave like he was crucified, an' I see Mike's teeth showin' as if he was about to bite. He's a hothead, anyhow, an' I could most hear the ivory grindin' in his rage. I don't reckon he'd ever been out-jockeyed that-a-way before, an' what with the crowd growin' personal, he lost his dip.

"'I'll run ye this time if ye beat me over by a rod,' he growls.

"Say! That was apple tartlet *à la mode* for the Mulveyhill beast, an' with them words he left his mark like a shootin' star, Mike foamin' along six foot behind.

"'Go!' screamed several million voices, an' I passed into a trance.

"Down between the lines of hungry faces they come, in a welterin', deafenin' tidal-wave of yells; heads up; hair streamin'; faces knit; two hundred an' twenty yards, straightway.

"Gee! It was a wonderful race, for Mike et up them six long feet, an inch at a time. As he gained slowly, the yells of the bystanders quit till the thud of the runners' feet come out clear in the stillness. At the hundred-yard mark, the boy led by four foot.

"I lived twenty-eight or thirty years in the first fifteen seconds. Then truth flashed over me in a blindin' instant.

"MIKE COULDN'T CATCH HIM.

"At the hundred and fifty he'd picked up another foot, but there he stuck, for the kid was runnin' the race of his life. As they passed me, twenty yard from the tape, I seen Mulveyhill's face all distorted, an' set like clay, in the finishin' spurt; his nerves strained to the snappin' point. Mike was right at his shoulder, but anybody could see he didn't have no show on earth, when, of a sudden, he belched up the *awfullest* holler, right from his pants-band. It busted the silence like a cannon cracker, an' woke me out of my coma.

"If you ever heard a hoss scream in a burnin' stable, just wad that noise into a lump, shoot it out sudden, an' let it bust, an' you'll form some idy of what Mike coughed into the cultured ear of the college man.

"When I heard that scream of despairin' agony, I realized that the stuff was off,

entire, an' that the first law of nature hadn't never been repealed. I let go all holts an' done a back flip-flop out of the buckboard. I hit at half len'th, but at full speed, an' mowed a swath through them merry villagers. Out toward the golden west I started, in an air line for the mountains, eschewin' all subterfudges in the way of deviations.

"'Stop him! There he goes! Halt!' I hears an' with that I finds the law in Little River to be safeguarded copious.

"It felt like that marshal critter had fell on me from a great height. If I hadn't been there to check his fall, he'd have been killed. As it was, he made an awful mess out of the ground thereabouts, but there's something frightenin' about a get-away. Put the bravest man in the world to runnin', an' cowardice eats him alive. At first I didn't have no mania in partic'lar, but the second he nailed me, I got the stren'th of a buffalo. I tossed him in the air an' charged the crowd, but they swarmed at me like timber-wolves. As fast as I shook 'em loose, more come, till I fought blind an' rastlin'; kickin' an' buckin', I doubled an' crow-hopped, but my lungs was bustin', an' the breath whistled back an' forr'ad through me like a hot wind through a Kansas corn-crib. My feet was heavy as divin' shoes, my legs was wobbly, an' then, without warnin', I blew up complete.

"'Cross marks the spot where the body was found,' thinks I, makin' a final rush, but I tripped an' was garnered in by a nigger. We bit an' growled an' gouged, while over us piled the ragin' hoi polloi, the tall, the short, the fat, the slim, the lame, the halt, and the blind.

"'I tossed him in the air an' charged the crowd, but they swarmed at me like timber-wolves'"

"They had to drive an' entry in to where I was imbedded, an' stope me out, but finally I was drug into the daylight, piece by piece, an' assembled all complete.

"The first man I spied was Mike. I say it now with pride, that beholdin' of him that-a-way, I cherished no malice. All I felt was a growin' ca'mness an' the chill of despair. He looked me over queer, from keelson to flagstaff. Then he *grinned!* Strange to note, I didn't hunger to kill him none. I was done with them earthly vanities. No doubt he'd done his best, poor feller.

"He opens his face still further.

"'Come over to the hotel, an' we'll settle up,' says he. 'I 'most lost out!'

"It took several eons of time for them tidings to reach me, an' havin' been left at my address, they digested slow, but so it was.

"You see that screech of his'n done the work. It's a strange thing, but a man can strain hisself so tense that the least little thing, comin' unexpected, is liable to snap his nerve like a fiddle-string. Mike said he'd learned the trick from an Indian down in the Crow Nation, an' it seems that when he hollered in Mulveyhill's ear so fierce an' curdlin', it throwed the boy off, an' he wabbled. That was all — just that tiny break — for he interfered, an' then without warnin', his nerves smashed, an' he fell like there wasn't a bone in his body. When they picked him up, he couldn't walk, an' he cried like a baby.

"Now this is the p'int of my story. You see Mike *had* to win, an' bein' a pro, he done so!

"Well, I stood glarin' at him with the flies buzzin' in an' out of my mouth, till it dawned on me, utter. I turned my head, stiff-like, an' took in my captors one by one, while honest indignation riz up an' strangled me. I throwed out my chest, an' shook myself, savage, hurlin' the guards right an' left.

"'Loose me!' I roars in a voice of thunder. 'This man's entitled to his money, an' I'm goin' to give it to him. Your foul play don't go with *me!* You can tear me limb from limb, but Kink Martin won't never betray his sacred trust!'"

THE DAUGHTER

BY

THEODOSIA GARRISON

IT'S not meself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm complaining,
(He's a good man, is Michael, and I've never felt his frown)
But there's sorrow beating on me like a long day's raining
For the little wrinkled face of her I left in Kerrydown.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other —
Do you mind the morns we walked to Mass when all the fields were green? —
'Twas I that pinned your kerchief, oh, me mother, mother, mother!
The wide seas, the cruel seas and half the world between.

It's the man's part to say the word, the wife's to up and follow —
(It's a fair land we've come to, and there's plenty here for all)
It's not the homesick longing that lures me like a swallow
But the one voice across the world that draws me to its call.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other —
Do you mind the tales you told me when the turf was blazing bright? —
Me head upon your shoulder, oh, me mother, mother, mother,
The broad seas between us and yourself alone to-night!

There's decent neighbors all about, there's coming and there's going;
It's kind souls will be about me when the little one is here;
But it's her word that I'm wanting, her comfort I'd be knowing,
And her blessing on the two of us to drive away the fear.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other —
Do you mind the soft spring mornings when you stitched the wedding-gown? —
The little, careful stitches, oh, me mother, mother, mother,
Meself beyond the broad seas and you in Kerrydown!

EDITORIAL

THE GALVESTON IDEA

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE published in October a study by George Kibbe Turner of the methods and results of the new commission government of Galveston, Texas. This article has aroused an unusual interest throughout the United States.

A leading citizen of Seattle, Washington, writes:

> Your article on Galveston has struck a responsive chord in this city, and a movement is in progress of forming to pursue a similar work here. In the discussion of ways and means, the suggestion has been made that we circulate 20,000 reprints of your article as campaign literature. Can we secure your permission to make such a reprint?

The City Attorney of Topeka, Kansas, writes:

> Your article on "Galveston: A Business Corporation," by George Kibbe Turner, in the October issue of McCLURE'S, has attracted great attention in the West. But prior to the appearance of this, there was a movement under way to secure the commission system of city government for Topeka. Plans are now crystallizing where we need to get the cold facts plainly before our leading men and the members of our State Legislature. No article has been written up to date which so forcibly puts the case favorably to the commission system as this by Mr. Turner, and I write now to learn if I can get permission to print from 250 to 500 copies of this article in pamphlet form for free distribution in this State?

A leader in the City Club of Philadelphia writes:

> It has been a long time since I have had the good fortune to read such an instructive article as that on Galveston, in the October McCLURE'S. Will you favor us by giving permission to the City Club of Philadelphia to publish the article in pamphlet form with due credit?

Other requests for republication have come from those interested in the movement for commission government from places as widely separated as Galveston itself, and Alberta, Canada; while the article has been printed nearly in full in the *Register* and *Leader* of Des Moines, Iowa, where leading citizens are interested in adopting this form of city government.

To all requests for permission to reproduce Mr. Turner's contribution, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has given consent, with the usual provision that due credit be given for it. Such consent is extended freely to anyone in the United States interested in calling the matter of commission government in this way to the attention of citizens. The article was printed in the hope that it would help to further the cause of better city government, and it is a great satisfaction to know that it is serving this purpose.

"We believe," said a citizen of Memphis — where a form of commission government proved eminently successful for a quarter of a century — "that the good citizens are in the majority in any city." All of us believe this; not to do so would be to make the impossible admission that modern society is on a decline to absolute ruin. But if the belief be true, it is full time for us to find means actually to carry out the will of the majority in our city governments.

There is reason to hope that such means are at hand in the Galveston Commission. Occasionally — as in the case of the Australian ballot — there comes to light what may be called a great political invention — a new device for the better use of the big primary social forces in the machinery of society. The Galveston Idea may be in this class. If it be, it will find its way very quickly. The spirit of the people of the United States is at the present moment unusually receptive to such improvements.

The new idea has certainly awakened general attention throughout this country. It is carrying the cities of Texas; it is being strongly advocated for the towns of Arkansas; it is being favorably considered in principal cities of Washington, Iowa, and Kansas. "That the system is worthy of a thorough trial," as the New York *Evening Post* says, "the record of Galveston renders beyond dispute." It is, at the very least, a step toward a thing America must have — simplicity and directness in its form of municipal government. At its best it may mean the regeneration of our cities.

McCLURE'S
MAGAZINE

"WASTE NOT—WANT NOT"

WASTE!

There is no waste for the purse where the housekeeper uses SAPOLIO. It has succeeded grandly although one cake goes as far as several cakes or packages of the quickly-wasting articles often substituted by dealers or manufacturers who seek a double profit.

Powders, Sifters, Soft Soaps, or Soaps that are cheaply made,

WASTE

All powder forms of soap are easily wasted by the motion of your elbow. Many scouring Soaps are so ill-made that if left a few minutes in the water they can only be taken out with a spoon.

A well-made, solid cake, that does not waste, but wears down "to the thinness of a wafer," is the original and universally esteemed

SAPOLIO

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

"HE STAGGERED AND FELL, ROSE AGAIN AND STRUGGLED ON"

"TWO MEN AND THE DESERT," PAGE 631

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII FEBRUARY 1907 No. 4

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

II

MRS. EDDY AND PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY

IN 1861 Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Patterson, and her husband were living at Rumney, New Hampshire, six miles from North Groton, where they had formerly resided. Upon leaving Groton they had first gone to Rumney Station, where they boarded for some months at the house of John Herbert, after which they rented from John Dearborn a small one-story cottage in Rumney village.

Although the Pattersons were still in meager circumstances, their house at Rumney was more comfortable and more happily situated than the rough one-story building behind the Groton woods where they had spent seven years. Rumney village lies in one of the most beautiful regions of New Hampshire and is surrounded by majestic hills which swell toward the White Mountains some twenty miles away. The Patterson cottage stood on an elevation at the edge of the town, facing the highway.

Mrs. Patterson was at this time forty years old, was a confirmed invalid, and for six or seven years had been practically bedridden. Her husband, who irregularly practised homeopathy in connection with his dentistry, had, during this time, treated her unsuccessfully for an affection of the spine. His diagnosis, apparently, was vague, and his treatment experimental. On October 14, 1861, Dr. Patterson wrote to P. P. Quimby, at Portland, Maine, telling him that his wife had been for many years an invalid from a spinal disease. She had heard of Quimby's "wonderful cures," and desired to have him visit her. If it was Quimby's intention to come to Concord, Dr. Patterson wrote, he would "carry" his wife to see him. Quimby replied that he had no intention of going to Concord, and, as Dr. Patterson's circumstances were scarcely such as would permit his undertaking the longer journey to Maine with his invalid wife, he did not write again.

Mrs. Patterson's Appeal to Quimby*

In the following May, 1862, however, Mrs. Patterson herself wrote to Quimby from Rumney, stating that her husband

* It may be well for the reader to get firmly in mind Mrs. Eddy's several names. From 1821 to 1843 she was Mary A. M. Baker. Then she became Mary Baker Glover. In 1853 she married Dr. Daniel Patterson, and remained Mrs. Patterson until 1873, when she obtained a divorce. For a few years previous, however, she was known as Mrs. Glover. In 1877 she married Gilbert A. Eddy, called also Asa G. Eddy.

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had "been captured by the Southrons,"* and that her nerves had suffered severely from the shock. She affirmed that she had "full confidence" in Dr. Quimby's "philosophy as explained in your circular." She had been ill for six years, and "only you," she added, "can save me." Hard as the journey to Portland would be, she wrote, she thought that she was sufficiently "excitable," even in her feeble condition, to undertake it. This "Doctor" Quimby now becomes such a potent influence in Mrs. Patterson's life that some understanding of him and of his theories is necessary for any complete comprehension of her subsequent career

Phineas Parkhurst Quimby was "Doctor" only by courtesy: he had taken no university degree and had studied in no regular school of medicine. He was regarded by the educated public as an amiable humbug or a fanatic, but by hundreds of his patients he was looked upon as a worker of miracles. His methods resembled those of no other physician then in practice. He did not even imitate the spiritualistic and clairvoyant healers who at that time flourished in New England. He gave no drugs, went into no trances, used no incantations, and, after discovering his "Science," did not heal by mesmerism. He professed to make his patients well and happy purely by the benevolent power of mind.

Quimby, the Village Philosopher

Fantastic as this idea then seemed, Quimby was no ordinary medical quack. He did not practise on the credulous for money; and his theories represented at least original thought and patient, life-long study. He was born at New Lebanon, New Hampshire, February 16, 1802, but spent the larger part of his life at Belfast, Maine. He was one of seven children; his father was a poor, hardworking blacksmith. Quimby, therefore, had practically no early advantages; indeed, he spent actually only six weeks at school. As a boy he was apprenticed to a clock-maker, and at this trade he became an adept; the Quimby clock is still a domestic institution in New England; hundreds made by Quimby's own hands are still keeping excellent time. Quimby had an ingenious mind and a natural aptitude for mechanics. He invented, among other things, a band-saw much like one in use at the present time, and was one of the first makers of daguerreotypes. As a child he had shown keen powers of observation and much originality of thought. From the first he disclosed one rare mental quality; his mind took nothing for granted and recognized no such thing as accepted knowledge. He developed into a mild-mannered New England Socrates, constantly looking into his own mind and subjecting to proof all the commonplace beliefs of his friends. He read deeply in philosophy and science, and loved nothing better than to discuss these subjects at length.

The Occult in New England

In those days a man of Quimby's intellectual type did not lack for subjects of interest. In the '30's the first wave of mental science, animal magnetism, and clairvoyance swept over New England. The atmosphere was constantly charged with the occult, the movement ranging all the way from phrenology and mind-reading to German transcendentalism. Quimby's interest was directly stimulated by the visit of Charles Poyen, the well-known French mesmerist, who came to lecture in Belfast. The eccentric clock-maker became absorbed in Poyen's theories, formed his acquaintance, and followed him from town to town. Inevitably, Quimby began experimenting in the subject which so interested him. Discovering that he had mesmeric power, he exercised it upon many of his friends and easily repeated the performance of Poyen and other exhibitors. From becoming their imitator he became their rival. He abandoned his workshop and started out as a professional mesmerist. Among the wonder-workers of the early '40's, "Park" Quimby, as he was popularly called, became pre-eminent. Always considered an eccentric character in his native village, he was now regarded as an outright crank and was the subject of much amiable jocularity. Almost equally well known was his "subject," Lucius Burkmar, a boy of about seventeen, over whom Quimby had acquired almost unlimited hypnotic control. The two traveled all over New England, performing mesmeric feats that have hardly been

* In the spring of 1862, Dr. Patterson had gone to Washington in the hope of getting employment as a surgeon in the Medical Department of the Federal Army. Upon his arrival there he went out with a friend to look over the battlefield immediately after the first battle of Bull Run, strayed into the Confederate lines, and was captured and sent to Libby Prison. He was in prison two years before he succeeded in making his escape. After his return home he lectured upon his prison experiences in various New Hampshire villages.

duplicated since, everywhere arousing great popular interest, and, in certain quarters, great hostility. Psychic phenomena were then incompletely understood; clergymen preached against mesmerism, or animal magnetism, as the work of the devil,— a revival of ancient witchcraft; while the practical man regarded it as pure fraud. The newspapers frequently vilified Quimby and Burkmar; and they were more than once threatened by mobs.

Then, as now, the public mind associated the occult sciences with the cure of physical disease. Clairvoyants, magnetizers, and mind-readers treated all imaginable ills. When blindfolded, they had the power,—according to their advertisements,— of looking into the bodies of their patients, examining their inmost organs, indicating the affected parts, and prescribing remedies. Hundreds of men, women, and children, whose cases "the doctors had given up as hopeless," fervently testified to their power. Thus Quimby and Burkmar inevitably received numerous appeals from the sick. After a few trials, Quimby became convinced that in a mesmeric state Burkmar could diagnose and treat disease. Though absolutely ignorant of medicine and anatomy, Burkmar described minutely the ailments of numerous patients. He also prescribed medicines, which, although absurd to a physician, seemingly produced favorable results. For three or four years Quimby and Burkmar practised with considerable success. Consumptives, according to popular report, began to get well; the blind saw, and the halt walked.

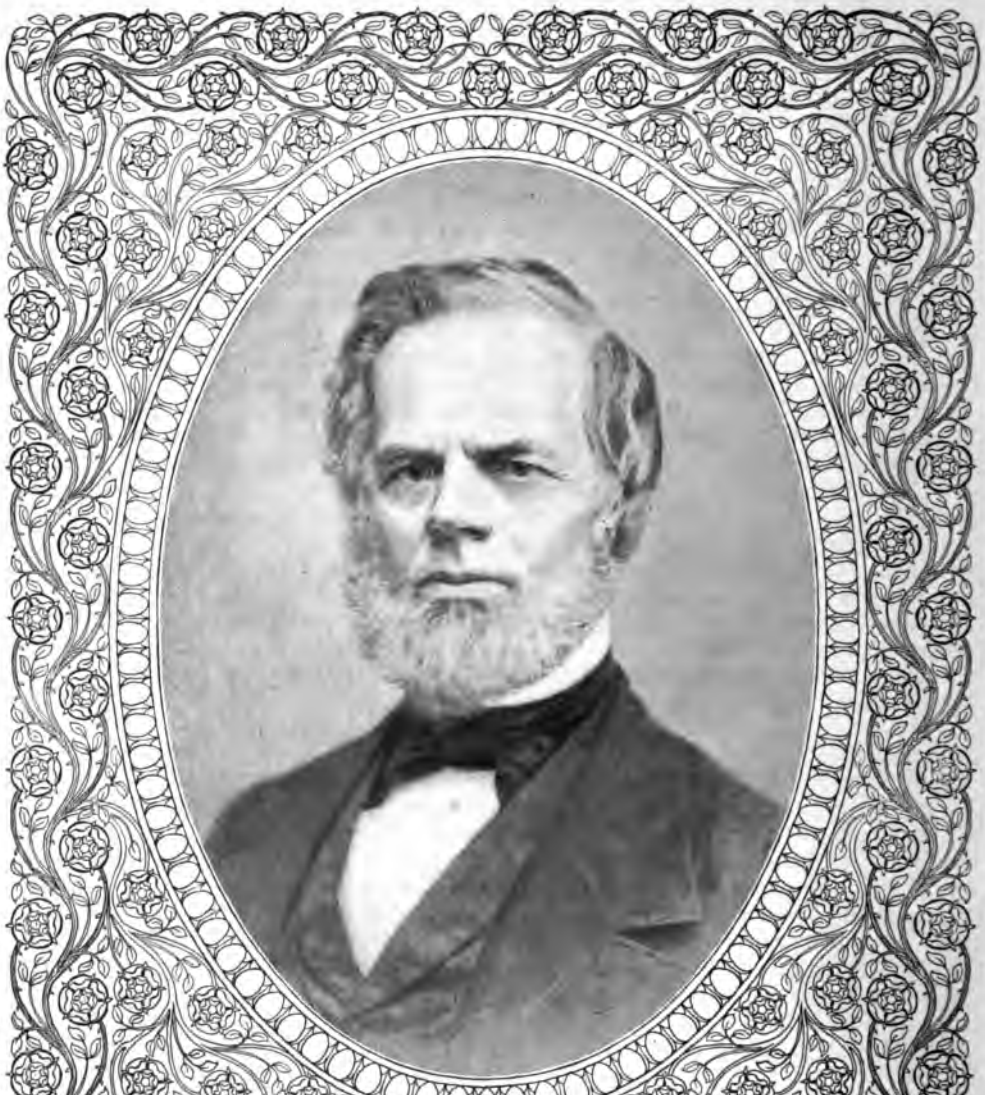
Quimby Abandons Mesmerism

In the course of these experiments, Quimby made an important discovery. After careful observation, he concluded that neither Burkmar nor his remedies, in themselves, had the slightest power. Burkmar, he believed, did not himself diagnose the case. He merely reported what the patient, or someone else present in the room, imagined the disease to be. He had, Quimby thought, a clairvoyant or mind-reading faculty, by which he simply reproduced the opinion which the sick had themselves formed. Quimby also discovered that, in instances where improvement actually took place, the drug prescribed had nothing to do with it. Once Burkmar, in the mesmeric state, ordered a concoction too expensive for the patient's purse. Quimby mesmerized him again; and this time he prescribed a cheaper remedy — which served the purpose quite as well. After a few experiences of this kind, Quimby concluded that Burkmar's prescriptions did not produce the cures, but that the patients cured themselves. Burkmar's only service was that he implanted in the sick man's mind an unshakable faith that he would get well. Any other person, or any drug, Quimby declared, which could put the patient in this attitude of mental receptivity and give his own mind a chance to work upon the disease, would accomplish the same result. He made this discovery the basis of an elaborate and original system of mind cure; he dropped mesmerism, dismissed Burkmar, and began to work out his theory. He experimented for several years in Belfast, and, in 1859, opened an office in Portland.

Quimby's "Rare Humanity"

Quimby had the necessary mental and moral qualifications for his work. His personality, above all, inspired love and confidence. He radiated sympathy and earnestness. Patients who saw him for a moment even now affectionately recall his kind-heartedness, his benevolence, his keen perception. Even his opponents in the controversy which has raged over his relations with Mrs. Eddy, speak well of him. "On his rare humanity and sympathy," says Mrs. Eddy, "one could write a sonnet."

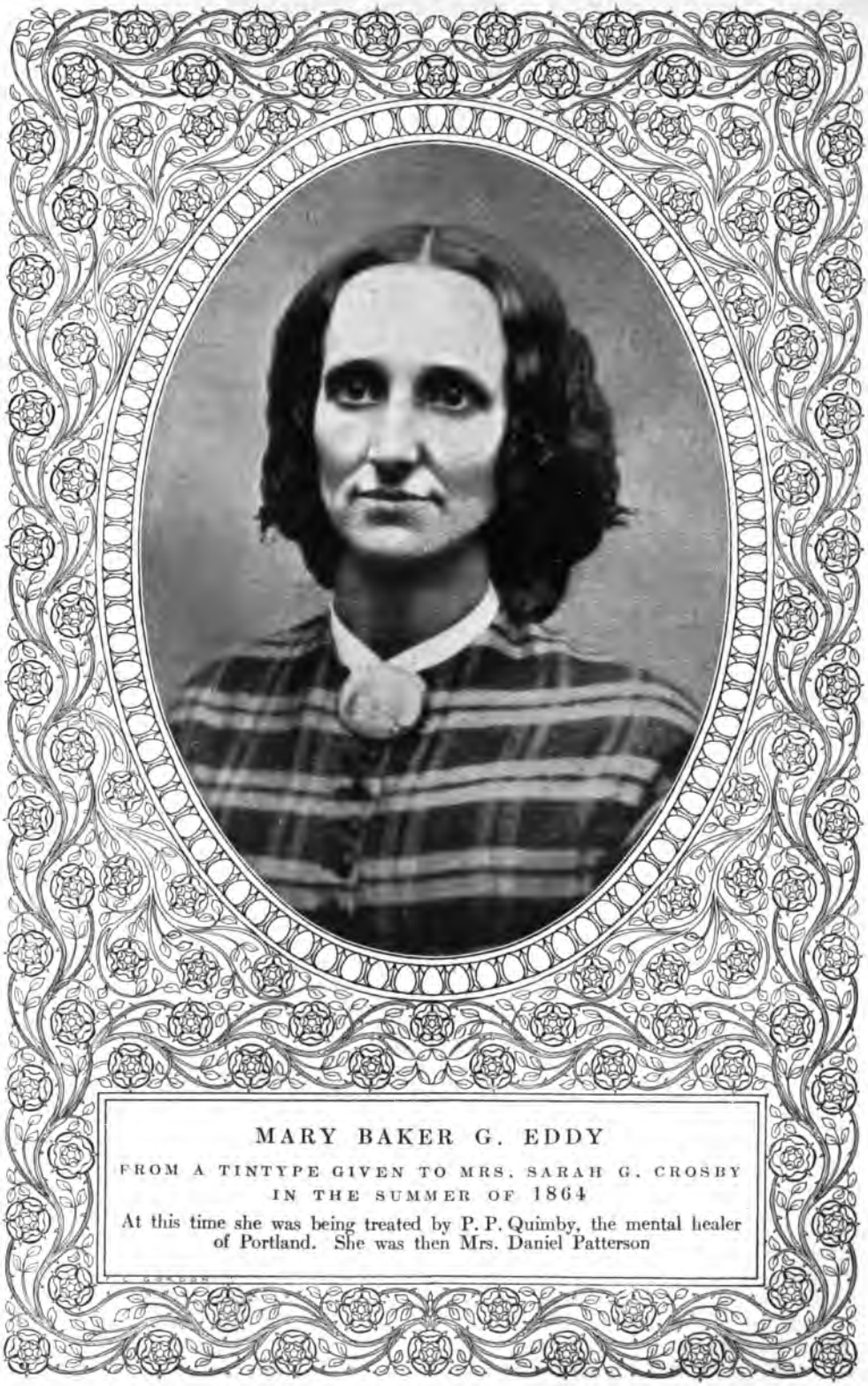
He was a small man, both in stature and in build, quick, sensitive, and nervous in his movements. His large, well-formed head stood straight on erect, energetic shoulders. He had a high, broad forehead, and silken white hair and beard. His eyes, arched with heavy brows, black, deep-set, and penetrating, seemed, as one of his patients has written, "to see all through the falsities of life and far into the depths and into the spirit of things." At times those eyes flashed with good-nature and wit, for Quimby by no means lacked the jovial virtues. If his countenance suggested one quality more than another, it was honesty; whatever the public thought of his ideas, no one who ever saw him face to face doubted the man's absolute sincerity. He demanded the same sympathy which he himself gave. He dealt kindly with honest doubters, but would have nothing to do with the scornful. Unless one really wished to be cured, he said, his methods had no virtue. On one



PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY THE FAMILY

By 1859 he had developed a philosophy of life and disease, which he called the "Science of Health," the "Science of Christ," and "Cnristian Science"



MARY BAKER G. EDDY

FROM A TINTYPE GIVEN TO MRS. SARAH G. CROSBY IN THE SUMMER OF 1864

At this time she was being treated by P. P. Quimby, the mental healer of Portland. She was then Mrs. Daniel Patterson

occasion, instead of taking his place beside a certain patient, he turned his chair directly around and sat back to back. "That's the way you feel toward me," he declared. His offices were constantly filled with patients, and his mail was enormous. People came to consult him from all over New England and the far West. He treated "absently" thousands who could not visit him in person.

Mrs. Dresser's Impression of Quimby

Mrs. Julius A. Dresser, one of his early patients and converts, thus describes her first meeting with Mr. Quimby:

I found a kindly gentleman who met me with such sympathy and gentleness that I immediately felt at ease. He seemed to know at once the attitude of mind of those who applied to him for help, and adapted himself to them accordingly. His years of study of the human mind, of sickness in all its forms, and of the prevailing religious beliefs, gave him the ability to see through the opinions, doubts, and fears of those who sought his aid, and put him in instant sympathy with their mental attitudes. He seemed to know that I had come to him feeling that he was a last resort, and with little faith in him and his mode of treatment. But, instead of telling me that I was not sick, he sat beside me and explained to me what my sickness was, how I got into the condition, and the way I could have been taken out of it through the right understanding. He seemed to see through the situation from the beginning, and explained the cause and effect so clearly that I could see a little of what he meant. My case was so serious, however, that he did not at first tell me I could be made well. But there was such an effect produced by his explanation, that I felt a new hope within me, and began to get well from that day.

He continued to explain my case from day to day, giving me some idea of his theory and its relation to what I had been taught to believe, and sometimes sat silently with me for a short time. I did not understand much that he said, but I felt the spirit and the life that came with his words; and I found myself gaining steadily. Some of these pithy sayings of his remained constantly in mind, and were very helpful in preparing the way for a better understanding of his thought, such, for instance, as his remark that, "Whatever we believe, that we create," or, "Whatever opinion we put into a thing, that we take out of it."

In all the relations of life, Quimby seems to have been loyal and upright. Outside of his theory he lived only for his family and was the constant playmate of his children. His only interest in his patients was to make them well. He treated all who came, whether they could pay or not. For several years Quimby kept no accounts and made no definite charges. The patients, when they saw fit, sent him such remuneration as they wished. Inevitably, he drew his followers largely from the poor and the desperately ill. "People," he would say, "send for me and the undertaker at the same time; and the one who gets there first gets the case."

Spread of Quimby's Theory

Quimby was thoroughly convinced that he had solved the riddle of life, and that ultimately the whole world would accept his ideas. His subject possessed him. He wearied his family almost to desperation with it, and wore out all his friends. He discussed it at length with anyone who would listen. To put it in writing, to teach it, to transmit it to posterity,— that was his consuming idea. His only fear was lest he should die before the "Truth" had made a lasting impress. He wrote about it in the newspapers,— not, however, as extensively as he desired, for the editors seldom printed his articles, regarding them as the veriest rubbish. He selected here and there especially appreciative and intelligent patients, discussed his doctrine with them at length, and enjoined them to teach unbelievers. His following was not wholly among the ignorant and humble. Edwin Reed, ex-mayor of Bath, Maine, declares that Quimby cured him of total blindness. He visited him as a young graduate of Bowdoin, had his sight completely restored, spent several months studying the theory, and left with the conviction, which he has never lost, that Quimby was a strong and original thinker. Julius A. Dresser, whose name figures largely in the history of mental healing, early became absorbed in Quimby. For several years he served as his office assistant, receiving patients and explaining, as a preliminary to their meeting with the doctor, his ideas and methods. In 1863 Dr. Warren F. Evans, a Swedenborgian clergyman, visited Quimby twice professionally. He became a convert, and, in several books well known among students of mental healing, develops the Quimby doctrine. "Quimby," he said, "seemed to reproduce the wonders of Gospel history."

The Quimby Manuscripts

About 1859 Quimby began to put his ideas into permanent form. George A. Quimby thus describes his father's literary methods:*

Among his earlier patients in Portland were the Misses Ware, daughters of the late Judge

* Article in the *New England Magazine*, March, 1888.

Ashur Ware, of the United States Admiralty Court; and they became much interested in "the Truth," as he called it. But the ideas were so new, and his reasoning was so divergent from the popular conceptions, that they found it difficult to follow him or remember all he said; and they suggested to him the propriety of putting into writing the body of his thoughts.

From that time he began to write out his ideas, which practice he continued until his death, the articles now being in the possession of the writer of this sketch. The original copy he would give to the Misses Ware; and it would be read to him by them, and, if he suggested any alteration, it would be made, after which it would be copied either by the Misses Ware or the writer of this, and then re-read to him, that he might see that all was just as he intended it. Not even the most trivial word or the construction of a sentence would be changed without consulting him. He was given to repetition; and it was with difficulty that he could be induced to have a repeated sentence or phrase stricken out, as he would say, "If that idea is a good one, and true, it will do no harm to have it in two or three times." He believed in the hammering process, and in throwing an idea or truth at the reader till it would be firmly fixed in his mind.

In six years Quimby produced ten volumes of manuscripts. In them he discussed a variety of subjects, all from the standpoint of his theory. He wrote copiously on Religion, Disease, Spiritualism, "Scientific Interpretations of Various Parts of the Scriptures," Clairvoyance, "The Process of Sickness," "Relation of God to Man," Music, Science, Error, Truth, Happiness, Wisdom, "The Other World," "Curing the Sick," and dozens of other topics. He was free with these manuscripts as with everything. He gave all his patients access to them and permitted all who wished to make copies, overjoyed whenever he found one interested enough to do this. He also encouraged his followers to write, themselves, frequently correcting their essays and bringing them into harmony with his own ideas. Quimby's writings as a whole have never been published; but the present writer has had free and continuous use of them.

Quimby Calls His Theory the "Science of Health" and "Christian Science"

From these manuscripts can be deduced a complete and detailed philosophy of life and disease. They refute, once and for all, an assertion sometimes made, that Quimby was a spiritualist, or that he made the slightest claim to divine revelation. Certain admirers sometimes compared him with Christ; but he himself wrote a long dissertation called "A Defense Against Making Myself Equal with Christ." He usually calls his discovery the "Science of Health," and "The Science of Health and Happiness"; once or twice he describes it as "Christian Science." Scores of times he refers to it as the "Science of Christ." He also repeatedly calls it "The Principle," "The Truth," and "Wisdom."

Though he never identified his doctrine with religion and never dreamed of founding an ecclesiastical organization upon it, his impulse at the bottom was religious. He believed that Christ's mission was largely to the sick; that He and His apostles performed cures in a natural manner; and that he had himself rediscovered their method. Jesus Christ, indeed, was Quimby's great inspiration. He distinguished, however, between the Principle Christ and the Man Jesus. This duality, he said, manifested itself likewise in man.

Quimby's "Scientific Man"

In every individual, according to Quimby, there were two persons. The first was the Truth, Goodness, and Wisdom into which he had been naturally born. In this condition he was the child of God, the embodiment of Divine Love and Divine Principle. This man had no flesh, no bones, and no blood; he did not breathe, eat, or sleep. He could never sin, never become sick, never die. He knew nothing of matter, or of the physical senses; he was simply Spirit, Wisdom, Principle, Truth, Mind, Science. Quimby, above all, loved to call him the "Scientific Man." This first person was, so to speak, encrusted in another man, formed of matter, sense, and all the accumulated "errors" of time. This man had what Quimby called "Knowledge"—that is, the ideas heaped up by the human mind. According to Quimby, this second man held the first, or truly Scientific man, in bondage. The bonds consisted of false human beliefs. The idea, above all, which held him enthralled, was that of Disease. The man of Science knew nothing of sickness. The man of Ignorance, however, consciously and unconsciously, had been impregnated for centuries with this belief. His whole life, from earliest infancy, was encompassed with suggestions of this kind. Parents constantly suggest illness to their children; doctors preach it twenty-four hours a day; the clergy, the newspapers, books, ordinary conversation,— the whole

MRS. SARAH G. CROSBY

Of Albion, Maine, at whose home Mrs. Patterson (now Mrs. Eddy) spent several months in 1864, where, according to Mrs. Crosby, she acted as medium in their spiritualistic séances

MISS ANNA MARY JARVIS

Of Warren, Maine. Miss Jarvis was one of the first upon whom Mrs. Patterson (now Mrs. Eddy) practised the Quimby system of healing

modern world, thought Quimby, had engaged in a huge conspiracy to familiarize the human mind with this false concept. This process had been going on for thousands of years, until finally unhealthy ideas had triumphed over healthy; beliefs had got the upper hand of truth; knowledge had supplanted wisdom; ignorance had taken the place of science; matter had superseded mind; Jesus had dethroned Christ.

Quimby regarded his mission in the world as the reëstablishment of the original and natural harmony. Though his philosophy embraces the whole of life, he used all his energies in eradicating one of man's many false "beliefs," or "errors," that of Disease. His method was simplicity itself. The medical profession constantly harped on the idea of sickness; Quimby constantly harped on the idea of health. The doctor told the patient that disease was inevitable, man's natural inheritance; Quimby told him that disease was merely an "error," that it was created, "not by God, but by man," and that health was the true and scientific state. "The idea that a beneficent God had anything to do with disease," said Quimby, "is superstition." "Disease," reads another of his manuscripts, "is false reasoning. True scientific wisdom is health and happiness. False reasoning is sickness and death." Again he says: "This is my theory: to put man in possession of a science that will destroy the ideas of the sick, and teach man one living profession of his own identity, with life free from error and disease. As man passes through these combinations, they differ one from another . . . He is dying and living all the time to error, till he dies the death of all his opinions and beliefs. Therefore, to be free from death is to be alive in truth; for sin, or error, is death, and science, or wisdom, is eternal life, and this is the Christ." "My philosophy," he says at another time, "will make man free and independent of all creeds and laws of man, and subject him to his own agreement, he being free from the laws of sin, sickness, and death."

Quimby, after quitting Burkmar in 1845, never used mesmerism. Nor did he manipulate his patients. Occasionally, after talking for a time, he would dip his hands in water and rub the patient's head. He always asserted that this was not an essential part of the cure. His ideas were so startling,

he said, that the average mind could not grasp them, but required some outward indication to bolster up its faith. The cure itself, Quimby always insisted, was purely mental.*

Mrs. Patterson Goes to Dr. Vail's Sanatorium

Quimby had been practising in Portland about three years when he received Mrs. Patterson's letter in which she first suggested making a journey to that city to receive treatment from him. It was impossible for her to carry out her intent at once, however. While Dr. Patterson was in Libby Prison, Mrs. Patterson was dependent upon her sister, Mrs. Tilton. Soon after her husband's capture, she returned to her sister's home at Sanbornton Bridge. Mrs. Tilton, who regarded Quimby as a quack, would not furnish her sister with money to go to Portland. She did, however, send Mrs. Patterson to Dr. Vail's Hydropathic Institute at Hill, New Hampshire. Here Mrs. Patterson spent two or three months in the summer of 1862. She had set her mind, however, upon visiting the Portland seer, and in August wrote him a letter from this sanatorium, telling him that she had not been benefited by Dr. Vail and would die unless he, Quimby, could help her. She thus described her condition in this letter:

"I can sit up but a few minutes at a time. . . . Do you think I can reach you without sinking from the effects of the journey?"

While staying at Dr. Vail's Institute, she sent several appeals to Mrs. Tilton for small amounts of money. She hoarded them as they came in, and finally pieced together enough to take her to Portland.

Mrs. Patterson arrived at the International Hotel, October, 1862.

Mrs. Patterson Reaches Quimby

George A. Quimby, Mrs. Julius Dresser, and Edwin Reed, all remember Mrs. Patterson's appearance at this time. She was so feeble that she had to be assisted up-stairs to Dr. Quimby's office. She had lost much of the beauty of her early womanhood; her figure was emaciated, her face pale and worn, her eyes were deep and sunken. Her hair hung about her shoulders in large curls, after the manner of the time. Her shabby dress suggested the hardness and poverty of her life. Indeed, she had scarcely met Quimby before she told him that she was very poor and asked his assistance in getting an inexpensive boarding place. Quimby, by personal intercession, obtained a room at reduced rates for her on Chestnut Street.

No detailed record of that first memorable visit exists. According to George A. Quimby, Quimby's son and secretary, Mrs. Eddy's first stay in Portland lasted about three weeks. As far as her health was concerned, the visit seemed a complete success. Under Quimby's treatment, the spinal trouble entirely disappeared. Mrs. Patterson left the office, she herself says, a well woman. But this hardly-achieved visit to Portland meant much more to her than that. For the first time in her life, it would seem, she felt an absorbing interest. Her contact with Quimby and her inquiry into his philosophy seem to have been her first great experience, the first powerful stimulus in a life of unrestraint, disappointment, and failure. Her girlhood had been a fruitless, hysterical revolt against the sordid monotony of her environment. The dullness and meagerness of her life had driven her to strange extravagances in conduct. Neither of her marriages had been happy. Maternity had not softened her nor brought her consolations. Poverty had ground her from her childhood; after the death of her first husband and again after the imprisonment of the second, she had been a helpless dependent. Up to this time her masterful will and great force of personality had served to no happy end, but seemed rather like sharp instruments which threatened to destroy her. Her mind was turned in upon itself; she had been absorbed in ills which seem to have been largely the result of her own violent nature — lacking any adequate outlet, and, like disordered machinery, beating itself to pieces.

Quimby's idea gave her her opportunity, and the vehemence with which she seized upon it attests the emptiness and hunger of her earlier years. All during her stay in Portland she haunted the old man's rooms, asking questions, reading manuscripts, observing his treatment of his patients. Quimby

* As far back as 1857, a writer in the Bangor *Jeffersonian* contradicts the statement that Quimby cured mesmerically. "He sits down with his patient," the letter says, "and puts himself *en rapport* with him, which he does without producing the mesmeric sleep. The mind is used to overcome disease. . . . There is no danger from disease when the mind is armed against it. . . . He dissipates from the mind the idea of disease and induces in its place an idea of health. . . . The mind is what it thinks it is and, if it contends against the thought of disease and creates for itself an ideal form of health, that form impresses itself upon the animal spirit and through that upon the body."

at first took a decided liking to her. "She's a devilish bright woman," he frequently said. Always delighted to explain his theories, in Mrs. Patterson he found a most appreciative listener. Both on this and subsequent visits he permitted her to copy certain of his manuscripts. Undoubtedly he saw in Mrs. Patterson a woman who could assist him in the matter dearest to his heart,— the popularization of his doctrines.

Her devotion to her teacher was that of a long-imprisoned nature toward its deliverer. Her greatest desire seems to have been to teach Quimby's philosophy and to exalt him in the eyes of men. Soon after her recovery she wrote the following letter to the Portland *Courier*:*

Mrs. Eddy's Letter to the Portland "Courier," November 7, 1862

When our Shakespeare decided that "there were more things in this world than were dreamed of in your philosophy," I cannot say of a verity that he had a foreknowledge of P. P. Quimby. And when the school Platonic anatomized the soul and divided it into halves to be reunited by elementary attractions, and heathen philosophers averred that old Chaos in sullen silence brooded o'er the earth until her inimitable form was hatched from the egg of night, I would not at present decide whether the fallacy was found in their premises or conclusions, never having dated my existence before the flood. When the startled alchemist discovered, as he supposed, an universal solvent, or the philosopher's stone, and the more daring Archimedes invented a lever wherewithal to pry up the universe, I cannot say that in either the principle obtained in nature or in art, or that it worked well, having never tried it. But, when by a falling apple, an immutable law was discovered, we gave it the crown of science, which is incontrovertible and capable of demonstration; hence that was wisdom and truth. When from the evidence of the senses, my reason takes cognizance of truth, although it may appear in quite a miraculous view, I must acknowledge that as science which is truth uninvestigated. Hence the following demonstration: —

Three weeks since I quitted my nurse and sick room *en route* for Portland. The belief of my recovery had died out of the hearts of those who were most anxious for it. With this mental and physical depression I first visited P. P. Quimby; and in less than one week from that time I ascended by a stairway of one hundred and eighty-two steps to the dome of the City Hall, and am improving *ad infinitum*. To the most subtle reasoning, such a proof, coupled too, as it is with numberless similar ones, demonstrates his power to heal. Now for a brief analysis of this power.

Is it spiritualism? Listen to the words of wisdom. "Believe in God, believe also in me; or believe me for the very work's sake." Now, then, his works are but the result of superior wisdom, which can demonstrate a science not understood; hence it were a doubtful proceeding not to believe him for the work's sake. Well, then, he denies that his power to heal the sick is borrowed from the spirits of this or another world; and let us take the Scriptures for proof. "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." How, then, can he receive the friendly aid of the disenthralled spirit, while he rejects the faith of the solemn mystic who crosses the threshold of the dark unknown to conjure up from the vasty deep the awestruck spirit of some invisible squaw?

Again, is it by animal magnetism that he heals the sick? Let us examine. I have employed electro-magnetism and animal magnetism, and for a brief interval have felt relief, from the equilibrium which I fancied was restored to an exhausted system or by a diffusion of concentrated action. But in no instance did I get rid of a return of all my ailments, because I had not been helped out of the error in which opinions involved us. My operator believed in disease, independent of the mind; hence I could not be wiser than my master. But now I can see dimly at first, and only as trees walking, the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works; and just in proportion to my right perception of truth is my recovery. This truth which he opposes to the error of giving intelligence to matter and placing pain where it never placed itself, if received understandingly, changes the currents of the system to their normal action; and the mechanism of the body goes on undisturbed. That this is a science capable of demonstration, becomes clear to the minds of those patients who reason upon the process of their cure. The truth which he establishes in the patient cures him (although he may be wholly unconscious thereof); and the body, which is full of light, is no longer in disease. At present I am too much in error to elucidate the truth, and can touch only the keynote for the master hand to wake the harmony. May it be in essays, instead of notes! say I. After all, this is a very spiritual doctrine; but the eternal years of God are with it, and it must stand firm as the rock of ages. And to many a poor sufferer may it be found, as by me, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Her extravagance brought general ridicule upon Quimby and herself. "P. P. Quimby compared to Jesus Christ?" exclaimed the Portland *Advertiser*, in commenting on her letter. "What next?" Mrs. Patterson again took up the cudgels. She wrote in the Portland *Courier*:

Noticing a paragraph in the Advertiser, commenting upon some sentences of mine clipped from The Courier, relative to the science of P. P. Quimby, concluding, "What next?" we would reply in due deference to the courtesy with which they define their position. P. P. Quimby stands upon the plane of wisdom with his truth. Christ healed the sick, but not by jugglery or with drugs. As the former speaks as never man before spake, and heals as never man healed since Christ, is he not identified with truth? And is not this the Christ which is in him? We know that in wisdom is life, "and the life was the light of man." P. P.

*Letter by Mrs. M. M. Patterson (now Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy) in the Portland *Courier*, November 7, 1862.

Quimby rolls away the stone from the sepulchre of error and health is the resurrection. But we also know that "light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

Mrs. Patterson expressed her admiration of Quimby in verse also:

Mrs. Eddy's Sonnet on a Quimby Cure

SONNET

Suggested by Reading the Remarkable Cure of Captain J. W. Deering

To Dr. P. P. Quimby

'Mid light of science sits the sage profound,
Awing with classics and his starry lore,
Climbing to Venus, chasing Saturn round,
Turning his mystic pages o'er and o'er,
Till, from empyrean space, his wearied sight
Turns to the oasis on which to gaze,
More bright than glitters on the brow of night
The self-taught man walking in wisdom's ways.
Then paused the captive gaze with peace entwined,
And sight was satisfied with thee to dwell;
But not in classics could the book-worm find
That law of excellence whence came the spell
Potent o'er all, — the captive to unbind,
To heal the sick and faint, the halt and blind.

Mary M. Patterson

For the *Courier*

Mrs. Patterson returned a well woman, as she thought, to Sanbornton Bridge. Quimby became the great possession of her life. She talked incessantly of him to all her friends, and sought to persuade the sick to visit him. In 1863 she wrote many times to Quimby. Her letters, now in the possession of George A. Quimby, describe, in the most reverential terms, her indebtedness.

The following extracts illustrate the tone of these communications:

Letters from Mrs. Eddy to P. P. Quimby

Sanbornton Bridge, January 12, 1863. . . . I am to all who see me a living wonder, and a living monument of your power. . . . I eat drink and am merry, have no laws to fetter my spirit. Am as much an escaped prisoner, as my dear husband was. . . . My explanation of your *curative principle* surprises people especially those whose minds are all matter. . . . I mean not again to look mournfully into the past, but wisely to improve the present.

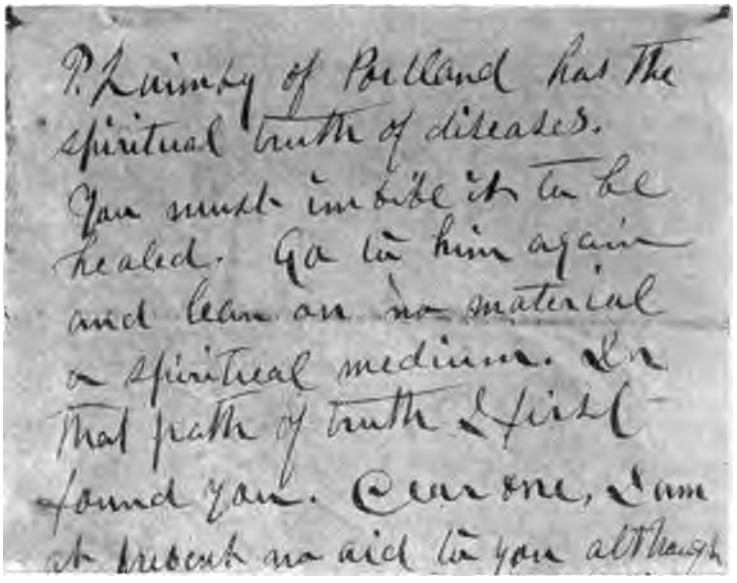
In a letter dated Sanbornton Bridge, January 31, 1863, she asks for "absent treatment." "Please come to me and remove this pain." In this letter she says that her sister, Mrs. Tilton, and her son, Albert Tilton, are going to visit Mr. Quimby. She says that Albert smokes and drinks to excess, and begs Quimby to treat him for these habits, "even when Albert is not there." She explains that she herself has treated Albert to help him overcome the habit of smoking and, while doing so, felt "a constant desire to smoke!" She asks Quimby to treat her for this desire. In other letters Mrs. Patterson repeatedly asks for absent treatments and occasionally incloses a dollar to pay for them.

In a letter from Saco, Maine, September 14, 1863, Mrs. Patterson says that Quimby's "Angel Visits" (absent treatments) are helping her. "I would like to have you in your omnipresence visit me at 8 o'clock this evening." On this occasion she specifies that she wishes to be treated for "small beliefs," namely, "stomach trouble, backache, and constipation."

Mrs. Eddy Studies under Quimby

In the early part of 1864, Mrs. Patterson again spent two or three months in Portland. She continued uninterruptedly her studies. She found congenial companions in one Mrs. Sarah Crosby, who was likewise a patient of Quimby's, and Miss Anna Mary Jarvis, who had brought her consumptive sister to Quimby for treatment. Mrs. Crosby and Mrs. Patterson became warm friends. They occupied adjoining rooms in the same boarding-house and spent much time together. Mrs. Patterson told Mrs. Crosby that she intended to assist Quimby in his work. The latter, says Mrs. Crosby, frequently expressed his pleasure at Mrs. Patterson's enthusiasm. "He told me many times," she adds, "that I was not so quick to perceive the Truth as Mrs. Patterson." Quimby now gave Mrs. Patterson much of his time. He was practising then mainly in the morning, and allowed Mrs. Patterson to spend nearly every afternoon at his office. "She would work with Dr. Quimby all afternoon," says Mrs. Crosby, "and then she would come home and sit up late at night writing down what she had learned during the day."

This second visit to Quimby seems to have been even more stimulating to Mrs. Patterson than the first. She gave all her time and strength to the study of this esoteric theory, which seemed to satisfy some inherent craving of her nature. It was during this visit that she first manifested a desire to become herself an active force in the teaching and practising of this "Science." The desire became actually a



Facsimile of a portion of the second sheet of the first "spirit" letter from Albert Baker, Mrs. Eddy's brother, to Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby — See page 352

purpose, perhaps an ambition — the only definite one she had ever known. She was groping for a vocation. She must even then have seen before her new possibilities; an opportunity for personal growth and personal achievement very different from the petty occupations of her old life. In one of her letters to Quimby, written some months after she left Portland, there is this new note of aspiration and resolve:

> Who is wise but you? . . . Doctor, I have a strong feeling of late that I ought to be perfect after the command of science . . . I can love only a good, honorable, and brave career; no other can suit me.

Upon leaving Portland, after this second visit, Mrs. Patterson went to Warren, Maine, to visit Miss Jarvis. Here she seems to have tried Quimby's treatment upon Miss Jarvis, putting into practice what she had learned from Quimby himself during the last three months. "At the mere mention of my going," writes Mrs. Patterson, "Miss Jarvis has a relapse and is in despair."

She confidently believes that she has benefited the sick woman. Once, after receiving an "absent treatment" from Quimby, she successfully transmitted its blessings to Miss Jarvis. She became so "cheerful and uplifted" that Miss Jarvis "was gay and not at all sad." She also writes that she has been asked to take outside cases at Warren, but that she feels herself not yet ready, being still in her "pupilage."

In a letter from Warren, March 31, 1864, she says:

> I wish you would come to my aid and help me to sleep. Dear Doctor what could I do without you?

In a letter dated Warren, April 5, 1864:

> I met the former editor of the Banner of Light, and he heard for once the truth about you. He thought you a defunct Spiritualist, before I quitted him at Brunswick, he had endorsed your *science* and acknowledged himself as greatly interested in it.

In another letter from Warren, under date of April 24, 1864, she says:

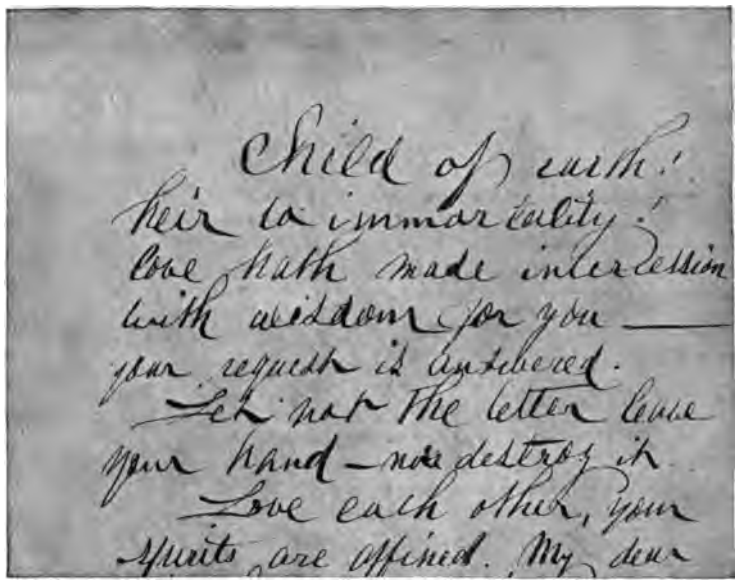
> Jesus taught as man does *not*, who then is wise but you? Posted at the public marts of this city is this notice, Mrs. M. M. Patterson will lecture at the Town Hall on P. P. Quimby's Spiritual Science healing disease, as opposed to Deism or Rochester Rapping Spiritualism.

In a letter dated Warren, May, 1864, she writes that she has been ill, but,

> I am up and about to-day i e by the help of the Lord (Quimby).

Again,

> Dear doctor, what could I do without you? . . . I will not bow to wealth for I cannot honor it as I do wisdom. . . . May the peace of wisdom which passeth all understanding be and abide with you.— Ever the same in gratitude.


Child of earth!
Heir to immortality!
One hath made intercession
with wisdom for you ——
your request is answered.
Let not the letter leave
your hand — nor destroy it.
Love each other, your
spirits are affined. My dear

Facsimile of a portion of the second "spirit" letter from Albert Baker to his sister, Mrs. Eddy, and Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby — See page 352

In one letter she describes the sudden appearance of Quimby's wraith in her room. She spoke to it, she adds, "and then you turned and walked away." "That," she says, "I call dodging the issue." She repeatedly calls his treatment his "Science"; her illnesses, her "beliefs" or "errors"; and her recoveries, her "restorations."

In May, 1864, Mrs. Patterson left Miss Jarvis and went to visit another friend, her fellow patient, Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby, at Albion, Maine. Mrs. Crosby,* who is now living at Waterville, Maine, gives an interesting account of this visit, which lasted several months. Mrs. Patterson, she says, although in a state of almost absolute destitution, retained the air of a grand lady which had so characterized her in her youth. Although visiting at a farmhouse where everyone had a part in the household duties, Mrs. Patterson was always the guest of honor, nor did it occur to anyone to suggest her sharing the daily routine. Mrs. Crosby's children waited upon the guest, and even her room was cared for by others. Mrs. Patterson talked incessantly of Quimby and often urged Mrs. Crosby to leave her home and go out into the world with her to teach Quimby's "Science." Mrs. Crosby admits that she was completely under Mrs. Patterson's spell, and says that even after years of estrangement and complete disillusionment she still feels that Mrs. Patterson was the most stimulating and invigorating influence she has ever known. Like all of Mrs. Eddy's old intimates, she speaks of their days of companionship with a certain shade of regret — as if life in the society of this woman was more intense and keen than it ever was afterward.

Spiritualism was then under discussion everywhere in New England, and Mrs. Crosby says that during this visit both she and Mrs. Patterson became somewhat interested in this subject through communications from Mrs. Patterson's dead brother. Mrs. Crosby is authority for the following account:

Mrs. Crosby's Story† of Mrs. Eddy and the Spirit of Her Brother Albert

Mr. Crosby's farm was rather isolated, and the two women found relief from the tedium of country life in spirit communications

*Mrs. Crosby is well and creditably known in southern Maine. When she was a woman of middle age and the mother of a family, her husband became insolvent. She learned stenography at night without a teacher and became a court stenographer at a time when it was most unusual for a woman to hold such a position. For fifteen years she was stenographer in the highest courts of Maine, during which time she paid off her husband's debts, and reared and educated her family.

†This account is simply a condensed version of Mrs. Crosby's affidavit, which takes up the history of her entire acquaintance with Mrs. Eddy, beginning when she was a patient of Quimby's in 1864. This document is now in the writer's possession.

from Mrs. Patterson's dead brother, Albert Baker. Mrs. Patterson had been much attached to this brother, and described his talents and personality at great length to Mrs. Crosby, making such an attractive picture that he became a very real person to the young woman. Albert, Mrs. Patterson told her, was Mrs. Crosby's guardian spirit; he had long been trying to communicate with her, but had never been able to do so until his sister came to visit her, as Mary was his "only earthly medium." Mrs. Crosby says that she implicitly believed in Albert's care and guardianship over her, that she derived constant strength and comfort from it, and that this spirit friendship was one of the most real she has ever known.

Albert's first communication to Mrs. Crosby occurred as follows:*

One day Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Crosby sat together at opposite sides of the same table. Suddenly Mrs. Patterson leaned backward, shivered, closed her eyes, and began to talk in a sepulchral, mannish voice. The voice said that "he" was Albert Baker, Mrs. Patterson's brother. "He" had been trying, the voice continued, to get control of Mrs. Patterson for many days. "He" wished to warn Mrs. Crosby against putting such entire confidence in Mrs. Patterson. "He informed me," Mrs. Crosby continues, "through her own lips, that while his sister loved me as much as she was capable of loving anyone, life had been a severe experiment with her and she might use my sacred confidence to further any ambitious purposes of her own."

Mrs. Crosby was naturally amazed at this injunction. That Albert should select his own sister as the medium through which to warn Mrs. Crosby against her, seemed remarkable. Again, if Mrs. Patterson consciously shammed, Mrs. Crosby could not understand why she should deliver a message so uncomplimentary to herself — unless, indeed, to make the message seem more genuine. Several times, in the course of this visit, Mrs. Patterson went into trances. In one of these, Albert Baker's spirit told Mrs. Crosby that if, from time to time, she would look under the cushion of a particular chair, she would find important written communications from him. Mrs. Crosby, following the injunction, discovered now and then a letter. One of these is interesting chiefly as containing Albert Baker's spiritistic endorsement of P. P. Quimby. A part of this letter is photographically reproduced elsewhere. The text is as follows:

*Mrs. Crosby does not assert or even imply that Mrs. Eddy was ever in any regular or professional sense, a "medium." Mrs. Eddy herself states that she has been able to perform the signs and wonders of spiritualism, though explaining them by another cause. In the second edition of "Science and Health," 1878, page 160, she says: "We are aware that the Spiritualists claim whomsoever they would catch and regard even Christ as an elder brother. But we never were a Spiritualist; and never were, and never could be, and never admitted we were a medium. We have explained to the class calling themselves Spiritualists how their signs and wonders were wrought, and have illustrated by doing them; but at the same time have said, This is not the work of spirits and I am not a medium; and they have passed from our presence and said, behold the proof that she is a medium!"

A "Spirit" Letter from Albert Baker

Sarah dear Be ye calm in reliance on self, amid all the changes of natural yearnings, of too keen a sense of earth joys, of too great a struggle betwen the material and spiritual. Be calm or you will rend your mortal and your experience which is needed for your spiritual progress lost, till taken up without the proper sphere and your spirit trials more severe.

This is why all things are working for good to those who suffer and they must look not upon the things which are seen but upon those which do not appear. P. Quimby of Portland has the spiritual truth of diseases. You must imbibe it to be healed. Go to him again and lean on no material or spiritual medium. In that path of truth I first found you. Dear one, I am at present no aid to you although you think I am, but your spirit will not at present bear this quickening or twill leave the body; hence I leave you till you ripen into a condition to meet me. You will miss me at first, but afterwards grow more tranquil because of it. which is important that you may live for yourself and children. Love and care for poor sister a great suffering lies before her.

After leaving Albion, Mrs. Patterson continued to receive messages from Albert. On one occasion Mrs. Patterson sent Mrs. Crosby the following communication from her brother:

A Second "Spirit" Letter

Child of earth! heir to immortality! love hath made intercession with wisdom for you — your request is answered.

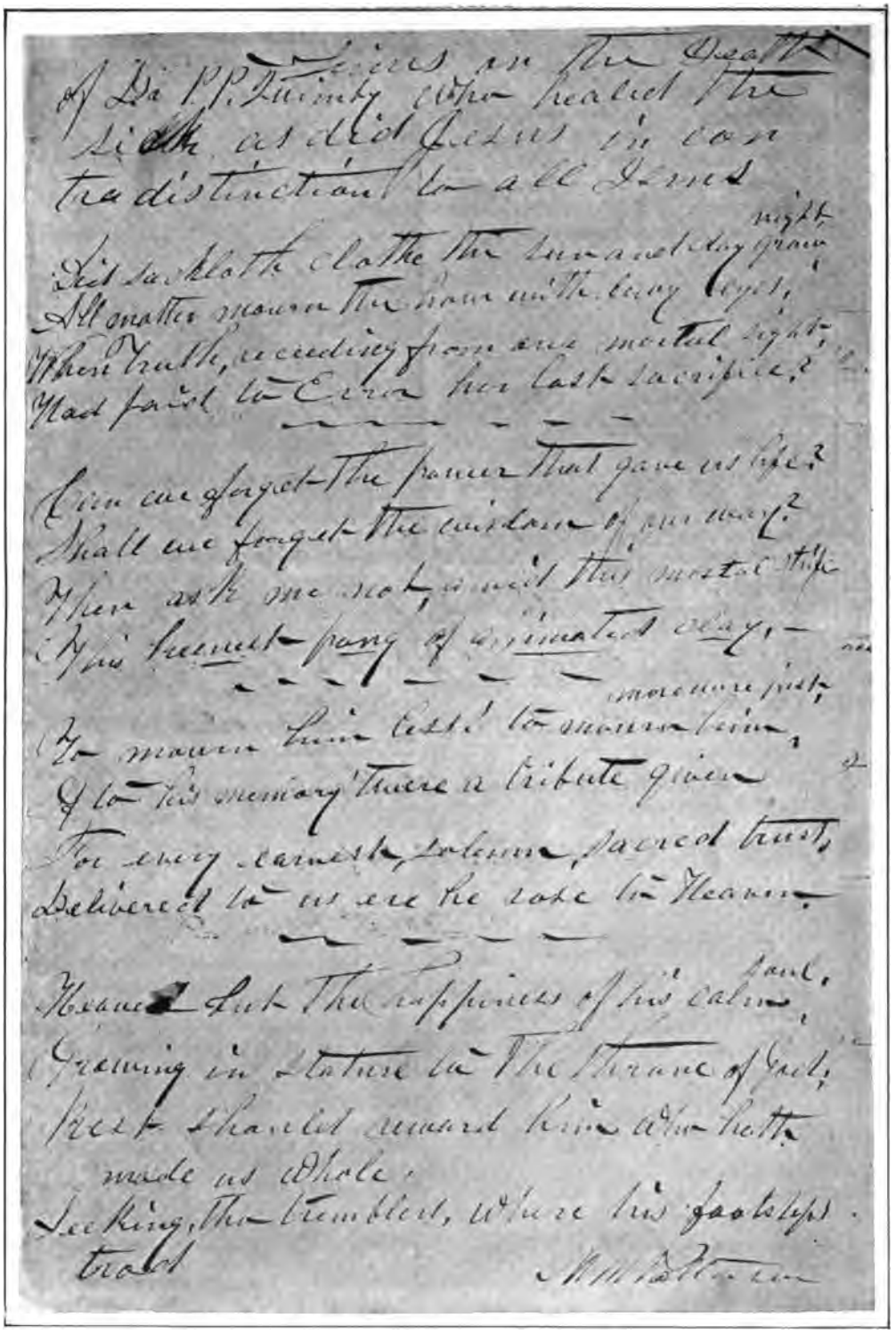
Let not the letter leave your hand — nor destroy it.

Love each other, your spirits are affined. My dear Sarah is innocent, and will rejoice for every tear.

The gates of paradise are opening at the tread of time; glory and the crown shall shall be the diadem of your earthly pilgrimage if you patiently persevere in virtue, justice, and love. You twain are my care. I speak through no other earthly medium but you.

The Death of P. P. Quimby

Mr. Quimby died January 16, 1866. As in the case of many mental healers, his own experience apparently belied his doctrines. He had for years suffered from an abdominal



"LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. P. P. QUIMBY"

A facsimile of Mrs. Eddy's poem in her own handwriting, sent to Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby

It will be noticed that this copy differs slightly from the version printed on page 354

tumor. He had never had it treated medically, but asserted that he had always been able, mentally, to prevent it from getting the upper hand. The last few years of his life he worked incessantly. His practice increased enormously, and at last broke him down. In the summer of 1865 he was compelled to stop work. He closed his Portland office and went home to Belfast to devote the rest of his life to revising his manuscripts and preparing them for publication. His physical condition, however, prevented this; he became feebler every day. He now acknowledged his inability to cure himself. As long as he had his usual mental strength, he said, he could stop the disease; but, as he felt this slipping from him, his "error" rapidly made inroads. Finally, Quimby's wife, with his acquiescence, summoned a homeopathic physician. Quimby consented to this, he said, not because he had the slightest idea that the doctor could help him, but merely to comfort his family. His wife had never accepted the "theory"; his children, for the most part, had no enthusiasm for it. They all, however, loved the old man dearly and could not patiently witness his suffering without seeking all means to allay it. Quimby followed implicitly all the doctor's instructions. His son, George A. Quimby, says:*

An hour before he breathed his last, he said to the writer: "I am more than ever convinced of the truth of my theory. I am perfectly willing for the change myself, but I know you will all feel badly; but *I* know that I shall be right here with you, just the same as I have always been. I do not dread the change any more than if I were going on a trip to Philadelphia."

His death occurred January 16, 1866, at his residence in Belfast, at the age of sixty-four years, and was the result of too close application to his profession and of overwork. A more fitting epitaph could not be accorded him than in these words:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." For, if ever a man did lay down his life for others, that man was Phineas Parkhurst Quimby.

Many mourned Quimby's death. No one felt greater grief or expressed it more emphatically and sincerely than Mary M. Patterson. She wrote at once to Julius Dresser, asking him to take up the master's work. Her letter follows:

**New England Magazine*, March, 1888.

Mrs. Eddy Asks Dresser to Take Up Quimby's Work

Lynn, February 1, 1866.

MR. DRESSER:

Sir: I enclose some lines of mine in memory of our much-loved friend, which perhaps *you* will not think overwrought in meaning: others *must* of course.

I am constantly wishing that *you* would step forward into the place he has vacated. I believe you would do a vast amount of good, and are more capable of occupying his place than any other I know of.

Two weeks ago I fell on the sidewalk, and struck my back on the ice, and was taken up for dead, came to consciousness amid a storm of vapors from cologne, choloroform, ether, camphor, etc., but to find myself the helpless cripple I was before I saw Dr. Quimby.

The physician attending said I had taken the last step I ever should, but in two days I got out of my bed *alone* and *will* walk; but yet I confess I am frightened, and out of that nervous heat my friends are forming, spite of me, the terrible spinal affection from which I have suffered so long and hopelessly. . . . Now can't *you* help me? I believe you can. I write this with this feeling: I think that I could help another in my condition if they had not placed their intelligence in matter. This I have not done, and yet I am slowly failing. Won't you write me if you will undertake for me if I can get to you?

Respectfully,
MARY M. PATTERSON.

The verses in question had already been published in a Lynn newspaper.

Mrs. Patterson's Tribute in Verse

Lines on the Death of Dr. P. P. Quimby,† Who Healed with the Truth that Christ Taught in Contradistinction to All Isms.

Did sackcloth clothe the sun and day grow night,
All matter mourn the hour with dewy eyes.
When Truth, receding from our mortal sight,
Had paid to error her last sacrifice?

Can we forget the power that gave us life?
Shall we forget the wisdom of its way?
Then ask me not amid this mortal strife —
This keenest pang of animated clay —

To mourn him less; to mourn him more were just
If to his memory 'twere a tribute given
For every solemn, sacred, earnest trust
Delivered to us ere he rose to heaven.

Heaven but the happiness of that calm soul,
Growing in stature to the throne of God;
Rest should reward him who hath made us whole,
Seeking, though tremblers, where his footsteps trod.

MARY M. PATTERSON.

Lynn, January 22, 1866.

†In a copy of these verses sent to Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby, which is reproduced on page 353, the title is worded somewhat differently and several slight variations occur in the text.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"It had begun away back in their school-days"

THE COURTING OF PEARLY

BY

HELEN REIMENSNYDER MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "ELLIE'S FURNISHING," "THE REFORMING OF A BRIDEGROOM," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

IT was beginning to be "put out" in Stumpstown that Pearly Schwenkfelder was "promised" to Adam Hoofstitler, and as gossip in Stumpstown traveled fast it soon reached the ears of even Simon Flick, who, though only a young man in his twenties, mingled so little with his fellow villagers and so strictly "minded to his own business," that much of the village news was apt to pass him by.

This item came to Simon with a sharp sting.

He found it impossible, the afternoon that he heard the news, to work in his blacksmith shop. With what appeared to his apprentice an alarming recklessness, he announced, an hour after his return to the shop, that he was going out for a while and would leave the apprentice alone in charge of the business; and then, flinging himself outdoors, he strode down the road as fast as his slightly lame foot would allow him to go.

To know that Pearly was "promised" to another man was anguish enough. But to know that the man was Adam Hoofstitler was nothing short of maddening. For Pearly's own sake, because Simon loved her, he would save her from a union so fatal to her happiness — to the happiness of any woman. But mingled with the passion of his love for her was another passion almost as fierce — his detestation of Adam.

It had begun away back in their school-days, when Adam, who was the bully of the school, used to make pretty little Pearly cry by taunting Simon with his "game leg" and then, right in Simon's presence, seizing Pearly and kissing her until her tears were turned to laughter. Sometimes Simon's rage would get the better of his prudence, and he would try to fight Adam, who was twice his size. Of course, poor Simon always came out beaten. Once, a quarrel that had been

entirely provoked by Adam led to Simon's suspension from school for a month, because, Adam's father being a school director, the teacher felt it prudent to take his part.

A climax had come one night at a party to which Simon had escorted Pearly when she was a blooming, bewitching maiden of sixteen. Simon at that time had been too poor to hire a sleigh to take her to the party, but he and Pearly, who was very fond of him, had enjoyed the moonlight walk over the crisp snow with all the keenness of their youth. It was when the party was over and she and Simon were stepping out of the house to walk home together, both of them with sweet anticipations of the pleasure of their long, moonlight walk, that Adam had suddenly come up behind them and with a roar of laughter thrust Simon roughly aside, lifted Pearly bodily in his arms, set her in his own sleigh, and driven off with her. Simon had slipped on the ice when Adam pushed him and had given his lame foot a wrench that had made his almost unnoticeable lameness conspicuous for the rest of his life.

"used to make pretty little Pearly cry"

For many days after this party Simon, laid up with his injured foot and kept from the work by which he supported his widowed mother and himself, waited in vain for some word of apology or regret from Pearly. He rose from his bed at the end of a month, a hardened and a bitter man, in the very flush of his young manhood.

This stolid moroseness, with which, after many years, he had become impregnated, left even himself deceived as to the passions still alive in him — until a revelation of himself was made to him in the news of Adam's betrothal to Pearly.

"Mebbe it ain't so, fur all!" he was saying to himself as he strode up the village street, in the warm April afternoon, his head hanging forward, his hands clasped behind him. "How could Pearly look fur happiness married to *him* — she knows how ugly-dispositioned he is!"

A heavy footstep on the otherwise noiseless street made him look up — to see Adam himself coming toward him. In his customary blustering tone, Adam hailed him:

"Hello, Gameleg! What are *you* starin' at? I hope you'll mebbe know me next time you see me!"

Simon found himself strangely impervious to-day to the taunt which in his sensitive boyhood had so tortured him. As he walked on up the street, he continued to consider, heavily, what there was in Adam that could attract Pearly.

"He's a good-looker," he acknowledged to himself with an icy chill at his heart as he thought of his own maimed member and of his general physical inferiority to the stalwart, broad-shouldered Adam. "And, to be sure, that makes somepin, too, to a girl — as much as it does to a man if a *girl's* a good-looker. And he's well-fixed. He'd purvide good fur her. Better'n me—fur all I'm well-fixed, too, now. But I wasn't till a little while back yet, and Adam he always was. If I thought there was any chanct fur me, I'd try to cut him out, even yet!"

His steps had led him half unconsciously toward Pearly's home. He had never looked at or spoken to her since that night she had been snatched from him at the party, but he knew to-day that his boyish love for her had never died, and that she was the only

woman in the world whom he would ever want to marry.

Pearly was the only child of the people who kept the station restaurant and the village grocery store.

As Simon reached the sidewalk in front of Mr. Schwenkfelder's yellow frame house, his ear was caught and thrilled by the sound of Pearly's voice singing in the front room to an accompaniment on her cabinet organ. He stopped short and listened.

"When the pearly gates unfold
for you and me!"

were the words which floated to him from the "best front room."

"I'll go in oncet and get a plate of ice-cream or what!" he resolved with a thumping of his heart that fairly made his knees shake.

The restaurant opened into the parlor where Pearly sat, and he could see her plump, pretty figure at the organ as he took his place at one of the oil-cloth covered tables of the small eating-room.

There were no other customers present. The "hired girl" who was in attendance came at once to take his order. Simon looked about at the printed signs which covered the walls:—

"Sarsaparilla, five cents"; "Ginger-ale, five cents"; "Ice-cream, five and ten cents"; "Oyster stews, fifteen cents"; "Ham and X, twenty cents."

The last sign was a concession to the Pennsylvania Dutch pronunciation of "ham and eggs."

"I'll take a glass of sassafarilla," he said.

While he waited, his eyes feasting upon the unconscious object of his ardor, Pearly struck up another song. The quite heart-rending words were warbled to an accompaniment that was inappropriately jaunty. The song tragically told of the early death of a maiden whose lover, in his despairing grief, pined away and shortly followed her to "her tomb in the walley."

"In the walley, in the walley!"

Pearly shrilly sang the chorus:

"In the walley they laid him by her side!"

Perhaps Pearly felt the intensity of thought and emotion directed to her from Simon's excited mind, for she suddenly stopped short, turned on the red plush organ-stool, and fully met his gaze fixed upon her from the room beyond.

Her face went pale as she saw him. For an instant she hesitated, while Simon's eyes seemed to hold her spellbound. Then suddenly she rose, came quickly forward, and entered the eating-room. There was

"right in Simon's presence, seizing Pearly and kissing her until her tears were turned to laughter"

"Pearly struck up another song"

a bright look of excitement in her face and a soft delight about the smile of her full lips that made Simon's head swim.

"Why, Si! Did *you* come oncet!" she exclaimed, seating herself opposite him, leaning her elbows on the table and her cheeks on the backs of her hands. "I think it can't be! You're a wonderful stranger! Ain't you are?"

"I felt fur a drink of sassafarilla, it's such a hot day," said Simon, growing red with his embarrassment in explaining his presence.

He sipped his glass to cover his sense of awkwardness. Every nerve in him was tingling with delight at Pearly's nearness. She did not speak again at once but sat looking at him in silence. What should he say to her? What had he really come here for? Was there any least use in the world of his trying to cut out Adam Hoofstitler at this late stage of the game? That look of pleasure with which she had come forward to greet him — could he dare to take hope from it?

Pearly made a slight restless movement in her chair, and a fear seized him that she would rise and leave him.

"I didn't know, Pearly, that you'd learned to play and sing so good," he quickly said. "You're a wonderful pretty singer."

"Yes, I know a good bit about music. I took twenty-four lessons fur five dollars off the Evangelical preacher's daughter."

"I like to hear you sing, 'When the pearly gates.' It minds me of *you!*"

"Do you think? Because my name's Pearly, ain't I?" she asked, smiling and blushing. "You always was so fond fur my name, still, ain't you was, Si? Pop, too,' she nodded. "Pop he give me my name. He seen it oncet in such a Family Story Paper, and he always thought such a heap of that name!"

"I, too," said Simon.

"It's a wonder, Si, you could be away from work in the middle of the day yet!" Pearly remarked.

"I ain't got much time," said Simon confusedly. "What time it is, Pearly?"

She drew a tiny gold watch from her bosom and held it toward him. "It's half-past twelf."

"Well," said Simon, "I don't have to get back till a half hour a'ready. Did your pop give you that wonderful handsome watch, Pearly?" he asked; for all Stumpstown knew that, to her father, Pearly, his only child, was the very core of his heart, and that he delighted to "spend on her."

"N — no," answered Pearly, her eyes falling. "I — I came by this watch."

She did not need to explain. Adam Hoofstitler had surely given her the watch.

"Last Sundays, Si," she hastily added, "I thought I have saw you walk on the Cemetery. Was it you? I was there with — I was walking on the Cemetery, too"; she changed her statement with a self-conscious look and tone that made Simon's heart sink lower.

"Yes, I was walkin' on the Cemetery," he dully answered. "I didn't take notice to you walkin' there."

"'I didn't know, Pearly, that you'd learned to play and sing so good'"

"Did you come on a funeral, Si?"

"No, I just come *so*."

"I thought you mebbe had came on the funeral of that party where was ninety-nine years old and was brought from Bethlehem over. I seen the remains. There was nothin' but skin and bones at him!"

"Now think!" said Simon.

"Indeed, yes!" sighed Pearly. "It used to make me feel funny to look at them awful thin remains!"

"It was a pity of him," said Simon perfunctorily.

The topic was neither savory nor fruitful, and conversation here flagged a trifle.

Simon wrestled with a desperate temptation to put his fate to an immediate test, demand of Pearly whether she were really "promised" to Adam, and discover at once whether she could give him any hope.

"You're lookin' well, Si. Only a little older," the girl remarked.

"You're lookin' good, too, Pearly. Only I can't say you're lookin' any older. Say, Pearly!"

"What, Si?"

"Why didn't you never write to me when I was laid up after that party where Adam Hoofstitler fetched you away from me?"

Pearly's fair face and neck flushed a deep pink as she gazed at him with wide eyes of surprise.

"Si, I was just a-goin' to ast *you* why you never come to see me or ast fur me when I had so sick after that there sleigh-ride with Adam!"

"*I* never heard you had sick, Pearly!"

"I had sick of typhoid fever. It was the day after the party, and I believe I was washing dishes, or what I was doing — when I got it so in my head! I went to bed, and the doctor he didn't know what it would give yet, but till a day or two it give typhoid fever. I had to do seven weeks with it, and it turned me all over! And when I got some better, the first thing I ast was if Si was here ever. And when they sayed no, only Adam, and they sayed how all the time I had sick, Adam he was so kind that way — then I didn't know what *to* think no more!"

"Pearly! I never knowed you had sick! I was laid up with my foot, and no person never tole me you had the fever!"

"Now, *Si!*" Pearly half gasped. "You don't mean to say you never knowed!"

"Pearly!" called a voice from the grocery store on the other side of the eating-room, "what you do?"

It was the voice of her father, and it was followed by his portly appearance in the doorway.

"What you do, Pearly?"

"Nothin', Pop."

"Well, then," he jocularly admonished her, "stop it!"

He roared with laughter at his own wit as he stood in his shirt-sleeves, his fat palms resting on his hips, his red cheeks shaking with his mirth.

"Why, Si!" he exclaimed in surprise as he recognized the young man. "What brung *you* along yet?"

Simon felt, in Mr. Schwenkfelder's surprised greeting, an overwhelming sense of embarrassment in his fear lest the purpose of his visit be manifest to Pearly's father. Could he once be persuaded that she cared more for him than for Adam, he would brave her father, Adam, and all the village in his endeavors to win her. But so long as he was in doubt, his confusion and timidity ruled him.

"It gets late on me, and I must go," he said, rising abruptly.

"Well, good-by, Si," said Pearly, a wistful note in her voice that set his pulse to bounding. He lifted his downcast eyes and looked at her.

"Mebbe I might come, a little while after supper, down," he suggested. "Would my comp'ny be acceptable, Pearly?"

"I'd enjoy your comp'ny much, Si," she blushingly answered.

"Ain't you lookin' fur Adam Hoofstitler over?" he blurted out.

"He — he has to go up behind Reading this after," she faltered.

"And when the cat's away the mice'll play, heh?" hilariously shouted Mr. Schwenkfelder. "Ain't, Si?"

Simon hardly knew, as, only half conscious of the ground under his feet, he limped homeward, whether he ought to feel elated or discouraged at Pearly's invitation, since it was given because Adam would be out of town. Was Pearly only wanting to trifle with him? Just what it might signify as to Pearly's true sentiments, Simon pondered heavily all the rest of the day, until at nightfall he again found himself, with alternate hope and misgiving, walking up the village street toward Schwenkfelder's restaurant.

Pearly was sitting on the front porch, most fetchingly dressed in a white frock with pink ribbons on it.

"'I AIN'T JUST TO SAY *PROMISED*, SI. BUT—BUT WE'RE IN WITH EACH OTHER WONDERFUL THICK'"

"I'm that glad to see you, Si!" she greeted him; "come here and set down on the porch, side by each!"

"I brung you a present, Pearly," Simon boldly plunged in when he had taken the chair at her side. "Will you accept it off of me?"

"Oh, Si! I don't know if I had ought to. What fur present is it?" she inquired, with eyes of eager curiosity on the package in his hand.

This "present" was a test on Simon's part. If she accepted it from him, she was surely not "promised" to another. Such an act would be counted by Stumpstown standards as nothing short of stealing. It would be getting goods on false pretenses.

Simon removed the wrapping paper and brought forth a large volume, the title of which appeared in gilt letters on the brown imitation-of-leather cover.

Roses and Thorns of Paris and London.
That Lessons may be learned therefrom,
Influencing to Shun Evil and Admire
Virtue.

"I bought it off of such a agent last week," he explained; "and to-night I conceited I'd fetch it with — and give it a present to you, Pearly. It's got pictures all through. It cost me four ninety-eight."

"Now, think!" cried Pearly admiringly. "I never had a book where cost that much. It's wonderful handsome, Si, saddy!" (Thank you.)

"I'm glad you like it, Pearly."

"I like it wonderful, Si."

"Then ain't you promised to Adam Hoofstitler, Pearly?"

Simon's heart beat thick in his breast as he asked the crucial question.

Pearly started and blushed very red in her confusion.

"I ain't just to say *promised*, Si. But — but we're in with each other wonderful thick."

"But you ain't promised?"

"No — not just to say that. But," she faltered, her eyes downcast, "it ain't because Adam ain't *ast* me often enough."

"'Come on out of here, Adam — me and you ain't in it'"

"Pearly! Is it that you won't have him, or what?"

"I won't do it to say to him if I *will* or no. But — to be sure, me and Adam, us we're awful well acquainted together that way. And in January I get twenty years old, and now pop and mom they say it's time I marry oncet!"

"And why won't you say yes to Adam?" Simon asked huskily.

Pearly looked down and outlined with her fingers the letters on her book.

"I have a many reasons."

"Won't you tell 'em off to me?" Simon pleaded.

"I don't think it would be nice in me to talk down on Adam as long as I leave him keep comp'ny with me."

"Is it that you don't know right what you do want, or whatever?"

"Well, Si," answered Pearly, leaning a little nearer to him and lowering her voice confidentially, "sometimes I say to myself, 'I sure won't do it.' And then again when Adam he plagues me so to have him, I don't know what *to* think. But I pass it as my opinion a girl ought not to engage till she's sure."

"Don't you like him good enough?"

"I'm afraid, Si, sometimes I don't. Then again sometimes I think I could stand him pretty good — fur all he's so hard to do with and so ugly-dispositioned! And through the nose he talks — and that kreistles (disgusts) me. And he's so jealous — I darsent never even talk with other ones!"

"Is it — is it that you mebbe like someone else, Pearly?" Simon ventured.

Pearly nervously fingered her book and did not at once answer. But at last, without looking up, she said in a low voice:

"Mebbe that is it. I — I never could forget *you*, Si, and how much me and you enjoyed ourselves to be together!"

"Pearly!" Simon leant forward and clasped her hand. "Look at here! You give Adam the go-by and be *my* girl!"

"Oh, Si!" murmured Pearly, tears in her voice, "it don't look nice if I travel with you now, after Adam! I'd sooner have *you*, Si, 'deed I would — but it don't do! It gives bad feelings to break away from your steady comp'ny like that. I wouldn't know *how* to do it."

"I'll easy tell you *how*, Pearly! When is Adam comin' to set up with you again?"

"Monday dinners he comes, on his way to work, and sets an hour."

"Well, you just tell him, when he comes, how you made up with Simon Flick, and you're goin' to keep comp'ny now with *him*, and Adam he should go on home and stay. That's the way you can do it."

"Oh, Si, he wouldn't listen on me. And I wouldn't half do that — I wouldn't *half* send him home — when me and him's been keepin' comp'ny so long a'ready!"

"Then let it to me. I'll go to see him and tell him!" Simon eagerly suggested, scenting a foretaste of his enjoyment in such a triumph over his hated, life-long tormentor and enemy.

"I wouldn't risk leavin' you do that!" said Pearly. "Adam he'd most likely up and fight you! You see, Si, no one can't easy get over (get ahead of) Adam — he's so strong — and so quick-dispositioned. Oh!"

This sudden outcry was occasioned by the appearance at the porch steps of none other than the redoubtable Adam himself.

He was not dressed in his "Sunday suit," in which a young man of Stumpstown must always be clad when he calls on a young lady; he wore his every-day clothes and carried a small valise.

"Well, Pearly! I conceited I'd stop on my way home and see how you was. I got home earlier than what I thought for."

He had mounted three of the four porch steps before he recognized the man who was sitting beside Pearly, for the evening had grown dark while Simon and Pearly had been talking together.

"Well, I'm blamed, if it ain't Si Flick!" he exclaimed. "Hello, Club-foot, what are you doin' here?"

Simon Flick did not wince. He felt the cherished animosity of years fail him utterly.

Neither he nor Pearly made any answer to Adam.

"Well — it's time you limped along home, Si," Adam instructed him, "and give up your chair to *me*. I don't know what you're doin' anyhow, settin' here with Pearly! Go on, now!"

Simon leaned back comfortably in his chair and fitted together the tips of his fingers. He did not speak.

"Do you hear?" cried Adam. "Pearly, shall I chase him off?" he half jocularly, half angrily asked. His tone expressed his perplexity at the silence of both of them.

"Adam Hoofstitler," Pearly answered him quietly, but with an unaccustomed force in her manner, "you'd better chase *yourself* off if you can't treat my friend civil. Si was always my friend since I was a little girl yet, and you sha'n't affront him here!"

"He ain't been your friend fur as much as four years back a'ready!" Adam contradicted her, amazement getting the better of his usually ready anger at opposition.

"But he would of been if it hadn't been fur you, Adam. I didn't know how you made him fall, and how he was laid up all the time I had sick — and it was all your doin's!"

"So them's the things Simon's been settin' here tellin' you, heh? Well, Pearly," he sarcastically suggested, "you better choose right now which of us two you'll have then."

"Pearly!" Simon here became articulate. "Here's your chanct. Choose between us *now!* Pearly, I pass you my word, if you

choose me, I'll never in all our lives together do anything to make you sorry you choosed me. I'll use you as good as I otherwise can, Pearly!"

"Is the feller went crazy as well as club-footed?" cried Adam. "Pearly, what's he talkin' anyhow?"

Pearly rose from her chair, and Simon quickly stood at her side. The girl laid her hand on his arm. "I choose you, Simon. And Adam, here's your watch back again."

She took out her little gold timepiece and held it toward her rejected lover.

He did not take it. For an instant he glared at her, his eyes shining in the dimness with a concentrated anger that made her tremble, but before which she did not quail.

Suddenly — his face apoplectic with rage — he made a dash at Simon. But Simon had been watching for this — had he not known Adam Hoofstitler all his life long? — and having the advantage of standing a step higher on the porch than his antagonist, he met his onslaught with a quick parrying blow which, taking Adam by surprise, hurled him backwards to the pavement.

Instantly, however, he was on his feet again, and now, quite beside himself with fury, he rushed a second time upon Simon. Pearly, recklessly obeying her instinct to protect her chosen lover, stepped in front of him before he could prevent her — and it was she who received Adam's blow!

It would have struck her to the floor had not Simon caught her as she fell. Adam, heedless of his outrage to the girl, seized Simon by his collar to hurl him off — when he found himself grasped by the strong hand of Pearly's father.

"What you mean, doin' somepin like this?" demanded Mr. Schwenkfelder furiously, his face crimson with mingled alarm for his daughter and anger at the man whom he had seen strike the blow.

"I didn't go to hit Pearly — you might know!" growled Adam, trying to shake himself free of Schwenkfelder's hand on his collar. But big and strong as Adam was, Mr. Schwenkfelder was his match.

"And when you'd hit her, 'stead of bein' concerned fur her, you just kep' on tryin' to fight Simon, you coward! Well, this here settles *you!* I never did like you anyways, with your bullyin', braggin' ways! You can just take yourself off! and double quick, too, or I'll set the dog on you!"

"Ezra Schwenkfelder!" protested Adam, his own anger cooled before this unexpected encounter with Pearly's father; "you'll sure think better of this here till morning a'ready; you're some mad and don't know right what you're sayin'! I'm sorry if I hurt Pearly!"

He turned to the girl, whom Simon had helped to her chair. She was white and trembling, and her childish eyes were fixed upon Adam with fear and aversion.

"Pearly! I'm wonderful sorry this here happened! It's all because this here Simon Flick —— "

"That's like your cowardness!" exclaimed Mr. Schwenkfelder disgustedly, "to be blamin' someone else fur your own bullyin' and bruteness!"

"I always knowed," panted Pearly, "that some day you'd hit me, Adam! I felt you would some day! But I sure never conceited you'd do it before we was married a'ready!"

"Clear out here, I tell you!" commanded Mr. Schwenkfelder, "and good riddance! I seen enough of you just now to make me know you ain't marryin' our Pearly if *I* can help!"

Adam, obeying perforce, turned his back on them all and stalked away.

An hour later Pearly, quite herself again after her fright, stood at the porch steps bidding Simon good-night.

"Pearly!" he breathed ecstatically as he held both her hands in his, "to-night I done what I conceited to do since that night four years back, when Adam Hoofstitler spited me so wonderful by taking you away from me and carrying you home in his sleigh!"

"What was it, Si, that you'd conceited to do?" Pearly shyly asked, prepared to feast on his honeyed words of long devotion to herself.

"I always conceited that no matter how long I'd have to wait, I'd some time get back at Adam Hoofstitler fur what he done to me! And to-night I have got back at him. To-night I've did what I set out to do four years back and have thought about every day since! But I've did even better'n I planned fur, I've took his girl off him! I never thought I could get *that* good a spite at him! And now," Simon added in deep-toned satisfaction, "I'm contented!"

Pearly drew her hands from his and stepped back, her eyes fastened upon Simon with much the look of fear and aversion which

she had turned upon Adam when she had sent him about his business an hour before.

"So that's what you come here fur to-day!" she breathed. "That's what you made love to me fur and ast me to be your girl! — so's you could get your spite out of Adam! Not because you loved me, but because you wanted to get me loosed of Adam to spite him! Well, Simon Flick, you was wonderful dumb to *tell* me — fur now I'd sooner be *six* old maids as marry you! I'd sooner marry Adam than a man that ast me to marry him just so's to spite another man!"

"But, Pearly —— "

She had turned and rushed into the house before he could stop her.

Simon stood confounded. His head swam with the effect of this sudden revulsion of his joy to alarm and grief. What had he done? What had happened? Pearly lost to him! She would "sooner marry Adam." Simon passed his hand over his head and staggered down the street.

During a long, sleepless night he wrestled with his trouble. How could he make it right with Pearly and win her back? He realized that when on the next morning Adam should go to her in all the confidence of his strong self-esteem, she would most likely, in her disappointment in himself, take back her rejected lover; and yet, Simon knew that the pain he suffered in the thought of this was all for the loss of Pearly and scarcely at all for the triumph of Adam. Had he not then misrepresented himself to Pearly? Was his heart really so black with unchristian "spite" as he had himself supposed it to be? If he could prove to Pearly that it was not! — then all might even yet be well with him — unless his proof, coming after her reconciliation with Adam, was too late.

Next morning, as early as propriety would permit, Simon went to see Pearly. But it was as he had feared. He was too late. Adam was there ahead of him. The "hired girl" who answered his knock on the door told him so and handed him a folded sheet of paper.

Simon unfolded the paper and read:

> Friend. I don't never want to see you no more, Simon, after what you spoke to me last night.
>
> Pearly Schwenkfelder

The note crushed in his hand, Simon turned away, his face ashy.

But as the house door closed behind him, the restaurant door next to it opened, and Mr. Schwenkfelder stepped out.

"Si! I want to speak somepin to you!"

"What does Adam Hoofstitler mean, sneakin' 'round here after what you sayed to him last night?" desperately demanded Simon.

"Yes, ain't!" vigorously nodded Mr. Schwenkfelder. "Well, he didn't take me serious. He thought I'd be over it till this morning a'ready. But I meant it all right! I never did like him and his masterful ways. Missus she says, too, she'd be better satisfied if Pearly took someone else. Missus she never did like Adam."

"And now are yous leavin' him come back to Pearly again after what passed between yous last night?"

"Well, Adam he come here this morning as if nothin' had happened, and he sayed he'd come to ast a favor off of me, and he sayed he had the chanct to git the post-office of Stumpstown at three hundred dollars per annum by the year, if he could get a party to go on his bond fur one thousand dollars. Well, I sayed I wouldn't do it to go on his bond, fur I did that way oncet fur a man in a bank, and I lost. And I passed my promise then to Missus I'd never do it no more. Adam he didn't know no person else to ast. It ain't much people in Stumpstown has prop'ty to that amount, you know. Adam he's a good bit spited at me. But he kep' it down on account of his wantin' Pearly so bad."

Simon was staring at him with a strange gleam in his eyes — the look of a man who sees a vision. He did not speak.

Mr. Schwenkfelder regarded him in perplexity. "What's ailin' you, Si?" he demanded, nudging him with his elbow to arrest his attention. "You look like as if you was *seein'* things!"

"Pearly and Adam's in the parlor, ain't?" Simon huskily asked.

"Yes, what'd you want, Si?"

"Leave me speak to 'em. I ain't raisin' no disturbance."

"*You* ain't, mebbe. But Adam is if he sees you, and I ain't havin' Pearly no more excited!"

"I'm not a-goin' to excite her. I'm a-goin' to make her peaceable."

"What are you goin' to do?"

"You can come with — and see," answered Simon, walking past the hesitating

landlord into the house. Adam and Pearly were seated together on a haircloth sofa. Pearly's face was white, and her eyes downcast, and Adam was in an attitude of earnest expostulation. The pair looked up in startled surprise. Pearly's white face grew flushed, and her lifeless eyes flashed upon Simon. Adam eyed the leading intruder aggressively.

Simon walked straight up to the sofa.

"Adam Hoofstitler" — he spoke in a tone of quiet dignity — "I come in here to say I'd go on your bond fur you. I tole Pearly last night how I felt spiteful to you, and she throwed me over because of it. Now I'm here to prove to her that my spite died out before the sorrow of losing her. I ain't got no mean feelin's to you now, and I'm provin' it by offerin' to risk the loss of them thousand dollars. Pearly!" he besought the girl, "will this prove to you that I love you true and honest and with all my heart?"

The flash in Pearly's eyes had changed to a soft glow. She rose from the sofa and laid her hand on Simon's arm.

"This is more'n I'd ast you to do, Si, to prove your love! I thought from the way you spoke last night it was only spite to him and not love to me that brung you to see me. I know different now, and that's all that matters me anything. You have no need to go on Adam's bond. If I'm to marry you, Si, I'm sure I'd sooner you'd not risk that much!"

"It would easy-up my conscience if I done it," Simon responded. "It always troubled me a heap, still, how spiteful I couldn't help feelin' to Adam, and it kep' me from joinin' on to church. I knowed them feelin's I had to him wasn't right, but I couldn't seem to help havin' 'em, and I didn't *want* to help it, neither! I can't take credit fur actin' good to Adam now, fur my mean feelin's to him is all gone, and it ain't no struggle to me. You see, Pearly, the power of love to cast out the devil!"

He clasped her hand in both his own, and the look in their faces made Mr. Schwenkfelder modestly turn his back.

"Come on out of here, Adam — me and you ain't in it!" he exclaimed. "Good luck to you, Simon!" he called over his shoulder. "*I'm* satisfied all right!"

"Look-a-here, Pearly!" Adam, who had been sitting dumfounded, at last found voice to interpose. "I ain't *takin'* his offer of his bond, and I ain't leavin' him take my girl off me if I have to lame his other leg fur ——"

"Here!" wrathfully exclaimed Mr. Schwenkfelder, turning about and facing him, "you shut up that kind of talk, do you hear? And come on out of here! I'm glad Simon turned up to cut you out! You never suited *me* fur no son-in-law. Now, out of here!"

Adam wavered only an instant, for, like all bullies, he was a coward.

"And mind you," warned Mr. Schwenkfelder as he followed him out of the room, "you give Si any trouble, and you'll answer to *me* — I'll kick you good if you touch him! Yes, and if I hear of you callin' your cowardly names after him! Now you mind if I don't!"

The parlor door closed sharply behind them. And Simon and Pearly were alone.

YOUTH'S PRAYER

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

LET me live out my years in heat of blood!
Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust — a vacant shrine!

Let me go quickly like a candle light
Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow!
Give me high noon — and let it then be night!
Thus would I go.

And grant that when I face the grisly Thing,
My song may trumpet down the gray Perhaps!
Let me be as a tune-swept fiddle-string
That feels the Master Melody — and snaps!

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THE WILD ANIMAL PHYSICIAN AND HIS PATIENTS

BY

A. W. ROLKER

AUTHOR OF "THE ROGUES OF A ZOO," "WILD ANIMAL TRAPPING," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. R. SANBORN AND PIERRE PULLIS

PRESCRIBING medicine for a caged beast is like prescribing medicine for a human creature, only more difficult. Where the human being is quick to complain, the wild animal, hardened to the rough-and-tumble knocks of a wilderness, takes his pangs as a mere matter of course, never betraying by sign or whimper that the sting of death is upon him until he is dangerously near the point where human aid cannot avail him. Often a ferocious beast like a lion, or a ponderous patient like an elephant, develops diseases like pneumonia. Poultices and similar local treatment are impossible in such cases, and all that can be done is to remove the animal to an infirmary properly heated and there treat it with pills or capsules smuggled into toothsome tid-bits. A beast may be too sick to eat, but, while there is any hope at all, it is never too sick to drink. Medicines may be administered in drinking-water or in milk or in cod-liver oil, of which all cat animals are especially fond. If to all the obstacles in the way of treating them, you add that wild animals are subject to almost all the diseases common to man,

and that every wild animal is equipped with claw and fang, and with a strength and agility far beyond that of a human being, you get some idea of the difficulties which the wild animal physician must surmount.

Yet the work of studying the diseases and disease are filed. Samples of the blood, the sputum, and the effluvia are put under microscopes and examined for bacteria. If these are found, the germs are "cultured" and experimented upon for means of extermination. And lastly, should a patient die, he is

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A SURGEON AT WORK ON RAJAH, THE ORANG-UTAN

of saving the lives of rare and expensive captives has been carried on successfully. The knowledge and the experience of some of the foremost "human" physicians have been utilized. Each "case" is treated with the same minute care as an interesting "human case." Daily reports of the condition of a patient and the progress of his removed to a morgue, where an autopsy is held and every organ is microscopically examined.

Such was the fate of "Rajah," the "Mayor of the Monkey House" in the New York Zoölogical Park, one of the finest specimens of orang-utan ever in captivity. Big as an eight-year-old boy, with long arms and legs

and a tubby body covered with reddish brown hair. "Rajah" had a delightfully homely monkey face, out of which pleaded a pair of mild, brown eyes with an all but human intelligence. In fact, there were times when the human in this beast seemed almost uncanny. His relations to his keeper were those of a two-year-old child toward its nurse. He craved affection and companionship. Often he would stretch his long arms upward and beg to be lifted up as a child begs its mother to take it. Then, with arms and legs folded about the neck and the waist of the man, the ape would hold fast, resting his cheek against that of his friend.

"Rajah," however, was more than a mere natural curiosity. He was an "educated" ape. His long legs thrust into a pair of trousers, and his arms and body clad in a spike-tail coat and a "fancy" shirt-front with collar and necktie, he would sit on a chair in front of a little table and give surprising exhibitions of simian table manners. He would tuck one end of his napkin into his collar at the throat and wipe his mouth with it at frequent intervals. He knew how to eat sliced bananas with a spoon, could pour milk out of a tea-pot and drink it out of a cup, and could perform the difficult trick of drinking out of a pocket-flask without spilling a drop. Other tricks, such as dressing and undressing himself, using a knife and fork, and riding a tricycle, he was acquiring, when he was stricken with a strange disease which puzzled the physicians.

In all probability "Rajah" would be alive to-day were it not for five huge, four-hundred-pound tortoises, found in the crater of an extinct volcano in the Galápagos Islands, carried for days by a small army of natives, and finally transported to the Park. Here the tortoises were liberated to crawl and to stretch their hideous necks in a wired enclosure surrounding an open summer cage wherein lived not only "Rajah," but "Zulu" and "Sadie," and two other big "orangs." All day long the five entertained crowds by their feats on trapezes and flying-rings; by mischievously tickling one another with straws, or suddenly pulling a leg or an arm; and by displays of crude reasoning, like throwing pebbles at passing toads and using sticks or twigs to tease the tortoises when they were beyond arm's reach from the bars of the cage.

But all this time the great shell-backs were taking deadly revenge, for, one after another, the apes, obtained at infinite pains and trouble, were stricken with a mysterious bowel complaint. The afflicted apes, looking as sick as only sick apes can look, were huddled into so many heaps, their heads ducked between their knees, their long hands clasped over the backs of red skulls, their eyes black and burning with fever, their temples sunken, and utter misery on their bright, mischievous faces.

The pathologist in charge called in "human" physicians, among them a specialist on stomach and bowel troubles. Samples of the effluvia showed a living, squirming mass of bacteria unknown in this country. Before experiments could be made with these, "Sadie" and two of her mates were dead, and only "Zulu" and "Rajah" were left.

Tucked beneath a blanket, his head on a pillow, "Rajah," very sick indeed, lay comfortably bedded in a shoe-box in a corner of his cage in the monkey house. He must have been suffering intensely, and his pain brought out the human in him more than ever. He would lie breathing heavily and moaning softly until stroked by the hand of his keeper, when the sounds of distress would cease, as if mere human contact had alleviated his misery. Then the lids would droop lower and lower, and the eyes become heavier and heavier, until they would close, and the beast would find forgetfulness in sleep. The poor body, gaunt and emaciated, seemed burning up with fever. The arms, once like veritable steel bands, lay weak and lifeless; the hands, usually so moist and cool, were dry and hot as they feebly sought the hand of the keeper. And there lay this helpless, knowing creature, to whom nothing of the cruder human attributes save laughter and tears seemed denied, craving affection until the very last.

The end came dramatically, toward the wee small hours of morning. The keeper, thinking his patient too sick to get up, had left the cage open and had retired toward a lamp at the end of a long, narrow passage, when he was startled to see the figure of a dwarfed, misshapen man coming toward him through semi-darkness. The figure swayed weakly from side to side, and the arms were extended to steady the faltering steps. "Rajah," missing his friend, was looking for him. Up went the arms in a gesture of supplication, and with a guttural sound that meant, "Take me! Take me!"

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Bandaging the leg of "Bridge," the Eskimo dog presented to the Zoo by Lieutenant Peary. His leg was badly lacerated by being caught on a hook

the sick ape begged to be picked up. Gently he was raised, and his arms closed tight about the keeper's neck and, like a sick boy's, the homely head sank into the hollow at the man's neck. All the former prodigious strength seemed to come back to the arms in that moment, and they clung desperately, refusing to loosen. Then a hot hand clutched that of the man and held it as if in a vise. With a deep groan, as if a human being were breathing out his soul, the body drooped, the head fell limp, one by one the fingers loosened their hold — the heart of the man-beast had ceased to beat.

To-day, of all the happy, careless five, only "Zulu" is alive. He owes his recovery to the wild animal physician who discovered in the nick of time a poison fatal to the germs. And then it was found that the tortoises, so closely confined near the apes, were fairly alive with deadly microbes, and though the tortoises themselves were immune to these, the more sensitive organisms of the apes quickly absorbed them.

Treating Ferocious Patients

Gentle patients, like apes, monkeys, and many members of the deer and the goat families, the animal physician may pick up and handle almost as he would a baby; but the carniverous beasts, the lion, the tiger, the leopard, and the jaguar, these animals, whose one instinct is for blood, are a different proposition.

A sick lion or a sick tiger behaves exactly as one would expect one of these kings of the wilderness to behave. No matter how acute or prolonged the pain, not even at the last moment does the brute betray suffering. So died "Hannibal," a fine eighteen-year-old lion belonging to the park where "Rajah" died.

As in the case of old men who have been spared the experience of serious illness, if no other sickness attacks an aged lion, pneumonia stands ready to pounce on the lungs. Such a fate overtook "Hannibal," — deep yellow as an autumn sunset, with a grim face framed in a maze of tousled mane,

and with royal, disdainful eyes that gazed coldly over the heads of his visitors.

Now and then the old king coughed, a short, harsh, hacking cough, showing the blood-red maw, the fiery tongue,— rough as a rat-tail file,— and the snowy, pointed teeth that had crunched through the leg bones of many a buffalo in the dark nights of the jungle. Even the feeding hour failed to stir his interest. There he lay, the fatal sting deep within him, gazing as coldly into the face of death as he had gazed into the eyes of would-be friends. Now and then the bewhiskered chin would sink to the yellow paws, and he would lie dozing in the grasp of the fever. At intervals he arose, coughing a cough that racked his mighty frame, to slack the thirst that was consuming him. Erect he walked, his stiff, extended tail switching from side to side, undaunted, ready, if need be, to challenge to the death as he had challenged in the days of old. Into the narrow confines of his cage the feeble hand of man reached forth to him as far as it dared.

The center of the cage was provided with a trap-door, really an elevator. Upon this a small cage was hoisted into the den of the sick lion. He was coaxed into the box, which was then closed, rolled upon the elevator, and lowered to the basement. There it was transferred to a similar elevator, which was hoisted up through the floor of a second cage in a separate room, where the patient was cut off from the other animals and the noise and excitement of visitors. The top of this cage, which was the "infirmary," consisted of steel wire and gave free access to the sunlight which flooded golden through the curved glass roof of the building. Here the fine beast, too dangerous to approach, stretched his mighty limbs in comfort.

Skilful though the physician might be, except to give medicine and to feed stimulants, he dared do little for this patient. The infirmary, bright, properly heated and

ADMINISTERING MEDICINE TO A YOUNG ALLIGATOR

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ventilated, and spick and span, proved the last home of "Hannibal." Medicines, disguised in cod-liver oil, and mixtures of nourishing drink, like milk and eggs and whisky, were administered, but the end was inevitable. As the sickness progressed, sleep came oftener to the sick beast, startled at intervals into wakefulness by fits of coughing. The quick, hacky breath told that his suffering grew steadily worse, until, toward the end, he arose, shook his beautiful mane and lashed his tail, raised his head high, and tried to roar his farewell. But the once resounding voice broke pitifully. The beast tottered on his legs. A queerly puzzled, helpless expression came into his face as the great nose sank toward the floor, then the yellow legs collapsed, and the monarch sank, dead,— the most royal of all the patients of the wild animal physician.

Mending the Split Lip of "Tuck"

As a rule, one of the healthiest, hardiest beasts of a menagerie is that lumbering, dogged prisoner, the bear. Heat or cold, winter or summer, all seem the same to this shaggy captive. In summer he escapes the heat of his thick coat by frequent plunges into his cage pool, where his fur absorbs enough water to keep him cool long after the surface of the hair has dried. During the winter he is in a state of semi-hibernation, spending much of his time in sleep, coming forth once a day to nibble at a loaf of bread or a few stale biscuits.

Often, however, the dangerous beast gets into conflict with other bears and receives injuries requiring the services of the animal physician. This is what happened to a "zoo" mate of "Hannibal," "Friar Tuck," a five-hundred-pound European black bear with shaggy fur that hid the muscles and sinews heaped beneath his tough skin, and an elephantine gait that belied the lightning-like swiftness of this animated catapult.

The trouble began early one morning in a fight between "Tuck" and his brother "Tom." The brutes, having got a beautiful start, were at each other. Growling and snarling, each was trying to bury his fangs in the other's neck. Rearing on their hind legs, they would come together exchanging resounding cuffs and buffets that would have staggered an ox. Like a pair of heaving young mountains they strained back and forth over and over each other. Again and again teeth were buried deep in flesh, nothing but the tangle of the six-inch-long hair preventing laceration. At last the keepers rushed into the den with spiked poles and separated the combatants.

Then it was seen that "Tuck" was in serious distress. Snarling and growling, and "mad clear through," he was tumbling and rolling over and over, frantically wiping one paw down one side of his muzzle as if bees, hornets, and all the wasps in creation were stinging his nose. What ailed the brute it was impossible to see among the tangles of his shaggy head, so a rolling cage was pulled into the den, and "Tuck" was prodded into it. By means of planks shoved through the front and back bars of the cage, this was partitioned in two; then it was partitioned into a quarter, and still farther sub-divided, until the bear, puzzled and helpless, was wedged between wall and partition. A brief struggle, and a canvas chloroform bag was slipped over the patient's head, until, the anesthetic taking effect, the struggle became less and less, and finally the great sinewy body relaxed, and the brute, paws limp, lay helpless.

Then the cage was opened, and the bear was drawn forth, while the physician took the head in his hands and investigated. During the fight one side of "Tuck's" long, overhanging upper lip had been caught between his teeth, and he had bitten clear through it, spiking it on one of the two-inch-long fangs of his upper jaw. It was hopelessly stretched in this painful position, while the efforts of self-treatment had made matters worse by severe tearing and laceration. With a pair of pincers, the physician drew down the lip and freed it and, having washed the wound with antiseptic, turned "Tuck" loose in his den, where he lay all day with a chastened spirit and a chloroform headache.

One other instance requiring the surgical skill of the wild animal doctor occurred in this park in the case of "Silver," a big grizzly, who would not have hesitated to give battle to a Nubian lion, and who could fell a bullock with a single stroke of his paw. "Silver," a gaunt creature of the Rockies, rearing eighteen inches taller than the tallest man, was "off his feed." Sullen and ferocious, he lay huddled in a heap, murder lurking in his eye and ready to blaze out at the least provocation; for there had come to his Highness a disease of the common, ordinary, barn-yard cattle, a sickness called

"lumpy-jaw," supposed to originate with a fungus on rye straw. Not a moan or groan escaped the blood-red mouth of the old fellow who, it was thought, might be suffering from a toothache. But day by day the jaw swelled, indicating a more serious ailment, and the case was diagnosed as "actinomycosis," and the animal was put into the rolling cage and under the influence of chloroform. Quickly the doctor worked, shaving the hair from the spot where he intended to cut. Then his lancet made its incision through the skin and through the flesh until he exposed the cause of the trouble — a growth, grayish brown, big as a child's head and crudely resembling calves' liver. This he removed, washed the wound carefully with antiseptic, and sewed it up and sprinkled iodoform on it. For a week "Silver" lay in the infirmary, after which he was ready to be transferred to his den.

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ONATHAN EDWARDS

President Roosevelt's black bear. He had chronic indigestion at the time this photograph was made

Treating a Dangerous Tiger

Ingenious though the rolling cage may be, as a device for rendering a caged animal helpless, there are instances where a suspicious brute like a lion or a tiger divines its purpose and, like "Goldie" of the Bostock Show, fights like an incarnate devil against the intrusion.

"Goldie" was a magnificent trained tiger, of deepest orange and blackest black; a wicked-tempered brute, ever on the verge of overstepping that tiny gulf separating his natural instincts from his fear of man. Tall as a big lioness, with slender, restless tail, and paws as big as the feet of a baby elephant, this brute, intelligent far beyond his kind because of his association with man, seemed ever on the very point of attacking his trainer. Ears thrown back, tail extended, mouth open, and paw crooked and uplifted, the beast would enter the arena, never ceasing to challenge the man who defied him at the end of a long black-snake whip. And when this beast became so ill that it was necessary to lay hands on him, it was feared there was trouble ahead.

"Goldie" coughed frequently, a dry, irritating cough that seemed to come from

his throat, and although in his usual properly vicious spirits, he refused the most delicate morsels of food. He was hungry enough, for he tried to eat. But he could not swallow, half-famished though he was. With a snarl of anger he would set back his ears and lash his tail and spit out the raw beef. Then he would sit in the rear of his cage, suspiciously eying the chunk, until he would pounce upon it and with a sweep of his paw send it against the iron bars. No one knew what ailed the tiger, and it was decided to operate on him.

The mere preparations for his capture, going on before the cage, drove the maddened beast to fury. He snarled, drew up his lips, showing the red gums and the snowy teeth, dug his poniard-like claws into the floor of the cage, and lashed his tail from side to side, switching himself into a frenzy. The instant the first plank was poked through the bars, he was all over it. With one swoop of his paw he sent it from the hands of the men holding the farther end, and sank his teeth into it, crunching into the two inches of hemlock until it splintered as if shivered by a pile-driver. The men tried again and again, but only with the same results, until it was decided that the animal was hurting himself with his own madness. The entire partition, nearly six feet deep, was then nailed together, to be shoved through the bars in one solid piece while a ruse was resorted to.

The one thing this tiger hated next to the black-snake whip of his trainer was the sight of a man, and when a keeper stationed himself just out of clawing distance at one end of the cage, "Goldie" cut the air like a yellow streak, "fetching up" against the bars until they rattled and shook. There he lay, his open mouth poked invitingly between the bars, and a foreleg, crooked at the ankle, extended through the bars clear from the shoulder. His attention concentrated on his tormentor, he did not notice the partition shoved in alongside of him until he found himself wedged between this and the wall of the cage, almost helpless.

A canvas chloroform bag, provided with a running noose and rigged on a long pole like a butterfly net, was slipped over his head, and the animal was left to fight himself. Thus blindfolded and crazed with rage, the beast hurled himself forward and backward and sprang against the ceiling of his cage. But the choking fumes of the drug were getting in their work. Before many seconds the struggle became fainter and fainter, until his legs gave way, and the beast lay still as a mouse, dead asleep.

Then the animal doctor entered the cage. He had to work quickly, before the effects of the anesthetic should wear off. He grasped the relaxed jaws, opened them, and held them wedged apart by a piece of wood, while he peered down the red throat. Down into the throat went the hand of the physician. He tugged again and again. At last he brought forth a piece of beef bone which had stuck crosswise in the throat of his patient.

Treating Herbiverous Patients

Unlike the meat-eating animals, the herbiverous or grass-eating beasts give little or no trouble to the animal specialist. The one great difficulty among these animals is that they are obliged to become used to the strange foods of our country. Therefore, stomach troubles and bowel complaints are not uncommon.

One of these diseases, called "botts," is what killed "Judy," one of Peter Barlow's plunging elephants, which performed for an entire season at Luna Park, Coney Island. "Judy" was a tall cow elephant of enormous girth, with short, stocky legs, small eyes, a great bulging forehead, and a long, tapering trunk, thick at the base. Even for an elephant, she was an unusually intelligent, affectionate beast. Down in the big elephant stables, where twenty of these giants were chained by a fore and a hind leg, she would play by the hour with her trainer, extending her trunk like a great python, gently winding its tip about the man's ankle, and pretending to pull him down. Again, she would "wrestle" with him, pushing him tight against the wall of the stall with her head and permitting him to shove her backward until she was bent clear to the attitude of a dog about to spring. It was her delight to be patted behind the ears and between the forelegs, where an elephant's skin is soft as a baby's. And when she was not in play with her trainer, she would play with the other elephants. She would reach over and stealthily pull the ear of her mate "Jerry," or whisk his half bale of hay out of his reach with one sweep of her trunk, or steal trunkfuls of his oats and bran to blow over her back.

As usual, when sickness broke out, it was the pet of the herd that was first stricken.

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TREATING A BABOON FOR TUBERCULOSIS, BY HYPODERMIC INJECTION

Inside the beast myriads of worms had developed and were eating the walls out of her stomach. The pain must have been intense, for the sick animal stood with eyes closed, head lowered, and dangling trunk, breathing quickly; but not a sound of complaint escaped the stoic. Her trunk and her ears were hot, and her eyes twinkled like burning coals with the fever raging behind them. In vain the doctor tried his remedies. The great trouble was to get the patient to take medicines. At the end of the great trunk that could alike uproot a young tree or pick up a pin or a penny, there seemed a sort of intuition which human beings do not possess. She might be coaxed to eat an apple, yet, when a plugged apple, loaded with medicine, was offered, she refused it. In time she refused to eat altogether. For a week, night and day, the trainer had been with his charge, nursing her as a father nurses a sick child. But his work was of no avail.

Half an hour before the sick brute died, she gave a little trumpet and, throwing her trunk about the man's waist, held him and drew him toward her.

"Gawd, I knew then she was saying good-by, and I began to blubber like a baby," Barlow told me when relating the story. "She held me close, as much as to say, 'You've done all you could for me, but it's no use.' After a while I noticed the spring go out of the trunk, and when an elephant's trunk hangs limp like a piece of fire hose, you may know he's pretty near 'all in.' A quiver passed through her body. I saw she was swaying and was going to fall, so I jumped out of the way. One groan she gave, then she came down with a crash like a mountain, and it shook the entire barn."

Although in many cases the elephant is the most difficult to treat, he is often the most obedient of patients. For instance, if the little shifty eyes grow sore and inflamed, the animal will stand still at word of command, and with lowered head will permit the doctor to apply a soothing lotion. As a matter of fact, there are instances where the animal has turned in to help the doctor, as was the case with "Jewel," the old Central Park elephant. "Jewel," who was a trick elephant, and who carried all the lumber and timber for the house she now lives in, became lame in one of her forefeet. Frequently she would search with her trunk about the sole of her foot, and the animal doctor decided she had "picked up" a piece of glass or pebble.

The sole of an elephant's foot consists of a gristly, horn-like growth, provided by nature as a sort of cushion to take up the shock and the jolt of the steps of this three- or four-ton creature. While the animal is at large, or if it is much exercised, this sole is worn down naturally; but in the menagerie, where the unfortunate beast is compelled to stand year in, year out, the horn grows thicker and thicker, and whatever the feet stand upon is squeezed into the sole and works its way into the quick. Therefore, the feet of captive elephants are trimmed semi-annually.

Now, paring the feet of most elephants is no more difficult than trimming the hoofs of a horse. The keeper simply prods his hook into an ankle. "Up," he says, and up comes the foot — measuring sometimes twenty inches across — as obediently as the dainty paw of a toy fox terrier. However, exactly like human beings, elephants have their weaknesses, and the old-maidish whim of "Jewel" was that she wanted no one to tamper with her feet. She was a gentle, affectionate beast who would not think of hurting a flea, but where other elephants simply raised their feet and rested them on a box or a barrel until the keeper had finished with his knives and rasps and files, "Jewel" would let out a scalp-raising trumpet like the screech of a cracked bugle and would refuse to stand.

"Jewel's" keeper began to work, again and again coaxing up the great foot, and working when he got the chance. Toward the end of the morning the point of his knife struck something hard. With a trumpet, the foot came down, the trunk reached out, grasped the keeper about the arm, lifted him high in the air, and carefully set him down in a corner of the stall. With sweets and caresses the keeper worked his way back to favor and cautiously cut around the obstruction, which he could see was a wire nail. But each time the knife touched the sore spot, down went the foot, out came the screech, and forth reached the trunk, picking up the one hundred and eighty-pound man as if he were a straw, and setting him into a corner as if he were a bad boy. In time, however, the head of the nail was enough cleared to permit a hold with pincers, and the keeper was about to get these, when he was gently pushed aside. The beast turned and reached with her trunk, groped across the sole with the finger-like projections at the end of it, grasped the head of the nail, and with one wrench pulled out a three-inch-long wire nail bent about an inch from the head.

Lorenz Treatment for an Elephant

Up in the animal Paradise, where "Rajah," "Hannibal," and "Friar Tuck" flourished, they have a midget of an elephant no larger than a small heifer. His skull is bony, his temples are sunken in, and his body is gnarled like an old oak, and he stands all day sagely "weaving" from side to side, a vest-pocket edition of a full-sized elephant. Yet, what is most noteworthy about "Oom Paul" is his appetite, which came near costing him his life.

In the stall of "Oom Paul" was a stout trough, the bottom of which was two feet from the ground. Nothing in all New York was kept emptier than this trough, and in his eagerness the little pig once planted both feet in the receptacle, the bottom of which gave way, giving "Oom" a bad fall which strained the tendons in his left hind leg. The leg began to swell and became too painful for him to rest his weight upon it. The foot, instead of being directly under the ankle, sloped to one side, and it looked as if the ankle were out of joint.

Everything possible was tried without success. The leg grew steadily worse, and it looked as if the midget would have to be put out of misery, when Dr. W. Reid Blair, the pathologist in charge, decided to try a modification of the famous Lorenz treatment. He made a device consisting of steel and sole-leather, a brace weighing forty pounds, and into this the pudgy foot was strapped. With

a few days "Oom" could stand on his leg, within a few weeks he could walk on it, and within six months, it is thought, the leg will be mended sufficiently for more skyrocketing into the trough.

by the case of "Smiles." "Smiles" was a homely, bad-tempered, two-horned bull rhinoceros, long as a half-grown elephant, with agile legs thicker than fence posts, a hide tougher than sole-leather, a pair of tiny

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DRAWING SERUM FROM A CAPE BUFFALO, FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES

Curing a "Rhino's" Rheumatism

With the advent of the modern wild animal physician, the greatest step in advance has been the appreciation that abundant fresh air, light, cleanliness, and opportunity for exercise are as necessary to the wild patient as they are to man.

Probably the most striking example of what proper sanitary quarters can do for an animal was shown in Central Park Menagerie eyes ever shifting restlessly in their hideously homely sockets. To this day, not a beast in the entire menagerie is more vicious than "Smiles." With ferociousness born of sheer stupidity, he charges his keeper with the speed of lightning and tries to rip him open with an upward root of the wicked eighteen-inch horn fastened to the top of his nose.

Time was, however, when "Smiles" was harmless. Rheumatism, one of the scourges of the pachyderms, had crippled him. His

legs were bent and twisted under him, and he lay helpless like a sick sheep. For weeks he was unable to turn from the side on which he had fallen. Rats had built nests under him and were gnawing through his skin. Medicines were mixed with his food, and liniments were rubbed into him, but these seemed worse than useless, and it looked as if the rare captive must die, when a new director was appointed to the menagerie.

The new man examined the brute's quarters. The floor was of cement, and damp. Light came to the little stall through a single small window. Ventilation there was none. The new director issued an order. Half a hundred men lifted and heaved and tugged and pushed and pulled, until the ugly creature, unable to vent his rage except in grunts, was loaded upon a low wagon and transported to a spacious, dry, light, and well-ventilated stall in the elephant house.

For two weeks the giant pig lay here nibbling at food and showing renewed interest in life. At the end of a month he staggered weakly to his feet, his red eyes beginning to twinkle dangerously. Within another month he was cured and as vicious as ever.

Not long ago a famous animal dealer offered to exchange three grown elephants, two lions or two tigers, a camel, and a pair of ostriches for "Smiles"—a practical illustration of the value of the work the wild animal physician has done.

EXTRACTING SERUM FROM A PYTHON

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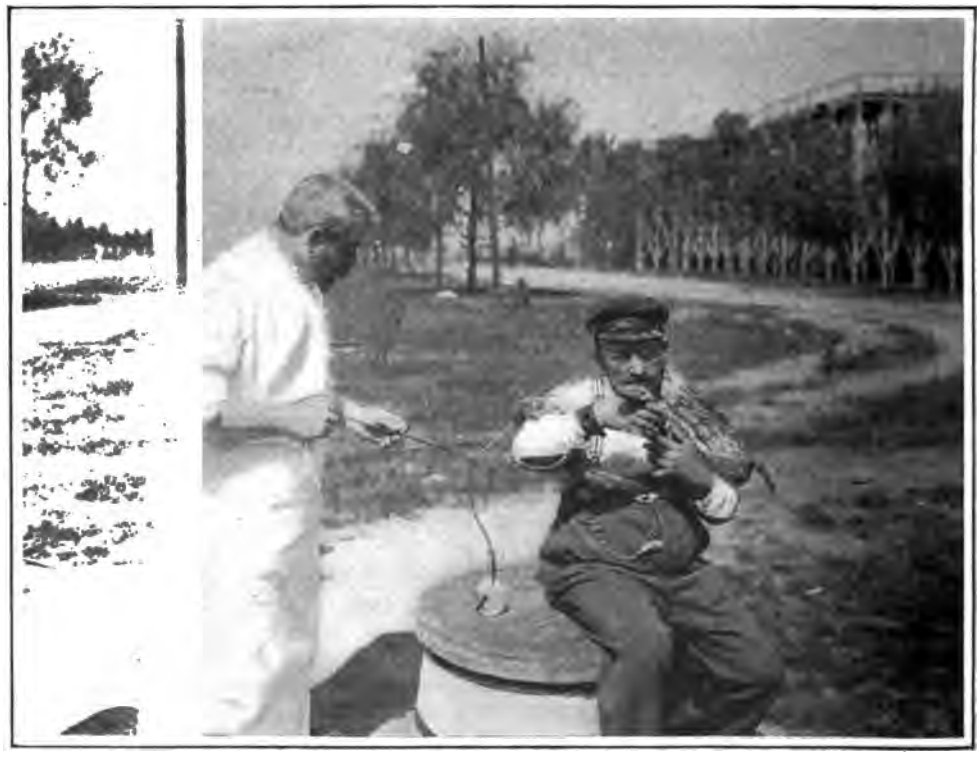

THE DEFENSE OF STRIKERVILLE

BY

ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

THE squad-room conversation had drifted to the state militia, and everyone had taken a verbal poke at that despised arm of the military resources.

"Onct I belonged to the milish," remarked Private Hanks, curled up luxuriously on his cot and sending long, spiral wreaths of smoke ceiling-ward.

"That's what I thought," said Sergeant Cameron. "I recollect the time you first took on — Plattesburg, '97, wasn't it? I had an idea then that you came from the state gravel wallopers."

"I'm kiddin' on the square," said Hanks. "I was an out-and-out snoljer with the milish two years ago out in Colorado. I helped put down the turrible rebellion in the Coal Creek district."

This statement was received with obvious disbelief.

"Lemme tell you about that," said Private Hanks, sitting up. "Lemme relate the sad circumstances of J. Wallace Hanks' enlistment in the Colorado State milish, and if you all don't weep, you haven't got no hearts.

"They was a bunch of us discharged from the Fifth, in Denver, in 1904. We all has a good gob of finals, and of course none of us were going back. You all know how that is," and Private Hanks looked suggestively at Private William Casey, who had just reënlisted that day for his fifth "hitch," after a fervid declaration of a week before that he was through with the service forever; Private Casey at that moment being seated disconsolately upon his cot, red-eyed and dispirited.

"It takes me about a week to get ready to back up into the railroad building to hold up my right hand and promise Recruitin' Sergeant Wilson and Uncle Sam to love, honor, and obey, or words to that effect. The rest of the gang was no better off. They was scattered up and down Larimer Street, stallin' for biscuits, and doing the reliever act with them nice new citizens they'd bought in the flush of their prosperity.

"We all see another three year trick sticking up as conspicuous as a Chinaman in church, but none of us is dead anxious to go back so soon. We don't want the gang out at the fort to give us the big tee-hee after all them solemn swears and rosy air-castles we'd regaled them with when we departed. We'd like to lay off a while until the novelty of our return wouldn't be so strikin'.

"Most of us is too sick to even think of looking for work. We'd maced about everyone we could think of, from Highlands to the fort, and we're done, that's all. We're about twenty-five strong, take us altogether, and there wasn't forty cents Mex in the layout. Things is certainly looking fierce, and we're all standing around on the corners waiting for the first guy to say the word for a break to the railroad building.

"I happens to pike at one of the signs in front of an employment office to see if someone ain't looking for a private secretary or a good manager, and it reads like this:

"'WANTED!—Able-bodied men for the State militia of Colorado. $2 a day and found.'

"I leaves the rest of these sad-eyed dubs standing around where they are and stalls up into this employment office.

"There's a plug sitting behind the desk looking as chesty as a traveling man, and I nails him.

"'What's this gig about militia?' I asks him.

"'Strike — soldiers wanted — two dollars a day and found,' he says, short like.

"'Well, that's where I live,' I tells him. 'I'm the original soldier; all others are infringements.'

"'You gimme two bucks,' he says, 'and I ships you for a soldier.'

"'Say, Mister,' I asks him, 'if I had two bucks, what d'you reckon I'd want to soldier for?'

"'That's my bit,' he says. 'If you ain't got it, of course I can't get it. The noble State of Colorado, she pays me just the same, but when I can get it out of rummies like you, I ketches 'em coming and going. See?'

"I did, all right, and it looks to me like it was a pretty fair graft. This guy explains the milishy business to me. There's a big strike on in the Coal Creek district. The milishy is out, but there ain't enough men, so they gives this employment guinea orders to pick up all he can. He's just the same as a recruitin' sergeant, only different.

"I tells him about the rest of the bunch, and he agrees to take 'em all. Then I went back and told the gang, and you'd oughta hear the holler they sent up. Milishy! Nix! Not for them! They'd starve first, and a lot more dope like that.

"'Come out o' it!' I tells them. 'Here's a gee hungerin' to slip us two bucks a day and all found, and you hams standing around with wrinkles in your bellies, side-stepping like a bunch of mules in the road. We takes this on while it lasts and gets a stake. The State's good for the money, or ought to be. Come along, childern, before the boogie man sloughs you in the skookum for mopery!'

"'Course they comes! Why, this is duck soup for us all. Think of two cases a shift for snoljering! We're there stronger than father's socks when we lines up in that employment office.

"The gee I talks to sends for an officer from this milish, and he takes charge of us. He ain't a bad feller, only he's a kid and don't sabe the war business much. He asked me if I'd ever seen service, and when I flashes about half a dozen parchments on him, he like to had a fit. At that, he's a nice little feller and don't mean no harm. Some of the guys were trying to kid him, but I made 'em cut it out.

"This officer shoos us down to the depot and loads us up on a train for Coal Creek. He asks us what we wanted to join, and of course we're all out for the cavalry. It seems that was just what he wanted. They had a troop up there that was away shy of men, and a bunch that can ride fits in mighty nice. And so a slice of the first squadron of the Fifth goes into the milishy business.

"I'd hustled the bunch right through the preliminaries, and they don't get much chanst to ponder over it until they was on the train. And then they was sore at themselves and also me. They breaks up into little squads in the smoker and sits looking gloomy-like out the windows. Every onct in a while some guy would sigh and say:

"'S'posin' ole Bluch would see us now!' meaning Cap. Bluch Baker.

"This kid officer was mighty nice on the train, but he finds everyone but me mighty unconversational. We pulls into Coal Creek late that night, and then he suddenly gets all-fired preëmptory.

"'Get out and line up on the platform!' he bawls at us, and, seeing we're there, we do it.

"There's a lot of guys in uniform standing around and looking us over some curious, but we're pretty tired and don't mind. This kid officer gives us right forward, and we climbs hills for the next hour or so until we comes to a bunch of Sibley tents, and a rooky challenges us.

"'Halt!' he says. 'Who is it?'

"What d'you think o' that? 'Who is it!' But that's what he says, all right.

"The kid officer tells him it is Lieutenant Somebody with a detachment, and the rook yells for the officer of the day. We're finally passed, although all hands looked at us some suspicious, and I don't blame them. Another big gang is standing around rubbering at us as we drills into camp, and they makes a lot of fresh remarks. I'm pretty glad my bunch is tired, or there'd been remains to clean up. We're assigned to tents, and a sergeant comes along and gives us a couple of skinny blankets apiece. The tents has floors, so bunking ain't so bad as it might be, although it was colder'n a banker's heart.

"A kid making a stab at reveille on a trumpet gets us out in the morning, and this same sergeant of blanket fame issues us mess-kits. It had snowed a few feet during the night, and we're none too cheerful when we lines up at the mess-shack for breakfast. We didn't have no roll-call, because we hadn't give in our names. The camp is laid out pretty well, as we see it by daylight. The company streets were laid out in rows on a hillside, and there was a big stable for the cavalry horses at the bottom of the hill. We weighs up our comrades in arms as we sees them at the mess-shack, and they're mostly kids. A few gees with very suggestive-

looking shoulders and shamefaced expressions is scattered among them.

"The breakfast ain't so bad, what there is of it, but I could tell by the wise look on the mugs of some of the gang that came with me that there'd likely be a minus in the ranks before long.

"Later in the morning, the captain of the troop lines us up again, swears us in, and takes our pedigrees. I listened mighty intent, but I failed to hear anyone kick in with their right name excepting me, and I had to do it because that kid officer had seen my discharge. Then they issues us clothes.

"Say, you orderly bucking stiffs, I wisht you could see them clothes right now! Most of them was second-hand, and I take it that our predecessors in that troop had put in their time in civil life serving as models for ready-made cigarettes. I never heard such a holler as went up from my gang since the canteen was abolished. They cussed the state milishy, the State of Colorado, the governor, and all his hired hands, and they wound up by cussing me for getting them into it. They was the worst-looking lot of rookies I ever saw in my life, and they was all the madder because I drew a pretty fair outfit myself.

"After clothes, we were sent down to the stables to draw our mounts. I have mentioned that those clothes caused pretty much of a holler, but it was simply a soft guffaw to the muffled roar that the gang let out when they saw them gallant steeds. I think the State of Colorado robbed the hack horse market of Denver when they sent out the milish, and they copped the whole crop of the previous generation of horses at that.

"Skates? Say, they wasn't horses. They were hat-racks! they were shadows of horses — visions — dreams!

"The bunch was sore at first, but the funny side finally struck them, and they commenced picking out the worst mutts they could. There wasn't much choice, but the lay-out my delegation drew was certainly a fright. They had all kinds of fun kidding with them horses and with the rest of the troop. They'd put their saddles on wrong side before, and all such foolishness, to make the troop think they was awful rookies.

"But if the clothes and other things were jokes, that soldiering wasn't. Nix! No play about that. I've monkeyed around in the war business a few days myself, and I never struck anything any harder than playing soldier in Colorado. You worked right straight through from reveille to taps. Post duty around camp; patrol mounted, and guard down in them mines where they'd drop you in a cage so fast you had to hang on to your hat with both hands to keep your hair from flying off. When you got down a mile or two, they'd throw you off with your little gun and tell you to stick there and shoot anyone that batted an eye. Fine business, that!

"It seems that my bunch was about half of this cavalry troop we belonged to. In addition there was a whole regiment of foot-shakers in camp, a battery with one of them old-time Napoleon field-pieces and a Gat, and another big troop of cavalry. They called this last lay-out the Denver Light Horse, and it was a bunch of swells. Most of them looked to me like they might be calico rippers in civil life, but they sure laid it on there. They had good horses, and their uniforms fitted them. We looked like a bunch of volunteers fresh from the states, lined up alongside of them.

"The clothes and horses let 'em out. They weren't there with anything else, and most of them had something to say about running the troop. I give it to the guy that had command of us. He was a captain named Pard, and I finds out afterwards that he was a boss machinist or a boiler-maker in Denver when he wasn't working at this tin snoljer business. He was a silent sort of plug, but he was strong on the tactics. He knew what ought to be done, anyway, and when he told you to do anything, you had a hunch he meant what he said.

"This Light Horse outfit weren't for us a-tall. The second night we were in camp, a large delegation comes yelling down to our streets, and when we looks out to see what the trouble was, we finds they had come to toss us in blankets. Get that? Toss them old heads from the Fifth in blankets!

"They didn't toss. Not any to speak of. We turned over four tents coming from under them, and when the hospital corps arrived, there was ghastly bleeding remains scattered about. Naturally, we didn't get popular with the Light Horse.

"This Captain Pard was wise to us in no time. He got hep that he had a crowd of

the real things under him, and he didn't try any foolishness with us. The rest of the camp had to drill every day. He gave it to us just once. Then he sorter grinned, said something about us appearing to be pretty well instructed already, and that's the last drill we had. He had to take us out every day for a stall, but we put in our time laying around smoking cigarettes in some shaft house.

"Them strikers we were hired to suppress were already pretty much suppressed, as we found it. They was mighty sore at the milishy, and I don't blame 'em, but our fellers got acquainted with a lot of 'em and found 'em pretty decent at that. There's about 'steen little towns in this Coal Creek district, from one to six miles apart, and our troop did patrol duty on the roads between 'em. The strikers were peaceable enough, although they didn't have no use for scabs. They never started anything with us, so we let 'em alone.

"They was especially sore at this Light Horse outfit. Them guys would go tearing through the streets on their horses, paying mighty little attention to life or limb, and they cut up rough with the strikers whenever they got a chanst. They had a big place downtown called a bull-pen, and these Light Horse snoljers were everlastingly throwing someone in the pen, and it made the strikers pretty hot.

"When they finds out we're 'tending strictly to our own business and not minding theirs, the strikers got sorter friendly with us and told us their grievances.

"The mining companies owned the houses where the strikers lived, and when the strike comes on they just naturally throws them strikers out of house and home. So the strikers go to living in tents in regular camps and making out the best way they could. The biggest camp was located about two miles out of town and was on our patrol. We had to stop there every night to see if things was quiet, and it wasn't long before our gang was mighty friendly with them strikers. The women in the camp always had hot coffee for us, and generally a bite, and we got to thinking quite a few of them.

"This camp I'm telling you about is on a hill, and there's only one road to it that's anywhere near decent for traveling. We calls the camp Strikerville.

"We'd been doing this play soldier act for about three weeks and was just waiting for a pay-day to blow, when a striker comes to us one day and tells us that the companies is going to give them the run from where they are camped. He says he has it pretty straight that the deputies will do the job and that this Light Horse outfit is in on the play. The deputies and the milishy are to raid the camp at night and start a big row; then the next day the milishy will run the strikers off altogether, on the ground that they are a menace to public peace.

"It seems, according to what this guy tells us, that if the strikers could be chased clean out of the district, scabs could be gotten without any trouble, and the mines put to work again. He says the milishy's part in the deal ain't to be recognized at headquarters, but the snoljers are to go along with the deputies like they was doing it of their own accord; same as the time a bunch of deputies and soldiers wrecked a union newspaper office over at Cadence. The headquarters hollers afterwards about 'disorganized mob,' and making a rigid investigation to discover the guilty parties, but it was always noticed that the guilty parties was never caught, and the office stayed wrecked.

"Well, this feller tells us that the gang was going to pull down the tents and wreck the whole camp. He was mostly worried about what it might do to the women and children, because there was a lot of 'em in the camp, and it was colder'n blazes, with two or three feet of snow on the ground.

"'A girl baby was born to Mrs. McCafferty just to-day,' he says, 'and it will go kinder rough with her and the kid.'

"'Why don't you put up a fight?' asks 'Dirty Dick' Carson.

"'Fight? What with?' the feller asks. 'They took up every gun in the district when martial law was declared. If we could only put up one scrap, it would put a stop to this thing of sending these disorganized mobs, as they call 'em, around doing the dirty work.'

"'I got a scheme,' says Dick to me, after the feller left, and he outlines it with much joy. It made a big hit with me right off the reel, and at stables that evening C Troop, as represented by the former members of the Fifth Cavalry, has a quiet meeting, and Dick and me talks to 'em long and earnest. When we gets through, we has a hard time keeping them from yelling their heads off just to show how pleased they are.

"'It's all for that McCafferty kid,' I tells 'em. 'Think how you'd like it if you was just born and got throwed out of house and home into the snow. Also think of Mrs. McCafferty's coffee.'

"The bunch got so excited with sympathy, I was afraid they would tip it off to the rest of the camp. To carry out our scheme, we had to have the first sergeant of the troop in. He made up the night patrols and assigned the other sergeants to command. Dick and me went to him and has him down to our tent where half a dozen of the old heads is gathered. It just happens that this top sergeant was a guy that had been with the volunteers in the Philippines, and he thought he was an old soldier. Along with it, he was pretty decent, and when he hears our scheme he kind o' grins and falls for it right away.

"There were two patrols made up of about ten men, each under a sergeant, and they worked from dark until early morning riding the roads. At roll-call that evening the top reads off the names of the men on patrol, and although everyone of my bunch had been on duty the night before, our names is included in the list. In addition to that, he increases each patrol to eleven men, so as to take in all us fellers, and then he says:

"'There's going to be non-commissioned officers' school this evening, and I want all my regular non-coms there. I'll appoint Private Hanks to command Patrol No. 1, and Private Carson to command Patrol No. 2. They'll report to me for instructions.'

"That looked regular enough. The rest of the troop was tickled to death, because they thought the top was throwing it into our gang for double duty. It had commenced to snow again heavy, and no one wanted to ride roads that night.

"'Serves them old stiffs right; they think they know so much,' I heard one of the rooky kids say, as we scattered for our tents.

"In the meantime, I sends one of our fellers through the lines just as soon as we was saddled and ready to start out, with orders to ride to the strikers' camp and put them next. Then Carson and me went to the top for orders.

"I've always had a hunch that when we was talking to him in front of his tent, I saw a pair of eyes gaping through the flap, and that them eyes looked mighty like Captain Pard's, but I couldn't prove it if I had to.

"'Don't let anyone get hurt, now,' was all the top had to say, and we falls in our details and rides out of camp.

"As I'm going past No. 1, the sentry hollers at me:

"'More H Troop?' H Troop being the Light Horse.

"'Nope! Cavalry patrols; C Troop,' I told him.

"'I didn't know; most of H Troop seems to be out on mounted pass to-night,' he says, and a sort o' chuckle runs through our bunch.

"It had started in to snow like the dickens, and you could hardly see your file leader. We were all pretty well bundled up, so we didn't mind. The patrols were supposed to take different roads about a mile from camp, but we all headed straight out toward Strikerville. I sent out a couple of scouts to Handley, where the deputies hung out, and told them to hurry up and bring back a report.

"When we climbs the road to the strikers' camp, and you had to do it pretty slow on account of the rocks and not being able to see very well through the snow, we finds a big stir going on. There's a light in every tent, and camp-fires are burning all around. The women and kids are huddled over the fires, and the men are scattered about in little bunches, all talking at once.

"This guy I sent ahead had scared the life out of them. The president and half a dozen other leaders of the union who lived in camp met us, and I made 'em get busy right away.

"As I tells you, this camp is on a sort of flat plateau on top of a hill, and there is only one road to it. I made them put the women and kids in the tents furtherest away from the head of the road, leaving the lights and fires burning only where they could be seen from the bottom of the road. Then I gets every man jack and every kid of any size in the camp to rolling snowballs. It was a wet, mushy snow and packed fine.

"'Put in a few rocks, if you want to,' I suggests, and I guess they did.

"I posts one of the men at the bottom of the hill, and I puts the rest of them to work throwing up breastworks across the top of the road, to avoid accidents. There was a lot of loose rock laying around, and a fine trench is up in no time.

"Pretty soon my scouts from Handley comes in, their horses dead beat.

"'There's about twenty deputies and twenty-five of them H Troop guys over in Niccoli's saloon,' they tells me. 'They're getting pretty drunk, and someone's liable to get hurt. They won't start until about midnight, and then they're coming a-hellin'.'

"'Any non-coms with the troop?' I asks, and they says, 'No.' None of them had their carbines, either; nothing but six pistols. That was to divert any idea that they was out on anything but mounted pass and a hunt for joy.

"'Them deputies are making a fierce talk about tar and feathering some of you guys,' one of my scouts tells them labor leaders, and it didn't quiet the agitation which was stirring them none.

"I had the snowballs stacked along the front of the trench as fast as they was made, and it wasn't long before there was enough to fill an ore wagon. I kept everyone hard at work just the same, because I didn't want to run shy.

"All we could do was to wait and watch, and it was pretty cold work. The snow stopped along about midnight, but it stayed pretty dark. My fellows loafed around, smoking and talking and visiting the McCafferty kid. None of the women folks went to bed, although they had no notion of what was coming off.

"It must have been about one o'clock when I hears, away off, the pound of horses' feet on the snow and a jumbled lot of talking and laughing. I hustles my men together and lines 'em up back of the breastworks where them strikers are still rolling snowballs like mad — good hard ones, too. I had ten of the fellers load their carbine magazines, and the rest I bunched with all them strikers, carefully instructed.

"Pretty quick, my outpost comes running up the hill.

"'They're stopped down below,' he says. 'They're going to come with a rush to surprise the camp. All of 'em are half stewed.'

"I looked over my arrangements with a critical eye and didn't see anything lacking. My force was lined up back of the breastworks, them with the carbines in the middle, and the strikers and the rest of my bunch on either side with arms full of big snowballs. We could look right down on the roadway, shining like a streak of whitewash across a coal pile. Back of us a few dying camp-fires were sputtering, and lights burned in a few tents. It was as quiet as a graveyard. Then a sudden yell splits the air, and here they comes!

"They was all mounted, and they was trying to run their horses up that steep, slippery road, yelling like crazy people. Some of them starts shooting in the air. They was riding without any kind of formation, and you couldn't tell soldiers from deputies.

"I waits until they are right below us in the road, and then I fires a shot from my carbine and hollers, 'Halt!'

"They stopped right in the middle of a yell for about a minute, but it was long enough. It brings 'em to a stop just below us, and I screeches:

"'Ready! Aim! Fire!'

"My carbine gang tears off a volley, and the rest of the gang behind the breastworks launches about a barrel of snowballs on top of the bunch in the road.

"'Fire at will!' I commands, and they does; the fellers with the carbines shooting at the nearest fixed stars, and the others whaling away with the snowballs.

"Say! I've seen crowds suddenly jimmed up in my time; like the old Thirteenth on the Warren the time of the fire, or the gang at Zapote bridge the night the herd of carabao charged us, but that delegation in the road skinned 'em all a Salt Lake City block.

"They was just naturally stood on their heads. They yelled in dead earnest, but they didn't do no shooting; they didn't have time. I hadn't thought about there being any danger until I see that bunch milling around in the road; the horses rearing and snorting and kicking, and everyone trying to go in the same direction at once. I was leary someone was going to get killed. If any one of 'em had gone down in that muddle, it would have been all day with 'em. The language them men used wasn't scarcely fit to eat.

"All the time my crowd was slamming big snowballs down on the heads of the enemy and firing carbines, and some of the yells that rose out of the cloud of snow in the road sounded real painful. The firing squad was working them carbines overtime between laughs.

"The women and kids in the camps came running up to the breastworks to see what was going on, and they gets next to the game right away and commences to fire snowballs too, screaming and laughing.

"At what I judges is the psychological moment, I hollers:

"'Charge!'

"Then all of us sets up an awful yell and loads and fires snowballs faster than ever.

"Them in the roadway that had their horses turned right didn't hesitate. They went down that road with a disregard for their necks that made me nervous. Them that couldn't get their horses turned right slipped off and went on foot. Pretty soon all you could hear was echoes dying away in the distance and the screaming and laughing in the camp.

"We didn't wait for them strikers' thanks. We got our horses and got out of there almost as fast as the enemy. I separated the patrols and sent one out one way and took the other direction with my squad. We rode off a couple of miles and then went racing back. We got back to the foot of the hill considerably blown right after old Major Kelley, Captain Pard, all the headquarters' officers, and some of H Troop came tearing along. Back of them Carson and the other patrol was whooping it up along the road, and away back a company of infantry and a Gatling squad was kicking up the snow as fast as they could.

"They had heard the shooting at headquarters, and a H trooper had busted into camp with an exciting tale about the strikers massacring harmless soldiers and deputies.

"Now, of course, they knew something about this frame-up to attack the strikers' camp at headquarters but they hadn't figured on it turning out but one way. Only that lone H trooper had returned, and the major seemed to sort o' expect to find many gory bodies scattered around.

"I reported having heard some firing, but no signs of excitement. The whole works climbed to the strikers' camp, me hunching up as close to the major as possible. I saw Captain Pard occasionally glancing at me with a funny look, as he took in that mussed-up roadway; but the major didn't seem to notice anything. The camp was as dark as pitch, but in answer to our yells some of the strikers came out looking mighty cross and sleepy. No, they hadn't heard anything. No fight; hadn't heard any disturbance, and as it was getting colder all the time, and the major was sleepy himself, it ended in him telling Captain Pard to instruct his patrols to make a thorough investigation. Then they all went back to headquarters.

"On the roads, before daylight, our patrols picked up fifteen H troopers, most of them bunged up about the head or face where them rock-loaded snowballs had landed, and we turned everyone over to the guardhouse for overstaying pass limits. Sore! Oh, no! That's a mistake! I think they had commenced to tumble, because our fellers kidded 'em a good deal.

"When I was turning in that morning, an orderly comes to me and said the major wanted to see me at the officers' mess. I was scared stiff for a minute, thinking the old man was wise, but I went over.

"All the officers of the camp were there eating breakfast. Captain Pard was sitting with an H Troop officer on either side of him, and he looks at me like he wanted to laugh.

"'Private Hanks, did you learn anything about the occurrences of last night?' asks the major, looking stern.

"I saw right away that none of them was on, excepting maybe Captain Pard, and they evidently had been turning it over among 'em and trying to get at the right of it.

"'Sir!' says I, saluting, 'as near as I can make out, a gang of H troopers got gay around the strikers' camp, and the women snowballed 'em away!'"

ROOSEVELT: A FORCE FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS

BY

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

AUTHOR OF "CROKER," "PLATT," "BRYAN," ETC.

THIRTY years have passed since another president has served the people of these United States so many consecutive years as President Roosevelt has served them. Much water can go under the bridge in thirty years, and during that time our Nation has been growing so big, so strong, and withal so wise, that, though thirty years is no unusual period for a great political light to burn with undimming luster, not a leader in our national politics to-day was a national leader in the days of Grant. A few men live who were leaders in Grant's time, but the people have ceased to follow them, and, if they are in public life at all, they lag superfluous on the stage. These men are not so old as Gladstone was when he did his best service, but times have changed in this Republic, and men have changed with them. Those lingering leaders who were growing into greatness in the post-bellum days, merely have ceased to grow, and the really great were led most kindly off the scene by Death, Fate's prompter in the wings; and because they died with their laurel of service upon them, we keep those laurels green. Fate has been exceedingly kind to our American heroes. The old king lives on, honored by the divinity that doth hedge about a king, but the leader of a democracy must go quickly when his work is done, or the people, seeing him idle, will coax him into mischief, or forget him altogether. So if an American hero would step upon his pedestal and live in "storied urn or animated bust," he must know that Death is his best friend and follow her most cheerfully. Within scarcely more than a dozen years, Blaine, McKinley, Reed, and Hanna have taken their cues like gentlemen and have followed the beckoning of the hand in the wings. And so Fate had cleared her stage of heroes when Theodore Roosevelt got well into his work. Looking backward we can see the wisdom of the plan. For essentially, Theodore Roosevelt is a star; he does not work well in a stock company. He cannot play villain to-day, walking gentleman to-morrow, comedian the day after, and hero betimes to suit the exigencies of the play upon the boards. Hanna could, Blaine could, McKinley did — though never was he cast in comedy, and never did he play the villain,— and Reed took all the parts, though as a villain he was immensely funny. But Theodore Roosevelt is what the profession calls a "spot-lighter." He can get off the stage, and the action may go on without him, but he cannot come on as a flunky, nor with a thinking part, nor with the feline tread of the villain. He must be the hero or not perform at all.

The purpose of this paper will be to consider what kind of a figure he is cutting; whether he speaks the speech Fate has pronounced to him "trippingly on the tongue," or if he mouths it, as many of our players do; and finally it shall be our purpose to consider what the play is all about, and why it is presented to us at all.

Thirty Dynamic Years

From 1870 until 1900, this country was earnestly, if not honestly, engaged in getting rich. Thirty years is accounted a generation, and no other generation in the history of this planet ever saw civilization spread, and grow while it was spreading, as civilization spread over the western half of the temperate zone on this continent, and grew everywhere in the Nation. The invention

of a wheel must have been one of the world's great civilizing events; it must have been a notable stimulus to commerce, by shortening distances; but this invention was thousands of years making itself felt upon the actual crust of the earth. Yet in the thirty years that ended with the close of the last century, millions of prairie acres came under the plow; millions of desert acres came under the irrigation ditch; millions of forest acres became farm land; millions of coal holes sank into the earth; millions of smoke-stacks serrated the prairie horizon, and the smoke of millions of fires smudged the sky. The hot winds that blew up from the New Mexican desert and seared the prairies of Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, became cooled by the moisture they took from the overturned sod, and were checked. Literally, the winds were harnessed. If the earth had nerves, it must have known for the first time that a new kind of creature was burrowing in the earth-skin.

In the thirty years that followed 1870, thirty million people had come upon this continent; many of them had preëmpted the western half of the continent and had established there a peaceful, orderly system of government, taking to their new homes such political traditions and institutions as were movable. Among the chief of these institutions was the thing we call liberty — the freedom of the individual to think as he pleases, to speak as he pleases, and with certain limitations to do as he pleases. It happened that many of these limitations upon a man's doing as he pleases could not be moved West, so in the new western communities men did a number of things which they might not have done at home. They got rich with no questions asked. Too many mining-camps and cow-camps and booming towns were organized, so that energy came to count for more than honesty, and whole states, and whole sections of the country, both East and West, came to believe that might makes right. The battle was to the strong. In politics the ideals of business prevailed. The statesmen of the period were engaged upon problems that in the solving would make us rich, rather than make the people honest. Platforms of political parties were built to appeal to the cash-drawer and not to the conscience. Special privileges were wantonly granted by townships, counties, cities, and states, and even the National Government joined the procession of worshipers at the altar of special privileges. Unjust land grants made during the War were protected. War tariffs were sustained, and the whisky ring and the Star Route thieves carried the prevalent idea of the justice of special privilege into their business transactions with the Government. The tide of commerce ebbed and flowed; whether there were wrecks or fleets upon its bosom did not matter, for its waters were as dirty at one time as at another. It ebbed in '73 and flowed in the '80's, and it ebbed in the early '90's and began to flow in '97. But always the political and financial problem was how to float the ship, and not how to clear the waters and see the rocks.

The Issue of Prosperity

The great campaign of '96 was fought and won on the issue of prosperity. Prosperity was the end which both parties sought; it was nowhere regarded as merely a means to the ends of just and equitable living. It was a sordid choice that the voters had, yet no one seemed to care for another. They could vote to give the mine-owners special privileges, or the manufacturers special privileges, and naturally the manufacturers, being in the majority, won. But no moral issue was involved, and a grossly material campaign was fought through by appealing to the stomachs of men rather than to their hearts. Men were told, not that they would get justice, not that they would have an equitable share in the wealth of the country, but that they would have full dinner-pails, and, being hungry, they reached for the most substantial meal in sight. So Hanna and McKinley rose and became national figures.

McKinley took care of the politics of the prosperity propaganda, and Hanna took care of the business end. Hanna represented the Government upon Wall Street, McKinley represented it among the people. McKinley saw to it that the dinner-pails were kept full, and Hanna saw to it that no special privilege was disturbed. The end of government was prosperity; the end of the citizen was prosperity. And any means that would promote prosperity in public or in private life was tolerated. We were as blind to real civic morals as the Spaniards of the Inquisition must have been to the morality of Christ. Life-insurance presidents deemed it entirely proper to appropriate trust funds to promote public prosperity. Our public

men deemed it entirely proper to trade public offices for votes to promote prosperity. Any means seemed to justify the end, and we got prosperity; and, of course, when one thinks over the matter, he sees that prosperity was needful. It is hard to give a man moral perception on an empty stomach. In the nature of things, prosperity had to precede the moral awakening of the people, and it is only our aroused public conscience that makes us realize our transgressions in following the strange god of prosperity. A Hanna and a Herod are needed before every great reform. When things reach their worst, they begin to get better.

The Moral Issue

But the cash-register was not intended to be the conscience of the American people. And the pendulum began to fall away from prosperity as an end justifying any means, and began to swing toward prosperity as merely a means to an end of righteousness on the day when President McKinley declared for tariff revision and reciprocal treaties, in his famous Buffalo address. If he had lived, the same determination which made him brush Hanna away and hunt down the postal thieves in Cuba would have upheld McKinley in his contest for a righteous tariff. He was beginning to see what the whole people soon saw, that as a nation we were overheated in our pursuit of wealth, and that we needed a cooling bath in simple honesty. But the work of cooling off the Nation would have been a harder task for President McKinley than it was for President Roosevelt, for Hanna had given bond to Wall Street that McKinley would keep the peace. McKinley would have been compelled to forfeit his bond. No one doubts that he would have forfeited it; but no one had thought to give bond for Theodore Roosevelt. In fact, when they made him vice-president, the forces of commercial greed thought they had him bound and gagged. No fat had been fried to grease the wheels of the machinery that made his calling and election sure. He was put on the ticket partly to strengthen it in the West, but chiefly to prevent him, as Governor of New York, from becoming a dangerous presidential candidate in 1904. He had made what was regarded by the conservative East as rather a fantastic campaign for election to the vice-presidency, going through the West and the Middle States denouncing Bryanism with all the vigor and candor of his nature.

Enter Theodore Roosevelt

He came to the presidency after nearly twenty years in public life, during which he had been elected to office by the people but three times: when he was elected to the legislature; when he was elected governor; and when he was elected vice-president. In recent times only President Harrison has got so far in American politics as the White House without going before the people more than three times. In Mr. Roosevelt's first election he was a youth, and he slipped into office without any compromises such as many men make who go to the legislature in these days. His second election made him governor, and in that campaign he ran to save his party; which had been led into a blind alley by Governor Black. So there was no compromising campaign back of that election. In his vice-presidential election he was kidnapped and carried into the hustings against his will. So that when he became president no one could come up the backstairs of the White House to collect a bill for services rendered.

Therefore Wall Street was caught short on Roosevelt stock when he came into office, and a panic was threatened. For Wall Street knew Theodore Roosevelt only as a rash young man who had dared to institute a campaign against encroaching corporate wealth while governor of New York; and because with his rashness he had combined political cunning and a sure knowledge of the game of politics, Wall Street feared him. They feared him, not for what he said about them, but for what he had done to them. He had pushed a law through the New York legislature, which Wall Street thought had been bought and paid for, compelling corporations to pay their share of the taxes. His efficiency had made him dangerous in Albany, and those who were uneasy while Roosevelt was governor were appalled at the thought of what he might do in Washington. And coming events cast their shadows before on the tickers in Wall Street the day that Roosevelt took the oath of office. For Wall Street knew then what the world has since learned: how crooked were the walks of high finance. Wall Street knew then what would happen to Depew and Platt and McCall, and to Alexander and to Hyde and to Morgan and to Hill and to Harriman, if the mask of

respectability once were broken. The wonder is that knowing Roosevelt as they knew him and knowing their own brass gods as they were, the makers of the markets did not tremble even more than they did.

The First Skirmish

For Roosevelt had not been president a month before he fell afoul of the combination between business and politics as he found it in what seemed to be the plan of the Beet Sugar Trust to prevent Cuban reciprocity. The fight that followed lasted the better part of the year, and it proved to the country and to his opponents that Theodore Roosevelt was considerable of a man. He had a moral issue — the duty of this Nation to the Cubans, and the promise of President McKinley to fulfil that duty, and never for one minute in the rough and tumble of the political scrimmage did he allow the people to forget that the contest was not for the victory of Theodore Roosevelt, but for a principle.

That first fight was typical of all his contests that have followed, with crooked business and crooked politics. He asked more than he expected to get; got more than his opponents expected to give; and planted his guns on the vanquished works and fought on until he got a substantial victory. In not a single instance has President Roosevelt gone into a contest with Congress that he has not won, and he has started more fights than all the presidents, since Grant, combined. And he has won because he has taken the right side of a simple issue that the people could understand, and always has kept the moral side of that issue before them. Politicians do not understand why President Roosevelt beats them, because politicians cannot see that the people are always with the man who fights on the moral side of an issue and does not cloud it with his too obvious desire for personal triumph. Always the politicians are predicting that next year Roosevelt will crumble. They believe that the people will find him out and see his overmastering ambition for power. But the truth is that what seems to those whom Roosevelt grapples with to be an immense personal ambition, is the man's masterful faith in the right and his passionate belief that the people will see it. And so long as Samson is on the Lord's side, he will smite the Philistines.

For Theodore Roosevelt is no braver than many another man, who has fallen in the struggle against Mammon. But he has moral vision. It is often more difficult to know the right than to do it. A broader education than any man has brought to the White House since Jefferson's day, a life unstained by vice of any kind, a clean mind and a boyish heart, simple, confiding, and just, have combined to keep Theodore Roosevelt's faith in God and his belief in the common honesty of the common man unseared. And when a man has these two convictions welded into his soul, he plays no tricks, lays no ambushes, relies on no strategy, but, seeing his duty, goes to it joyously, bravely, and with wise direction and simplicity. Roosevelt is not leading a double life, as his enemies secretly believe. He will not be found out; because there is nothing to find out. He is merely primitive. He has the gaiety and optimism that belong to youth, and youth is not a mere physical adolescence; it is that state of soul which men keep so long as they have not smudged their ideals and trifled with their consciences. One may be a boy at eighty, or a man at fifteen. But whoever has youth, has faith, and given wisdom with faith, strength and courage are but the other side of the shield. Perhaps that is the meaning of the prophecy: "And a little child shall lead them."

"The Square Deal" in Legislation

After the victory for Cuban reciprocity came the settlement of the coal strike — a victory for sheer righteousness unarmed. Then came the attack upon the Great Northern and Northern Pacific merger, and then came the preliminary contest for the rate bill in the last session of the Congress of 1902 and 1903. In that Congress the groundwork was laid for the great contest that was ended when the recently enacted rate bill became a law. And this groundwork was not legislative but ethical. The passage of the law creating the Department of Commerce and Labor made it plain to the people that the Government had rights in the private affairs of men and the semi-private affairs of corporations; a fact which before that time, as a Nation, we had recognized only vaguely. But the clause in the law which gave the Department the right to examine the books of any business concern, virtually made it clear to men who think, that there is no private business in this country; that we are all partners in our civilization; and that we are indeed our brothers' keepers. The Elkins Law, passed by the session of Congress that

enacted the law creating the Department of Commerce and Labor, revived national hope that the railroads might be brought under federal control. That law was a wedge; just as the suit brought against the Beef Trust was a wedge, and the discussion of the trusts by the President and his Cabinet in a score of public addresses were wedges, in the timber of crass individualism that encroaching capital had been putting across the door of progressive thought and progressive legislation in this country for a generation.

Perhaps Theodore Roosevelt does not recognize it, but as a public man, from the very beginning, he has not concerned himself with theories of government looking to the increase of the production of wealth; he left school a free-trader, and protection and the laws that have amassed our national wealth have appealed to him as something to be let alone for the present. At base his concern has been and is the equitable distribution of our national wealth. The term, "the square deal," translated into simple language, means that this Government shall guarantee to every man every dollar that he honestly earns, and he may be sure of getting it only when no other man shall have a dollar that he does not actually earn. Of course, that is not "socialism," it is merely justice. But a number of gentlemen who are holding property legally, though not morally, seeing the day approach when some small portion of their riches shall justly take unto itself wings, are prone to view the approach of that day with alarm. Moreover, being alarmed, they are prone to call names, and as "socialist" seems for the moment to be the fighting word of the East, those in the East who dislike Mr. Roosevelt snarl "socialist" at him, as they feel their bone slipping away from them.

Socialism or Common Honesty?

But it is neither fantastic, Utopian, nor socialistic to insist, for instance, that the people of this country shall cease paying transportation rates made high enough to pay fixed charges upon stocks and bonds so highly watered that forty per cent of the value is stolen value. It is not the wild dream of an idealist to demand that transportation charges be based, not on the need of the service to the user, thereby capitalizing the user's misfortunes; but to insist that transportation charges be based upon the cost of the service. This is the common-sense basis of Theodore Roosevelt's contention in his fight for the rate law. Stripped of its verbiage, it means that every investor in railroad stocks and bonds is entitled to his interest upon the actual property of the railroad; that every shipper shall pay his part of that interest, plus the cost of transporting the shipper's goods, no more and no less. There is nothing visionary in this, nothing that common honesty does not see plainly, yet the moneyed interests of this country will fight this proposition through all the courts, and only the earnest determination of the people to see justice done will bring about justice in this matter.

The two important measures, in addition to the rate bill, which President Roosevelt pushed through Congress by the force of his righteousness, were the meat inspection law and the pure food law — both of them aiming at the curtailment of special privilege and looking toward honest commerce, unrestrained except by honesty and fair play. Both of these bills crippled someone's capital; both of these bills attacked the sacred rights of someone's private property; both of them affected some innocent purchasers of stocks that were earning what two years ago were regarded as legitimate dividends. But neither of these bills affected a dollar earning dividends that were morally honest; neither of them destroyed a dollar's worth of property that was based on free competition in honest goods. The movement that made the passage of these laws possible was invincible, not because of its rigid organization, for it was largely disorganized, but because it was right. The common sense of the people was back of the President.

And this year, President Roosevelt has planted his guns upon the vantage ground gained in last year's contests and now is asking for a law requiring a federal license for corporations, looking to federal supervision of the affairs of corporations doing an interstate business. He is seeking to give back to the people who are partners in the making of the vast fortunes in the country, the unearned increment which years add to every great fortune; and, through some form of an income tax, he hopes to make the living owners of large fortunes pay, to the country which furnished the opportunities for accumulating those fortunes, an adequate portion of the cost of maintaining

this Nation. In a word, President Roosevelt, in these measures, is looking toward an equitable distribution of the property of this country among the people whose laws insuring peace and prosperity made the accumulation of this property possible.

To Each Man His Due

For in a Nation where universal education prevails, where the common people read and think, where the laws are made by the people and enforced by the righteousness of the people, there is not such a difference in the intellectual capacity of the people as that indicated by the fortunes of the very rich and the means of the well-to-do. And the difference in the value and character of the service rendered by men like E. H. Harriman and J. P. Morgan, and that rendered by men like Governor Folk of Missouri and President Eliot of Harvard, for instance, is not so wide as the difference in their fortunes would indicate. Assuming that Governor Folk and President Eliot are paid for their services, it follows that Mr. Harriman and Mr. Morgan, with their acquisitive faculties, have reached too deeply into the barrel and should be made to put some of it back. After a man, by service to his fellows, whether as a banker, a storekeeper, a politician, a broker, an author, an artist, a captain of industry, or what not of the trades and professions, has earned all the luxury and all the comfort that this civilization can give, society has paid its debt to that man. As a part of his comfort, of course, he should know that his family will be amply provided for after he is gone. But when he takes more for any service, however great, than he and his family can use in their lifetimes, he takes dollars which he cannot use and which of necessity must be put to accumulating other dollars which he cannot use, in turn to accumulate still other useless dollars. These dollars come from people who really earn them, and are taken from these people without giving society value received. For when society has paid him who takes these surplus dollars everything he can use for himself and his family for his service, it follows that the surplus dollars are unearned dollars. He gets them because he can take them. And President Roosevelt has shown in his speeches and messages and writings that he believes these dollars, taken merely for the purpose of accumulating other useless dollars, are dishonest dollars, and the people agree with him. Sooner or later society, in this country, at least, will see to it that the piling up of useless dollars, to grind other dollars from society, is stopped.

The Achievement of Five Years

How far have we come in five years, since the battle opened at an outpost of crooked capital, in the fight against the beet sugar combine for Cuban reciprocity? First came the Department of Commerce and Labor, established to ferret out the crooked ways of crooked business, and the indictments that followed in the Beef Trust cases, and the prosecutions, civil and criminal, that followed against the trusts. Then came the Elkins Law, with its provision against rebating, then the wholesale indictment, prosecution, and conviction of rebaters, which still continues; then came the rate law, with its demand for a uniform system of bookkeeping, and its provision for the establishment of honest rates; the meat inspection law and the pure food law followed, injecting the policemen into the manufacturing plants of capital; and now comes the hope that we may license all corporations doing an interstate business; that we may check the accumulation of unhealthily swollen fortunes with an inheritance tax and make greedy men pay to the society that protects them in their business a reasonable proportion of the expenses of the Government, through an income tax. The American notion of the rights of the individual and of the rights of society has taken a somersault in the past six years. Under these laws that have just been passed, and under those that are surely coming, what becomes of the old theory of the rights of private property, held in the halcyon days of 1896? Then a man's dollar was his own; now his legal title to it is not much stronger than his moral title. And if there is any question about the way a man got his dollar, or the way he is using it, an inspector from the Department of Commerce and Labor has the authority to tap him on the shoulder and ask to go through his books.

Roosevelt in World Politics

It is a pleasant coincidence that the leader in American politics who has preached the doctrine of equality of opportunity, who has been the champion of the equitable distribution of the wealth of the country

among the people who have earned it, working together, should also be the world's great champion of peace. For, until there is a fair division of the wealth of men according to their labor, there can be no goodwill among men, and until justice is established in the dealings of nation with nation, there can be no peace on earth. And the same spirit of fairness which has made Theodore Roosevelt the leader of his own people in adjusting their economic differences, has given him the confidence of the principalities and powers. And even though he had no record at home, he would be renowned as the world's peacemaker. It was he who saved the Hague tribunal from failure, by referring to it the Pius claims. It was he who sent out the invitations to the second Hague Conference; it was he who brought about the settlement of the Japanese-Russian War. The blockade of Venezuela was stopped through President Roosevelt's intervention, and the difference between Venezuela and the European nations was settled at the Hague court. The Alaskan boundary dispute, a contention of long standing, was settled during President Roosevelt's administration, and Turkey was induced by a display of power to keep her promise to this Government. The Santo Dominican custom house was administered by President Roosevelt's order, and a revolution was prevented. The observance of Chinese neutrality in the Japanese-Russian War was secured by a note to the Powers, sent out by President Roosevelt. Russia was reminded of the wrongs done to the Jews at Kishinef, and Rumania was reminded of the oppression of the Jews, by President Roosevelt. That record of diplomatic endeavor, always for peace, always for the weak who were oppressed, and against the strong, was encompassed in four years. No other ruler in the world has ever excelled it in ten times four years. And the mainspring of every one of these diplomatic achievements was courage to do, in the simplest possible way, the obvious commonsense duty of the day.

Cleaning House in Washington

It required no keener acumen to do these great things in world politics than it required to go into the administrative department of the Government at Washington and do there the honest, sensible thing efficiently. The elimination of political influence in the War and Navy Departments has been needed for a hundred years, and everyone knew it. Roosevelt did it. The extension of the classified list of the civil service from 80,000 to 135,000 employees was not the work of genius, but what the average man would like to have the courage to have done. The order taking away from congressmen the power to remove fourth-class postmasters made for good politics, and the order classifying the service rendered by presidential postmasters into excellent, good, and poor, according to their records on file in the Department, and providing for the reappointment of all whose records are excellent, whether congressmen and senators like them or not, was such a sensible order that one is astonished that no other president had the temerity to do it before. The prosecutions that followed the purging of the Post-Office Department and the conviction of two United States senators of felonies were but the consistent sequences of twenty years of public declaration and deed on the part of Theodore Roosevelt. The wonder is that anyone was surprised at these things. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt's whole career as President has revealed no new or strange thing about the man. The oddest thing about him is, that he has not been colored by the false atmosphere of politics, but has kept the average views of the average citizen and has done as President, not great heroic work, but the day's work as the average man would like to do it if he could have the courage to meet the opportunities that President Roosevelt has met. Civic righteousness, whether in the White House or at the ward caucus, after all is only the practical, efficient use of common sense, uncommon courage, and common honesty. Add to these virtues great kindness, a desire to please, and a wish to serve others rather than to advance himself, and you have the clay of which Theodore Roosevelt is made. Not only are his feet of clay, but his whole being is of native mud, but it is of the kind which under pressure and heat easily turns to marble and becomes immortal. Washington, Lincoln, and Grant were made of similar stuff.

This, then, is the man Roosevelt:— a middle-aged, middle-sized figure struggling against pudginess, simple, boyish, direct; impulsive for the right and intolerant of wrong; human to the core, with his blind side for his friends and his sleepless eyes for

his enemies — a group of gentlemen for whom he never has to blush; a cultured person without pedantic vanity in his wisdom; a man of homilies, yet who, with all his wisdom, is practical; who has the merry heart that showeth forth in a glad countenance; a happy mixture of the cheerful idiot, the seer of visions, and the captain and crew of the "Nancy Brigg" — a man who does the undisputed thing in such a buoyant way!

What is His Place in History?

It seems to be settled that Theodore Roosevelt is to have a place in history, though, of course, the wise gambler never bets on anything that can talk; and if Roosevelt is to have a place in history along with those immortal names that are not born to die, it is in order to ask, Why? What has he done? To be sure, he has fought the battles of peace, both abroad and at home. He has won from the world a recognition of the dignity and power of simple justice unadorned by the frills of diplomacy; and for the people at home he has won some peaceful victories in the preliminary struggles against the encroaching greed of organized capital. To be sure, he has issued certain orders that have temporarily helped to purify politics, and he has made life uncomfortable for those who would steal from the public treasury or violate their official trusts. But is that enough to lift a man upon a pedestal in the world's hall of fame, to which so far America has contributed but three figures, Franklin, Washington, and Lincoln? Naturally, his friends see a man in one light, and his enemies in the another, so there are two distinct views of Roosevelt. If his friends contend that he is responsible for Cuban reciprocity, for the law establishing the Department of Commerce and Labor, for the Elkins Law, for the rate law, the pure food law, and the meat inspection law, his enemies demand that Congress, and not he, be recognized as the legislative branch of the Government; if Mr. Roosevelt's friends point to his diplomatic successes, his enemies insist that Mr. Hay be given credit for what he did; if his friends rejoice at President Roosevelt's war on corruption in politics, his enemies declare that the Department of Justice should have its share of the credit. But even his enemies blame the President for influencing Congress to take what they consider an unsound position regarding the distribution of wealth; even his enemies admit that Mr. Hay acted under the President's counsel; and when these same enemies seek to place the odium for unsettling conditions by exposing fraud and corruption and punishing it even though in high places, they dump it all on President Roosevelt. "Yes, damn you, and you began it," muttered a senator at the President when the famous muck-rake speech was first delivered at a private dinner. And then the Senate was grilled by the President. So it is fair to take him at the estimate of his enemies and consider him merely as an influence and let his fame shine or fade as his influence grows or wanes, is right or wrong.

For essentially, though he is a most practical man, Roosevelt's power in this land is a spiritual power. His is not a kingdom of this earth. He is not a leader with spoil to offer, but a teacher with a message for men. It is immaterial whether or not the Supreme Court sustains him in his position on the rate bill, the income tax, the license for corporations, or the inheritance tax; not for the establishment of a system of statutes was he born into this world; but rather, like all great teachers, that by his life and his works he should bear witness unto the truth.

The Kingdom of the Spirit

Schools have made men readers; reading has made men thinkers; thinking has made men seekers after truth. Never before in the history of mankind on this planet was the crust of custom and tradition so easily punctured by an idea as now. When the sense of conscience, the power of deliberate choice, the management of things and people external to himself, for preconceived ends, came to man, he ceased, according to so eminent a physicist as Sir Oliver Lodge "to be merely a passenger on this planet, controlled by outside forces. It is as if the reins were then for the first time placed in his hands; as if he were allowed to begin to steer, to govern his own fate and destiny, and take over some considerable part of the management of the world."

Since man first grasped the reins, he and the moral force that has guided him have hourly been getting more and more control of the gearing of this world. More and more has mind influenced matter. More and more has the spiritual force in government dominated the material force. The thing we

call matter is becoming so impotent. They crucified the body of Christ, and His spirit made Christendom. As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is. It may be shown simply enough without spinning the theory of the moral government of this universe very fine, that a habit of mind becomes an attitude of life, and that by his ideals a man makes the circumstances over which he thinks he has no control. Opportunities are mere cross-roads in the lives of men and of nations; the opportunities do not make men and nations, but reveal them. And as a nation thinketh in its heart, so it is. As a nation, for thirty years America was becoming lustful of gross riches; our habit of mind made our Rockefellers, our Ryans, our Goulds, our Platts, our Pennsylvanias, and our Montanas. With our national ideals, we secreted those abominations as the spider secretes poison. The whole infernal system of money-bought government, money-bought churches and schools, was as surely made from the commercial malice in our own hearts as the golden calf set up in the wilderness was the god of the Israelites. For man created in the image of God creates by his own thoughts gods in his own image. The history of the world is merely the current taken by the thoughts of men. This is the kingdom of the spirit. It is into that dominion that Theodore Roosevelt has come.

For nearly six years the American people, the most sensitive people on the globe to spiritual forces, have had before them in the most prominent place in the Nation a man who day in and day out, from the moment of his elevation to political power, has shown his scorn of dishonest wealth; who has shown his hatred of power bought with corruption; who has flaunted his defiance at thieves in high places, no matter how well conventionalized their stealing may have been, no matter how respectable they have been considered. The tremendous effect of his precepts and his consistent example upon the mental habits of this people is incalculable. But the evidences of that power are seen in every human institution, whether it be school or church or store or township or county or state or corporation or society all over the land. The seed has fallen upon good ground. The power for righteousness that this seed has generated among men is felt in the stirring roots of humanity, wherever it can be manifested. Before this dynamic power for justice and equity in politics and in business and in the simpler relations of life, greed, in the form of aggrandizing capital and class feeling, must go down, as caste went down before righteousness under Washington and Franklin in the American Revolution, and human slavery went down before righteousness under Lincoln and Grant.

But of course the millenium is not at hand. It did not follow Washington's victory, nor Lincoln's, and it will not follow Roosevelt's. Waves of democracy rise and fall back, but the tide is flowing in. At the end of every great fight, the heroes dismount and fight their battles over, and while the people are cheering, the looters plunder; so it was after Yorktown, after New Orleans, after Appomattox. Then new heroes come to stop the plundering. And that is why, when the half gods go, the gods arrive. Roosevelt is one of the new gods — that is all; and some day he will be a half god and go when the new gods come. For thus man moves the world.

SKEEZICKS, SKNKS & CO

BY

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "SKEEZICKS," "THE STRIKE-BREAKER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

I

"AND so the Cross-eyed German Elephant went on and on *and* on until, at last, right in the middle of the road, he met Captain Sknks."

"Captain — Skinks," repeated Skeezicks, experimenting a little doubtfully with the word and drawing his knees up under the covers. He slid his feet slowly down again at a warning look.

"Captain *Sknks*," corrected Uncle Joe. "S-k-n-k-s. Not a vowel in it. You pronounce every letter, and keep your nose shut, and just about half sneeze, and say it as hard as you can, like this — *Sknks!* — or it isn't his name. He was three feet across, anyway you took him, and a foot and a half high, and as round at his waist-line as a hoop. And you couldn't kill him. *You couldn't kill him!*"

The knees of Skeezicks once more bulged slowly up under the bedclothes, but Uncle Joe, lost in the joys of creation, failed to notice the significant sign.

"Well," continued the spinner of dreams, "the Cross-eyed German Elephant stopped short right in all four of his big, round tracks, and then said Captain Sknks, in a little bit of a sharp, squeaky voice like the cr-r-r-rick of a cr-r-r-ricket:——

"'Booby! Why do you cry?'

"'Bub-bub-bub-because,' sobbed the elephant, twisting his trunk up like a pretzel, 'I have no place to stay to-night.'

"'Fiddlesticks!' squeaked Captain Sknks. 'Buy one of my tasty, tawny tents. Thoroughly tempting, tidy, and tight.'"

"Thoroughly tempting, tidy, and tight. Thoroughly tempting, tidy, and tight." Skeezicks was silently moving his lips, saying it over and over, and Uncle Joe considerately paused to let him do it.

"While he was squeaking," Uncle Joe presently continued, "the Captain drew from his pocket a little yellow stick about the size of a lead-pencil and held it up in front of the elephant.

"'This is it,' he said. 'When you want to close it up, by and by, you must say, "Kazazum!" To open it I now say, "Kazuzam!"'

"She stole to the door and peeped in"

"The little yellow stick suddenly flew open and made a great, big, beautiful yellow tent, big enough for the Cross-eyed German Elephant, but Captain Sknks was nowhere to be seen. So the elephant went inside. It was a fine, roomy tent with a hammock swung up in it, but there was no Captain Sknks. The elephant looked under the tent, and around and around outside the tent, and through and through the tent, and on top of the tent, but no Captain!"

It was at this point in Uncle Joe's story that the doctor came into the room, and he was cross right away. Skeezicks was sitting up in bed with his arms clasped around his knees, and he was listening so hard that his ears almost wriggled, while his mouth was half open, and his eyes were fairly gleaming with eager interest. With a half-impatient sigh Skeezicks gently slid down under the covers, and Uncle Joe looked very much like a small boy who has been caught eating small, wormy green apples. The doctor inserted a thermometer in Skeezick's obedient mouth, and then he turned to Uncle Joe.

"I thought I told you there must be no exciting conversation," he charged. "I suppose you've run his temperature away up. The next time you are left alone with the boy, I want you to take a sleeping-powder."

"Yes, sir," said Uncle Joe meekly. "I thought he was getting along nicely, Doc."

"He is," said the doctor grudgingly, and presently he took up the thermometer, looking at it with a grunt of satisfaction. The temperature had *not* gone up. "But you must leave out this story-telling and sitting up in bed for a while," he said. "I want this boy to get well in a hurry. He's got no business to be in bed during this nice weather."

"*I* want him to get well in a hurry," said Uncle Joe. "He must be well in time for the wedding next fall, anyhow."

"Whose wedding?" asked the doctor. His voice was apparently as cross as ever, but

there was a twinkle in his eye, and neither nurse nor patient was afraid of him. "Whose wedding? Not Skeezicks'?"

"Hush! you may run his temperature up," cautioned Uncle Joe, with an absurd pretense at a whisper. "Poor fellow! I took his girl away from him. He intended to marry Miss Elzner himself, I believe, and I really owe him another girl By the way, Doctor your daughters are not married, are they?"

"Not yet," said the doctor. "One's seven and the other five years old, but they're not even engaged so far."

"Let Skeezicks have one of them. Just put it in the bill," said Uncle Joe, with princely disregard of expense.

The doctor pondered the matter thoughtfully, and Skeezicks watched him with breathless interest.

"I'll tell you what I'll do" said the doctor at last. "As soon as Skeezicks gets well, he may come up to my house and take his pick of them. For nothing!"

II

Skeezicks, well, but still interestingly pale and thin, strolled up to the doctor's house. A young man was just leaving the door. He was a nice-looking young man, and his cheeks, at the moment, were very pink. His eyes were very bright, and he held his head very, very high. Also, he walked with a quite unnecessarily firm tread which was almost a stride.

A young lady, the doctor's sister, stood in the doorway. She was a pretty young lady, and her cheeks, at the moment, were very pink. Her eyes were very bright, and she

"It was very annoying not to be able to look when one wanted to know so badly"

held her head very, very high. Also, she turned with a quite unnecessarily vigorous swish of her skirts to go inside. Skeezicks interrupted this purpose by toiling up the steps and removing his straw hat.

"The doctor is not at home," said the young lady kindly.

"I didn't come to see the doctor," calmly replied Skeezicks. "I came to take my pick of his girls. He promised me one of them. One's five, and the other's seven years old. I'm six and a half."

"Oh," said the young lady, too much astonished to smile, and she surveyed him wonderingly, from his brown hair to his brown slippers. Suddenly she seemed to appreciate how very little he was, and patted him lovingly on the back. "Come right in," she invited him. "You — you haven't a card for the young ladies, have you?"

No, he had no card, but his name was Skeezicks, — Skeezicks Freeman, — Charles Edward Freeman, to be more exact,— and he lived over on Avenue A, he and his Uncle Joe, with his father and mother.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Torrence, with greatly increased cordiality. "That's ever so much better than a card. I know your Uncle Joe quite well, and Miss Elzner, whom he is to marry. She is my very, very dearest chum," which was much better than a card in the estimation of Skeezicks, too, for Miss Elzner was — Oh, well, she was Miss Elzner! Adjectives could do nothing for her.

Miss Torrence left the caller in the parlor and went out to call the girls. On the stairs, however, she sat down and had a good laugh, but it was a silent laugh which could not possibly be overheard by any sensitive little ears, and she was surprised to find the laugh developing a tendency to wind up in tears. Suddenly she discovered that she was thinking about the young man who had just left the door, with his head so high and his tread so decisive, and she jumped up, dabbing her lashes with her kerchief. It was no part of her intention to waste any of her time thinking about *him*. She stole to the door and peeped in. Skeezicks was sitting primly on a chair, with his hands folded, looking out of the window in great peace of mind.

He was still sitting there with nothing but his training and his long, long thoughts for company, when she ushered in Miss Ethel and Miss Dorothy, aged seven and five respectively, and introduced them. Quite like little automatons the three children went properly through the ceremony of introduction, and then, having paid this cruel tribute to a stern but foolish civilization, they relapsed into naturalness.

Skeezicks, however, was constrained by purposes and ideas of his own. Such a galaxy of hair-beribboned beauty in stiff white frocks might have proved confusing to one less calm and clear-eyed than he, but Skeezicks knew no indecision. For one judicial moment, only, he weighed them, and then he made the choice he would continue to make for several years to come.

"I'll take this one," he remarked, indicating the older little girl, and Miss Ethel, overcome by the honor, twisted the corner of her kerchief up into a moist little point, bending her head away down and looking up through her lashes very intently at nothing in particular. The silence became oppressive.

"It's — it's fine weather," Skeezicks tactfully remarked. "My Uncle Joe had a sty on his eye, but it's gone now."

Miss Torrence made a peculiar sound, which she smothered with a cough. Miss Dot, aged five, offered her mite toward entertainment by suddenly and solemnly swinging around on her left heel, dexterously completing three quarters of a circle, and stopping dead still, looking sidewise to see how the accomplishment was received. Feeling encouraged, she swung in the other direction upon the right heel, but stumbled four steps in rounding up the feat, thus giving herself a chance at further dexterity in catching her balance. Miss Torrence saved the lamp without audible comment or impertinent levity. Once more Miss Dot eyed Skeezicks with sober inquiry, then she hopped all around the room, swinging her head vigorously from side to side, finally squatting swiftly down, with her pink finger-tips touching the carpet, and solemnly looking to the visitor for approval.

Skeezicks smiled with amused indulgence. Miss Dot was a mere child of five. All this while Miss Ethel, as motionless as if graven in pink-and-white ice-cream, twisted the corner of her handkerchief into a moist, grimy little point and kept her head bent away down, looking intently up through her lashes at nothing in particular.

With perception quite unusual in a grown-up, it dawned upon Miss Torrence that she was a trifle in the way. Moreover, Mrs. Torrence being out, she wanted to hunt up the cook. She had to tell somebody about Skeezicks' courtship, at a safe enough distance to laugh aloud as much as she liked without hurting the feelings of any tender-souled young persons who might chance to overhear. After that she wanted to go away by herself, where she could sit quietly down with a handkerchief and *not* think about the high-headed and firm-treading young man whom she had so entirely and absolutely forgotten. Forever.

When she came back with a plate of cakes and bonbons, she found Skeezicks and Ethel seated on the lounge, chatting amiably and with startling frankness about the peculiarities of their respective "folks," while Dot sat curled up on the other side of Skeezicks, contentedly hugging him with one arm and leaning her confiding head against his shoulder. She had fallen quite naturally into the rôle of Mere Child and was taking the privilege of that part in the cast. Later on Miss Torrence discovered them all on the lawn at the side of the house, industriously playing street-car. To an adult eye the paraphernalia might have seemed rather meager, but to the three there was nothing lacking. They had found a piece of a trunk-strap, and, with this solid and tangible foundation upon which the fancy might build, it had been very easy for their imaginations to supply the trifling details of streets, main and side tracks, cars, trolleys, seats, windows, gongs, uniforms, money for fares, and even supposititious passengers of all ages, colors, and conditions.

III

The status of Skeezicks in the Torrence family was clearly understood from that time on. He was Ethel's gravely accepted "beau," and the affair was a most serious one, nurtured, as it was, by people who loved and understood children well enough not to carry "plaguing" to the point of indignity. No swain was ever in more constant attendance upon his lady, and it was a great comfort to Mrs. Freeman. She always knew where to find Skeezicks. Uncle Joe frequently, on his way home, dropped around that way to get him. One morning Uncle Joe came along, a little early for lunch, in an automobile. The owner of the automobile was a nice-looking young man, who plunged at his wheels and levers and things with quite unnecessary vigor as soon as his friend was on the sidewalk, and, looking straight ahead, puffed down the shady avenue at the limit gait.

Miss Torrence, out on the steps, did not even glance at the young man in the automobile, but turned with a swish of her skirts to give Mr. Joseph Freeman a dignified and charitable greeting, the charity being because of the company in which Mr. Freeman had come. Torrence icily. At that moment she gave a little start and leaned far out. The automobile had nearly run into a sprinkling cart which had backed up out of a side street, and Miss Torrence saw it, though she had not been looking in that direction at all.

"'That cage is plumb empty, and we're sending it out to the Zoo, where we've bought a couple of new monkeys'"

"What's the matter between you and Jack?" asked Mr. Freeman bluntly. "I noticed that he was very grumpy about something."

"Nothing whatever," answered Miss

"You mustn't let any silly little quarrel step in between you," said Mr. Freeman, with the fatherly impertinence so often taken upon themselves by young men who are beatifically engaged.

"he found a big club, and sat down upon the edge of the bench, on guard"

"I shall never speak to him again so long as I live," declared the young lady. "We are strangers."

Mr. Freeman merely smiled. In reply to this impudence the young lady picked up the book she had been reading and significantly *closed her finger in it to mark the place.*

Mr. Freeman, ignoring this strong hint, immediately became Uncle Joe.

"And so Captain Sknks — " he remarked in a loud, clear tone, and then he stopped.

Across the lawn there came swinging and lunging an enormous red-and-yellow fire-engine, streaming mental sparks and black smoke from its funnel and ringing its make-believe gong furiously. It was drawn by a pair of spirited horses in stiff, white skirts. Without a pause in its headlong flight to the fire, it clattered up in front of Uncle Joe and proved to be Skeezicks with the detached nozzle of a garden hose in his hand. The engine set the horses down beside him on the grass and crossed his legs expectantly.

"Go ahead, Uncle Joe," said the engine. "Begin all over again at the very first."

So Uncle Joe began all over again at the very first, down to where the elephant looked in the tent and under the tent and around outside of the tent and on top of the tent, and couldn't find the Captain. The young lady had slipped her finger from the book by this time.

"Well, the Cross-eyed German Elephant gave it up at last, and said — and said ——"

"'Kazazum!'" prompted Skeezicks.

"'Kazazum,'" repeated Uncle Joe, "and as soon as he said that, the tent was a little yellow stick again, and Captain Sknks stood right before him.

"'How do you like it?' asked the Captain.

"'Fine,' said the elephant. 'How much do you want for it?'

"'A cent and a groat and a yen and a peso and a centime and a pfennig and a copeck and a lira and the tooth of an old dead horse,' said the Captain.

"So the elephant paid him, all but the tooth, — he got trusted for that, — then he said, 'Kazuzam,' and the tent opened up, and he went inside and climbed up in the hammock and slept until morning. And all that time the Captain was gone.

"'Ada, look here,' Mr. Weldon called softly to her after a bit"

"In the morning the elephant woke up feeling as fine as a strawberry shortcake, and said 'Kazazum.' The big tent was a little yellow stick again, and he put it in his vest pocket. But there stood Captain Sknks!

"'Well?' squeaked the Captain, **very cross.**

"'Well?' said the Cross-**eyed German** Elephant. 'What do *you* want?'

"'The tooth of an old **dead horse,**' squeaked the Captain.

"'But you trusted me for it,' said the elephant.

"'Your granny's nightcap!' said the Captain. 'I want it!'

"'All right,' said the elephant, 'we'll go and find one.'

"So they traveled, and they traveled, *and* they traveled, but every time they saw a pile of white, clean bones in a field, the Captain turned himself right up on edge like a hoop, and said, 'Finders is keepers!' and began to roll, and by the time the elephant could get there, the Captain always had all the teeth, so the elephant couldn't get any to pay with. And every morning the Captain stood in the road as soon as the tent was turned into a stick and said:

"'Want that tooth!'

"Well, of course, the elephant got very tired of it at last, and one morning he grabbed the Captain with his trunk and swung him three times around and threw him straight up in the air, with all his elephant might. Up and up *and* up went the Captain, tumbling over and over like a piece of shiny paper until he was just a little black, winking speck in the sky, and then not even the speck could be seen, so the elephant sat down and laughed until the tears ran down off the end of his trunk like rain from a waterspout. When he got all through laughing, he got up and traveled on as fast as ever he could, until he got so tired he thought he would take a nap, so he took the little yellow stick out of his pocket and said, 'Kazuzam!'

"The tent never opened. It just stayed a little yellow stick.

"'Kazuzam, Kazuzam, Kazuzam!' said the elephant, and then he tried 'Kazazum,' but the tent never opened.

"Well, the elephant stuck the little yellow stick up before him in the road and tried and tried *and* tried, and looked and looked *and* looked, until his tongue frazzled out, and he got more cross-eyed than ever, and then he reckoned that the tent wouldn't open unless the Captain were there, just as the Captain wouldn't be there when the tent was open, so, being very tired, he wished the Captain were back. At that very moment the Captain came tumbling down out of the sky and struck kerplump! on the elephant's back so hard he made a dent in it. Then he rolled down on the ground and scrooged up his wicked little face and squeaked:

"'Want that tooth!'

"'Go and find it!' said the elephant, mad all through again, and all at once he swung his trunk and hit Captain Sknks a sidewise swipe that sent him sailing through the air to the east like a cannon-ball. On and on *and* on sailed the Captain until he was just a little black speck in the east, and then even the speck could not be seen, so the elephant sat down and laughed again, but he didn't laugh until the tears came, because he hadn't any more tears left in him. While he was trying to find one or two in his system, Captain Sknks came sailing along from the west and hit the elephant kawallop! right in the side and made a big dent in it. The elephant had knocked him clear around the world!

"'Want that tooth!' squeaked Captain Sknks.

"'Oh, Kazuzam!' said the elephant, and it was very clever in him to think of it, for when he said that, the tent opened right up, and Captain Sknks was gone.

"'I'll just get rid of him now for good and all,' said the elephant, *and picked up the tent and walked off with it!*

"Well, for three days he carried that tent on his back, and in all that time he never saw or heard of Captain Sknks, but at last he came to a place in the road that was too narrow for him to get the tent through sidewise or endwise or topwise or bottomwise or anywise, and so he had to close it down.

"'Kazazum!' said he, and the tent became a little yellow stick. But there stood Captain Sknks, grinning so hard that the elephant was afraid the top of his head would come off.

"'Want that tooth!' squeaked the Captain.

"'I'll give you one of yours!' snapped the elephant, and started for him.

"'Fiddle-de-dee!' said Captain Sknks, and started to roll, and the elephant after him, lickety split, until at last the Captain headed straight for a big tree. When the Captain got there, he gave a quick jerk and rolled right around it, but the big elephant couldn't stop and ran into the tree, and his tusks sank into it so far and so hard and so tight that he couldn't move a single part of his body except just his tail. Then the Captain rolled back and took the little yellow stick out of the elephant's vest pocket and rolled away again, leaving the elephant in that terrible fix. The elephant started in to wiggling his tail, and he wiggled it and wiggled *and* wiggled it until at last he got loose,

but he had wiggled his tail so hard that it was all full of kinks that have never come out to this day, some of them. And that's all."

Even Miss Torrence sighed a trifle, and the engine and fire-horses drew deep, deep sighs.

"And is it really, really true?" asked Ethel doubtfully.

"Of course not," Skeezicks promptly informed her, "only it's more fun if you b'lieve it. I always do. But Uncle Joe, where did Captain — Captain — the Captain always go when the tent opened up?"

"Can't you guess?" asked Uncle Joe.

"I can't guess," replied Skeezicks.

"Well, *I* can't guess," said Uncle Joe. "It's a mystery. But the elephant, now, that's another matter. I saw the circus parade this morning, and I'm almost sure there was *an elephant with a kinky tail in that parade!*"

"Oh!" exclaimed three small voices, and six big eyes surveyed him with solemn speculation, which, digested, would lead to a present demand. Miss Torrence smiled.

"How soon does Elizabeth return?" she asked, with apparent inconsequence. She was just thinking that Miss Elzner must be rather homesick, and with very fair reason. She knew how to sympathize with her, for she felt unaccountably lonesome herself, here lately.

"In about a month," he replied with a sigh. "Suppose, since we are both bereft" (Miss Torrence tossed her head), "we take these three to the circus this afternoon — if they will go."

"I don't mind, if we can coax them," she laughed. "We'll have to leave one for Grandpa Torrence, though. He's the usual comic paper joke. He doesn't care for the circus himself, but he always wants to take the children. We'll leave Dot for him."

"I hope they will go," said Uncle Joe, looking them over doubtfully. "Will you, children?"

He was relieved, apparently, to find that they would. With one voice they had assured him so.

"You are sure that you have no other engagement?" he asked.

They were quite, quite sure.

"I don't want you to go out of mere courtesy, either of you," he gently urged. "If you really had rather stay at home, Skeezicks, or you, Miss Ethel, why —— "

"Oh, we *want* to go!" they piped up eagerly.

"Very well, then," said Uncle Joe. "We *will* go. I will talk to Miss Torrence about Miss Elzner, and she may talk to me about —— "

"About Miss Elzner," firmly interrupted Miss Torrence.

IV

It was a delightful circus, and the menagerie part of it was a wonderful place. They went through the great tent, down past the restless, snarly cages, past the great platform of giants and dwarfs and queer men and women, past the long rows of comically solemn camels and cow-like animals, past the chattering birds and oh, ever so many wonderful things, and, by the time they reached the elephants, even Skeezicks was ready to believe in the existence of Captain Sknks without any aid from his active imagination. Before the long row of elephants they paused in very serious review. One by one they studied the great beasts, and at last Uncle Joe was able to call attention to one that actually had a couple of kinks in its tail. You could even make it seem cross-eyed if you stood just right. Skeezicks could see it so, easily enough, and once when it curled up its trunk there was a brief second when it *almost* made a pretzel. It was the Cross-eyed German Elephant, sure enough, although it would not talk.

"*Wie gehts mit dir, Hanskaspar?*" said Uncle Joe to it, but the elephant would not say how it went with him. Maybe he didn't like to be called Hanskaspar, Uncle Joe surmised, and he apologized. Then he tried courteous questions, flattering comment, expostulation, and peanuts, but all to no purpose. The big beast simply would not talk. The peanuts alone aroused any enthusiasm, but his remarks about those were confined strictly to the sign language. Reluctantly, they left him. As they turned away, Uncle Joe discovered a small and highly ornamental closed cage near the elephant pen.

"Captain Sknks!" he said, in an awe-inspiring whisper. "Mind, I don't say he *is* there, but he could be. It's about the right size."

Just then the band struck up for the Stupendous and Dazzling Grand March of All the Nations, Presenting, in One Glittering Pageant, All the Fabled Gorgeousness of the Orient and Occident, and they hurried for their seats. Even the gaudy parade, however, could not entirely keep the thoughts of

Skeezicks from the mysterious gilt cage that had been so securely locked, and he was rather preoccupied for a time. Miss Torrence was also rather preoccupied. Right in the next box-section on their left sat a very nice-looking young man who never so much as once turned his eyes to the right. Miss Torrence never so much as once turned her eyes to the left, although she did rather wonder if that girl on the other side was with him or with the party beyond. It was very annoying not to be able to look when one wanted to know so badly. Not that she had any personal interest in the matter, however. Far from it. Far, far from it. The girl had on a red hat and a red silk waist, and was altogether very loud and shoddy, Miss Torrence thought. It was none of her affair, though, not in the least. So she paid strict attention to the circus. That red hat must have cost twenty-five dollars.

There is no use in trying to describe a circus, or how Skeezicks and his best girl enjoyed it. The whole affair was one succession of Oh's and Ah's, coupled with a mortifying attempt to see everything at once, with everything all over before it was half seen, and something else treading on its heels in a hurry, with no time to digest anything or to know that one had been thrilled; and they filed out in the crowd, stunned and silent.

The little gilt cage was not there when they passed out through the menagerie tent, and Skeezicks rather wanted to investigate, but Miss Ethel had gradually accumulated a terror of it and of Captain Sknks into the bargain, and Uncle Joe, with a wince of self-reproach, hastened to interest them in ice-cream taffy, and toy balloons.

There was a tremendous crowd, and worming their way out of the grounds and along the sidewalk was a very difficult task. The undertaking was fully as hard for the traffic in the streets. Out there, a tangled, slow-moving throng of vehicles and street-cars kept about even pace with the pedestrians. Among that tangle was a maroon-red automobile, and in it sat a very nice-looking young man, with bright eyes, head very high, and all the rest of it. He did *not* have that girl with him.

"Jack tells me he's going to leave. Tomorrow," observed Mr. Joseph Freeman.

"Is he, indeed?" replied Miss Torrence indifferently. "Did you ever see anything so thrilling as that high trapeze act? It must take a lifetime to learn to do those things."

"It does," replied Mr. Freeman. "Jack is going out to Tokio, I understand, to look after the interests of his firm over there."

"Is he?" inquired Miss Torrence, rather more than indifferently. "What an army of men it must take to move one of these enormous shows."

"It does," answered Mr. Freeman sternly, repressing a desire to shake her. "Jack says he don't care whether he ever comes back or not. —*Why, where are the children?*"

The children were gone! Only a moment before they had been there, walking just in front of them and wedged so tightly into the crowd that it had seemed impossible to become separated from them. It was a terrible moment. Of course, they dashed ahead for half a block, nudging and elbowing their way through the crowd with desperate haste, and then they realized the futility of that course. Another one immediately presented itself. The young man in the maroon automobile had been keeping Uncle Joe in sight. Uncle Joe seemed to have a powerful attraction for him that afternoon, and it was just as despair was seizing Mr. Freeman that he had an inspiration.

"Oh, Jack!" he cried. "Weldon!"

Mr. Jack Weldon heard without a particle of trouble, and he brought his slow-moving machine to such a sudden stop that the heads of impatient horses went up for safety, back through an entire block.

Uncle Joe dragged Miss Torrence out to the automobile.

"We've lost the children," he hastily explained. "You take Miss Torrence and wheel up and down the streets past the crowds on the sidewalks and see if you can't find them. I 'm going to telephone to the police," and before Miss Torrence could think of some better plan, which would at the same time be free from certain personal objections, she was bundled into the front seat beside Mr. Weldon, and they were forcing their way through the streets in a vain search for the children.

Even in the confusion and through the anxiety, however, Miss Torrence retained her presence of mind, and, without having said a word or rested her glance upon him, allowed the young man distinctly to understand that he was merely the steering part of an automobile which, in dire emergency, had been placed at her disposal by Mr. Joseph Freeman.

V

The little gilt cage had done it all. Across the vacant lot, back of the lemonade and peanut stands that lined the sidewalk, Skeezicks saw them carrying it, and he recognized it at once.

"Wait a minute, Uncle Joe," he had piped, but there had been so much noise, and the two young people had been so much abstracted, that they had not heard. Confident, however, that the elders would wait, Skeezicks firmly grasped the hand of Miss Ethel and dragged her after him in between two of the stands, out to the vacant lot. The men were loading the cage on a wagon, and Skeezicks hurried up just as the wagon drove away. The two men were turning back when Skeezicks, consumed by a desire to know that must be gratified at any cost, asked about it. The men were both very dirty and tattered, but their eyes were perfectly frank and kind, and one of them had eyes that twinkled a whole lot like Uncle Joe's.

"That cage?" said the man of the twinkle, scratching his head. "That cage holds the Bul-loodthirsty Hogwallicus. He eats nothing but little girls and boys, and we're sending him out to the orphan asylum to get his supper."

"Th — thank you," gasped Skeezicks, but the other man, after a grinning survey of the horror-stricken faces before him, became alarmed and contrite and hastened to make a correction.

"He's just joking, kids," he said kindly. "That cage is plumb empty, and we're sending it out to the Zoo, where we've bought a couple of new monkeys. You was just joking, wasn't you, Frank?"

"That's all," said Frank, with equally kind voice. He, too, had been moved to contrition by their faces. "Just empty. There never was a Hogwallicus, and if there was, it wouldn't be bloodthirsty," and then the men, having work to do, hurried away.

"I want to go home," suddenly announced Miss Ethel, with a suspicious quiver in her voice.

Skeezicks had begun to feel that way himself, but he instantly stiffened. With much concentration he had been trying to picture to himself what a Bul-loodthirsty Hogwallicus would look like if such an animal had ever been created, and the resulting imaginary beast was not at all a reassuring object, especially in its native wilds, where he had been picturing it. Brought, just in time, by the suspicious quiver to a realizing sense of his own responsibility, he remembered that he was a man, from whom bravery was to be expected. He took Miss Ethel firmly by the hand once more and marched back across the vacant lot to the two stands between which they had squeezed. Out on the sidewalk the throng was still passing, but Uncle Joe and Miss Torrence were not there.

"I want to go home," said Miss Ethel, half whimpering.

Skeezicks looked at the stream of people and sagely reasoned that there was a better way than to attempt the finding of two individuals in all that mass of humanity.

"Come on, I'll take you home," he said confidently. "I've got two dimes and a nickel in my pocket, and we'll just get on a street-car and have a ride all by ourselves, and go home."

The prospect was novel, and Miss Ethel consented to be cheered. But the street-cars were all hanging full, and it was necessary to go on until they came to a street where the cars were not so crowded. Into less and less thronged highways they walked until they came to a pretty park, and just ahead of them, turning among the trees, they saw Uncle Joe and Miss Torrence!

They were out of breath when they caught almost up with them, down one of the shady drives, and found out that it was not Uncle Joe and Miss Torrence at all. They stopped, and the couple went on, not knowing that they had been followed. Skeezicks, undaunted, was considering the matter over and over. Miss Ethel suddenly announced that she was tired, and sat down on a bench. Skeezicks tried to urge her on. No, her legs were tired, and *she* was tired, and she was going to rest. She always rested when she got to the park. She huddled up on the bench, and Skeezicks was doubly alarmed. He knew the symptoms. Miss Ethel was likely to go to sleep at any time and place, and just now it must be prevented.

"There wasn't anything in the cage, was there?" he asked, standing up in front of her, where she lay comfortably curled on the bench.

"Just empty," she replied sleepily. "Going to be monkeys in it."

"Maybe Captain Sknks got out of it first," he suggested, half breathless himself at the possibility. "Maybe he's here in the park!"

The suggestion was kindly meant, intended as a spur to make Miss Ethel come back with him to the street, but it worked the other way. She suddenly buried her face in her arms and began to cry, and there was no stopping her by any known power until she should cry herself to sleep. And then no known power could awaken her until she had had her sleep out. Skeezicks had seen it tried. He hunted about until he found a big club, and sat down upon the edge of the bench, on guard. He would have liked to allow himself the luxury of being scared, too, but he really couldn't afford it just now.

VI

The red automobile had a weary, weary search, up one street and down another, stopping wherever there was a knot of people temporarily interested in what might prove to be a pair of lost babes, and putting in a distracting time generally. It was nearing dusk when the steering apparatus suggested that the strays might have wandered into Ballard's Woods, and accordingly they started for a search through that pleasant and wholly familiar domain. Miss Torrence, her eyes sharpened by her constantly increasing anxiety, was the first to see them. Up a side drive she discovered a little white patch, which, on closer view, proved to be the white shirt-waist of Skeezicks.

He was sitting bolt upright, alert, and with wide staring eyes. In his right hand he still firmly grasped his club, and behind him, on the bench, huddled Miss Ethel, fast asleep, her cheeks stained with a grimy flood of recent tears.

Miss Torrence waited for no help, but was out of the automobile in an instant, half laughing and half crying over both of them and straining Ethel fiercely to her bosom with one arm while she tried to gather Skeezicks to her with the other.

"I'm kind o' tired myself," said Skeezicks when he had told them all about it. "Circuses make you awful tired, and the walking and being scared. I wasn't scared, not very much, though. I found the tooth of an old dead horse for Captain Sknks," and he exhibited that glistening white treasure in his left hand. "He wouldn't hurt us much, I guess, if I gave him that."

Miss Torrence again tried earnestly to smother both children at once, and then the steering apparatus took Skeezicks from her and put him in the high, leather-cushioned nest of the back seat.

"I *am* tired," observed Skeezicks with a sigh of content.

Mr. Weldon went back, quite cheerfully, to get Miss Ethel, but that young lady's aunt did not want to give her up. She said she would just get right in with Skeezicks and hold the child on her lap. The tot was sleeping so soundly. Miss Ethel settled the controversy, even though sound asleep. At the feel of the strong masculine arms she clung instantly around the young man's neck, and he surreptitiously kissed the little one as he gently placed her upon the soft cushions, where she snuggled up to Skeezicks and slumbered on without a break.

Miss Torrence stood ready to slip into the back seat with them, but Mr. Jack Weldon closed the door very firmly.

"Just wait a moment," he said with polite insistence — nothing familiar or presumptuous in his tone at all. "I noticed that the sparker wanted to balk a while ago, and I think I'd better look at it before we start home."

He crept under the machine, and the young lady walked away a few steps. She was rather glad of the chance to think by herself for a moment. Her head was still held very erectly, but she was trembling and fluttering in a quite unaccountable manner, and she wanted to stop these distressing symptoms. They were perfectly silly.

"Ada, look here," Mr. Weldon called softly to her after a bit.

Ada! How presumptuous of him! Nevertheless, she went back. There was something or other in his tone, something strangely thrilling, that made certain mental attitudes seem rather trivial and childish just then, and she joined him where he stood looking raptly in at the back seat.

It was a pretty picture. Both the lost children were fast asleep, Ethel with her head confidingly upon the shoulder of Skeezicks, who held her protectingly in his arms. The boy looked so manly and so gentle, too, that Miss Torrence found the long kept-back tears welling up into her eyes by especial invitation, and when the young man quietly gathered her in his big arms with the air of merely taking his own, she just laid her head down on his automobile coat and cried it all out, every bit of it, the young man, meanwhile, singing joyous inward paeans in praise of Skeezicks, Sknks & Company.

Then they went home.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS

NO sooner were the elections of 1859 over than I had to start out on an extensive lecture tour to make up by its earnings for money spent and private affairs neglected during the political season of the year, and to accumulate something in advance for the coming great campaign of 1860. While visiting Boston on this tour, I had occasion to attend one of those "Conservative Union Meetings" which were held to warn the people against anything like an active anti-slavery movement and to lead them back to the paths of ancient whiggery. It was held in Faneuil Hall, and Edward Everett and Caleb Cushing were the principal speakers. I had never heard either of these two distinguished men before, and was prepared for a powerful onset of argument and appeal. But my expectations were disappointed.

Edward Everett and Caleb Cushing

In the first place, Mr. Everett's introduction to the audience produced an almost comical effect. It was a raw, winter day, and Mr. Everett had evidently, before venturing out, been carefully armed against the inclemencies of the weather. While the chairman made a eulogistic little speech presenting to those assembled their illustrious fellow-citizen, Mr. Everett stood behind him being peeled out of an endless variety of wraps — an operation performed by an attendant, which caused him to turn himself around several times. This spectacle of the unwinding of Mr. Everett started a pretty general titter among the audience, which was stopped at last by the applause following the close of the chairman's introductory speech. Mr. Everett's argument was the well-worn plea of patriotic apprehension. It was very finely expressed, every sentence of faultless finish, every gesture well pointed and appropriate. But there was a coldness of academic perfection about it all which lacked the robustness of true, deep, aggressive feeling. The audience applauded many times, but, so far as I could judge, without any real impulse of enthusiasm. When Mr. Everett sat down, the general verdict seemed to be that, as usual, he had made a very fine speech, and that he was a most honorable and patriotic gentleman.

The impression produced by Mr. Caleb Cushing was very different. While speaking, he turned his left shoulder to the audience, looking at his hearers askance, and with a squint, too, it seemed to me, but I may have been mistaken. There was something like a cynical sneer in his manner of bringing out his sentences, which made him look like Mephistopheles, and I do not remember ever to have heard a public speaker who stirred in me so decided a disinclination to believe what he said. In later years I met him repeatedly at dinner tables, which he enlivened with his large information, his wit, and his fund of anecdote. But I could never quite overcome the impression he had made upon me at that meeting. I could always listen to him with interest, but never with spontaneous confidence.

Warlike Toilet of a Congressman

My lecturing engagements left me time for a short visit at Washington. Congress was then in a state of excitement, the like of which we can now hardly imagine. The morning after my arrival I took breakfast with my friend, Mr. John F. Potter, the repre-

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sentative of the first congressional district of Wisconsin. He asked me to accompany him to the Capitol, where he promised to take me on the floor of the House of Representatives, if he could. Before we started, I saw him buckle on a belt with a pistol and a bowie-knife, to be worn under his clothes. "You seem surprised," he said. "This is my regular morning toilet when I go to the House. You know I am not a ruffian, but a peaceable citizen. But we do not know what may happen." Then he explained to me that the Northern anti-slavery men might expect an attack at any time, not so much from the Southern representatives themselves as from a gang of Southern desperadoes gathered in the galleries. "They may open on us at any time," said Mr. Potter. "But when they begin to shoot, we mean to be prepared to shoot back. A number of our friends go armed just as I do."

I had already been told that Senator Wade from Ohio, having been threatened by Southern men, one day appeared in the Senate with a brace of large horse-pistols, which he quietly put on the lid of his desk within sight of everybody; and that when he was sure they had been noticed, he calmly shut them up in his drawer, ready to hand, and leaned back in his chair, looking around with a grim smile. Whether the story is true, I am not quite certain. But it was widely believed, for it sounded very much like "old Ben Wade," and no doubt it fitted the situation.

Angry Feeling in the House

Mr. Potter did, in some way, get me on the floor of the House, and I had the satisfaction of listening to a debate which soon arrayed the representatives of the anti-slavery North and of the pro-slavery South against one another in angry altercation — the Northern men comparatively calm and argumentative, the Southern hotspurs defiant, overbearing, grandiloquent, taunting their antagonists with cowardice and all sorts of meanness, and with the utmost recklessness flinging the dissolution of the Union into the debate as a thing they rather desired than dreaded. I heard Mr. Keith of South Carolina, a rather handsome and oratorically flamboyant young man, rend the Union " from turret to foundation stone." There was in the bearing of the Southerners, especially of the young men among them, an assertion of aristocratic superiority, apparently quite sincere, which strained the patience and self-control of their opponents to the utmost. The very atmosphere was quivering with challenge, and many a time an outbreak of violence seemed inevitable. I had to leave Washington the next day, and I took with me the conviction that the day of compromise was indeed past, and that, not as a matter of spirit, but as a matter of policy, the North should meet Southern defiance with a demonstration of courage and determination.

Not long after I had left Washington, several scuffles actually occurred on the floor of the House, and of one of the collisions, my friend, Mr. Potter himself, was the hero. There was a hot wrangle on the floor between him and Mr. Roger C. Pryor of Virginia, who had irritated him with some very provoking remarks, and a challenge to a duel followed. In view of the state of public feeling at that time Mr. Potter thought himself obliged to accept the challenge; and having the choice of weapons according to the code of honor, and thinking it best to make serious work of it, he chose bowie-knives. Mr. Pryor promptly declined, if I remember rightly, on the plea that the bowie-knife was not a civilized weapon. But as his declination, which was perhaps reasonable enough, was made to appear as a back-down on the part of a Southern "fire-eater," it started a guffaw all over the North, and Mr. Potter woke up to find himself the hero of the hour. A flood of congratulations poured upon him, and at the Chicago Convention a few months later some enthusiastic admirers presented to him a finely ornamented bowie-knife of gigantic size as a token of public approbation.

Salmon P. Chase and His Daughter

On my return trip westward I had to fill a lecturing appointment at Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Salmon P. Chase, who was then governor of that State, had written me a very kind letter offering me the hospitality of his house, and I had accepted, highly appreciating the honor. I arrived early in the morning, and, to my great surprise, was received at the uncomfortable hour by the Governor himself and taken to the breakfast room. His daughter Kate, who presided over his household, would, he said, be down presently. Soon she came, saluted

me very kindly, and then let herself down upon her chair with the graceful lightness of a bird that, folding its wings, perches upon the branch of a tree. She was then about eighteen years old, tall and slender and exceedingly well-formed. Her features were not at all regularly beautiful according to the classic rule. Her little nose, somewhat audaciously tipped up, would perhaps not have passed muster with a severe critic, but it harmonized with her face, with its large, languid, but at the same time vivacious, hazel eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, and arched over by proud eyebrows. The fine forehead was framed in waving, gold-brown hair. She had something imperial in the pose of the head, and all her movements possessed an exquisite natural charm. No wonder that she came to be admired as a great beauty and broke many hearts.

After the usual polite commonplaces, the conversation at the breakfast table, in which Miss Kate took a lively and remarkably intelligent part, soon turned upon politics, and that conversation was continued during a large part of the forenoon in the Governor's library. I had conceived a very profound respect for Mr. Chase's ability as well as his character. All his speeches on the slavery question were well known to me, and I greatly admired their argumentative lucidity and strength, and no less the noble elevation of sentiment pervading them. His personality, too, when I had seen him on the floor of the Senate from the gallery a few years before, had impressed me powerfully. More than anyone else, he looked the great man. And now, when I sat with him in the confidential atmosphere of his "den," and he asked me to give him my view of the political situation, I felt as if a great distinction had been conferred upon me, and at the same time a responsibility which I was not altogether eager to take.

His bearing in public gave Chase the appearance of a somewhat cold, haughty, and distant man. Without the least affectation or desire to pose, he was apt to be superbly statuesque. But when he opened out in friendly intercourse, the real warmth of his nature broke through the icy crust, and one received the impression that his usual reticence arose rather from something like shyness than from a haughty sense of superiority. His dignity of deportment never left him even in his unbending moods, for it was perfectly natural and unconscious. It really belonged to him, like the majestic figure that nature had given him. There was something very captivating in the grand simplicity of his character as it revealed itself in his confidences, when he imparted them with that almost childlike little lisp in his deep voice, and I can well understand how intimate friends could conceive a sentimental affection for him and preserve it through the changes of time, even when occasionally they ceased to approve his course.

Chase's Frank Desire for the Presidency

With this remarkable man, then, I sat alone in his cozy work-room, and he avowed to me, with a frankness which astonished, but at the same time greatly fascinated me, his ardent desire to be president of the United States and to be nominated for that office by the coming Republican National Convention. He said that I would undoubtedly be sent by the Republicans of Wisconsin as a delegate to that convention, and that he wished very much to know what I thought of his candidacy.

It would have given me a moment of sincerest happiness, could I have answered that question with a note of encouragement, for nothing could have appeared to me more legitimate than the high ambition of that man, and I felt myself very strongly drawn to him personally. But I could not, and I esteemed him too highly to flatter him or to treat him to ambiguous phrases. I candidly told him that I was too inexperienced in American politics to estimate the number of votes he might command in the convention, but that I had formed a general judgment of the situation, which I expressed in this wise: "If the Republican Convention at Chicago has courage enough to nominate an advanced anti-slavery man, it will nominate Seward; if not, it will not nominate you." The Governor was silent for a moment, as if he had heard something unexpected. Then he thanked me for having so straightforwardly given him my opinion, which, possibly, might be correct. But, without casting the slightest reflection upon Seward's character and services, he gave me to understand that he could not see why anti-slavery men should place him second in the order of leadership instead of first — a point which I could not undertake to argue.

From photographs in the collection of F. H. Meserve

CALEB CUSHING EDWARD EVERETT

The principal speakers at "one of those 'Conservative Union Meetings' which were held to warn the people against anything like an active anti-slavery movement"

The Wigwam Convention of 1860

The Republicans of Wisconsin were very kind to me. Through their majority in the Legislature they had made me a member of the Board of Regents of the State University, which was established at Madison; and now, in the spring of 1860, their State Convention appointed me as one of their delegates to the Republican National Convention to be held at Chicago in May. That famous Chicago Convention, with its great wooden "Wigwam" that held many thousands of people, its noisy street-parades, its shoutings and jostlings and wire-pullings, has so often and elaborately been described, that I need not go into detail. The Wisconsin delegation elected me its chairman.

We Wisconsin delegates were all of one mind in strongly favoring Seward as the Republican candidate for the presidency. By some of the Republicans in Wisconsin, who were originally from New York, Seward may have been preferred because he was a "New York man," but the large majority of the party in the State, among them the younger and more ardent element, went to Seward for reasons of a higher order. As I expressed it, in somewhat high-flown language, perhaps, in a speech delivered at a "ratification meeting" after the Convention, "it was certainly not for reasons of superior availability that Mr. Seward's name was brought forward; but we were accustomed to look up to him as the intellectual leader of the political anti-slavery movement."

Seward and the Opposing Candidates

The opposition to Seward found its main strength in the belief of many Republicans that on account of his supposed radicalism his nomination would frighten timid souls

and imperil our success in the so-called "doubtful states," such as Indiana, Illinois, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania — which, of course, would rule out Chase too, as I had candidly told him in our interview at Columbus. What we young Republicans feared much more than the tremor among the weak-kneed that might possibly be created by the nomination of Seward, was a lowering of the standard of Republicanism by a half-hearted platform and the nomination of a candidate whose name might mean a concession to those outsiders and to convince the timorous throughout the country that the Repuolican party in power would carefully avoid any disturbance. His principal champion was Horace Greeley, who was bent upon defeating Seward.

On the list of candidates we also found Mr. Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, perhaps the first aspirant to the presidency in the history of the Republic who thought he might attain to the first office within the gift of the people because he was rich, and

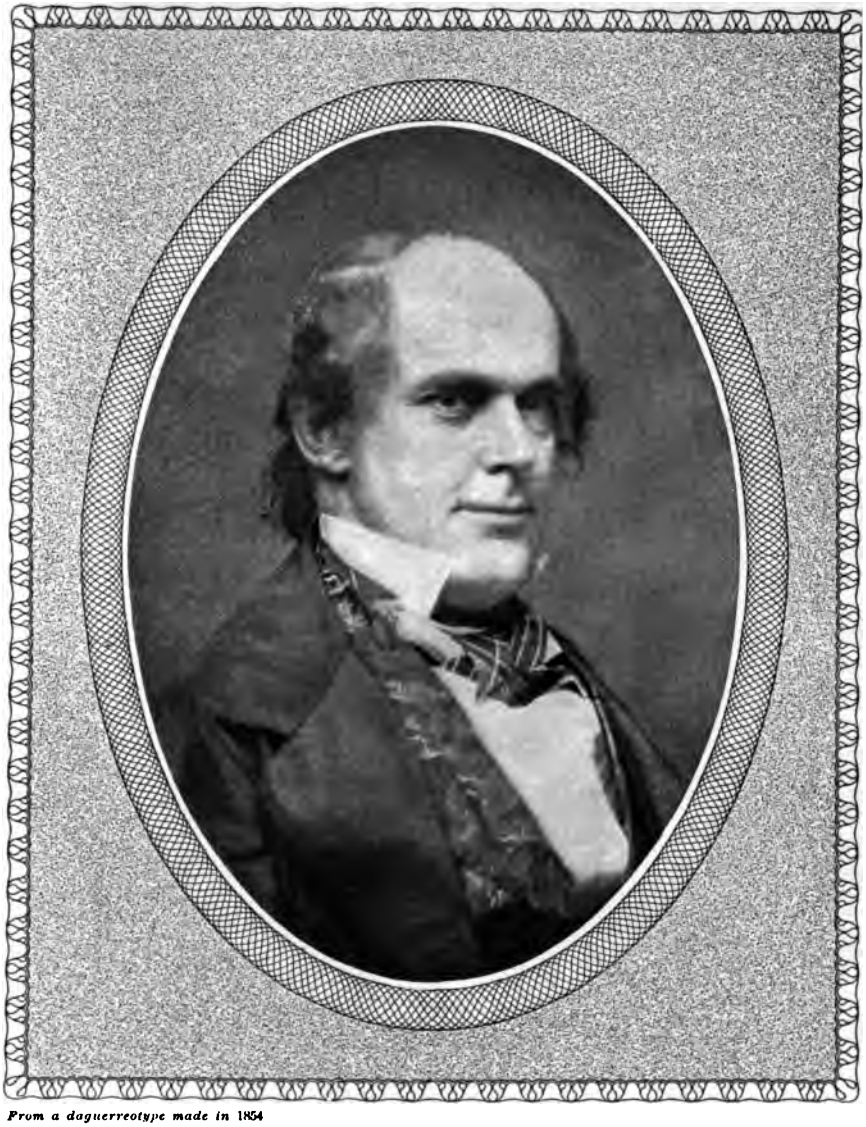
From photographs in the collection of F. H. Meserve

JOHN F. POTTER ROGER C. PRYOR

After a hot wrangle on the floor of the House, Mr. Pryor challenged Mr. Potter to a duel. Mr. Potter accepted and chose bowie-knives. Mr. Pryor promptly declined on the plea that the bowie-knife was not a civilized weapon

who were only opponents of the Democratic party, but not determined anti-slavery men — and thus the possibility of another compromise. To such a concession we were sternly opposed. Such a candidate was presented in the person of Mr. Edward Bates of Missouri, a lawyer of high standing and a very worthy gentleman, but an old Whig who was supposed to be against slavery in a mild, unaggressive way. He was confessedly — at least, so his advocates said — to be nominated to "conciliate" a master of shrewd and not over-scrupulous spoils management. (He might be called the prototype of the modern state boss.) Of course, we disliked him much, but his candidacy was not taken seriously.

There was no real antagonism among us to Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. He was universally recognized as a true anti-slavery leader who had done our cause very great service. We esteemed him most highly, but we did not favor his nomination, because we were for Seward, as the current



From a daguerreotype made in 1854

SENATOR SALMON P. CHASE

"he avowed to me . . . his ardent desire to be president of the United States"

phrase then was, "first, last, and all the time."

The New Yorkers; Champagne and Cigars

But I must confess that my enthusiasm for Seward received a little chill, even before the Convention met. Immediately after our arrival at Chicago, we from Wisconsin thought it our duty to report ourselves at the headquarters of the New York delegation to ask for suggestions as to what we might do to further the interests of our candidate. But we did not find there any of the distinguished members of that delegation whom we most wished to see — William M. Evarts, George William Curtis, Henry J. Raymond, Governor Morgan, and others. We found only the actual chief manager of the Seward interest, Mr. Thurlow Weed, and around him a crowd of men, some of whom did not strike me as desirable companions. They were New York politicians, apparently of the lower sort, whom

Thurlow Weed had brought with him to aid him in doing his work.

What that work consisted in I could guess from the conversations I was permitted to hear, for they talked very freely about the great services they had rendered or were going to render. They had marched in street parades with brass bands and Seward banners to produce the impression that the whole country was ablaze with enthusiasm for Seward. They had treated members of other delegations with no end of champagne and cigars, to win them for Seward, if not as their first, then at least as their second choice. They had hinted to this man and that man supposed to wield some influence, that if he could throw that influence for Seward, he might, in case of success, count upon proper "recognition." They had spent money freely and let everybody understand that there was a great lot more to spend. And so on.

From a photograph by Hessler in the possession of the Chicago Historical Society

THE WIGWAM

The great wooden structure in which was held the famous Chicago Convention that nominated Lincoln

Thurlow Weed, Political Wizard

Among these men Thurlow Weed moved as the great captain, with ceaseless activity and noiseless step, receiving their reports or giving new instructions in his peculiar whisper; now and then taking one into a corner of the room for secret talk, or disappearing with another through a side door for transactions still more secret. I had heard much of Thurlow Weed as a man of mysterious powers; as a political wizard, able to devise and accomplish combinations beyond the conception of ordinary mortals; as the past-master of political intrigue and stratagem; as the profoundest judge of men's abilities, virtues, and failings; as the surest calculator of political chances and results; and as the guide, superintendent, and protecting genius of William H. Seward's political career.

My own impression was that Mr. Weed might indeed not be without appreciation of the higher aims of political activity, but that his enjoyment of a political contest as well as his extraordinary skill in the manipulation of persons and interests had made him cherish a party victory itself more than the fruits of that victory; that he had come to consider everything fair

From a photograph in the collection of F. H. Meserve

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

At the time of the Chicago Convention

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD

Who was considered the strongest possibility for the Republican presidential nomination

in politics; that thus his conscience had lost its sensitiveness in the choice of means; and that he would be capable of sacrificing the best aspirations of his party for its success and for the elevation of his favorite. I may not have been quite just to him in this opinion, but it was strengthened by the spectacle I saw before me at the moment I speak of, — the tall man with his cold, impassive face and with the mysterious whisper of his high voice, giving directions to a lot of henchmen, the looks and the talk and the demeanor of many of whom made me feel exceedingly uncomfortable. I began to fear that if Mr. Seward, after such a campaign for his nomination, were elected president of the United States, he might find himself burdened with a mass of obligations incurred in his behalf which he would not be permitted to shake off, and which he would not be able to meet without dishonor to himself and without injury to the public interest. I disliked to think of Mr. Seward sitting in the presidential chair with just this mentor behind him.

My conversation with Mr. Weed on that occasion was short. He asked me what I thought of the situation, and I told him the reasons why we young Republicans of the Northwest were supporting Mr. Seward. He replied that people who thought as I did would of course favor Mr. Seward; but the problem was to make people who did not think so vote for his nomination. Still, he was quite confident of Mr. Seward's success, and he thought it good policy to exhibit that confidence in every possible way. To that end he admonished me to visit as many delegations as I could and to let them know that no candidate could possibly receive as many "German votes" as Mr. Seward. I replied that I could not well say that, for I hoped it would not prove true in case Mr. Seward should unfortunately fail to be nominated. Little more was said, and I did not see Mr. Weed again. When, a few days later, Mr. Seward was defeated in the Convention, Mr. Weed is said to have been distressed beyond measure. During the Civil War he rendered very patriotic service to the Republic in various ways, which proved that he could be something more than a mere adroit party manager.

From photographs in the collection of F. H. Meserve

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS

"everybody knew him as one of the veteran champions of the anti-slavery cause"

THURLOW WEED

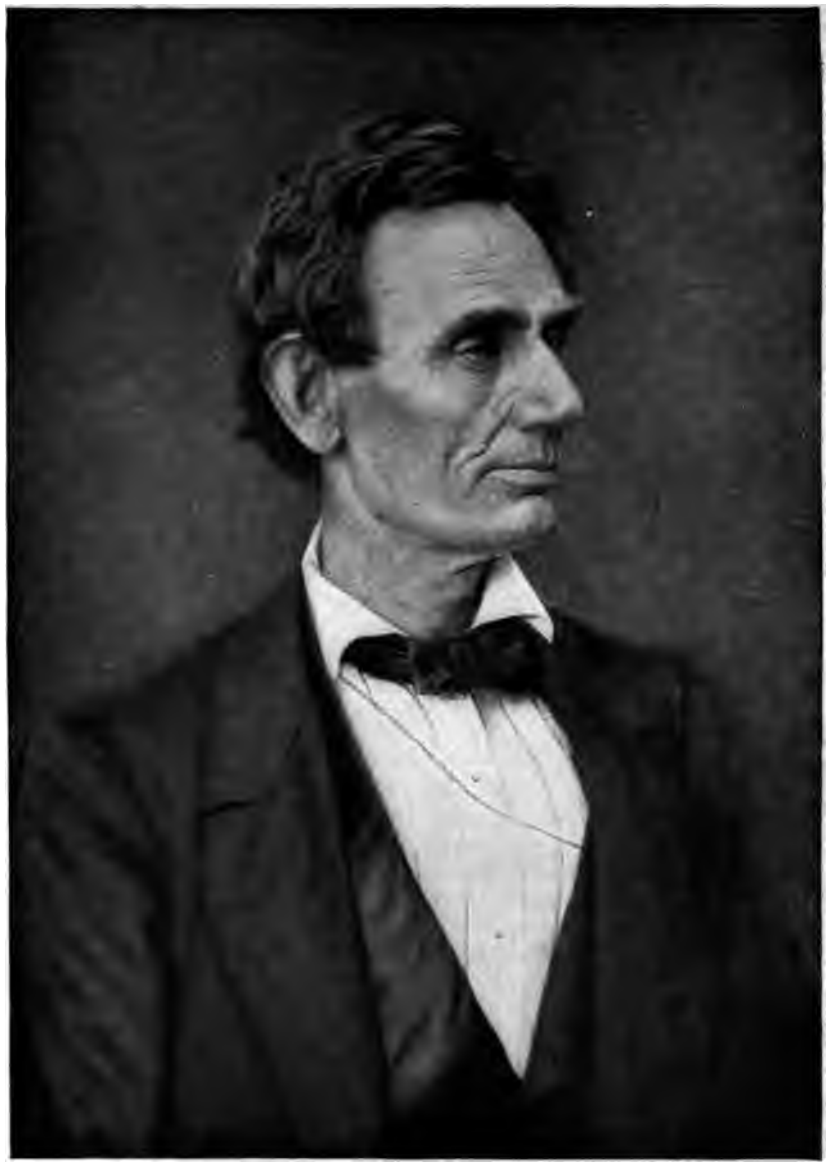
"the actual chief manager of the Seward interest"

A Free People in Council

The members of the Convention and the thousands of spectators assembled in the great Wigwam presented a grand and inspiring sight. It was a free people met to consult upon their policy and to choose their chief. To me it was like the fulfilment of all the dreams of my youth. As Hay and Nicolay, the historians of Abraham Lincoln report: "Blair, Giddings, Greeley, Evarts, Kelley, Wilmot, Schurz, and others were greeted with spontaneous applause, which, rising at some one point, grew and rolled from side to side and corner to corner of the immense building, brightening the eyes and quickening the breath of every inmate." This, as well as other distinctions with which I was honored, I owed, no doubt, to the fact that I was looked upon as a representative and spokesman of the large number of voters of German origin whose support of the Republican cause was naturally regarded as very important. One of those distinctions came near producing a comical effect.

When Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts had been elected permanent president of the Convention, the temporary chairman appointed United States Senator Preston King of New York and myself a "committee of two" to conduct Mr. Ashmun to the chair. Senator King was a man of rather low stature and conspicuously rotund form, while I was over six feet tall and very slender. When the Senator and I met in the aisle of the Convention floor to walk together to Mr. Ashmun's seat and thus perform a function intended to be somewhat solemn, and the Senator looked up at me, and I looked down at him, a broad smile overspread his jocund face, to which I could not help responding. The suggestion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza was too striking for the assembled multitude to resist, and a titter ran over the Convention which might have broken out in a general guffaw, had the induction of Mr. Ashmun into the chair not been over so quickly.

I was appointed a member of the Committee on Resolutions that had to draw up the Republican platform, and in that Committee was permitted to write the paragraph concerning the naturalization laws so that the Republican party be washed clean of the taint of Know-Nothingism. This was done in moderate but unequivocal terms which produced an excellent effect in the



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From the hotograph made by Hessler, immediately after Lincoln's nomination

campaign. I also took part in formulating the anti-slavery declarations of the platform, but an unintentional omission occurred which led to a dramatic scene in the Convention. The platform severely denounced the policy of the Administration with regard to Kansas; repudiated all theories supporting the right of the slave-holder to carry his slave property into the territories, as well as Douglas' spurious "popular-sovereignty" doctrine; denied the authority of Congress, of a territorial legislature, or of any individuals to give legal existence to slavery in any territories of the United States; and branded the reopening of the slave trade as "a crime against humanity, and a burning

From a photograph in the collection of Robert Coster

LINCOLN AT HOME IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

This reproduction is a detail from a large photograph. Lincoln is the tall figure at the right of the doorway

shame to our country and age," — thus covering all points in actual issue. But it failed specifically to mention the great principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence as our political creed and as the moral basis of our free institutions.

The Venerable Joshua Giddings' Protest

When the draft of the platform was read to the Convention, enthusiastic applause greeted almost every sentence of it, and an impatient call for a vote followed from all parts of the vast assembly. But amid this noise there arose above the heads of the multitude the venerable form of Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio. Everybody knew him as one of the veteran champions of the anti-slavery cause. He had pleaded for that cause with undaunted courage and fidelity when even in many parts of the North no one could do so without danger. It was the religion of his life. No sooner had the clamor for a vote sufficiently calmed down to let him be heard, than he expressed himself as painfully surprised that the Republican platform did not contain a word of recognition of the Declaration of Independence. He therefore moved to repair this omission.

There are always in such conventions, even those that are not controlled by machine power, many persons impatient of anything that threatens to interfere with the despatch of business as proposed by the committees; and so it was at Chicago. No sooner had Mr. Giddings stopped speaking than the tumult of voices burst forth again with a stormy clamor for an immediate vote, and, carried away by the whirlwind, the Convention, heedlessly, it may well be supposed, rejected the amendment. Then Mr. Giddings, a look of distress upon his face, his white head towering above the crowd, slowly made his way toward the door of the hall.

George William Curtis' Ringing Speech

Suddenly, from among the New York delegation, a young man of strikingly beautiful features leaped upon a chair and

demanded to be heard. The same noisy demonstration of impatience greeted him, but he would not yield. "Gentlemen!" he said, in a tone of calm determination, "this is a convention of free speech, and I have been given the floor. I have but a few words to say to you, but I shall say them, if I stand here until to-morrow morning!" Another tumultuous protest of impatience, but he firmly held his ground. At last the clamor yielded to his courage, and silence fell upon the great assembly. Then his musical voice rang out like a trumpet call. Was this, he said, the party of freedom met on the border of the free prairies to advance the cause of liberty and human rights? And would the representatives of that party dare to reject the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence affirming the equality of men's rights? After a few such sentences of almost defiant appeal he renewed, in a parliamentary form, the amendment moved by Mr. Giddings, and with an overwhelming shout of enthusiasm the Convention adopted it.

When the young orator sat down, his name passed from mouth to mouth. It was George William Curtis. I had never seen him before. After the adjournment of that session I went to him to thank him for what he had done. He was then in the flower of youthful manhood. As he stood there in that Convention, towering over the vast multitude, his beautiful face radiant with resolute fervor, his singularly melodious voice thrilling with impassioned anxiety of purpose, one might have seen in him an ideal, poetic embodiment of the best of that moral impulse and that lofty enthusiasm which aroused the people of the North to the decisive struggle against slavery. We became friends then and there, and we remained friends to the day of his death.

The Swing to Lincoln

As the Convention progressed, it became more and more evident every hour that Seward, whose support came mainly from New York, New England, and the Northwest, not only was not gaining, but was losing strength. This was owing to two causes. The argument that his supposed ultra-radicalism — which really consisted more in phrase than in purpose — would greatly imperil the success of the Republican party in the "doubtful" States of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and New Jersey, had its effect. In the second place, not a few of those who had been among Seward's warmest supporters were somewhat disenchanted — mortified might not be too strong a word — by the conspicuous appearance of the promiscuous crowd of New York politicians of the lower sort, who did too much of the shouting for Seward and thus forced themselves in a somewhat repulsive manner upon people's attention.

When, on the third day of the Convention, the balloting began, the contest was already decided. After the first ballot, which gave the several delegations the required opportunity for casting the complimentary votes for the "favorite sons" of their states, the opposition to Seward, obeying a common impulse, concentrated upon Abraham Lincoln, and the third ballot gave him the majority. Much has been said about the superior volume and fierceness of the shouting for Lincoln in the packed galleries and its effect upon the minds of the delegates. But that is mere reporters' talk. The historic fact is that as the Convention would not take the risks involved in the nomination of Seward, it had no other alternative than to select Lincoln as the man who satisfied the demands of the earnest anti-slavery men without subjecting the party to the risks thought to be inseparable from the nomination of Seward. That the popular demonstrations for Lincoln in and around the Convention were indeed well planned and organized, is true. But they were by no means the decisive factor. Without them the result would have been the same.

When on the third ballot Lincoln came so near a majority that his nomination appeared certain, delegates, before the result was declared, tumbled over one another to change their votes in his favor. The Wisconsin delegation did not change its vote. Together with New York, Michigan, Minnesota, and parts of other delegations, we stood solidly for Seward until Mr. Evarts, the chairman of the New York delegation, with a speech of genuine pathos and admirable temper, moved to make Mr. Lincoln's nomination unanimous. To this we heartily assented.

The Tragedy of Chase's Ambition

While the victory of Mr. Lincoln was being announced to the outside world by the boom of a cannon which had been placed on the roof of the Wigwam, and not only

the great convention hall but, as it appeared, the whole city of Chicago shook with triumphant cheers for Lincoln, my thoughts involuntarily turned to Chase, who, I imagined, sat in a quiet office room at Columbus with a telegraph near by clicking the news from Chicago. Not only had my prediction made to him a few months before become true, but it had become more terribly true than I myself had anticipated. Of about six hundred and seventy votes cast in the Convention, he had never received more than forty-nine, and even that beggarly number had dwindled down to twenty-four and one half on the last ballot. Not even his own State had given him its full strength. No doubt he had hoped and hoped and hoped against hope, — no American afflicted with the presidential fever ever ceases to hope, — and now came this disastrous, crushing, humiliating defeat.

I saw that magnificent man before me, writhing with the agony of his disappointment, and I sympathized with him most profoundly. I should have pitied him, had I dared to pity such a man. But would not this distressing experience teach him the wisdom of not staking the happiness of his life upon the winning of that one prize? Alas, it did not. He continued to nurse that one ambition so that it became the curse of his life to his last day. It sometimes painfully distorted his judgment of things and men. It made him depreciate all the honors and powers bestowed upon him. When he was Secretary of the Treasury and later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, he indeed achieved an enviable distinction; but he restlessly looked beyond for the will-o'-the-wisp which deceitfully danced before his gaze.

Many years later, when he had been touched by a slight paralytic stroke which somewhat impaired his speech and the freedom of his limbs, I saw him at an evening reception in his house, when his futile efforts to appear youthfully vigorous and agile were pathetically evident. Gossip had it that the reception was given for the very purpose of convincing the political society of Washington that he was physically as fit to be president as ever. He was indeed a great man; but, like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, how much greater and how much more useful would he have been had he been content with his real greatness!

Lincoln's Notification at Springfield

I had the honor of being appointed a member of the Committee that was sent to Springfield to carry to Mr. Lincoln the official announcement of his nomination. At every railway station we passed in daylight, we were received with demonstrations of joy. Mr. Lincoln received us in the parlor of his modest frame house — a rather bare-looking room; in the center the customary little table with a white marble top, and on it the silver-plated ice-water pitcher and the family Bible or the photograph-album; and some chairs and a sofa ranged along the walls.

There the Republican candidate for the presidency stood, tall and ungainly in his black suit of apparently new but ill-fitting clothes, his long, tawny neck emerging gauntly from his "turn-down" collar, his melancholy eyes sunk deep in his haggard face. Most of the members of the Committee had never seen him before, and gazed at him with surprised curiosity. He certainly did not present the appearance of a statesman, as people usually picture it in their imagination. Standing up with folded hands, he quietly, without visible embarrassment or emotion, listened to the dignified little speech addressed to him by Mr. Ashmun, the president of the Convention, and then responded with a few appropriate, earnest, and well-shaped sentences, expressing his gratitude for the confidence reposed in him, his doubts of his own abilities, and his trust in a helping Providence. Then followed some informal talk, partly of a jovial kind, in which the hearty simplicity of Lincoln's nature shone out, and after the usual hand-shaking the Committee took its leave. One of its members, Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania, remarked to me as we passed out of the house: "Well, we might have done a more brilliant thing, but we could hardly have done a better thing." I heard similar utterances from other members, in which, however, an undertone of resignation and of suppressed doubt was perceptible.

A Campaign of Religious Fervor

I have been active in many political campaigns, but in none in which the best impulses of human nature were so forceful and effective and aroused the masses to so high a pitch of almost religious fervor as

in that of 1860. Only a few weeks after the Convention the campaign was in full blast. I had a large number of calls to meetings in June, and spoke day after day, often more than once, until the day of the election in November, excepting two short weeks in September, which I absolutely needed for rest and recuperation. The country swarmed with orators, everyone of whom on our side seemed bound to do his best, regardless of exertion and fatigue.

The campaign was hardly opened when the whole North seemed to get into commotion. It looked as if people, especially in the smaller cities and towns and the country districts, had little else to do than attend meetings, listen to speeches, march in processions, and carry torches after nightfall. "Wide-Awake" companies with their glazed capes and caps, the prototypes of the modern marching clubs of party organizations, sprang up all over the land as by magic. Brass bands, some of them very trying to musical ears, seemed to grow out of the earth. The simplest notice sufficed to draw a crowd. Not seldom, large gatherings were altogether extemporized. Of this I had, myself, some striking experiences.

One afternoon, I think it was in July, I addressed a large open-air meeting of country people at a village not far from one of the larger cities in Indiana. This done, I thought it might be more comfortable for me to sleep in the hotel in town instead of the village tavern, and then take the train from there in the morning for my next appointment. I hoped to slip into the hotel unobserved and to have a quiet night. But I had reckoned without my host. At supper I was waited upon by the local committee, who informed me that the theater was full of people who wanted me to speak to them. How was this? Had the meeting been regularly appointed? No; but I had been seen coming into the town, and some folks thought this was a good time to have a talk from me, and the brass band was set going, and now the people, men and women, had been rushing into the theater. The Wide-Awakes were lined up in front of the hotel to escort me. What could I do but surrender? The Wide-Awakes, with a tremendous hurrah, took me like a captive to the theater, brass band ahead. The theater was crowded to suffocation, and the heat terrible. The thermometer must have been high up in the nineties. There was hardly a man in the hall who had not taken off his coat, and many of them had removed their vests and neckties and collars. The women fanned themselves desperately.

I had not spoken many minutes, before I was fairly dripping with perspiration. The audience must have noticed my distress. An old man rose and begged me to stop a moment. "Mr. Schurz," said he, pronouncing my name in an indescribable way, "it's very hot, and you show it. Now, I am sure the ladies here won't mind if you take off your coat and whatever else you like, to make yourself as comfortable as you can." This little speech was greeted with thunders of applause. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs as a sign of approval. I did as I was bidden. My coat went off first, then, after a while, my vest, my necktie, and my collar. The enthusiasm of the people was immense. After I had spoken about an hour I made an attempt to close, saying that they would certainly all wish to get from this terrible temperature into the open air. A burst of protest came from all parts of the house: "No, no, go on! go on!" I had to go on, and spoke an hour longer, and even then the people did not seem to have had enough.

Not long after this I happened to travel down the Ohio on a steamboat from one river town to another, and at one of the landing-places which we touched at about seven o'clock in the morning, a crowd of several hundred people, having heard that I was passing by, had gathered on the wharf. They prevailed upon the captain to stop for half an hour, and I had to speak to them from the deck of the boat. This was the earliest morning mass-meeting I ever attended.

Lincoln a Candidate for the Presidency

While "stumping" in Illinois, I had an appointment to address an afternoon open-air meeting in the capitol grounds in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln's place of residence. He asked me to take dinner with him at his house. At table we conversed about the course and the incidents of the campaign, and his genial and simple-hearted way of expressing himself would hardly permit me to remember that he was a great man and a candidate for the presidency of the United States. He was in the best of humor, and we laughed much. The inevitable

brass band took position in front of the house and struck up a lively tune, admonishing us that the time for the business of the day had arrived. "I will go with you to the meeting," said Mr. Lincoln, "and hear what you have to say."

The day was blazing hot. Mr. Lincoln expressed his regret that I had to exert myself in such a temperature and suggested that I make myself comfortable. He made himself comfortable indeed, in a way which surprised me not a little, but which was thoroughly characteristic of his rustic habits. When he presented himself for the march to the capitol grounds, I observed that he had divested himself of his waistcoat and put on as an upper garment a linen duster, the back of which had been marked by repeated perspirations and looked somewhat like a rough map of the two hemispheres. On his head he wore a well-battered "stove-pipe" hat which evidently had seen several years of hard service. In this attire he marched with me behind the brass band, and after us came the local campaign committee and the Wide-Awakes. Of course, he was utterly unconscious of his grotesque appearance. Nothing could have been farther from his mind than the thought that the world-conspicuous distinction bestowed upon him by his nomination for the presidency should have obliged him to "put on dignity" among his neighbors. Those neighbors, who from the windows and the sidewalks on that hot afternoon watched and cheered him as he walked by in the procession behind the brass band, may have regarded him, the future president, with a new feeling of reverential admiration or awe, but he appeared before and among them entirely unconcerned, as if nothing had happened, and he nodded to his acquaintances, as he recognized them in the crowd, with a "How are you, Dan?" or "Glad to see you, Ned!" or "How d'ye do, Bill?" and so on — just as he had been accustomed to do.

Arrived at the place of meeting, he declined to sit on the platform, but took a seat in the front row of the audience. He did not join in the applause which from time to time rewarded me, but occasionally he gave me a nod and a broad smile. When I had finished, a few voices called upon Mr. Lincoln for a speech, but he simply shook his head, and the crowd instantly respected the proprieties of the situation, some even shouting: "No, no!" to which he gratefully signified his assent. Then the brass band and the committee and the Wide-Awakes, in the same order in which we had come, escorted us back to his house, the multitude cheering tumultuously for "Lincoln and Hamlin," or more affectionately for "Old Abe."

Campaigning Through the Country

A large part of my work, my "specialty," consisted in addressing meetings of German-born voters in their and my native language. This took me into the States of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York — not only into the large cities, but into small country towns and villages, and sometimes into remote agricultural districts where I found my audiences in school-houses and even in roomy barns or in the open air, and these were the meetings that I enjoyed most of all.

In the campaign of 1860, I made two speeches which, to judge from their publication in newspapers and from the number of pamphlet copies circulated, attracted much attention. One was delivered at St. Louis, Missouri. Although Missouri was a slave state, the anti-slavery element in the city of St. Louis, composed in great part of the German-born population, with some energetic native Americans among its leaders, had acquired such strength that it was hoped it would serve as the nucleus for an effective emancipation movement in the State. I was invited to address a mass-meeting in support of this movement, and I accepted the invitation all the more eagerly inasmuch as I hoped to have among my hearers some representatives of the slave-holding interest and to speak to them face to face. This hope was gratified. The meeting was very large, and, as my friends informed me, not a few of the principal slave-holders and other pro-slavery men came to listen. The speech I made to them was, I think, the best of my anti-slavery speeches. I undertook to show to the Southern people the utter incompatibility of the needs and the aspirations of slavery with the essential attributes of democratic institutions of government, as well as with the natural requirements and aspirations of free-labor society, and thus to demonstrate to them the absolute certainty of the downfall of slavery in the near future, whatever the Southern people might do to save it — in fact that any effort to save it by secession

would inevitably result in terrible disaster to the Southern people themselves.

My speech, while gaining some votes for Lincoln, did not produce any visible effect upon the slave-holders of America; but one of them told me at a later period that he had listened to that speech; that he had become unwillingly convinced, then and there, that on the whole I was right; that he had not dared to say so openly, because it would have cost him the friendship and confidence of his class, but that what I had said had haunted his mind all through the Civil War.

Mr. Schurz's Cooper Institute Speech

The other one of my speeches which attracted attention in the campaign of 1860 was wholly devoted to a dissection of Senator Stephen A. Douglas, the presidential candidate of the Northern wing of the Democratic party. In preparing this argument I debated with myself how far it was permissible to attack a political opponent personally in the discussion of public interests. I came to the conclusion that it was entirely permissible and fair if the personality of that opponent were brought forward to give strength to his cause, and especially if that personality exercised an influence through false pretense. This, it seemed to me, was in the highest degree the case with Senator Douglas. He was in my eyes the most formidable and most dangerous demagogue in America. I thought it would be a meritorious work to prick this imposing bubble, especially as his prestige was the only thing that threatened to take from Mr. Lincoln the votes of some of the Northern states and thus defeat his election. I went at my task with zest, summoning all I could command of power of statement, of sarcasm fancy, and humor, and the result was an analysis of Douglas' theories and career which I could not have made more scorching, merciless, and amusing.

The speech was to be delivered in the large hall of the Cooper Institute in New York. On the evening of the meeting I dined with Governor Morgan, who was chairman of the Republican National Committee, and some prominent Republicans of New York, at the Astor House. On the way from the Astor House to the Cooper Institute, Governor Morgan, with whom I sat in his carriage, asked me how long I expected to speak. I answered: "About two hours and a half." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the Governor. "No New York audience will stand a speech as long as that!" He seemed to be seriously alarmed. I explained to him that the speech I was prepared to make was a connected argument which I had to present to the public in its entirety or not at all, and that, therefore, if I could not be permitted to deliver the whole of it, some excuse must be found for my not speaking at all that evening. The Governor seemed much distressed. At last he submitted, but with the air of one who was resolved to meet an inevitable disaster with fortitude.

The great hall of the Cooper Institute was crowded to suffocation. The atmosphere of the assemblage proved thoroughly sympathetic, and I not only held my audience, but achieved that night, as a "stump-speaker," the greatest success of my career.

The bursts of applause and laughter were such that now and then I had to stop for minutes at a time. The face of Governor Morgan, who sat near me, lost its anxious gloom and grew brighter and brighter as I went on to my second and even to my third hour. On one of the seats of the front row, I noticed an old gentleman with flowing white hair and large spectacles, who held an umbrella in his hand. At first he looked rather drowsy, but gradually he seemed to wake up, and his face beamed with pleasure. He joined in the general applause by pounding with his umbrella on the floor, at first gently, but then with constantly increasing violence. I was not half through with my speech when the ferrule of the old gentleman's umbrella broke. But that did not disturb him in the least. In his enthusiasm he continued to pound the floor with all his strength. At last the stick of the umbrella went to pieces, so that he could no longer make any noise with it. But then, when I brought out a point which particularly stirred him, or a cheer went up, the contagion of which he could not resist, the old gentleman would fling up the wrecked umbrella and wave it over his head like a victorious banner, much to the amusement of the multitude. Owing to the many interruptions, my speech occupied more than three hours, but Governor Morgan no longer found fault with its length. An immense number of pamphlet copies of this speech were circulated, and I was told that it cost Mr. Douglas many votes.

THE FREEZE-OUT

BY

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "THE SCHEME OF SUTCLIFFE, SWINDLER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY W. R. LEIGH

HAGGERTY sat and waited. He was the fifth in line. He had become used to waiting, so he didn't mind it. He set his bundle on the floor, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and stretched out his legs. He was not quite sure whether the four men ahead of him would take four minutes or four hours to finish up their business with the manager, and he prepared himself, therefore, for a long siege.

He was half asleep when somebody nudged him and asked him what his business was. He stated it. At the end of the room there was a door, with a sign upon it, in gilt letters. "General Manager" was what it said. This door opened. Haggerty picked up his bundle and strode through into the next room.

McDonald, the general manager, superintendent, and man of all work of the Empire Hoist & Elevator Company was, naturally, a busy man. The corporation kept him busy, its employees kept him busy, the public kept him busy. He attended to everything — he never delegated duties. He kept tab on everybody, from the president down to the cleaners-up. More than that, he kept his eyes upon the horizon, as well as upon the interior of things. He was on the outlook for good things, old or new. He kept pace with the times. The Empire Hoist concern owed much — perhaps all — of its marvelous prosperity to the energy and sagacity of this one man — McDonald.

McDonald was polishing off the fourth man as the fifth one entered.

"Well, sir," said he to the fifth, before the fourth had left the room.

Haggerty, keenly alive to the briskness of the man he had to deal with, stepped forward and sat down. As he did so, he pulled off his hat and tossed it on the floor. Haggerty was sorry in his heart that he couldn't present a better appearance before this brusque, well-dressed man of business. Haggerty's hair was a bit long, and he was a bit too shabby

it's for — in case of accident," he repeated. "It's a safety-check device."

McDonald shook his head. "There isn't any such thing," he remarked, "as a safety-check device — I never saw a real one yet; never saw one yet that's safe."

Haggerty smiled hopefully and scratched his head. "This one is," he answered.

McDonald had been looking at the man. Now he was looking at the machine. "Show me how it works," he requested. Haggerty fitted a few small cords into place and oper-

"'This is a safety-check device, . . . for use in case of accident — it is automatic, of course'"

in spots to pass inspection. But McDonald didn't care for that. He looked at the bundle.

"What have you got?" he demanded.

Haggerty untied his bundle.

"This is a safety-check device," he announced gravely, "for use in case of accident — it is automatic, of course."

McDonald glanced at the model in his unmoved way. "What does it do?" he asked indifferently. "What's it for?"

Haggerty stared at the other man. "Good Lord!" he burst out, "why, it stops the car. If the ropes break, it stops the car. If anything happens, it stops the car. That's what

ated his model once, twice, thrice. The other man glanced at it listlessly.

Finally, he tossed a small pad over to the inventor. "Write your name and address," he said. Haggerty, obeyed. "Now, Mr. Haggerty," continued McDonald, "we'll look at this thing at our entire convenience. We have about a dozen of these safety, or so-called safety, devices, come in here in a year, besides hundreds of other appliances and improvements. Our engineer has got to test 'em all an' report on 'em. You leave your model and your papers and whatever else you got, and we'll take care of them, and

you'll get a report just as soon as we're ready for it. Now, don't come around here and bother us. If we want you, we'll send for you — and we don't want you till we do. Understand? Well, that's all right, then. . . . Now, Stevenson," this to the sixth man, "I haven't got time to bother with you to-day. Come to-morrow. What does the next man want?" And so it went.

A few weeks later, Sherrerd, the company's engineer — a young, short, thick-set fellow, with a flower stuck in the lapel of his working clothes — sat in the manager's office, waiting for an opportunity to get a word in edgewise.

"Now, Sherrerd," finally said the general manager, with a nod toward the engineer, "what's your little game? Eh?"

Sherrerd rose to his feet. "Got something to show you," he responded.

"What is it?" demanded the manager, as though he half doubted the fact.

"Andy McDonald," returned the engineer impressively, "I'll tell you what it is. It's a safety-check device — that's safe. Absolutely safe," he repeated.

The manager laughed out loud. "Don't believe it," he replied. "Why, say, look here." He opened the pages of a large scrapbook and pointed to a number of clippings. "Here's the American Company's latest — their very latest device, understand, that half the experts in the country swore by. Read that — that's a passenger elevator in Milwaukee — dropped ten stories — ten stories, understand? 'And then,' it says, 'the safety device got in its work and saved the lives of the passengers.' And it stopped the car just fifteen feet above rock bottom — that's all, and then almost jolted the lives out of the gang. Say, what would have happened, old man, if the fifteen feet of space hadn't been there, eh? And here's another, fitted up by Huyler, out in Chicago. Good Lord, dropped and smashed every bit of freight in sight and wrecked the machine. And the kind we use ain't a bit better, either, though Lord knows we've had blame good luck with them. But they're just like all the rest — they're all rotten to the core."

"This one that I'm telling you about," imperturbably went on Sherrerd, "is different — that's all."

"Whose is it?" asked McDonald, beginning to take some slight interest, as he rose from his desk.

"It's Haggerty's patent — whoever he is," returned the engineer.

"Haggerty — Haggerty," slowly mused the manager; "oh, yes, I recollect the fellow — lanky sort of chap he was — hard up, too, I guess — looked like Henry Clay. I remember him."

"Come on, then," returned the engineer. They passed out by a private door and through a show wareroom, and thence to the testing shafts in the rear.

They were using for the test a large passenger elevator weighted with pig-iron to the limit. Sherrerd briefly pointed out to the manager the method of applying the device and then gave the word to start her up. A man pressed a button, and the elevator slowly ascended high above their heads. When it reached the top of the shaft, he rang the bell again. The engines were reversed, and, as the car descended, the manager and the men backed precipitately out of the way. The car fell almost like a shot — they were using the extremest test. When it reached a point opposite the manager, there was a sudden snap. The wire rope had been sawed through to make it break.

With this rope broken there was nothing to keep the car from rushing clear down to the bottom of the shaft, where it would have been smashed to pieces.

But the instant that the rope broke and the speed of the car became accelerated in the least degree by the action of gravity, untrammeled as it was — at that instant there was a sudden sound of crunching, grinding, and splintering of wood; and the car, with a mighty and tremendous shiver, came to a full stop before their very eyes. It had fallen a comparatively imperceptible distance. And yet, so gently had its stoppage come to pass, that a fragile pipe of glass inside the car had not been broken. The glass was a human life — a spinal column, if you please,— and it remained uninjured and intact.

The manager looked at the engineer. "Tell me," he commanded, "just how much weight she carried, and just what speed she was running under, will you? Tell me all there is about it."

Sherrerd told him everything down to the smallest detail. Until he finished, not a muscle of McDonald's face was seen to twitch.

"How many tests have you made?" he inquired finally. Sherrerd smiled. "This is number forty-three now," he answered.

"Phew!" exclaimed McDonald, in a delighted whistle of astonishment. "Good

Lord, man! that looks to be the thing, for sure. What do you think of it? Eh?"

"That's about the size of it," replied the engineer. McDonald laid his hand on Sherrerd's shoulder. "I want the old man to see this," he remarked. "How long will it take you to rig her up again? All day?"

"'Bout half," responded Sherrerd.

"All right, then," said McDonald, "I'll send in to the president and have him here at four sharp. I've got to go back, I'm late. When everything is ready, send for me again. And by George, that seems to be the thing, all right."

In the presence of the president, that afternoon, the test was repeated — a test which, if anything, was this time somewhat more severe. It was successful, even more so than the former one. At its close the president spoke to the general manager.

"McDonald," he exclaimed, "we want that thing — we've got to have it." He paused for a moment and looked the manager full in the face. "You must get it for us," he concluded.

He passed on slowly down the room. Half way down he stopped, retraced his steps, and once more stood before McDonald.

"Come into my room," he suggested to the manager, "right now — and we'll talk it over." McDonald went, and — they talked it over.

McDonald sent for Haggerty. Haggerty came — hot foot. But he cooled down when he read unsatisfactory news in the countenance of the man whom he had seen before.

"Now, I'll tell you, Mr. Haggerty," said McDonald, "the company don't want your appliance — they won't have it, that's all. I'm not responsible for it, nor can I be. I don't run this concern, and they tell me just what I tell you — that they don't want it. There's your model and your papers all shipshape, just as we got them. See? But here," he added, leaning over and touching the other man upon the arm, "that isn't why I called you in. I've got a proposition to make, myself. I've seen your thing work, and I've got some faith in it, myself, even though the corporation hasn't. I'm willing to make you an offer and a liberal one — and in making it, I'm going in just as strong and hard as my little pile can stand. I'll give you five thousand dollars for an assignment of your patent free and clear — and I can't say fairer than that."

Haggerty vigorously shook his head. "I'm not selling," he said; "the thing's worth hundreds of thousands to me as it is. I won't sell for any such sum as that."

McDonald looked him in the eye. "I don't care so much about it," he returned, "and I've got other uses for my five thousand, but I'm interested in safety devices in general and in yours in particular — see here, Haggerty, how much do you reckon it'll take to put this thing on its feet — to start up manufacturing, to get it on the market?"

Haggerty took a piece of paper and started in to figure. "About three thousand dollars I calculate," he answered.

"Haggerty," said McDonald, "I'll do this with you. I'll put my five thousand in the thing, and you work her up in your own may, and we'll make some reasonable division of the profits. What do you say to that? That's fair?"

Haggerty regarded the manager suspiciously. "Yes," he said, "and assign my patent to you for security — not much."

"No," returned McDonald, "we'll form a corporation; you put your patent in, I put my little pile in — and there you are. You attend to the factory, and I'll work up the business end as much as I can, considering my duties here. What do you say to that?"

Haggerty snorted. "Yes," he replied, with gathering suspicion, "and your idea is to have you control the majority of stock — I've heard of these things before. And when you've got control, what'll become of me? Eh?"

McDonald rose from his chair in assumed wrath. "Haggerty," he exclaimed, "you're a confounded fool — that's what you are. Here you've been hawking this patent of yours around for five years, waiting for just such a chance as you're getting, and now you won't take it. You think you're so blamed smart, and you don't know who you're talking to, or what you're talking about. I tell you, now, that I don't want to control the corporation — I don't care anything about that. I want a fair proportion of the stock — say thirty-three per cent; and you and some friend of yours can hold the other sixty-seven. All I want to do is to make some fair, reasonable profit out of the thing, and I'm willing to put you on your feet to try and do it, that's all. By George, I don't know for sure whether I'm justified in trusting to your honesty and fairness, but I'm going to do it,

just the same. You go on and control the corporation all you want to — it won't need much control, I warrant — all you've got to do is to treat me fair and give me my one-third share of the profits, if there are any, and you bag the rest. That's all there is to it. Understand?"

"'Well, then, . . I'm afraid I've got to sell 'em out, that's all'"

Haggerty, in turn, rose to his feet. "Mr. McDonald," he said contritely, holding out his hand, "I apologize most humbly. I thank you, and — I'll go you," he concluded.

After Haggerty had gone, McDonald sauntered into the president's office.

"Haggerty was just here," he said. "He's gone."

The president looked at him anxiously over the top of his spectacles.

"Well?" he inquired.

"I've got him nailed," said the manager sententiously.

The Haggerty Elevator Safety-Check concern started up in short order. Haggerty was the president and superintendent; McDonald was the secretary and treasurer. The concern hired a small factory down a side street and started in to work. Haggerty, being an inventor, had the usual instincts of one. He went his own gait. The secretary and treasurer did not interfere. His business was to draw checks and keep mum. He understood his business. He let Haggerty control the corporation.

When the concern started in on its manufacturing enterprise, there was five thousand dollars in the treasury — McDonald's five thousand. At the end of six months that was gone, and the safety appliance was not yet upon the market. There were no debts — save one. That was a large one, and the creditor insisted on having his money.

He called upon Haggerty for the money. Haggerty naturally referred him to the secretary and treasurer, McDonald.

He found McDonald in his office in the Empire Company's factory.

"I want this bill paid," he said to McDonald. McDonald smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"The Haggerty concern is without funds at present," he replied. "I don't see how it can pay your bill. I don't propose to pay it out of my pocket. You'll have to wait — that's all."

The creditor, a choleric man (F. J. Burns, it was, the wholesale hardware merchant), didn't relish the complacent tone of the secretary and treasurer.

"By thunder, then," he returned, "I'll sue. You got some stock down there. I'll sue and levy on it, understand?"

McDonald smiled. "My dear Mr. Burns," he remarked suavely, "why under Heaven do you take up my time about an insignificant little matter like this? Sue, if you want to, and the sooner the better, for all I care. Good-day, sir." He held out his hand. Burns brushed it aside, and strode, storming, from the office. McDonald laughed to himself and moved to the window to see Burns walk muttering down the street.

Burns, determined to strike while the iron and he were hot, instituted suit that afternoon. There was no defense. The debt was an honest one. The concern had no funds with which to meet it. Burns obtained judgment and issued execution.

The sheriff made a levy and found Haggerty in charge. "You'll have to let my men shut up the place, I guess," he explained to Haggerty.

"What for?" demanded Haggerty. The sheriff told him. "Oh, if that's all," returned Haggerty, "I guess we can fix that up in a day or two. McDonald, the manager of the Empire Works, is standing back of me, and I'll go down and see him."

"That's the best way," said the sheriff. Haggerty went down and saw McDonald. McDonald was sorry, but he could do nothing further. He was already out five thousand dollars — good, hard-earned dollars — had been money thrown into the gutter, for the matter of that. He reminded Haggerty that Haggerty couldn't well complain — he had had exceptionally fair treatment from McDonald. Haggerty had to admit as much himself.

"Oh, well," he assured McDonald, "I'll hustle 'round and see what I can do."

Up to the day and hour set for the sale under the sheriff's levy, he had been able to do nothing. The sale went on.

There were perhaps half a dozen persons present. One of them was Haggerty. One was Burns who was there to bid the property up to the amount of his judgment and protect himself. McDonald was absent — he was too busy to attend.

The stock went for a song, as it always does. Burns bought it in. Haggerty was helpless, for he had no money.

But the stock did not fetch enough to pay up Burns, the hardware man. "And now, gentlemen," announced the deputy, "I offer here for sale letters patent of the United States of America, for elevator safety-check attachments ——"

"Hold on, hold on there," exclaimed Haggerty, "you mustn't sell that patent — that belongs to me — that's my property."

The sheriff looked at Haggerty and then at the papers in his hand. "Your name is Haggerty?" he asked. Haggerty nodded.

"You assigned these letters all right to the Haggerty concern, didn't you?" He held up in the air the assignment, with Haggerty's signature attached.

"Yes," admitted Haggerty, "yes, I—I did."

"And," continued the sheriff, "they constitute part of the assets of the company, do they not?"

"Yes, that's right," admitted Haggerty, "they — they do."

"Well, then," said the sheriff, "I'm afraid I've got to sell 'em out, that's all."

And he did. Burns bid up to the amount of his claims. As already indicated, Haggerty was powerless to compete. But they were not knocked down to Burns. A young man in the corner, who up to this point had remained unnoticed, now came forth and topped Burns' bid by the offer of one hundred dollars more. The letters patent were knocked down to him.

He paid his bid in cash. The sheriff asked his name, and he gave it, in a loud, clear voice. It was Floyd W. Thompson — a name that Haggerty had never heard.

The president of the Empire Hoist & Elevator Company had a private secretary of the name of Floyd W. Thompson. That private secretary was a man whom Haggerty had never seen.

Floyd W. Thompson, thereupon, became the owner and holder of the Haggerty letters patent. The sale was over.

A few days later, without any fuss and furor, the Empire Hoist & Elevator Company

began the manufacture of the Haggerty safety-check device.

A few weeks later, by a judicious distribution of capital, of which only the president of that concern and McDonald and a few officials of the city government were cognizant, the Common Council passed an ordinance providing that every elevator in the metropolis must be equipped with the Haggerty device — the only safety appliance, as the special committee said in its report, that was entirely safe.

A few months later, every building in the city hastened to comply with that very healthful ordinance. The Empire Hoist & Elevator Company began the extensive sale of the Haggerty appliance — at its own price. There was no competition.

One day about this time, a shabby-looking individual stepped into the Anglo-American Building, one of the tallest of sky-scrapers, and tried to interview an elevator man about the new device.

The starter on the ground floor told him to clear out and go away. He took him for a tramp.

He was a tramp, and more besides. He was P. T. Haggerty — the inventor of the elevator safety-check appliance.

He had been frozen out — that's all.

TWO MEN AND THE DESERT

BY

FREDERIC L. WHEELER

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

WHEN the half-dozen vaqueros who honored his saloon with their noisy patronage had drunk the edge off their thirst, the proprietor strolled to the door and, leaning idly against the casing, rolled with deft fingers a cigarette.

The saloon, a sun-bleached shack of rough boards, clung like a hawk's nest to the cliff at the top of the three-mile grade, and the owner, from his aery, looked down upon the tortuous ascent to spy his quarry laboring up the steep.

The ragged cañon below him, filled to the brim with floating dust and haze, glowed like a cauldron in the reddening sunset, and the last hot glare of day flared up between two gaunt, fantastic cliffs whose silhouettes stood bold and black against a crimson sky.

Up out of the glow of this devil's gorge a man came riding, and drew rein at the saloon door. He climbed stiffly from the back of his sweating broncho and with a careless nod to the saloon-keeper strode past him into the bar-room.

The drinkers hailed the newcomer noisily. He was a large, powerful man, big of foot and hand, slow of speech, good-natured until the tenth drink, but after that a man to be avoided by the quarrelsome. His broad shoulders and bull neck seemed too massive for the small head whose blue eyes and quick, expansive smile were like those of a child.

He replied to their salutations by a general invitation to drink, and for a time the bar did a brisk business. But the saloon-keeper had other means, quicker and surer, of securing his guests' coin. He watched their condition warily, he awaited the propitious moment, and he knew, to a drink, when that moment had arrived. It was then that he drew a pack of cards from beneath the bar and flicked them carelessly as he chatted.

A full-blooded Cherokee Indian, darkly handsome, with the features of a Caucasian, but with the black eyes and straight black hair of his race, and a gleam of the whitest teeth beneath his waxed mustache, he was a born gamester, a past master of the green table, with all the gambling instinct of his race, and all the suavity of the most polished Anglo-Saxon crook. He felt himself wasted in this squalid shack, his talents thrown away, but for reasons of his own he deemed it wise to isolate himself from the world until certain indiscretions were forgotten.

The evil, smiling eyes looked carelessly over the bar, the thin, lithe hands shuffled and cut the cards with automatic precision. His methods were those of the spider, which awaits composedly the inevitable fly, rather than of the hawk, which ranges wide. He encouraged the victim to accomplish his own discomfiture.

The vaqueros accepted the unspoken challenge of the sharper. They strode to the card table with a clatter of spurs. They played noisily, with great oaths and mighty laughter and the smiting of fists upon the table. But the Cherokee neither swore nor laughed. His black eyes were keen, roving, alert; his smile, thin-lipped, sneering, canine. He played a cool and watchful game without hurry, without hesitation, — the game of a master.

The huge vaquero was jubilant. He roared out jests and snatches of song. He lost or won with equal joyousness. He plied his comrades with drink and was himself a marvel of immunity from intoxication. He appeared like an overgrown boy, rollicking and unsophisticated. His appearance

of careless stupidity deceived the Cherokee, who, bent upon robbing him, soon began to put into practice those devices of the professional gambler by which he fleeces the unwary.

The vaquero began to lose steadily, but his good-humor remained unimpaired. It is characteristic of men following strenuous, open-air vocations, to meet misfortune with indifference. The weakling and the whiner have no place among them. But while the vaquero laughed and jested, he also watched. His suspicions were aroused. He was himself no novice at the game, and believed he had detected the Cherokee in the act of cheating. But he wished to assure himself. He even feigned a deeper intoxication. He sought to confirm his own suspicions without arousing those of his adversary. When the moment came, he would act.

And it was not long before his vigilance was rewarded. Believing himself unobserved, the gambler attempted a trick of transparent simplicity. In the instant of its apparent success, he knew that he had failed. An angry gleam flashed up in the vaquero's eyes. But this warning came too late. No word was spoken. There was no accusation, no denial. The two men drew their revolvers on the instant. Both fired. The vaquero, who had the advantage of the initiative, escaped unhurt. The Cherokee plunged face downward on the table, his arms out-thrust, scattering the cards, a small, black hole between his eyes.

The other players, more drunk than the murderer, gazed stupidly at the body. They made no attempt to restrain the vaquero. It was but the happening of the long expected. Nor did the vaquero seem in haste to escape. He took the dead man's Winchester from behind the bar and searched until he found a box of cartridges, which he slipped into his pocket. He made his preparations leisurely, and when they were completed, he filled the glasses round.

"Boys," he said, "I've got to light out. Here's luck."

They drank in silence, and, swaggering a little, he strode to the door, through which he passed into the darkness and, mounting his pinto, fled.

Keeping the main road toward Julian, he spurred his horse into the void of night. He knew it would not be long before the hue and cry would be after him, and the sheriff dogging his track. Moreover, he knew the sheriff, with his record of ten men killed in the discharge of his duty. Should he be overtaken by this officer of the law, one or the other must die, or he return a prisoner. Therefore he pushed on with as much speed as was prudent in view of the long journey he purposed.

As he ascended the mountains, the trees grew larger, manzanita giving place to madroños and oaks, and they in turn to pines. He was entering a cattle country, and at intervals gates were closed across the road. These he opened without dismounting and closed behind him. As he passed an occasional house, the dogs came out and barked at him. Once a lantern gleamed in a corral, and he would have liked to call to the rancher, whom he knew, as, indeed, he knew all men in that locality. But he realized that he was a fugitive and pressed on.

He passed through the single street of Julian in the gray of early dawn and, unobserved, commenced the ascent of the Volcan. He had determined to cross the desert to Yuma, but he wished to delude his pursuers into the belief that he was seeking concealment in some mountain fastness. He therefore rode boldly up to the little cabin of a miner and asked for breakfast. While he ate, he made minute inquiries about the road to San Bernardino, seeking to leave the impression that his destination lay in that direction. From his manner, the miner suspected him to be a fugitive; but he asked no questions. The hospitality of the frontier demands no certificate of character. It is enough that a man is hungry or requires shelter. When the simple meal was over, the vaquero purchased enough food to last for several days and departed.

In the late afternoon he reached the top of the Volcan and from its eastern crest looked out upon the desert. Naked and wrinkled it lay there, gaunt and withered, like some ancient, mummied corpse, forbidding, desolate. Toward the north, flung out from the mass of mountains, the seams and gashes in its dull, red sides stained purple by the shadow of the Volcan, a bare and rocky ridge was thrust like a gigantic spear-head into the shriveled, yellow flank of the desert. Far to the eastward, strung on the thin, white ribbon of the trail, an oasis, like a great, rough emerald, flashed and sparkled on the lifeless bosom of the waste. At the mountain's base, a thousand feet below, the talus of scattered boulders

showed like pebbles rolled down upon a bed of sand.

Despite the approach of night and the hazard of the trail, the fugitive began the descent, over bare and splintered rock which cut his feet, through thorny chaparral which seized upon his clothing. When darkness fell, he made his fireless camp on a naked level, where a landslide had banked up against the ragged pinnacle of granite which had split the mass in twain. At dawn he shared with his horse a little food, drank sparingly from his canteen, and, soaking his bandanna, swabbed out his horse's mouth. Then down again, with infinite labor, dragging the unwilling broncho where the man himself with difficulty made his way.

By the time the floor of the desert was reached, the sun seemed like a mighty burning-glass, its rays focused on this horse and rider. Their black shadows clung about their feet, sharp-cut as with a die. The fugitive avoided the Yuma trail. He skirted the base of the rugged buttresses which the San Jacinto mountains throw out into the desert.

In that awful solitude he felt himself safe from pursuit. Once in mid-desert, he would swing toward the southwest and, striking the Colorado above Yuma, make the town by way of the river bank.

By noon of the second day he came, as he had hoped, to a trickling spring which crept out from under the shadow of a shelving rock, rose to the brim of a shallow granite basin, and, overflowing grudgingly, was seized upon by the thirsty desert and swallowed up before it reached the sunshine.

He threw himself prone upon the sand and drank greedily, cheek to cheek with the crowding broncho, whose deep-thrust nose sent the mud swirling to the surface. Between them they drained the little basin dry, and the man thrust himself back into the scanty shade and crouched with his back against the rock, waiting for the feeble trickle to give forth enough to fill his canteen.

As he rested there, his eyes, roving the horizon which danced and shimmered in the heat, were aware of a moving shape which formed itself, as it were, out of the wavering glare. Now the desert, vast, mysterious, inscrutable, begets, perhaps, abnormal prescience in the human mind. Be that as it may, the man who had sought the protection of this cruel desolation knew, while yet this remote form was but as a gnat floating in the mists of distance, that the desert sands had rendered him into the hands of his enemy. Indian runners sometimes passed that way, prospectors staking their lives for gold, infrequent vaqueros seeking lost stock, or Mexicans of doubtful purpose. He knew it was none of these, and knew not how he knew, but the knowledge hurled him to his feet, clear-eyed, clear-brained, alert, vigorous, dangerous.

His plans for the meeting were quickly made, but executed with the natural caution of the frontier-born. No sudden, ill-considered movement should betray him. Even as he approached the spring, his keen eye noted a natural but almost impassable trail of splintered rock, which swung upward between jagged pinnacles and threatening boulders until, reaching a sheer and fissured cliff, it crooked around a deep barranca and was lost behind a parapet of granite.

He threw his coat across the white patch on the pinto's flank, that no sun-ray might flash from it a tell-tale message to the foe, and with the bridle in his hand went slowly up over the rattling stones until he made the shelter of the cliff, then on more quickly to the parapet, which rose breast-high and might have been a fortress of some ancient Indian tribe. Behind this barrier he forced his horse to lie flat upon its side and crouched beside it, waiting. His preparations were complete. Should the sheriff continue eastward after drinking at the spring, which might well be, for at this point the hard floor of the desert left no trail, why, well and good. But if he sought among the rocks, the disadvantage would not lie with the pursued.

Through a loophole in the rock he watched the man approach; saw him alight and drink. From his vantage-point a single shot would have rid him of pursuit. He smiled at the thought. It was not even a temptation that required consideration. He felt no animosity toward this man who was hunting him as remorselessly as one would stalk a deer. If needs must, he would kill him rather than surrender. But they knew each other with more than a casual acquaintance. They had ridden together, drunk together, gamed together. They now played a game whose stake was death. But they would play it fairly, to the end.

From the motions of the pursuer, the quarry could read his very thoughts. He knew with certainty that the trickling water in the slowly-filling basin had betrayed

a recent drain upon its store. He followed the reasoning by which the sheriff determined who had been there: the fact that desert animals seek the higher lands by day; that mere wayfarers, white or red, would have waited for the night, or, if hard-pressed for time, would not yet have passed from view; that hence, who drank had sought concealment in the rocks. But where?

These broken barriers of rock, these masses of volcanic upheaval, cañons gashing the surface with erratic wounds, gaunt crags flung shattered into the void, might shelter a host. Delay and night would provide escape.

The sheriff stooped and picked up some object from the ground. The desert air is clear, and the vaquero saw that it was his own tobacco-pouch, which must have been shaken from his pocket when he threw his coat across the pinto's flank. He cocked his rifle noiselessly.

The sheriff slipped the little bag into his pocket and threw his holster to the front. Then, with rifle ready, he scanned the rocks. He was a small man, boyishly slight, with light, thin hair, and a gray eye behind which no man had ever looked; his face, hard, square, and immobile as the rocks he looked on; clean-shaven, and dressed like a country clerk in ill-fitting light gray clothes and narrow-brimmed felt hat. But no man had ever seen him quail, and the man who peered at him from behind the rocks had no illusions as to his fitness for his work.

The most obvious ascent was by the way the fugitive had passed, and on its rocks the sheriff set his feet.

Absolute silence, save for the grind and rattle of the displaced stones; the fierce heat of a furnace, quivering upward from the rocks, stabbing downward from the sky; a buzzard wheeling high, his mighty shadow sweeping in ever-narrowing circles, as if he knew that here was to be work for him to do; the silent watcher, stern, unmoved, implacable; the stalker, cautious, keen, and able; life uncertain, trivial; death and the desert brooding over all.

The distance between these man-hunters lessens, step by step. Life hangs on the blurring of an eye, the crook of a trigger-finger. Fifty yards more, and the man in ambush must shoot or stand revealed. Yet he waits, on the chance that the other may turn back. His muscles are tense. His hard hands smart as they grasp the rifle barrel, blistering hot in the fierce sunshine. He sees his man over the rifle-sight and coolly selects his mark — the end of a red bandanna hanging from the breast-pocket of the sheriff's coat.

And the sheriff, too, is ready. His keen eyes take note of every nook wherein a man might hide. The barricade awakens his suspicion. Was there a movement behind that rock? He brings his rifle to his shoulder. He is "quick on the trigger," and it were folly to let him get "the drop."

But what slight things decide the cast of fate for life or death! As the vaquero's finger tightened on the trigger, a Gila monster, that giant among lizards, startled by the sheriff's tread, scuttled across the gravel of a little arroyo. He who is at once hunter and quarry takes nervous heed of trivial things. The sheriff swung on his heel to meet a possible attack. Before he could recover, the game was in the hands of his opponent.

"Hands up!" called the vaquero from behind his rock. "I've got ye covered, Jim!"

The sheriff did not stir. Neither did he raise his hands. He played for time and a chance opening.

"You better come out, Bill Saunders," he drawled. "I'm goin' to take ye in."

"Sorry to disappoint ye, Jim, but I reckon not. Jest lay down that rifle, or ye won't serve out yer time. Quick now!"

The sheriff obeyed.

"Put up yer hands! Now come on 'till I tell ye to stop!"

As the sheriff approached the barrier, the vaquero rose and bade him halt. Then, drawing his revolver, he set his Winchester against the rock. Shoving the six-shooter against the sheriff's breast, he relieved him of his pistol and deftly extracted from his pocket a pair of hand-cuffs.

"Slip 'em on, Jim," he said. "I ain't takin' no chances. Now, my buck, you jest hit the trail, slow an' stiddy, down to the spring. An' don't ye make no break to git away, neither. Now I've got ye with me, I can't bear to think o' partin'. I ben lonesome as h — l out here."

So, the hand-cuffed sheriff in the lead, they started back along the trail, the pinto following in answer to his master's whistle. The vaquero had appropriated the sheriff's revolver, but the rifle he broke across a rock. Once at the spring, the sheriff faced his

captor. His words held no suggestion of any unusual emotion.

"Bill," he said, "it's come to a show-down. I call. What cards you got?"

"A pair o' sixes, Jim," laughed the vaquero, indicating his revolvers and chuckling over the ancient jest.

"Talk business!" said the sheriff. "You've got the deadwood on me all right. What you goin' to do about it? If you're on the shoot, get busy."

"Shucks! I ain't killin' none. I could 'a' dropped ye in yer tracks as ye come up the trail if that was my game."

"What is your game, then?"

"Nothin', only take you along as chappyrone. I'm that timid when I'm alone, I can't sleep nights. I want comp'ny, Jim. So you just straddle your bronk, an' you an' me 'll light out."

"Bueno!" said the sheriff curtly. "You've rounded me up like I was a d—d maverick. But I always *have* made good, an' I reckon we'll break even yet."

All that afternoon they rode, under the brazen sky, and on through the purple night out into the gorgeous gold and crimson dawn of another day, two grim and silent shapes, two sentient atoms in that mighty solitude. They were following, now, a trail which should bring them, by another night, to water. Their canteens were nearly empty, and the heat struck downward until their temples throbbed beneath its blows. The atmosphere grew stifling, sulphurous, dead.

"A sun-bleached shack of rough boards clung like a hawk's nest to the cliff"

But soon this ominous hush was broken by the rush of furious, parching blasts of fiery wind. It was as if the gates of hell had swung abroad. Clouds of hot sand lashed the travelers as with whips. It swirled about them like the blizzard snows, cutting their flesh until they could not face its force. Through the greasewood and the cacti the wind rushed, screaming, and sought to tear them from their roots or pile them deep in sand. The air was filled with

gleaming particles until it shone like gold, and out of the lurid sky the sun looked down, blood-red.

No living thing could face the storm. The bronchos refused to advance, but turned tail to the blast and stood with humped-up backs and heads low-hanging between their knees. In the lee of a cactus clump the two men cowered, side by side. The darkness came down with a rush, hurled upon their heads by the growing storm, obliterating them, together with all forms and substances, until nothing remained but the black void through which the whips of the furies seemed to lash them unceasingly.

Thus they remained until dawn, huddled close to the earth, gasping, choking; and when, with the coming of the light, the wind abated, and they were able to peer about through red-rimmed lids, they found the trail obliterated, and the horses gone, stampeded by the fury of the storm. On all sides the white sands lay in mounds and furrows like drifted snow.

The men got stiffly to their feet, stretching their cramped limbs and shaking the sand out of their hair and clothing. The vaquero stepped up to the sheriff and unlocked the handcuffs.

"You can hit the back trail," he said, and added, with grim humor, "if ye can find it."

The sheriff stretched his cramped arms, opening and shutting his hands and chafing his wrists.

"You an' me 'll keep together," he said. "I come out to get ye, an' I'm goin' to make good. You ain't got the nerve to shoot me in cold blood, Bill Saunders."

"No," said the vaquero, "I ain't."

"An' I take notice," said the sheriff, "that there's only one half-empty canteen. Mine was on the saddle when the broncho stampeded. You ain't got the nerve, either, to turn me adrift without water in this hell's delight of a desert."

"No," said the vaquero. "I reckon you're right. I ain't."

"Then," said the sheriff, "I stay with the expedition. Bueno! How do we stand? Horses gone, trail gone, water pretty nigh gone. We've got to hike. You got us into this; get us out. We're up against the real thing. It's water inside of twenty-four hours, or a couple of sun-dried mummies with their mouths stuffed full of cactus. Where's the nearest spring?"

"Ten miles due east, I think, if the storm ain't dried it up or filled it in."

"Light out, then. It's a chance."

They stripped themselves of all unnecessary weight, the vaquero even throwing away his rifle, cartridge belt, and one revolver. Then they set their faces toward the east and strode forward over the trackless waste.

The fierce heat of yesterday had now become almost intolerable. The necessity for husbanding their scanty supply of water seemed to intensify their thirst. Their skin dried and cracked in the blistering radiation of the naked sands. Their parched tongues and nostrils burned as with a fever. By noon their last drop of water was gone. The foothills which they had hoped to reach still loomed on the horizon, vague and misty. The desert atmosphere was practising its old illusion of annihilating space. As they toiled on, the hills seemed to keep pace with their advance and hold themselves aloof.

The sheriff began to mutter to himself, and the vaquero blasphemed incessantly. Delirium breathed hot upon their brains, and it was with an effort that they recalled their wandering thoughts. Yet they knew the desert and its evils, and when the mirage lay like a fair and shining lake a mile or less to southward, they cursed it for what it was and were not lured away from their chosen route.

It was the sheriff who first gave up the fight and sank exhausted to the ground.

"It's no go, Bill," he said. "I cave. Just hand over yer gun a minute. You can spare one ca'tridge, I reckon."

The vaquero stared down at him stupidly.

"I'm goin' to find water," he said, speaking thickly and with difficulty. "Water, d — n you, water. We'll drink yet. Drink, drink, drink. We'll beat the desert yet. Git up an' hike, or I'll lick h — l out o' ye!"

And grasping the sheriff's collar, he dragged him to his feet and forced him on again.

As the swift night descended upon Yuma, the Indians, whose wickiups fringe its borders, heard a faint cry from out the desert and the crack of pistol shots. The elders, stolid and incurious, paid little heed, but a young squaw, whose rival lovers were that night filled with jealousy and bad whisky, stole out into the waste and found a man of massive frame, who bore upon his shoulders one of lesser mold. He staggered and fell,

rose again and struggled on, his parched lips and swollen tongue uttering inarticulate cries, fierce, unhuman, appalling.

When the alarm was given, and they were brought into town, the vaquero fell upon his rescuers and fought madly for unlimited water, but the sheriff lay inert. The rough crowd which had gathered at the saloon to see these men who had escaped out of the jaws of death, doled out water, a swallow at a time, with strict impartiality, to the vaquero, who was held down upon the floor by three brawny teamsters, and to the sheriff, who lay on the billiard-table as quietly as a patient on a hospital cot.

In the gray of morning, when the crowd had dwindled to a few "old rounders" who still hung about the place, hoping to earn a free drink or two by rehearsing the exciting tale to the early morning patrons of the house, the vaquero, who was now lying blanketed on a bench, opened his eyes and looked up into those of the sheriff, who smiled down upon him from his billiard-table.

The vaquero struggled to his feet.

"Mornin', Jim," he said. "Time for an eye-opener, ain't it?"

"Mine's water, then," replied the sheriff. "I don't never want to drink nothin' better'n water. Call the bar-keep, Bill."

The man, stupid with liquor and the lack of sleep, slouched over to the table.

"Pardner," said the sheriff, "I want to git a wire through to San Diego. Bring a telegraph blank, will ye?"

Instinctively the vaquero dropped his hand to the butt of his empty revolver. The sheriff saw the movement and smiled.

"It's no go, Bill," he said. "You couldn't git out o' town afore they'd nab ye. It's my play now. Here, you sit down an' write out this here telegram. Don't be a fool."

Something in the sheriff's look and manner impelled the vaquero to comply.

"Chief of Police Wallace, San Diego," dictated the sheriff. "Arrived Yuma today. No trace Saunders. Probably gone Ensenada. Signed, Henderson, Sheriff."

The vaquero dropped the pencil and grasped the sheriff's hand.

"Say!" he gasped. "You're white!"

"Thank ye," replied the sheriff, with a grin. "I ain't made good, exactly, but I reckon we've broke even."

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING

BY

JOHN LA FARGE

AUTHOR OF "GREAT MASTERS"

SACRED CONVERSATIONS—PART ONE

WE must never forget, when we look at a work of art of the past, especially a picture, or rather, when we think about it, that it is not a free expression in space, but that it is the result of many origins, many minds, many circumstances — that religion, race, climate, still more, the personality of the artist, have gone to make it; and yet more again, the fact that rarely — except in the most modern times — is it otherwise than a thing made to order; a thing to suit some special demand of some other personality or personalities. Sometimes this has helped; sometimes it has detracted from the result. A well-known artist, whom I knew intimately, was asked by a friendly patron if his last work (work carefully made to suit the donor's wishes) were not as fine as any other of the artist's creations. "No," said the artist, an honest man, "such and such are better." "What? Notwithstanding that you had time, and pay, and appreciation?" "No," again said the artist. "In your work, you know, I was obliged to yield in part to you; that part is yours, and not so good as mine; while the others, I know, are better, because

JESUS CHRIST AND A DEVOTEE
FROM THE PAINTING BY MORETTO OF BRESCIA

in them I had all my own way, and they are all my own."

With the development of modern appliances of civilization, academies have been instituted, salons and exhibitions established, in which the modern artist has risked paintings of his own choice and invention, unhampered except by the desire of success or gain. Whether these modern results of art are greater than those of the past, on the whole, it is not my purpose to inquire now. But this also must be thought of or felt, when we look at other works — other objects of art : — that what we see was made to suit a definite request, constructed as a house is built by an architect, or, if not too homely a comparison, as a shoe is made by a shoemaker. Great things have been thus done: the Sistine Chapel, Raphael's Stanze of the Vatican, innumerable decorative works, and

THE MADONNA OF THE FISH
FROM THE PAINTING BY RAPHAEL

many pictures which, torn from the places where their being was reasonable, justifiable, and amply explained, now hang in museums and galleries as best they may — next to other contradictory ones — in lights never meant for them ; as if — and this the painter feels acutely — several orchestras played at once Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, and innumerable other compositions of sound. One of the curious examples of this misplacement are the paintings which once were called, for convenience of classification, "Sacred Conversations." Especially in Italian art do they occur. They are not unlike

the imaginary conversations invented long ago by literary men or poets, in which people who could not have met at the same time are brought together for purposes of offering some thought, or insisting on some impression. It is usually a late development. Plutarch's example marks a type, and in Plato's records of the conversations of Socrates we have the idea glorified, with a subtle thread of probability. Some few of these painted "conversations" are famous, — many of them masterpieces of the art of painting. We may select two or three at random — there are so many which have each some charm, so that the less important ones rival the very great examples. And this is natural. The very fact of a more artificial plan allows the lesser man to show great qualities without drawing upon the one most rare gift, which no industry, no effort can supply, that of imaginative invention.

Many of these pictures center about the Madonna — as the Blessed Virgin Mary is called in art — because of the fact that these pictures are all religious; and as the devotion to the Blessed Mother persists in the Church, in a manner involving her Son, the representation of our Lord as a child with his mother takes away from the idea of a historical meaning. Were He represented alone in conversation, it might look like a something added to the story of the Gospel, or a misapprehended rendering of some of its scenes. Indeed, I can remember but one representation of Him and His Apostles conversing. But the Virgin is human. The Infant Child, tended and cared for by her, makes the meaning still more human, more like that of every day. Thus, the Madonna, apart from her personality, and from the wish to honor her, to pray to her Son perpetually for future centuries, through a picture of Him, placed on the wall by the skilful hand of the master painter — the Madonna with the Child typifies the Child and the history of the Child and its perpetuity. Thus, the special devotion to any saintly character — prophet of the Old Testament — apostle of the New — martyrs, doctors, saints of all kinds and degrees, — has had a representation, in their being painted. It is a manner of assuming the reality of the Communion of Saints. The fact of their being, as we call it, "dead" or "alive," or their having been, on earth, contemporaneous or not, is of little consequence, in their relation to the existence of the Child Glorious. It is not always mere devotion on the part of the donor of the picture. It may be a record of the personal name, so often taken from Christian tradition: "James," "Francis," "Benjamin," "John," "Clara," "Catherine," ——

These pictures, then, hang as records on the wall; there may be some story, known or guessed at, which this choice thus memorializes; some story intentionally hidden therein; some grief — some love — some memory, merely human, perhaps — nay, even some variety of profane pride or desire, which will not, at least, offend the good taste of the looker-on, who is not in the secret.

I remember a painting which must contain the personal record of a spiritual life, where the donor kneels meeting the Christ carrying his cross and, as in the garden of the Scripture story, takes himself the place of the forgiven sinner, Mary Magdalen. Thus, as it hung upon the wall, he could live over in his mind the facts and the meaning of his own hidden story.

The painting may not merit the name of masterpiece, is little known, and will never attract the homage of the many, but it is alone of its kind in its subject, in the manner of the representation, and in the subtle meaning concealed within it. All the more does it seem fitting that it should have been painted by that charming and personal artist, Moretto of Brescia, whose realism so often covers a manner of feeling which leaves upon the mind of the spectator the impression of a secret not fully told.

Here, the more the secret is told, the less we know, unless some good fortune of research within the life of the donor explain the reasons for the subject.

He was a functionary, an ecclesiastic of some kind, and he kneels, as we see in the picture, portrait-wise, his hands clasped upon his breast in devout abstraction; with a slight frown of physical tension and special thought within an attitude which is evidently familiar to his profession. Right by him, a book with open pages tells part of his thought, and the characters, which are turned upward, are much abbreviated, making the text still more difficult to understand. It breathes a prayer for a pardon, an absolution, a wish not to be confounded.*

* It is part of the thirty-first Psalm, the thirtieth in the Latin Vulgate, which must have been the Bible known to him; for our date is 1518: "Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake. Let me not be ashamed, O Lord; for I have called upon thee."

A SACRED ALLEGORY

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN BELLINI

Standing in the garden near him is a broken base, for a column or a statue; thereupon an inscription, part of which is broken off, whose abbreviation may run in this way: "To the one Mediator between God and man, the man Jesus Christ." It may be the simple expression of personal belief, or the usual statement of the Church's doctrine, or it may be a concealed protest against any other mediation; a question that then troubled the entire Christian world. But there, and at that time, such a statement boldly expressed would have been against the prevalent current of thought. Still it is forced upon one that the broken base once held the image of what our Devotee once cared for and now gave up.

The subject of the picture is, however, far removed from these personalities. It is the Christ, resurrected, as indicated by His being partly naked and draped in His winding-sheet, and He walks bearing the great cross, which one feels to be a heavy burden, this time all by Himself, with His own sorrow and suffering, and gazes up into the circle of the Heavens of His Father, around which a few adoring angels indicate the Presence.

This representation is one of the few cases in which the smaller man, carried by an idea, is the equal of the greater. The expression of loneliness, and the weariness of passage through this world, is given in the simplest form of realism. Far back, in the Italian landscape of ancient simplicity, is seen the Good Shepherd bringing back His straying sheep; evidently again a part of the story of the donor.

A decipherable example we have here, in the "Imaginary Conversation" called the "Virgin of the Fish," by Raphael. The Madonna is enthroned in a large, antique chair upon a platform. An old man, St. Jerome, known by his attendant lion, holds a book in which he has been reading — his fingers mark the page — and watches earnestly the little Child Christ, who extends His hand and looks intently at a tall, bending angel leading to the Child a suppliant, a long-haired youth. The boy, for he is hardly more, carries hanging from his other hand, a fish — whence the name of the picture. The boy, eminently characteristic of Raphael's choice and taste, is the Tobit of the Apocrypha. The fish is the fish in his legendary story, whose gall cured the blinded Tobias. The angel is the Archangel Raphael, the "Medicine of God," who had guided the boy Tobit to this healing of his father. The entrance of this book of the Apocrypha into the Canon of the Scripture was in dispute when Raphael painted the picture. The Council of Trent, thirty years later, was to settle the question for the Catholic Church. All doubts were then floating about, and of these doubts, this was one. It may not have been exactly in the mind of the donor of the picture, but yet it would be but natural. Let us see the record: St. Jerome adopted the authenticity, or rather, the canonical rights of the Book of Tobit. This is, perhaps, before the year 400, the fourth century. Before that there is doubt, or mere acceptance as a morality; though Polycarp in the second and Cyprian in the third century looked upon the record as inspired. After Jerome, the Councils of Hippo and Carthage, in the fourth and fifth centuries, consecrated the Book of Tobit — although the Church adjourned its solemn decision for nearly a thousand years. The West, however, had consented to it long before. Thus, in our picture, St. Jerome watches steadily, with comprehensive eye, the hand of Christ accepting the homage of the angel, with his kneeling client. And the gaze of the Child Christ meets the adoring supplication of the archangel. The Virgin sits, holding up the Child with familiar care, and her eyes rest kindly on the hopeful face of the youthful Tobit. There is here, therefore, a real "conversation," if one may say so: such a one as situations bring by mere actions without the use of words. In too many of such paintings there is no such unity.

It may be that this unexplained meaning has upheld the fame of the picture, besides the grace of the figures, the solemnity of the arrangement of what one might call the "function," and that balance of line and mass which is to painting what orchestration is to music.

And now, who were the donors? And why did they choose this meaning, and suggest these personages for this picture, now stored far away in the gallery of the Prado, at Madrid? They were the Dominican monks of the Church of San Domenico Maggiore, at Naples, whose chapel held a crucifix which was said to have once looked down on the great Dominican, St. Thomas Aquinas. A tradition of help had been formed, according to which prayers for recovery of sight, or similar help, were still offered up by sufferers.

As in the Bible story God's power had restored sight to old Tobias, why might not their prayers help obtain favor? Thus, naturally, the picture would hang, a perpetual record of Divine Help to the unhappy; an inspirer of hope and faith and consolation,— for with hope and faith goes submission to the Divine will.

There is a little picture in one of the galleries of Florence, painted by one of the best of painters, John Bellini, the elderly leader, respected by all about him: from Albert Dürer, who earned his good-will, to his great successors who, under the names of Titian, Giorgione, and Tintoret, have somewhat drowned his light in their accompanying lustre. He painted to a great age, and his last painting is as steady and complete as if the hand were not that of a man of eighty and more. John Bellini has left a little picture of a "Sacred Conversation," now in the Uffizi of Florence. There it is known as a "Sacred Allegory," a title which will do as well for it as the one I have chosen, because it is full of allusions and meanings not clear, but suggested. But whatever the mystic meanings may be, it is eminently a conversation. Replace the personages derived from sacred story by some set of courtiers and fine ladies, people of distinction — some princes, some cardinals or bishops, or ladies and gentlemen living the higher, æsthetic and intellectual life, and you would have a fair company, in a most lovely garden retreat, far from the vulgar world, enjoying the beauty of Nature and the pleasures of high-bred social intercourse.

Is the little painting a masterpiece? Perhaps not such a one as Bellini's more triumphant and more ample work. It is small, some of its details are a little dry, and it may naturally have been ascribed for a long time to a smaller man, a lovely painter also, — Basáiti, a Greek, who lived and died in Venice. I am tempted to bring it up before us. It is unique and alone. It is an imaginary, rather than a "sacred" conversation, except for its actors. But it is treated as no one before or after has rendered such an imaginary subject: as if it had really occurred; in a place as clearly defined as if looked at for portraiture, and as if its heroes were in the perpetual habit of such meetings. It is a scene in the Isle of the Blest, in a Paradise continued from the past; a souvenir of the Elysian Fields, a country where the heroes live with the Promised Child, in a reminiscence of accustomed earthly memories; "*ipse videbitur illis.*" Rocks and mountains, such as Bellini and the other Venetian painters liked, close the sight enough to tell us that we are shut out from an every-day world. But far away castles and buildings imply an ordinary life, even if blessed and chosen and full of meaning. A lake edges all this distance, and where it is not overhung with steep cliffs, distant figures in Oriental dress walk along the quiet shore telling some story, nearer, perhaps, to the Nile than to the Italian lakes. As these cliffs come around towards us, we see a hermit in a cave, clad in the ordinary peasant dress, who meditates, leaning on his stone table. Outside, near him, on the narrowest shore, rest or feed his sheep and his goats. Around the wall of rock, in the shadow, the strange creature, little known to us, but familiar to the monks of Egypt, a Centaur, waits in the shade for some one, perhaps St. Anthony of the Desert, who comes carefully down a set of steps guarded by a wooden rail. This, then, is an allegory, an image of the Thebais, the residence of the hermit monks of Egypt; it could not be more different, and it could not be better typified in this language of another geography. Rest, seclusion, and the habit of extraordinary visions are told of in this dream of landscape. On our own Island just before us, separated by a narrow space of water from this record of the hermit life, is an enclosed space, framed by a balustrade of marble; its pavement is of colored and precious stones. This marks a place of special rest, an enclosed garden — *hortus inclusus* — sacred to the purpose. At one end and corner of it, in a great seat of honor crowned by an allegorical canopy, a cornucopia partly filled with leafage and fruit, upon high steps sits a figure which we know to be the Madonna, though she has no halo, any more than the other saintly or divine characters. She watches with folded hands the little Child, whom also we know must be the infant Christ, who has left her, and at the bottom of the steps talks in play with another child, half-draped, like a little acolyte or choir-boy — perhaps the little St. John, his companion in so many pictures. One other child has climbed the great basin, where is planted a little tree. He shakes it so that the golden fruit has fallen for the other children to gather. A lovely saint, with long golden locks and crown, half

kneels in the corner of the enclosure by the Madonna. Her eyes are dropped, her mouth is half open in prayer, and she joins also in prayer the tips of her fingers. She is dressed in a flowing mantle. Contrariwise, in narrow, folded mantle and strict gown, some other female saint stands timidly against the balcony; she, too, folds her hands in prayer; so does another saint, at the further right hand. He must be one; he would not otherwise be there. He is almost naked, bearded and browned by the suns of the desert where he has lived. And his companion would also pray with joined hands, but he is St. Sebastian, and his hands are folded and bound behind his back according to his pictures on earth. He is white as to his skin, and one sees that his clothes have been taken away from him, and, as in pictures of his martyrdom, the mortal arrow stands fixed in his chest also. Both the saints are praying, whatever their action; prayer does not consist of folded hands. Outside the balustrade, leaning against it, in the more open garden of the Island, stands St. Peter looking down on the Child Christ and praying. He is not very far from the open gate, and perhaps he guards it. Near him St. Paul, one hand tightened on his writings, as it slides along the edge of the railing, turns away and holds up his emblematic sword. He, too, is a guardian, and his face in profile is fixed, looking at a doubtful personage who moves out of the picture, and is turbaned and clad like Jew or infidel.

AFTER ALL

BY

FORD MADDOX HUEFFER

YES, what's the use of striving on?
And what's to show when all is done?
The bells will toll as now they toll;
Here's an old lilt will summarize the whole:

"This fell about in summertide,
About the midmost of the year:
Our master did to covert ride
To drive the fallow deer.
Chanced we upon the Douglas' men ere ever one of us was ware.

"Then sped a shaft from covert side
And piercèd in behind his ear;
This fell about in summertide
At midmost of the year."

So down he fell and rested there
Among the sedge hard by the brook;
About the midmost of the year
His last and lasting rest he took.

And so, *"This fell in winter late,*
Or ever Candlemas drew near:
His bride had found another mate
Before the ending of the year.
His goshawks decked another's wrists, his hounds another's voice did fear."

FROM THE DEPTHS OF THINGS

BY

LAWRENCE PERRY

WE were all proud of MacAllister the day he came out from the Board room after three days of examination, with a broad grin of triumph on his face and his hard-won certificate as chief engineer in his hand. Only ten years before he had been a vagrant in Brooklyn's great marine hospital, the Erie Basin, where the sick ships come in from the Seven Seas to be made strong and well again. Thence it had been a steady climb for the ambitious youngster; first the "Gourock," a rusty British tramp, with a set of Scotchmen aboard who never let pass opportunity for a kick or a cuff directed at the little Yankee "monkey," as greasers are called; then five years' shop-apprenticeship in Liverpool for his engineer's certificate; and then the joy of his first berth when he went to the "Climax" in the place of McGill, the third engineer, who had missed his footing on the companion-ladder in the rush for the engine-room when the main feed-valve broke.

Now he was fresh from twelve months' sea-service on the "Castle Hill," and his owners, Bolton and Perkins, had promised him the command of the "Climax's" engine-room when he should have passed the Board.

"She's not such a great thing," said the head of the firm; "but ye'll be glad of her to begin on."

Glad indeed was MacAllister, and proud, hurrying to the dingy offices on Water Street, though Bolton had spoken something less than the truth. For even in the days when MacAllister was a greaser, the "Climax" was nothing to brag about, but by the time she was offered to him, a rustier old hooker, or more sluggish, or with more rickety engines, never wheezed down the Mersey. Yet it was the best Bolton and Perkins could offer at that time. As the young chief entered the office waving his certificate, several portly, placid, and bald old clerks looked up and smiled mildly. "There's wark for ye, Mac," whispered one of them, nodding toward the private office. "They

want to see ye." The partners were peering over the London *Times* and occasionally glancing from its pages to a long trade report, or perhaps more frequently to a calendar.

"Hello, Mac, it's all right, is it?" said Perkins, glancing at the certificate in young MacAllister's hand. "Ye heard the 'Castle Hill's' out of commission for two months' repairs, have ye not?" he added anxiously. "Well, the 'Climax' finishes loading to-night, and what with new tubes in that boiler — what d'ye think of her, Mac? what'll she do?"

"Five knots, I should think. It depends."

"She'll do more than that. She's got to. Ye must get six or seven knots out of her, MacAllister," interjected Bolton. "Here it is September 9th, and the McKinley Bill goes into effect in America at midnight, on October 4th. We have Sumatra tobacco on board, the duty on which will be advanced a dollar and twenty-five cents a pund, and cutlery from Sheffield with an increase almost as high, and thousands of punds of other dutiable stuff in the bargain, that is going to be increased beyond all reason. Space on all the big liners due to reach New York before the act goes into effect has been filled at seven times the usual rates, and there's the devil to pay. Now they've come down on us. We've got the 'Climax' filled full, aye, and a deck-load amidships. An' ye can get her over in time, we are rich — MacAllister, what say ye?"

"Six knots, eh?" mused MacAllister. "Six knots out of the 'Climax.'"

"She has some new boiler tubes, MacAllister."

"Well, we can try," said MacAllister; "if it's in her, I'll get it out of her, certain."

"Ye start at sunrise to-morrow, then," said Bolton. "Spare nothing. Remember, October 4th, at midnight. We have had Captain McWilliams here. At sunrise to-morrow; and, Mac, one thing more: the 'Gourock,' of Jones and Fry, leaves to-morrow at the same hour, with the same class of cargo and on the same mission as the 'Climax.' Ye may as not beat her, but she mustn't beat ye, MacAllister."

MacAllister closed his mouth tight. He remembered the "Gourock," and he remembered the Scotch captain and Scotch chief engineer and the crew, all of whom had made it so hard for him years ago when he was a greaser on her — who made it so hard for him because he was a Yankee. No; the "Gourock" would not beat him! — not while his engines held together. But what a race — the old "Gourock" and the old "Climax"; a great race between two iron pots with clockworks. This figure so pleased MacAllister that he uttered it aloud to the partners, who snorted and waved him out of the office.

"Remember, October 4th, at midnight," they said.

"Aye," said MacAllister. "Good-by."

So it was that next day's sun, risen scarce five hours, found the rusty, bluff-bowed "Climax" approaching Daunts Rock with the greasy, blood-red flag of Britain dimly showing through the pall of black smoke driving straight aft from the funnel. About a mile ahead wallowed the "Gourock," with the water line hiding her Plimsoll mark.

When MacAllister was not in the engine-room, he was on the bridge with Captain McWilliams. He was in the engine-room most of the time, and he slept about four hours out of the twenty-four. At her best, the "Climax" had never done the trip in less than sixteen days, and that was twenty years ago. This time she had twenty-four days, little enough leeway, considering the possibility of delay by storm or through breakage in the ancient machinery. Yet MacAllister had faith in these old engines; he was something of a dreamer, and he played with strange fancies that the spirit of all machinery was something tangible, and that to it his spirit had spoken of the need of more power, of more speed, and of what it all would mean. There is nothing like the dark engine-room of a snoring old tramp to make you feel things. It was in the "Climax's" tunnel that he felt these things most strongly, — that long, dark passageway in the bowels of the vessel where the shaft, turning on its bearings, runs out from the engines through the stuffing-box to the screw outside. Hourly trips must be taken through this tunnel to see that the bearings have not become red-hot, and MacAllister had found a greaser asleep here the night of the second day out. This coming as a climax to his overwrought mind, he thenceforth allowed no one to tour the tunnel but the second and third engineers. But most of the time he did the tour himself, because somehow he loved to be there groping along the dark, damp, oily passageway, with his lantern swaying in front of him, — feeling the bearings and listening to the noises which, among the multitude of the

"Climax's" sounds, he loved the most. The spirit of his engines he heard in there — in the dark, and alone. There were noises, too, in that tunnel-shaft that he did not understand. Music it sometimes seemed to be, at other times the monotone of a sighing spirit. Again, there was joy expressed, and sadness and wailing grief. Then there were sounds that no human being ever will understand, whisperings, murmurings, low cries — undefinable, mysterious, and vague. Sometimes he would hear something that would cause him to stand transfixed in the sloughing half light of his lantern, wondering, fearing, half tempted to raise his voice in answer — but in what language, in what way? Very often, through all the sounds, a voice would ring out loud and clear — only the screw racing; who knows? — but to MacAllister it was a paean of triumph voicing the realization of all his hopes and dreams.

Thus MacAllister lived with his engines, his spirits fluctuating with their every mood and temper. Hour by hour he would work among them, thanking God for the great steady, powerful pushing of the connecting-rods and pistons, and the irresistible whirl of the cranks and throws. Sometimes they would hobble slowly, but on the whole they were doing their work well. They were averaging at the best six knots hourly, and each night when MacAllister had finished his log for the day's work of his engines, he would spend long, wakeful hours wondering — wondering whether it was because of good luck, American coal, and the new tubes, or whether things he had heard down in that narrow tunnel — heard or dreamed — might not have something to do with it. For there was received down there an impression of force and of understanding that had taken captive his imagination. When these thoughts came very strongly, he would go up on the bridge and talk sense with Captain McWilliams.

The night of the twelfth day, and everything was going, looking forward. Far astern could be seen the dim, plunging lights of the "Gourock," and despite a northwest September gale, the hearts of the skipper and the chief engineer were light.

"I think that we'll make it, boy," said McWilliams, holding to the bridge rail with one hand and using the other as a trumpet to carry his voice into MacAllister's ear. "She drops a little time once in a while, but I think we'll make it."

"Aye, maybe," replied the chief; "it's a racketing they're getting this night, though, those engines. It's a mighty stiff racketing they're getting. Damn! Hear that screw race."

It was a racketing those engines were getting, truly, for the "Climax" was in a jumping seaway that would racket anything. The two men, with their sou'westers drawn tight down and their yellow slickers glistening in the rain, peered anxiously into the darkness. How black it was! The great waves rolling toward the "Climax" were indefinite — fantastic, rocking shadows, they seemed, let loose from the enshrouding veil to do their harm. Occasionally the vessel's few lights would quiver along the water on the uproll, lighting a foam-crested wave for an instant; then a sidelong plunge, and all was blank again.

"Umph," said McWilliams, "a nasty night, MacAllister. If the engines ——"

He stopped and gripped the engineer's arm. MacAllister's face had gone a sickly yellow.

A sound was roaring up from the very soul of the ship, like the sound of a great oak riven by lightning and falling. The next instant came the frightful whirr of the engines, released from their strain of pushing the steamship and racing free.

"The shaft has gone," shouted MacAllister, jumping for the ladder as the "Climax" fell off into the trough of the sea. In ten seconds he was in the engine-room shouting to his assistants, who had stopped the engines an instant after the break. As MacAllister had said, the tunnel-shaft had snapped; snapped clean, right in the middle of the tunnel, and the two ends were battering the floor, as the vessel fell off and rolled in the sea hollows. It would be death to venture in there before the ship's head had been brought up into the seas. For two hours she wallowed, while MacAllister cursed and mourned, by turns. Then, slowly, she swung up, under the control of a sea-anchor which McWilliams and his crew had succeeded in streaming. The Captain came down into the engine-room.

"Well, it's over, I should say, Mac," he groaned. "We're a log in the sea, until we get a tow."

"I don't know," said MacAllister; "we're going to try to fix it." Try! He was going to fix it; they were racing the "Gourock."

He already had his men passing chains under the two broken ends; the chains

were then suspended from the roof of the tunnel, bringing the two ends to a level. No sooner was this done than MacAllister, in spite of the plunging of the ship and the probability of the chains' letting go their burden, crawled in under the break and began to take hurried measurements.

"My God," ejaculated the Captain, "come out of there, Mac. It ain't worth it."

But MacAllister couldn't hear him; it would have made no difference if he had heard. He was under there half an hour — until he completed his measurements for a collar to be fastened over the break. The rest of the night he spent in making the collar, and when it was finished at ten o'clock the next morning, he went up on deck to see the "Gourock" go by. How she bit the waves as she plunged by, and what a triumphant scream of her siren was flung back as a jeer at the poor old "Climax"! White with rage, Captain McWilliams seized the whistle cord and jerked it until even the roar of the storm was shattered by the volume of sound pouring out of the "Climax's" brazen whistle. The "Gourock" replied with several small toots;—it was as acrimonious a dialogue as two vessels ever indulged in. MacAllister went down to his work with a grim smile. Twelve hours he spent on his back underneath the two swaying ends of the broken shaft, and four hours, cramped in a squatting position in the narrow space. At the end of forty-eight hours he had bolted the jacket into place, and then he emerged from the tunnel and toppled over on the engine-room floor, asleep even as he fell. When he came to, he was in his bunk, and the first impression he had was of a vast groaning and clanging down in the "Climax's" vitals, which told him his engines were performing their work once more.

Thus the "Climax" went on her way, the collar holding, and the engines doing all the work that MacAllister could expect, and more, too. From this time there were few minutes that he was not among them, sometimes in the tunnel, but more often — now that the shaft might break again — with his ear against the bulkhead door, listening to the sounds within, almost pleading with the great shaft to be strong and do its work.

Five days later the Captain called him to the bridge to look at a strange object dead ahead. The hull resembled that of the "Gourock," but there were points of dissimilarity which rendered the matter uncertain.

"It must be the 'Gourock,'" said McWilliams, straining his eyes through the battered binoculars. "But she looks queer. Take another look, Mac. She ought to be somewhere ahead."

MacAllister pressed the glasses to his eyes, took a long, hard look, and then uttered a howl of joy as the glasses fell with a crash.

"Whoop, aye, it's the 'Gourock,'" he screamed, "and she's lost her funnel. Rolled it clean overboard. Look."

It was even so. Evidently the storm of the two days back had swept it overboard, and there she lay, gasping and wheezing like a stranded whale.

"I'll sympathize with them," said McWilliams, grimly seizing the whistle cord.

As the "Climax" passed the hooker, the insults all came from her. The "Gourock's" whistle had gone with the funnel.

"Now for it," muttered MacAllister, going below.

Now for it, indeed. Sandy Hook was four days away, and the "Climax" had but a few hours to spare. Even at that, the old vessel must keep pushing. So she did until nine hours after the "Gourock" had been left astern, and then MacAllister began to detect a new note in the chorus of the engine-room. He couldn't tell what it was, but that it was discordant, not in harmony with the spirit of his engines, was clear. Hopeless, pessimistic, jarring, it rose and grew, an alien note for those brave, clattering old engines to send up. So MacAllister was not surprised to find that most of the push was going out of the "Climax." She was logging miserably, and the screw seemed to be putting barely sufficient power in her kick to whiten the water.

For twenty-four hours the "Climax" did not average more than three knots hourly, and the time limit was rapidly drawing to a close. Once fall behind, and it would make little difference whether or not she reached port at all. MacAllister was aging rapidly. He had his suspicions as to what the matter was, but said nothing until he had investigated thoroughly. What he discovered confirmed his worst fears, and it was two hours before he made up his mind to report the facts to the Captain. When he decided, he called his staff together, gave several orders, and then went up on the bridge. In answer

to McWilliams' questioning look, the engineer shrugged his shoulders.

"I have had the fire pulled out from under the main boiler." McWilliams uttered a heavy oath and kicked out a section of the hand-rail.

"Tubes?" he finally asked.

"Aye, leaky tubes," said MacAllister. "Ye might well curse 'em — the 'Climax,' her boilers, and everything else."

"But we can't lose now," cried McWilliams. "Oh, damn such a boat," he groaned. "Can't we do anything?"

"We're a-goin' to try," replied the engineer. "I ain't a drinkin' man, but I have taken four drinks to get me to the point. I have got there, now, and I'm a-goin' into that boiler. If it can be fixed, we'll fix it, all right. Were ye ever in Hell, McWilliams?"

McWilliams stared at him as he made his way from the bridge, and then turned his gaze astern as though he expected to see the "Gourock" rushing up over the ocean. But she was nowhere in sight.

Half an hour later, MacAllister, wrapped from head to foot in a coating of asbestos, approached the manhole of the boiler. He put in his hand, holding it there for five minutes.

"Not so hot. I guess I can stand it. When I come near the opening, stand by to haul me out," he said to his assistants.

Then, with hammer and chisel in hand, he went into that hellish boiler and began tearing out the defective tubes. He worked for a minute, holding his breath in the meanwhile — a single lung-full of that hot, rust-laden air would have killed him. Then he came out. Seven minutes later he went in again. He cut away two tubes before he was hauled out. The next time four tubes were removed, and then he took a ten minutes' rest. He had cut out all the defective tubes, and now new tubes to replace them must be reamed in. In doing this, he was obliged to enter the boiler five times, staying in each time a full minute. As the last tube was fixed, he was hauled unconscious from the manhole and carried on deck. He did not know that the "Gourock" had passed three hours before, with a funnel rigged up out of sheets of tin and pieces of junk, held together by wisps of old sails, twine, and rope-ends, and stayed by lines made fast to the mast and rails,—such a wonderful sight that Captain McWilliams' whistle forgot to swear as she waddled past like a slatternly old woman.

So MacAllister was carried to his bunk, where he lay for many hours, raving and declaring that he was roasting in a fiery furnace. But his work was done. Now it was for McWilliams to carry it through to conclusion. Fires were started again under the repaired boiler, and fat and oil were mixed with the coal. It seemed as if the engines would kick their way out through the bottom of the ship. They got her up to eight knots, and they held her there, and when she passed the "Gourock" between Fire Island and Sandy Hook, McWilliams ran down from the bridge and carried the chief engineer on deck to see the fun.

Up the bay she clattered, pausing just long enough at quarantine to report no contagious disease and to be passed by the health officer — October 4th, and one hour and five minutes before midnight. Events followed swiftly; — a plunge up to the Statue of Liberty, a tug hurrying alongside in response to continuous whistling, the Captain's leap to the deck with his papers in his pocket; a dash for the Battery landing, a hack tearing for the Custom House; a bustling of sleepy clerks; and then Captain McWilliams sighing and lighting a cigar with trembling hands — one minute before midnight, and his entire cargo sworn in. The "Gourock's" skipper came in time to qualify under the new duties of the McKinley Bill.

A cable despatch to Captain McWilliams the next day announced the gratitude and appreciation of Bolton and Perkins, and when the details of the passage were learned, MacAllister received one himself; and that was all there ever was; but then, what could he expect?

MacAllister is chief engineer on one of the finest trans-Atlantic liners now, where the shaft-tunnel is brilliant with electric lights against white walls and tiled flooring — where the sounds ever constitute a grand symphony. Yet, when MacAllister closes his eyes and thinks of that oily, mysterious little tunnel of the "Climax," he feels that he has lost something. But that is always the way with dreamers.

EDITORIAL

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE ON THE PRESIDENT

MR. WHITE'S view of President Roosevelt, in this month's McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, is probably that of the average man. And in so far as it is the view of the average man, it is the view of McCLURE'S. For it is indisputable that the influence of Theodore Roosevelt in this Republic has been a good influence. He has stood for honest things, and more than that he has stood for honest things bravely; and still more than all, he has stood bravely for honest things and has got them done. He combines in his presidential career the honesty of George William Curtis with the courage of Carl Schurz and the effectiveness of Mark Hanna. He has been one of the most active men in American history. He has as many sides as Franklin, and it is but natural that in doing so many things as he has done, he should do things which displease many excellent people. And so it happens that often one hears men disparage Theodore Roosevelt,— men who are obviously honest and evidently sincere, but who stick at some small thing in Mr. Roosevelt's record. One man does not like the way the President handled the Bowen incident; another does not think Senator Bailey and Senator Tillman were fairly treated; still another cannot see any justice in the President's course toward Senator Burton.

But to stop the argument for the moment, let us grant that these men and those who agree with them have just cause for complaint against the President in the matters referred to and scores of other matters of a kind; still the fact remains that as a force for righteousness, in the big issues that have stirred the American people, Theodore Roosevelt has not had a peer in this generation. He has taught the people something of justice; he has spoken undauntedly for the truth. He has been an apostle without fear and without reproach in the cause of the people against the classes: the class that sows envy and malice, as well as the class that sows cunning and greed. He is our greatest American democrat, and as a democrat he must stand or fall in history. He has made it plain to Americans that there is no aristocracy save that made by service to humanity, and into that aristocracy he has admitted any man, black or white, rich or poor, Jew or Gentile, bond or free.

It is odd that democracy should have been over a hundred years breeding such a democrat. But probably it has taken that long to breed out demagoguery. For though he takes special privilege by the throat and shakes its stolen gains from its pockets, he arouses no class hatred, he indulges in no histrionics, and withal he is as good-natured about it as a county sheriff arresting his old army friend. He is one of the few public men who are earnest without being angry, and who are cheerful without being of easy virtue. The example of such a man, wholesome, honest, sturdy, and essentially human, standing, without compromising or budging, for simple justice between men, is worth more to America than a million miles of railroad and a navy belching smoke upon a hundred skies. For men and nations are great only when their ideals are high, and as their daily lives do not shame their aspirations.

AN OFFER OF ONE-CENT POSTAGE

A SHARP and positive challenge to the drift of sentiment toward government ownership arrested the attention of the country some weeks ago. A fifty-million-dollar corporation, represented by a Chicago publisher and capitalist, proposed to take over the operation of the national post-office, and to guarantee under heavy bonds to cut the rate of postage in half. Directly considered, this is simply a great business proposition; reversed, it is a definite charge that we are now paying double what we should for our postal service, because of the inefficiency of government operation.

The promoters of the proposed private enterprise — said to be highly successful and practical men, especially in the field of transportation, — believe that their plan, if it could be given a trial, would be surely profitable for two reasons: first, because the lower rate on both first- and second-class mail matter would greatly stimulate postal business; and second, because of the saving which could be made out of vast wastes now going on in the Post-Office Department. The first of these theories is merely a good business conjecture based on previous government experience; it is interesting, but not of immediate consequence to the American public; but the second deserves early attention.

The Post-Office Department, for the last fiscal year, was operated at a nominal loss of ten million dollars. Really, viewed from the standpoint of a private enterprise, the deficit was much greater, for the costly government buildings occupied by city post-offices are not charged to this department, but to the department of the Treasury. Yet, according to its own system of accounting, the Post-Office Department has not been self-supporting in any year since 1883. Last year its annual gross receipts were $168,000,000, while its expenses were $178,000,000.

A little more than one quarter of this great total of expenditure, or about $47,000,000, was paid over to the railroads of the country for transportation and the rent of special postal cars. It is believed that the first great cut could be made here. Indeed, it has been definitely charged before the present commission investigating the postal revenues for Congress, that the private express companies are getting practically the same service from the railroads at a third of the cost. That is, equal accommodations would cost them over $30,000,000 a year less, a sum representing more than one-sixth of the total expenditure of the Post-Office Department.

We pay our postmasters $23,000,000. The private corporation would cut down this total by millions and secure much more efficient local managers. The rural free delivery is calculated to be operated at a loss of $20,000,000; the private corporation would plan to make this self-supporting by uniting with the routes a parcels express — not a parcels post, to which the country merchants object, but a local express service, carrying goods only along the routes on which they are received. The $25,000,000's worth of mail, now carried free every year under government frank, would be paid for, under private management, by the Government, the corporation in the meanwhile paying rent for its use of government buildings.

It is scarcely news that the Post-Office Department is an extravagant and wasteful institution. The management is political from the top down; a system whose whole tendency is to make two office-holders grow where one was before. Its working force has the negative virtues of the civil service. Its whole management is bound by the stiff unadaptability of official methods. That the Government pays high for every dealing with a private individual or corporation is commonplace knowledge; but is the proportion of inefficiency so great? Do we pay twice as much as we should for our postage? Plans for the private operation of our national post-office are scarcely likely to be carried into practice — certainly not in the near future; but the charges against our present system which are involved in this episode are too serious to be overlooked. We must know whether they are true, not merely because of the great financial loss involved, but because every check or hindrance to our postal service means a great and certain loss to our civilization.

This is, of course, the thing of present practical consequence, but beyond that is the light thrown upon the general theory of the re-formation of society of which we are all thinking so much nowadays. The

post-office is the greatest and most familiar example of public ownership. Is it true that governmental management of business is in its essence so ineffectual and unadaptable and futile? If so, or if this is nearly so bad as it is painted, is it to be believed that society is tending to such a form? or is it rather to move toward some other plan of organization — some compromise which will combine the level justice of state control and the elasticity and aggressive self-interest of private enterprise?

It should be said that Mr. Cortelyou could in all likelihood, with proper coöperation of the other departments of the Government, put the post-office on a very sound basis. He has laid the foundations for great improvement in the public service. He has greatly reduced the so-called deficit and the percentage of increase of expenditure. He has been alive to the necessity of making the postal service a business institution. The various divisions in the Department have been overhauled; attempts have been made to secure a body of accurate statistics which would be of great value, and it is probable that if the Department could secure what the Postmaster-General recommended in his last report, millions of dollars could be saved, and a greatly increased service rendered to the people.

Mr. Cortelyou has come very near being the ideal postmaster. It is likely that with a completely free hand he could have brought about still greater improvements. But there is apparently no assurance that men of his caliber will be often found in his position. The operation of the post-office ought certainly to secure the services of men who would, at least, be able to operate a great railroad system, and it is to be hoped that the people will demand permanent and efficient officials in charge of this great business.

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

SINCE the editorial announcement of a series of articles dealing with the life of Mrs. Eddy and the history of Christian Science was made, the correspondence of this office has so increased that it is impossible to answer individually each inquiry. To every letter which gives or asks for especial information, we endeavor to make a satisfactory reply. There are hundreds of letters, however, which ask one of two general questions: whether these articles are to constitute an attack upon Christian Science, or whether they are published in a spirit of propagandism. To inquiries of this kind, it is possible to make a general reply. As was stated in the original editorial introduction to this series, the aim of the writer has been merely to record, as correctly as possible, the biography of a remarkable personage, and the history of a remarkable movement. The articles are based almost entirely upon documentary evidence Where tradition has been quoted, the author has been careful to distinguish between it and absolute evidence, and has stated clearly the sources of her information, that the reader may himself pass upon the value of the testimony. Where personal testimony is reinforced by an affidavit, and where the source of such testimony seems reliable, the author has occasionally given it for what it may be worth. In the main, however, the articles base their authority upon documents which have been for years in existence.

The articles have been received in the spirit in which they are published. The desire of the Magazine to present the truth about this interesting subject has been met by as keen a desire, on the part of the public, to know the truth. The New York *Times* of December 29th said in an editorial comment upon the first article of this series:

> The minute investigation of a long life-history, too, is a heavy and expensive task, not lightly to be undertaken. McCLURE'S has, therefore, performed a large public service in doing it in this case.
>
> Hitherto we have had little more in regard to the history of Mrs Eddy than her own statements and those of her closest associates. Here a bit and there a bit of this outgiving have been attacked and disproved, till the whole narrative was under suspicion, but a full, clear, and accurate picture of the woman from childhood has never been available. That we are now to have, apparently. Every detail of it as yet given is significant and illuminative. We get both new understanding and a new explanation of Mrs. Eddy by learning her heredity, the influences to which she was subjected in childhood and youth, and the nature of the curious nervous invalidism which, combined with a kind of strong natural intelligence, threw her inevitably into the study and exploitation of the pseudo-mystical.

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For the Toilet ~ HAND ~ For the Bath

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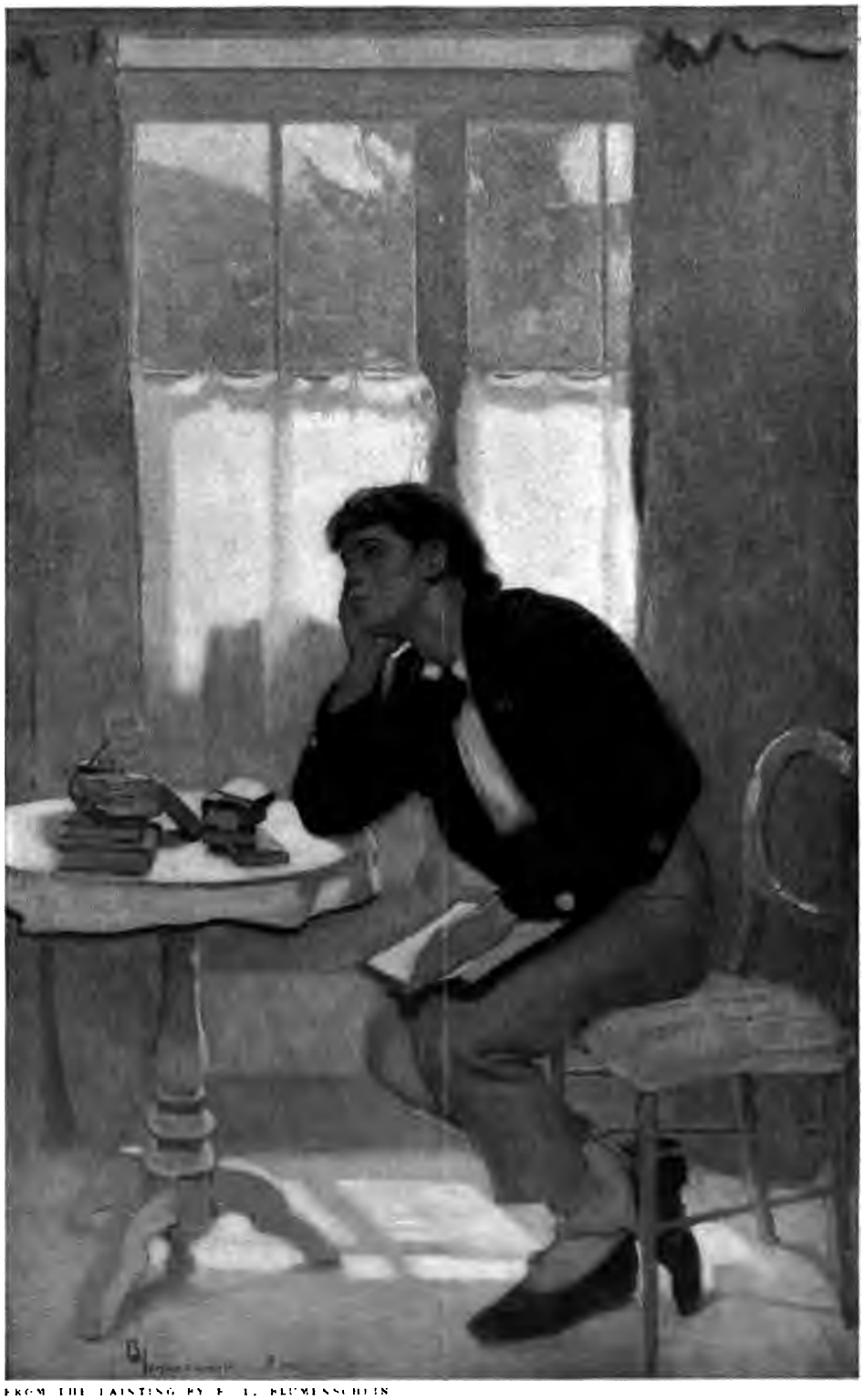

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

LYON

SEE "THE NAMESAKE" PAGE 402

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII MARCH 1907 No. 5

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

THE BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS

THE campaign committees kept me very hard at work during the fall of 1860 until the day of the election. I was too tired to take any part in the Republican jubilations after Abraham Lincoln's victory. But my rest at my quiet Wisconsin home was soon cut short by my necessities. I found myself compelled, a week or two after the election, to set out on lecturing tours for the purpose of replenishing somewhat my drained exchequer.

The news of the success of the Republican party had hardly gone abroad in the land, when political demonstrations took place in some of the Southern states, which made it apparent that the threats of secession, to which of late years we had become accustomed, were after all something more than mere bluster and gasconade. The danger of a disunion movement, with consequences difficult to foresee, loomed up in portentous reality. A chill swept over the North. The anti-slavery enthusiasm of the campaign was suddenly hushed.

Buchanan, the "Northern Man with Southern Principles"

President Buchanan's message at the opening of the session of Congress was highly characteristic. He argued, in substance, that while no state had a constitutional right to secede from the Union, yet, if a state did so, there was nowhere any power to keep it in the Union. President Buchanan was the very personification of the political species then known as the "Northern man with Southern principles,"—that is, a Northern politician always ready to do the bidding of the slave-holding interest. I had been introduced to Mr. Buchanan at a White House reception and had taken a good look at him while, after the hand-shaking, he conversed with several senators.

He was a portly old gentleman with a white head, always slightly inclined to one side, and a cunning twinkle in his eye which seemed to say that although he might occasionally not appear to be of your opinion, yet there was a secret understanding between him and you, and that you might trust him for it. He always wore a white neckerchief like a divine. His moral weakness was of the wise-looking kind. He could pronounce the commonplace sophistries of the pro-slavery Democracy with all the impressiveness of unctuous ponderosity. He had rendered the slave-power abject service in the Kansas affair, again and again putting forth statements of facts, which he could not possibly believe to be true, and constitutional doctrines that could be

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CHARLES SUMNER

From a photograph made about 1860 and reproduced here through the courtesy of the owner, Mr. F. J. Garrison

supported only by the most audacious shifts of logic. He was mindful of the fact that he owed the presidency to the trust of the slave-power in his fidelity to its behests. So far he had justified that trust to the full of his ability and of his opportunities. No Southern pro-slavery fanatic could have served the slave-holding interest with more zeal and — considering his position as a Northern man — with more self-denial. By forfeiting the good opinion of his neighbors, he had really made himself a martyr to the cause of slavery. But when his Southern masters now went so far as to strike out for the dissolution of the Union, the destruction of the Republic itself, his situation became truly desperate. Thus he satisfied neither side, but won the contempt of both.

In his Cabinet he had three secretaries — of the Treasury, of War, and of the Interior, — of whom he should have known that they conspired with the Secessionists. He permitted them to remain at the heads of their

JAMES BUCHANAN

The fifteenth president of the United States
From a war-time photograph

departments until they thought they had exhausted all the resources for mischief which their official power gave them. What he really did accomplish was to encourage the promoters of the secession movement by his confession of constitutional impotency, and to give them ample time for undisturbed preparation while the National Government stood idly by. He recoiled from active treason, but had not courage enough for active patriotism. Thus Mr. Buchanan, to whom fortune offered one of the finest chances to win a great name simply by doing his plain duty with resolution and energy, managed to make himself the most miserable presidential figure in American history.

The Compromise Epidemic and Seward's Change of Attitude

The compromise epidemic in the country naturally infected Congress, and both Houses at once, after the opening of the session, appointed committees to devise some way of "conciliation and peace." Although the

LINCOLN

THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF LINCOLN

A FRAGMENT (ENLARGED) OF A PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED HERE THROUGH

AT WASHINGTON, MARCH 4, 1865

THE COURTESY OF THE OWNER, MR. CHARLES W. MC LELLAN

From a photograph in the collection of Robert Coster

CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY

'the author of the famous Dred Scott decision," who administered the oath of office to President Lincoln

MAJ.-GEN. BENJAMIN BUTLER

"General Butler thoroughly enjoyed his position of power, which, of course, was new to him, and . . . . he keenly appreciated its theatrical possibilities"

difficulties standing in the way of an agreement upon a policy of that kind seemed well-nigh unsurmountable, the agitation in favor of it had a demoralizing effect upon public sentiment in general, and upon the Republican party in particular, especially when Seward, who had been regarded as the most radical leader of that party, appeared in the front rank of the compromisers. I was one of the many anti-slavery men who were greatly puzzled by Mr. Seward's mysterious attitude, and much alarmed as to what might come of it.

What we feared was not merely that the principles of our anti-slavery party might be surrendered, and the fruits of our anti-slavery victory frittered away, but that under the influence of a momentary panic a step might be taken that would — to use a term current at that time — "mexicanize" our Government; that is, destroy in it that element of stability which consists in the absolute assurance that when the officers of the Government are legally elected, their election will be unconditionally accepted and submitted to by the minority. When that rule is broken, when the possibility is admitted that after an election the minority may prescribe conditions upon the fulfilment of which its acceptance of the results of the election is to depend, the stability of republican government is gone. So long as such a possibility exists, the republic will be in a state of intermittent revolution. And this rule would have been broken. We should, in order to avoid by a post-election bargain one civil conflict, have opened the way forever to many other civil conflicts. We should, in one word, have destroyed the most indispensable guarantee of stability and good order in the Republic, had we, after the legal election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, purchased the submission of the slave-holding states to the result of that election by any compromise whatever. It was, therefore, not merely this or that concession to the slaveholding interests that was to be opposed, but it was the compromise as such, however little it might have conceded.

The profound anxiety I felt on this subject found voice in a series of letters I wrote

during that winter to my intimate friend in the House of Representatives, Mr. Potter of Wisconsin, who was of the same mind. The same anxiety led me, during an interval in my lecturing engagements, to make a flying trip to Washington, where I hoped to help my friend in "stiffening the backs" of some Republican members who had taken the compromise epidemic. But the panic had already much subsided, at least in Congress.

"Old Tom Corwin"

Mr. Potter managed to smuggle me on the floor of the House of Representatives, and there I witnessed one day a singular spectacle. The Hon. Thomas Corwin, "old Tom Corwin of Ohio," as he was popularly called, rose to address the House. He was the chairman of the then famous "Committee of Thirty-three," which was charged with the task of devising a compromise measure to compose the differences between the North and the South. He had a distinguished career behind him. He had been a Whig with anti-slavery leanings, had opposed the Mexican War in a speech celebrated for its boldness, had been a leading member of the Whig Party, Governor of Ohio, Senator, Secretary of the Treasury under President Fillmore; and had joined the Republican party in its struggles for free territories and zealously advocated the election of Mr. Lincoln. He was best known as a popular orator of great wit, genial humor, and fascinating eloquence. Interesting stories were told about him, of how he could produce wonderful effects by rapid changes of his facial expression. He had been one of the great "features" of the Harrison campaign in 1840, "the log-cabin and hard-cider campaign," when people would travel far "to hear Tom Corwin."

LIEUT.-GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT

From a photograph made in 1861

Now he was an old man, highly esteemed and much liked by all, and when, on the occasion mentioned, he rose in the House, members without distinction of party crowded eagerly around him, standing up in the aisles and between the seats, so as to catch every sound of his voice, which was much enfeebled by age. I managed to get upon one of the steps leading up to the Speaker's chair and, by looking over the heads of those in front of me, could see Mr. Corwin while he spoke. But from that distance, in spite of the breathless stillness reigning in the hall, I lost many of his sentences, because he spoke in a low murmur. There he stood, not the Tom Corwin of the stump who made his hearers roar with laughter or shout with enthusiasm, but an anxious old patriot, the faithful disciple of the old Whig school of compromisers. His swarthy face was unillumined by a single spark of his accustomed humor, and its expression was grave and solicitous. His gushing eloquence with nervous intensity, almost with the accents of despair, implored his hearers to accept what he thought necessary for the salvation of his country; and around him, all listening to the old man as if spellbound, with a sort of tender veneration, were many of the Southerners, ready to go home and join the insurrection. It was a memorable scene, — the last pathetic gasp of the policy of compromises.

When Mr. Corwin sat down, many of the members pressed around him to shake his hand, after what was probably the last speech

From a photograph in the collection of F. H. Meserve

BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, IN WAR TIME

With the army barracks and recruiting station on the right, in City Hall Park

of his life. I, too, approached him, and he seemed glad to see me. He kindly remembered that we had met on the platform of a mass-meeting at Alleghany City, and he expressed a wish that I would visit him at his quarters that evening. I found him alone there, and we had a quiet talk. In the course of it, I frankly expressed my opinion that it would be fatal to stable and orderly government in a republic to permit the legal result of an election to become a matter of bargain and compromise between the majority and the minority, and to purchase the submission of the minority to that result by concessions.

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Corwin. "I know you young men think that way; and for aught I know, a majority of the Republicans think that way. But you must keep your Republic first. Now you will have to fight for it. But it is useless to argue further. I think, myself, that all the efforts for compromise will come to nothing. I have done the best I could, but on both sides they are like bull-dogs eager for the fray. We can only pray that God may protect the right."

When I rose to leave, he said: "I want to say something personal to you. At Alleghany City I heard you speak, and I noticed that you can crack a joke and make people laugh if you try. I want to say to you, young man, if you have any such faculty, don't cultivate it. I know how great the temptation is, and I have yielded to it. One of the most dangerous things to a public man is to become known as a jester. People will go to hear such a man, and then they will be disappointed if he talks to them seriously. They will hardly listen to the best things he offers them. They will want to hear the buffoon, and are dissatisfied if the buffoon talks sober sense. That has been my lot. Look at my career! I am an old man now. There has always been a great deal more in Tom Corwin than he got credit for. But he did not get credit because it was always expected that Tom Corwin would make people laugh. I do not know but they expected jokes from me

in the House to-day. That has been my curse. I have long felt it, but too late to get rid of the old reputation and to build up a new one. Take my example as a warning. Good-by, and God bless you."

I was deeply touched by the words of the old statesman, and made an earnest effort to convince him that the House had listened to his speech with the intensest interest and profound reverence, but he answered with a melancholy laugh and again bade me to mind his advice. . . .

During the campaign, I may candidly say, it had never occurred to me that my efforts as a public speaker should or might be rewarded by appointment to a federal office. But immediately after the election, it seemed to be generally taken for granted that the new Administration would, as a matter of course, give me some prominent place. I received several addresses signed by a large number of German-Americans from different parts of the country, congratulating me upon the services I had rendered and expressing the hope that the Administration would show a proper appreciation of them. Prominent Republicans of American nativity, especially members of Congress in whose districts I had spoken, wrote to me in the same vein. I have to confess that this pleased me greatly, and soon I easily permitted my friends to persuade me, or, perhaps, I easily persuaded myself, that it was entirely proper for me to expect an office of importance and dignity. But when it was suggested by several members of Congress that I should frankly tell Mr. Lincoln what I might wish to have, I positively refused. As I wrote to Mr. Potter — in one of the letters whose publication surprised me forty years later — I would not ask for anything, lest I compromise my political independence, which at no price was I willing to give up. If the President, of his own free will, offered me a position, I might take it without burdening myself with any personal obligation. Thus I "left the matter in the hands of my friends," and these friends, especially the leading Republicans of Wisconsin, were very earnest in requesting the Administration to offer me a first-class foreign mission.

Lincoln's First Inauguration

It was thought important, in view of the troublous state of things, that as large a number of Republicans as possible be present in Washington at the time of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and I found a great many friends, old and new, when I arrived there on March 1st. The air was still thick with rumors of "rebel plots" to assassinate Mr. Lincoln, or to capture him and carry him off before he could take hold of the reins of government. He had stolen a march upon whatever conspiracy there may have been, by entering the National Capitol, unexpected and unobserved, on the morning of February 23d, and was, no doubt, well guarded. But the multitude of Republicans assembled in the city were not satisfied that the danger was over, and saw treasonable designs in every scowling face — and of these, indeed, there were a good many.

But the inauguration passed off without disturbance. I was favored with a place in front of the great portico of the Capitol, from which I could distinctly see and hear every part of the official function. I saw Lincoln step forward to the desk upon which the Bible lay — his rugged face, appearing above all those surrounding him, calm and sad, but so unlike any other in that distinguished assemblage that one might well have doubted how he and the others could work together. I saw Senator Douglas, his defeated antagonist, the "little giant" of the past, who only two years before had haughtily treated Lincoln like a tall dwarf, standing close by him. I witnessed the remarkable scene when Lincoln, about to deliver his inaugural address, could not at once find a convenient place for his hat, and Douglas took it and held it like an attendant while Lincoln was speaking. I saw the withered form of Chief Justice Taney, the author of the famous Dred Scott decision, that judicial compend of the doctrine of slavery, administer the oath of office to the first president elected on a distinct anti-slavery platform. I saw, standing by, the outgoing president, James Buchanan, with his head slightly inclined on one side, and his winking eye, and his white neck-cloth, — the man who had done more than any other to degrade and demoralize the National Government and to encourage the rebellion, now destined to retire to an unhonored obscurity and to the dreary task of trying to make the world believe that he was a better patriot and statesman than he appeared to be. I heard every word, pronounced by Abraham Lincoln's kindly voice, of that inaugural address which was to be a message of peace and good-will, but the reception of which in the

South as a proclamation of war showed clearly that no offer of compromise, indeed, that nothing short of complete acceptance of their scheme of an independent slave-holding empire, would have satisfied the Southern leaders.

The Spanish Mission Offered to Schurz — Objections from Seward

During this time I saw President Lincoln repeatedly, and he always received me with great cordiality. We spoke together as freely as we had done before he was president. Our conversations turned upon questions of policy and of the qualifications and claims of applicants for office whom I had recommended. My own case was never mentioned between us until he, with evident satisfaction, announced to me that I had been nominated for the position of Minister of the United States to Spain. The Senate confirmed my nomination without unusual delay. I was curious to know whether Senator Douglas, whom I had so bitterly attacked during the campaign, had offered any objection, but I was informed that he had not. But there had been, as I learned later from Mr. Potter, some objection to my nomination on the part of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State. He argued that as I had been engaged in revolutionary movements in Europe, at a comparatively recent period, my appearance in a diplomatic capacity at a European court might not be favorably received, and that this was of importance at a critical time, when we had especial reason for conciliating foreign governments. Mr. Lincoln, my informant told me, replied that I could be trusted to conduct myself discreetly; that at any rate, he did so trust me; that it was not for the government of this Republic to discriminate against men for having made efforts in behalf of liberty elsewhere, — efforts with which every good American at heart sympathized; and that it might be well for European governments to realize this fact. He was strongly supported in this view by Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-General.

Seward's Bitter Outburst

When Mr. Lincoln took so peremptory a stand, Mr. Seward at last yielded, but not with good grace. Indeed, the matter gave him occasion for a singular display of temper. One day Mr. Potter, accompanied by another Republican member of Congress, from Wisconsin, discussed the subject with Mr. Seward in his office at the State Department and incidentally remarked that the failure to bestow such a distinction upon me would be a severe disappointment to a good many people. At this, Mr. Seward jumped up from his chair, paced the floor excitedly, and exclaimed:

"Disappointment! You speak to me of disappointment? To me who was justly entitled to the Republican nomination for the presidency, and who had to stand aside and see it given to a little Illinois lawyer! You speak to me of disappointment?"

These stories came to me after the matter had been finally settled, and too late to have any effect upon my conduct. I believed and still believe them to be substantially true, as Mr. Potter told them to me, including the story of Mr. Seward's outbreak. Mr. Seward permitted his feeling that the Republican party had grossly wronged him to run away with his temper on various other well-authenticated occasions. Moreover, at that time he had, like many others, not yet arrived at a just appreciation of Mr. Lincoln's character and abilities, and looked down upon him as a person much below his level. But as to the reasons Mr. Seward urged against my being sent as American minister to a European court at that time, he was clearly right. I think I should have judged as he did, had I been Secretary of State.

His apprehensions, however, were not justified by the event. Soon after the confirmation of my appointment by the Senate, I received a visit from Señor Tassara, the Spanish minister in Washington, who had been a journalist and was, I believe, at one time somewhat of a revolutionary character himself. He gave me every reason to think that my appointment was quite acceptable to the Spanish Government. And in the course of time my personal relations with that government became, in fact, very agreeable. But it might have been otherwise, and Mr. Seward was perfectly correct in not wishing to take any superfluous risk in that respect. Whenever in later years I have reflected upon that part of my career, I have inwardly reproached myself for not having anticipated at that time Mr. Seward's view of the matter, although it was kept secret from me while the question was still

pending. I certainly ought to have done so, but I have to confess that my pride — or I might perhaps more properly call it my vanity — was immensely flattered by the thought of returning to Europe clothed in all the dignity of a minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary of the United States only a few years after having left my native land as a political refugee. But when I heard of the discussions that had preceded my appointment, I did not enjoy that triumph as I had thought I should. Even while receiving public and private congratulations in unexpected abundance, I was secretly troubled by a lurking doubt as to whether the office I had obtained was really one that I should hold, and whether the fact that my friends had sought it for me with my knowledge and approval was not really equivalent to having asked for it myself. In this state of mind I left Washington for my home in Wisconsin.

The Attack on Fort Sumter

I had not been there many days when the portentous news of the rebel attack on Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, startled the country. The President's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers followed immediately, and less than a week later came the bloody assault of a Secessionist mob upon the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment passing through Baltimore. It is impossible to describe the electric effect these occurrences produced upon the popular mind in the Northern states. Until the first gun was fired upon Fort Sumter, many patriotic people still entertained a lingering hope of saving the Union without a conflict of arms. Now civil war had suddenly become a certainty. The question of what might have been utterly vanished before the question of what was to be. A mighty shout arose that the Republic must be saved at any cost. It was one of those sublime moments of patriotic exaltation when everybody seems willing to do everything and to sacrifice everything for a common cause; one of the ideal sunbursts in the history of a nation.

The newspapers reported that the City of Washington had been cut off from its railroad communications through Baltimore and was almost entirely defenseless; that a rebel force might invade it at any moment and do no end of mischief without meeting serious opposition; that the department buildings were being barricaded and the government clerks armed with muskets; and that the Government needed the help of every man who could get there. I thought it my duty to hurry to Washington at once and to offer what services I could render. I put the pistols I had carried in the Kinkel affair into my hand-bag and started off. I shall never forget the contrast between this and the preceding journey, when only a short time before I had traveled from Washington westward. A dreadful load of gloomy expectancy seemed, on the previous occasion, to oppress the whole country. Passengers in the railway cars talked together in murmurs, as if afraid of the sound of their own voices. At the railroad stations stood men with anxious faces, waiting for the newspapers which, when they arrived, they hastily opened to read the headings, and then handed to one another with sighs of disappointment. Multitudes of people seemed to be perplexed, not only as to what they might expect, but also as to what they wished. And now what a change! Every railroad station filled with an excited crowd hurraing for the Union and Lincoln; the Stars and Stripes fluttering from numberless staffs; the drum and fife resounding everywhere; the cars thronged with young men hurrying to the nearest enlistment place, anxious only lest there be no room left for them in the regiments hastily forming, or lest those regiments be too late to secure Washington from a rebel *coup-de-main*. To judge from the scenes I witnessed on the railroads, old party differences had been forgotten. Men who had shaken their fists at one another during the political campaign now shook hands in token of a common patriotism. Social distinctions, too, seemed to have vanished. Millionaires' sons rushed to the colors by the side of laborers. The railroad journey was as through a continued series of recruiting camps full of noise and bustle day and night.

"Ben" Butler as a Soldier

When we arrived at Ferryville on the Susquehanna (between Wilmington, Delaware, and Baltimore), we found railroad communication on that line between Washington and the North still interrupted. The Maryland Secessionists were reported to be in control of Baltimore. The railroad passengers for Washington had to board a steamboat at Perryville, which took them to

Annapolis, where a small force of federal troops was assembled under the command of Maj.-Gen. Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts. Introducing myself to the guard as an officer of the Government on my way to Washington, I was at once admitted to the presence of the General at his headquarters. I found him clothed in a gorgeous militia uniform adorned with rich gold embroidery. His rotund form, his squinting eye, and the peculiar puff of his cheeks made him look a little grotesque. Only a person much more devoid of a sense of humor than I could have failed to notice that General Butler thoroughly enjoyed his position of power, which, of course, was new to him, and that he keenly appreciated its theatrical possibilities. He received me with great courtesy and assured me at once that he would see me safely to my destination. He said that he was just engaged in reopening the railroad line from Annapolis to Annapolis Junction on the road connecting Baltimore with Washington, and that the first train would be started before nightfall; that I would be welcome to travel on that train; and that, until the time of my departure, all the conveniences of his headquarters would be at my disposal. While we were conversing, officers entered from time to time to make reports or to ask for orders. Nothing could have been more striking than the air of high authority with which the General received them, and the tone of curt peremptoriness peculiar to the military commander of the stage, with which he expressed his satisfaction or discontent and gave his instructions. And after every such scene he looked around with a sort of triumphant gaze, as if to assure himself that the bystanders were duly impressed. But he did expedite business, and no doubt he got over his theatrical fancies as the novelty of the situation wore off.

Before dark the train was ready to start. One of General Butler's staff-officers told me a little story which will bear repeating, as it illustrates the character of our volunteer regiments. When our troops took possession of Annapolis, there was but one locomotive in the railroad shop, and that locomotive had been partly taken to pieces by the "rebel sympathizers" of the place, in order to make it unfit for use. A volunteer regiment was drawn up in line, and men who thought themselves able to repair a locomotive were called for. A dozen or more privates stepped forward, and one of them exclaimed: "Why, that locomotive was built in my shop!" In a short time the locomotive was again in working order.

The General had sent a detachment of infantry ahead of the train to guard the track and to scour the woods between Annapolis and Annapolis Junction. We proceeded only at a snail's pace, and it was past midnight when we reached the Junction. There we found Col. Ambrose Burnside with his Rhode Island regiment encamped in a grove of tall trees. The camp-fires were still burning brightly, the soldiers, wrapped in red blankets, lying around them in picturesque groups. Colonel Burnside, the very image of soldierly beauty, was still up and doing, and received us with his peculiar heartiness. Young Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, also in military attire, with a waving yellow plume on his black felt hat, was also on the ground. He would not remain behind when his people went to the front. This Rhode Island regiment was noted as one that had a remarkable number of millionaires in its ranks.

Soon after sunrise we had a train for Washington under way, filled with soldiers and a few civilian passengers. I walked into the city while the soldiers were getting into line at the station. The streets, which a few weeks ago I had seen filled with a lively multitude, now looked deserted and gloomy. Of the few persons I met on the sidewalk, some stared at me with a scowl on their brows, as if asking me: "What do you want here?" I was afterwards told that when the first troops, that had meanwhile arrived, marched into town, they were received by the inhabitants with jeers and curses and insulting epithets from doors and windows, the resident population of Washington largely sympathizing with the Secessionists.

Lincoln's Fear for Washington

As soon as possible I reported myself to Mr. Lincoln at the White House. He seemed surprised but glad to see me. I told him why I had come, and he approved. In his quaint way he described to me the anxieties he had passed through since the rebel attack on Fort Sumter and before the first Northern troops reached Washington. He told me of an incident characteristic of the situation, which I wish I could repeat in his own language. I can give only the substance. One afternoon, after he had issued his call for

troops, he sat alone in his room, and a feeling came over him as if he were utterly deserted and helpless. He thought any moderately strong body of Secessionist troops, if there were any in the neighborhood, might come over the "long bridge" across the Potomac, and just take him and the members of the Cabinet — the whole lot of them. Then he suddenly heard a sound like the boom of a cannon. "There they are!" he said to himself. He expected every moment that somebody would rush in with the report of an attack. But the White House attendants, whom he interrogated, had heard nothing. Nobody came, and all remained still. Then he thought he would look after the thing himself. So he walked out, and walked and walked until he got to the Arsenal. There he found the doors all open, and not a soul to guard them. Anybody might have gone in and helped himself to the arms. There was perfect solitude and stillness all around. Then he walked back to the White House without noticing the slightest sign of disturbance. He met a few persons on the way, some of whom he asked whether they had not heard something like the boom of a cannon. Nobody had heard anything, and so he supposed it must have been a freak of his imagination. It is probable that at least a guard was sent to the Arsenal that evening. The confusion of those days must have been somewhat like that prevailing at the time of the capture of Washington in the War of 1812.

In the course of our conversation I opened my heart to Mr. Lincoln about my troubles of conscience. I told him that since recent events had made certain a warlike conflict with the seceding states, it was much against my feelings to go to Spain as minister and to spend my days in the ease and luxury of a diplomatic position, while the young men of the North were exposing their lives in the field, in defense of the life of the Republic; that having helped, as a public speaker, to bring about the present condition of things, I thought I would rather bear my share of the consequences; that I had seen some little field service in the revolutionary conflicts of my native country, and had ever since made military matters a favorite subject of study; and that I should be glad to resign my mission to Spain and at once join the volunteer army.

Mr. Lincoln listened to me with attention and evident sympathy. Then, after a moment of silence, he said that he fully understood and appreciated my feelings, but that he would not advise me to give up the Spanish mission. He thought that this diplomatic position might eventually offer me a greater field of usefulness. The war might be over very soon. Many people whose opinions were entitled to respect thought so. Mr. Seward was speaking of sixty or ninety days. He himself was not at all as sanguine as that, but he might be wrong. However, in a few weeks, we should, as to that point, see more clearly. He did not know whether it was necessary that I should start for Spain immediately. I might see Seward about that. He could probably arrange everything so as to enable me to delay my departure for at least a month or two. Accordingly, I called upon Mr. Seward and told him of my conversation with the President. Mr. Seward was very complaisant. He thought that Mr. Horatio Perry, a very able and patriotic gentleman who had formerly been connected with our mission to Spain, and who, with my hearty concurrence, had recently been appointed secretary of legation and was already on the ground, might temporarily act as chargé d'affaires until my arrival at Madrid, and that, therefore, I need not hurry.

Schurz's Plan for a Cavalry Force

I then laid before Mr. Lincoln a plan I had formed, as follows: In the impending war an efficient cavalry force would undoubtedly be needed. The formation and drilling of cavalry troops composed of raw material would require much time. But I was confident that there were in the City of New York and its vicinity many hundreds of able-bodied immigrants from Germany, who had served in German cavalry regiments and who had only to be armed and put upon horses to make cavalrymen immediately fit for active service. There were also, to command them, a sufficient number of experienced cavalry officers trained in the Prussian or some other German army. I thought that I, being somewhat known among the German-born citizens of the country, was a suitable person to organize such a regiment if the Government gave me proper authority. Mr. Lincoln was very much pleased with my project and sent me at once to Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, to discuss with him the necessary arrangements. Mr. Cameron was also very

much pleased, but thought it necessary that I should submit the matter to General Scott, the commanding general of the army, before final action was taken.

I had never seen General Scott, but had heard him described as a somewhat pompous old gentleman, not inclined to tolerate opinions on military matters in any way differing from his own. Looking forward to an interview with him on such a subject with some misgiving, I asked Mr. Cameron for a letter of introduction setting forth as strongly as possible my claim to kind attention, so that the General might not at once put me down as a mere intruder seeking a favor for himself. Thus armed, I approached the General, who, after having read my letter, invited me to take a chair. But when I explained my scheme to him, his face assumed a look of stern and somewhat impatient authority. His question whether I had any practical experience in the organizing and drilling of mounted troops was of ill-omen. When I had confessed that I had no such experience, he replied that he had concluded so from my proposition. If we were to have any war at all, he added, it would be a short one. It would be over long before any volunteer cavalry troops could be made fit for active service in the field. Moreover, the theater of that war would be Virginia, and the surface of Virginia was so cut up with fences and other obstructions as to make operations with large bodies of cavalry impracticable. The regular dragoons he had were quite sufficient for all needs.

I saw, of course, the utter uselessness of any attempt I might make to argue the matter further with such an authority. When I reported my conversation with General Scott to Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Cameron, they both agreed that the old gentleman was taking too narrow a view of present exigencies. I promptly received the desired authority for raising the regiment and departed for the City of New York. . . .

Ordered to Spain

There I found that many of the German cavalrymen I had counted upon had already enlisted in the infantry regiments then forming. But there were enough of them left to enable me to organize several companies in a very short time, and I should certainly have completed my regiment in season for the summer campaign, had I not been cut short in my work by another call from the Government. I received a letter from the Secretary of State informing me that circumstances had rendered my departure for my place at Madrid eminently desirable, and that he wished me to report myself to him at Washington as soon as possible. This was a hard blow. But hard as it was, I had to obey. I took it as a just punishment for ever having yielded to the vain thought of appearing in Europe as an American minister plenipotentiary. I promptly secured the transfer of my recruiting authority to Colonel McReynolds of Michigan and left New York for Washington. My regiment was fully organized by my successor before the lapse of many weeks and won an excellent reputation in the field as the First New York volunteer cavalry regiment, commonly called the "Lincoln Cavalry." The fences and other obstructions on the surface of Virginia did not prevent it from rendering good service.

Having reported myself to Mr. Seward, I was informed by him that, while Mr. Perry, the secretary of legation at Madrid, had, as chargé d'affaires, done the business of the office quite satisfactorily, and he could not too strongly recommend him to my confidence, the presence of a minister of full rank was now needed near the Spanish Court. . . .

Sumner's Misgivings Regarding Lincoln

The question was frequently asked at this time, in that atmosphere of discontentment, whether Abraham Lincoln was really the man to cope with a situation bristling with problems so perplexing. This question nobody then seemed ready to answer. Those who visited the White House — and the White House appeared to be open to whomsoever wished to enter — saw there a man of unconventional manners, who, without the slightest effort to put on dignity, treated all men alike, much like old neighbors; whose speech had not seldom a rustic flavor about it, who always seemed to have time for a homely talk and never to be in a hurry to press business, and who occasionally spoke about important affairs of State with the same nonchalance — I might almost say, irreverence — with which he might have discussed an every-day law case in his office at Springfield, Illinois. People were puzzled. Some interesting stories circulated about Lincoln's wit, his quaint sayings, and also

about his kindness of heart and the sympathetic loveliness of his character; but as to his qualities as a statesman, serious people, who did not intimately know him, were inclined to reserve their judgment.

I had the good fortune of coming nearer to Charles Sumner in these days. Since the members from the seceding states had left the United States Senate, the Republicans commanded a majority in that body, and Sumner was by common consent made chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, a position for which he was unquestionably by far the fittest man among his colleagues. He knew Europe and followed with intelligent understanding the political developments of the Old World. He showed a kind interest in my own experiences and observations, and we had frequent conversations about kindred subjects. He found that he could speak to me on such things with a feeling that, having had some European experience myself, I would more easily understand him than most of those with whom he had intercourse; and thus a certain confidentiality grew up between us, which, in the course of time, was to ripen into genuine friendship.

Sumner had never seen Lincoln before he arrived in Washington. The conditions under which Lincoln had risen into prominence in the West were foreign to Sumner's experience — perhaps even to his imagination. When he met Lincoln for the first time, he was greatly amazed and puzzled by what he saw and heard. He confessed as much as this to me. Lincoln was utterly unlike Sumner's ideal of a statesman. The refined New Englander, who, after having enjoyed a thorough classical education, had seen much of the great world at home and abroad and conceived an exalted idea of the dignity of an American senator and of a president of the great American Republic, could hardly understand this Western product of American democracy in the original shape. In the conversations he had with the President, he indeed noticed now and then flashes of thought and bursts of illuminating expression which struck him as extraordinary, although, being absolutely without any sense of humor, he often lost Lincoln's keenest points. But on the whole he could not get rid of his misgivings as to how this seemingly untutored child of nature would master the tremendous task before him. He had, indeed, by Mr. Lincoln's occasional utterances, been confirmed in his belief that the President was a deeply convinced and faithful anti-slavery man; and since the destruction of slavery was uppermost in Sumner's mind, as the greatest object to be accomplished, he found comfort in that assurance.

But he was much troubled by what he called the slow working of Mr. Lincoln's mind and his deplorable hesitancy in attacking the vital question. He profoundly distrusted Seward on account of his compromising attitude at the critical period between the election and Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and also because of the mysterious, delphic utterances Mr. Seward now occasionally gave forth. But he had great faith in Chase, whose anti-slavery principles he regarded as above all temptation, and whose influence with the President, he hoped, would neutralize Seward's.

But Chase, as I concluded from conversations I had with him, was not in a state of mind that would make easy the establishment of confidential relations between him and Lincoln. He did not give his disappointment as a defeated aspirant to the presidency so vehement an expression as Seward did, but he felt it no less keenly. Neither did he venture upon so drastic a demonstration of his underestimate of Lincoln's character and ability as Seward had done. But I doubt whether his opinion of the President was much higher than Seward's had been, before Lincoln's gentle but decisive victory over him. I concluded this, not from what Chase said, but rather from what he did not say when the conversation turned upon the President. This feeling only intensified Chase's natural reserve of manner, and, as became evident in the course of time, the relations between Chase and Lincoln always remained such as will exist between two men who, in their official intercourse, do not personally come near to each other and are not warmed into confidential heartiness.

Lincoln's Anxiety over Foreign Relations

When I called upon Mr. Lincoln to take leave, he received me with the old cordiality and expressed his sincere regret that, after all, I had to go away before this cruel war was over; but, as Seward wanted it, I must go, of course, and he hoped it would all be for the best. We had some conversation about the state of affairs which had developed since I had seen him last. He expressed the

intensest gratification at the enthusiastic popular response to his call for volunteers, and at the patriotic attitude taken by so many leading Democrats. He warmly praised the patriotic action of the Germans of St. Louis in the taking of Camp Jackson. The criticism to which the Administration was being subjected affected him keenly, but did not irritate him against those who made it. He always allowed that those who differed from us might be as honest as we were. He thought if the Administration had so far "stumbled along," as was said, it had, on the whole, "stumbled along in the right direction." But he expressed great anxiety as to the attitude of foreign countries, especially England and France, with regard to our troubles, and this anxiety was much increased by the British Queen's proclamation of neutrality, the news of which had recently arrived. He gave me to understand that he deplored having given a little attention to foreign affairs and being so dependent upon other people's judgment, and that he felt the necessity of studying up on the subject as much as his opportunities permitted him. I did not know then that only a short time before he had found himself obliged very seriously to mitigate one of Mr. Seward's despatches to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, our minister in England, in order to avoid complications that might have become very grave. Mr. Lincoln did not disparage any of these matters, but he said that he wanted me when in Europe to watch public sentiment there as closely as possible, and he added: "Remember now, when you are afraid that whenever anything occurs to you that you want to tell me personally, or that you think I ought to know, you are to write me directly. I do not anticipate even now such a thing as a difficulty

[illegible]

Before parting I told him I thought that I had a German acquaintance who would be in Washington, Mr. Henry Meyer, a young merchant from Hamburg and an ardent friend of this country, who would be proud to pay his respects to the President. Might I bring him for a moment?

"Certainly," said Mr. Lincoln, "bring him to-morrow about lunch time and lunch with me. I guess Mary (Mrs. Lincoln) will have something for us to eat." Accordingly, the next day I brought my brother-in-law, who was greatly astonished at this unexpected invitation to lunch with the President and much troubled about the etiquette to be observed. I found it difficult to quiet him with the assurance that in this case there was no etiquette at all. But he was still more astonished when Mr. Lincoln, instead of waiting for a ceremonious bow, shook him by the hand like an old acquaintance and said in his hearty way that he was glad to see the brother-in-law of "this young man here," and that he hoped the Americans treated him well. Mrs. Lincoln,—"Mary," as the President again called her,—was absent, being otherwise engaged, and there were no other guests. So we had Mr. Lincoln at the table all to ourselves. He seemed to be in excellent spirits, asked many questions about Hamburg which my brother-in-law, who spoke English fluently, answered in an entertaining manner, and Mr. Lincoln found several occasions for inserting funny stories, at which he not only was but he himself, too, laughed most heartily. As we left the White House, my companion could hardly find words to express his puzzled admiration of the man who, coming from the bottom of the social ladder to one of the most exalted stations in the world, had remained so perfectly natural and so absolutely unconscious of how he appeared to others,—a man to whom it did not for a single moment occur that a mere change in his position might put on a certain dignity to be always maintained, but who gave himself out with such genial openness and frankness that one could not [illegible] him [illegible] than he was.

[illegible] was afloat in my way to St.

[illegible] EXPERIENCES IN [illegible] IN THE CIVIL WAR

From a negative by Brady now in the possession of F. H. Meserve.

CARL SCHURZ IN 1861

At this time President Lincoln appointed Mr. Schurz to be United States Minister to Spain

"'GEDDOUT O' MY WAY,' ORDERED THE 'LEADER' IMPERIOUSLY"

OVER MONAHAN'S

BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

I

AS Hannah Wexsmith reached the top of the long flight of stairs which rose precipitously from the dark little lobby behind the street door to the ink-black hallway above, a door near the head of the stairs opened, and a woman with a fretting baby in her arms asked:

"Did ye get an evenin' paper?"

"Yes, you kin look at it while I'm lightin' the hall lamp."

The hall, which ran almost the entire length of the single floor above the grocery and had a bewildering number of exactly similar doors opening into it on one side, was as black at noon as at midnight; but custom decreed that the small glass lamp in its bracket at the head of the stairs should be lighted about six each evening by the tenant of the front rooms, and that the feeble beacon should glimmer until it expired, somewhere in those wee, small hours when the last stumbling step had, supposably, reached the door of its destination. Hannah Wexsmith had been the keeper of the light for fifteen years and had never once failed in her duty; no guardian of a great coast-beacon ever held his office more responsibly.

Before attending to the hall light to-night, however, she lit the lamp in her windowless kitchen, so that Mrs. Gooch could look at the evening paper. There was pardonable diplomacy in this, for it would have been too much to ask of human nature to let Mrs. Gooch carry that precious penny paper into her own domain, whence it would never have issued again until it had been read through — murders, strikes, jokes, recipes, evening story, and all — all but editorials and diplomatic news and other inexplicable cumberings.

Mamie Gooch's concern with the paper to-night, however, was specific; she looked to it, not, as usual, to break the monotony of a long, fretful day, but for assurance that the morrow would not be a day of sharp anxiety compared to which tedium would be heaven. Still with the baby in the crook of one arm, she stood beneath Hannah Wexsmith's light and scanned the strike news eagerly.

"My God!" she cried presently, "Floyd & Frazer's men are ordered out." She dropped the paper and covered her eyes with her free hand.

"I knew it would come," she moaned; "an' us with sickness all winter, an' behindhand with everything. He told me this mornin' he was afraid it would come; an' 'God help us if it does,' he says, 'but I got to stand by the union, whatever happens.'"

"The unions is all the poor men has," ventured Hannah. "You wouldn't have him leave it, would you?"

"No," feebly, "I don't s'pose I would, but it's awful hard, this goin' out when he has a good place, an' nothin' agin the bosses, an' nothin' to gain if his side wins."

"You ought to be proud that you're the wife of a man that's willin' to make sacrifices for his fellows. Slosson says that's the great thing about unions, they show how all lab'ring men has one cause, he says."

"Well, I'd be willin' fer him to make sacrifices out o' sympathy fer the garment-workers if we had anythin' to sacrifice; but we ain't, we got all we can do to get along an' catch up with what we're owin', at best. An' this means no money comin' in for dear knows how long, an' prob'ly his job lost, an' maybe him hurt an' laid up, if all the papers say about riots is true."

"Slosson says the papers lie awful about the strikes; they're all fer the rich men, he says."

"That may be," angrily, "but it's the likes of Slosson that begins all the trouble.

He ain't got nobody dependin' on him, an' nothin' to do with his money but drink it up, an' it's nothin' to him but a picnic to go on a strike; he can make you wait fer his rent money, an' the union'll give him enough to buy his drinks. No wonder he can talk loud in favor of going out to help the garment-workers. No wonder he can shout, 'Let's strike'; an' get my man, that's home that very minute, mindin' the sick baby so I can finish my ironin', out of his good job that he likes an' is satisfied with!"

Hannah stiffened offendedly when her lodger was accused, and Mrs. Gooch took herself off to her own kitchen, moving wearily, the baby still fretting miserably in her arms.

Hannah lit the tiny oil-stove and put her kettle on; her supper was to be a light one, consisting of a cup of tea, without milk, and a thing called a "rusk," purchasable for a penny and eatable without butter; but she spread one-half of her table neatly, with one of her red-and-white checked table-covers folded double, laid primly out her cup and saucer and plate, knife and fork and spoon, and in the center of the cloth set the red glass salt-cellar and blue glass pepper-shaker that were the pride of her heart. Hannah always set them forth whether she needed them or not, just as to-night she supplied her place with the pathetically unnecessary knife and fork.

While her tea was brewing (Hannah liked a strong infusion, and when one had to be so sparing of leaves, the only alternative was to be generous of boiling), she read her paper, striving, in her own slow, indecisive way, to grasp the movements of the day's battles, but mainly intent on finding in print some account of those stupendous services which Slosson was, by his own admission, rendering the teamsters' cause.

The newspaper reports were most confusing, though; she could make little out of them and nowhere could she find reference to Slosson. "The rich men won't let the papers tell about him," she reflected.

Then as if that she might not lack understanding of the war that was being waged between labor and capital, there was a heavy step on the stairs; it was Gooch's, and there was distress as well as weariness in the leaden shuffle of his feet. She heard their kitchen door open, and Mamie Gooch exclaim, "Is it true?" Then there was a sharp expression of despair, audible above the baby's crying, and the door closed.

Hannah felt sorry for the Gooches; he had been "laid up" for six weeks in the winter with inflammatory rheumatism; their little five-year-old boy had come out of the measles with some eye-trouble that threatened the loss of his sight, and they had been doctoring him for months; and in the thick of their troubles this ailing, fretting baby had been born. It was "awful hard," Hannah reflected, for Gooch to be told he couldn't work because his employers had allowed their wagons to deliver goods to boycotted firms; "awful hard" to be told he couldn't work, and that he'd be shot if he did. And Slosson was a picket; he had explained to her all about that, and how it was owing largely to his terrible prowess and sleepless activities that the glorious strike went on. Suppose Slosson should kill Gooch! The struggle was narrowed down, in her mind, to these two men who worked at the same calling and dwelt side by side on the single floor above Monahan's grocery. Staggered by the possibilities, which to her were probabilities, she cleared away after her frugal meal and went down-stairs to her station on the step in the shadow of Monahan's sidewalk display.

It had been raining, and the sidewalk was sloppy, but Hannah felt that she could not endure her agitating thoughts in the loneliness of her tomb-like kitchen, while as for going into either of her front rooms, sacred to "the lodgers," and watching from their windows, shrouded in starched Nottingham, the rush of traffic on Blue Island Avenue, such a wild, irresponsible idea could never have occurred to her. Although the small room was untenanted just now, and Slosson would certainly not return to his before midnight, she would no more have gone into either to sit than she would have gone into rooms she had been forbidden.

Those two rooms were her sole source of income. The rent of her flat, including those rooms, the tomb-like kitchen, and a stifling closet where her cot-bed stood, was ten dollars a month, and the revenue from the big and little front rooms, when they were continuously tenanted and the pay was not "behind-hand," was eighteen dollars. On the difference between her fixed and unpostponable obligation to her landlord, and her lodgers' variable and much-deferred obligations to her, she managed to live, somehow, and to keep aloof from the evidence of poverty. Just now, the small room being vacant, and Slosson on a strike, the problem of the

"'AN' THERE I SET AN' WAITED TO SEE HIS NIBS UNTIL TWELVE O'CLOCK'"

future, as it concerned her rent and her occasional "rusk," was terrible enough, without this other element of fear about Slosson and Gooch.

About eight o'clock Gooch crowded past her on her narrow step, bought a paper of a boy on the corner, and boarded a car for downtown, making Hannah frightfully anxious, as she anticipated an immediate encounter with Slosson, who had told her how terrible were his righteous ways with the faint of heart and the backsliding.

But Gooch, if he was faint of heart, was not going against his union yet, though his spirit was heavy because he could not yield to his union's demands with a better grace. Nothing could shake his earnest conviction that the union was the workingman's only hope; and though he doubted the justice of this particular conflict and could not doubt, as he would have liked to doubt, the charges of foul play that were being laid on the labor leaders, there never was any possible course for him but that which his union dictated. It was hard, God knew; but when was war ever easy? And what cause, of all that men had ever fought for, could have been so near and dear to the men who fought and the women and children who starved and suffered, as this great cause the unions stood for? It was hard to leave Mamie crying; to think, as he must think, of the harassing weeks to come. But what would you? This was war!

The paper Gooch bought was full of the lawlessness of the strikers, picturing them as bloodthirsty miscreants seeking to inaugurate a reign of terror, and with a gesture of angry disgust he threw it on the floor of the car and trampled it under foot.

Downtown, he drifted restlessly from one spot where the conflict came to issue, to another. At the mouth of an alley wherein were the shipping platforms of a big mercantile house, Gooch saw Slosson, who told him it was believed this house meant to move a lot of goods, with non-union niggers driving, that night.

"I'm onto them," laughed Slosson, between puffs of a big, bad cigar. "I'd like to see a wagon leave this alley to-night."

There were a dozen other pickets nearby, and across the street as many police lounged and waited, a patrol wagon standing ready for emergency.

Gooch turned away from his neighbor in disgust.

"Acts as if the whole thing was on his shoulders," he muttered to an acquaintance he had picked up in the course of his drifting; "an' it's fellers like him, with their cheap talk and no responsibilities, that has got hundreds of us that's anxious to work into all this trouble. It's not the unions that's wrong, it's men like Slosson who get control of the unions. They'll bring us a bad name with the public, with their loud talk an' their high-handedness. An' by drivin' us into fights we can't win, they'll get us the reputation of losin', an' that's a bad thing for any man or lot of men to have. Yes, sir; men like Slosson is killin' the unions, an' we're standin' around helpless an' not figurin' at all!"

Gooch found no lack of sympathizers in this view. Men he stopped to talk with in the streets, men he got into conversation with in one or two saloons into which he dropped for a glass of beer, echoed his sentiments. "From the d — newspapers," he told one man he met, "you'd think every teamster that's out was so crazy to strike, they couldn't be held back, but you know, an' I know, that there's more strikin' against their will than otherwise. On'y we're keepin' still, out o' loyalty to our union, an' nothin' 's said about us, an' the other fellers is throwin' rocks an' gettin' into the papers."

It happened that the chance acquaintance to whom Gooch had confided his opinion of Slosson had a misguided zeal for the cause, or a sneak's desire to seem zealous at small cost, and felt constrained to tell Slosson what his neighbor had said, with a suggestion that Gooch might need watching.

Slosson gratefully bought the man three drinks, as reward for this information, so valuable to "the leaders of this here fight —" meaning Slosson, who had rewarded so many faithful that day, always courteously drinking with them, of course, that by this time he began to seem, himself, the only leader worth considering.

Gooch was up, heating water to soothe the baby's colic, when Slosson came staggering up the stairs, knocking his feet noisily on every step and cursing loudly at the darkness.

"It's nothin' to him," reflected Gooch bitterly, as he heard the door of Hannah's front room slam, "that my kid's sick, an' I dassent spend a cent fer medicine."

II

It was the twelfth week of the teamsters' strike, and the ninth of idleness for Floyd

& Fraser's men, and acute distress reigned on the floor above Monahan's grocery. The Gooches had kept soul and body together on the pittance doled out from the union fund, though it sufficed neither for rent nor shoes nor medicine. But Hannah Wexsmith was in despair; she had succeeded in renting her small room for a dollar and a half a week, but Slosson was now some twenty-odd dollars "behind-hand," two months' rent was overdue, and "rusk" for luncheon was no longer to be thought of; she could not even afford to buy an evening paper. Evicting Slosson had never occurred to Hannah. Had he not been lodging with her for eight years, ever since Wexsmith died? Small use to argue that she might do better with her swell front room, with its trailing starched Nottingham, its "enlargements" of Wexsmith and herself, its folding-bed disguised as a tin mantle, and its two patent rockers. She had small cause to love Slosson, but she was accustomed to him, and Hannah shrank from nothing so much as from change.

"You could sell that for more than enough to pay your rent," the landlord's collector had said, nodding at an old kitchen dresser which had come with Wexsmith's mother from overseas and was, though Hannah did not dream it, a handsome and valuable bit of antique.

Astonished, hurt, she looked at the dresser and shook her head. She would do almost anything to pay the rent; but, "Where would I keep my cups?" she said.

No more could she conceive her widowed, self-supporting life without Slosson; so Slosson stayed, and more and more hours out of each day Hannah sat in the big Jesuit church around the corner and prayed that the Mother of God would help her pay the rent; she never obtruded upon Heaven the inconsiderable fact that she was hungry.

As the strike dragged its weary length along, looking every day more and more hopeless for the teamsters,—ugly tales of "graft" filling the prints and the air meanwhile,—the fund available for strikers' maintenance grew more and more tragically inadequate to keep hunger and eviction writs at bay. Sympathizing members of other unions were faithfully paying their weekly tithes into the treasury of the distressed, but there was a hitch somewhere. The rumors about the dissipation and extravagance of the leaders might or might not be true, but the loan sharks and pawnbrokers were waxing rich, the number of children clamoring for employment, of women besieging sweat-shops for work, had become terrible.

After two weeks Gooch's dole had been cut down from seven dollars to five; now, for a fortnight, none at all had been paid. Some one hanging about union headquarters on the same errand as himself had reported to Gooch, when he tried in vain to collect his due, that Slosson had been instrumental in cutting it off. "He says there's little enough for the faithful, without givin' any to them that's no love fer the union," the man said.

"Love fer the union!" cried Gooch. "My God! If I ain't got it, I'd like to know what's keepin' me from killin' that Slosson any day? This strike's nothin' but a long picnic to him: he ain't payin' no rent to his poor, starvin' little landlady, and the union's keepin' him in drinks an' free lunches, an' he's got no work to do — no wonder he can talk big and jeer at me because I want to go back to work. I'd 'a' killed him long ago, if it wasn't fer bringin' a bad name on my union an' our fight."

Lean, haggard, heavy-hearted, Gooch dragged himself home to tell Mamie of his non-success and consult with her as to what extreme measure they might take to get a little food. Almost the worst of their situation was that their slender household furnishings had been signed away, during his long illness in the winter, on a chattel mortgage which the benevolent holder was threatening daily to foreclose.

Gooch's mind, like poor Hannah's, had traveled over and over and over, so many weary times, the little round of possibilities, that the process had finally become mechanical, defeating its own ends. Dazed, unable to think, he climbed the stairs. It was supper-time, and it took all the man's courage to enter his home empty-handed.

The kitchen was dark, dark as a pocket, though the great towers of the Jesuit church were outlined against a gorgeous sunset as he came by, and it would be two hours yet ere the summer day was done.

"Mamie must have gone out," he said to himself, remembering bitterly that they had had no oil for a week and that the last of their candles was all but gone. "Perhaps they're in Mrs. Wexsmith's." But they weren't. Mrs. Wexsmith had no light, either, and was sitting by her open kitchen door, that the feeble beacon in the hall,

"AT FIVE O'CLOCK SHE WAS IN THE CHURCH ENTREATING CONFESSION"

which the landlord supplied, might mitigate her gloom.

Yes, she had heard Mrs. Gooch go out with the two children an hour ago, but she didn't speak, and Hannah had no idea where they might have gone. For a few minutes Gooch sat talking with his neighbor, then went back to his own rooms. An almost overmastering impulse to flee them and seek refuge anywhere came to him, but he had never learned to shirk responsibility. Mamie and the kids would be coming home soon to a dark, supperless house; at least he would be there when they came; perhaps, together, he and Mamie might devise something to be done.

An hour passed, — two; grown very nervous, Gooch got up and "borrowed" the hall-light while he hunted for the bit of candle left from last night. As he hunted, his eye fell upon a bit of paper:

I have taken the children and gone.

MAMIE.

Gone! Where? Crazed, he thought of the river, of the lake, tried to think of other places whither the maddened betook themselves; but his brain refused to serve him. Habit, the habit of careful years, made him set the lighted lamp back in its socket; then he stumbled, like a mortally-stricken thing seeking a quiet place to die, into his black kitchen and shut the door.

The sense of time was lost to him; how long he sat, he could not know. But the weakness of long hunger kept him dulled, if it kept him inactive, and his sufferings were not poignant; he hadn't strength for poignancy.

He didn't hear Hannah come in from church, where the lights were few but free and sufficient for prayer. He didn't hear the lodger of the little room come home. But at some time before the hall-light had flickered out, he heard on the stairs the staggering, stumbling step of Slosson. As if he had been listening for it — perhaps he had, he wasn't conscious as to that — Gooch got up and opened his door. As Slosson neared the top, he raised his eyes and saw Gooch, the sickly ray from the hall light, with its worn reflector, falling full on the white face of a madman.

"Geddout o' my way," ordered the "leader" imperiously, balancing himself with difficulty and making nice calculations for the top step.

For answer, an arm shot out, and a heavy fist landed accurately beneath Slosson's chin. There was a cry, a succession of bumps, then silence.

Hannah Wexsmith's door opened, and she stood framed in it, a grotesque little figure in a coarse, skimp nightgown buttoned at the throat with a big white china button, her crimping pins looking like horns standing up from her head; only the last lengths of terror could have driven Hannah Wexsmith so attired into the view of any human creature.

Gooch looked, in the wan light, the most startled of the three persons present; Slosson's fellow-lodger seemed rather annoyed by the disturbance than concerned with its outcome. It never occurred either to him or to Hannah that Gooch had more to do with the tragedy than they themselves. Hannah had lost uncounted hours' sleep in the expectation that Slosson would tumble down those stairs and be killed.

Hurriedly she lit a candle in Slosson's room (he never needed more, and it was all she could do to provide oil for the lodger who paid and demanded) and commanded the tin mantle to become a bed, whereon the limp form that Gooch and the lodger were carrying upstairs might be laid.

There was a doctor at the corner, and it was but a few minutes until he was there, pronouncing the injuries to include a broken arm and a skull fracture, probably fatal.

"Fell, I suppose?" interrogated the doctor perfunctorily. Slosson's intoxication was so evident that there seemed but one way for him to have come by this accident.

"Yes," assented Hannah, adding, as if in sufficient extenuation, "he've had th' failin' these many years, an' I'm expectin' him to do this ever since he come to rent of me."

Gooch, still only half comprehending what was going on, sat in one of Hannah's patent rockers, his head in his hands; the doctor thought him drunk, too.

"Was he," nodding toward Gooch, "with him?"

"No, oh, no! he lives in the rear." Then, it suddenly occurring to her, "Mis' Gooch got home all right, didn't she, Mr. Gooch?"

Gooch lifted his haggard face and shook his head in a despairing negative.

"Fer the love of mercy!" cried Hannah, forgetting Slosson for the moment.

The doctor was writing something which would doubtless be needed in a death certificate, when there was a sound of the street-door opening and of stumbling steps on the pitch-black stairway. The hall light had

gone out, and Hannah excitedly unmindful yet of her strange attire seized the candle and hurried to the head of the stairs.

Gooch was close behind her, his mind which had not grasped the significance of anything since Mamie's cries suddenly alert again and full of terror. The glimmer of the candle faintly revealed Mamie struggling at the stairs, the baby in one arm and the other hand directing the uncertain steps of little Clarence, pale-faced with sleep.

"Mis' Gooch," cried Hannah, the feeble header quivering in her hand, "is Gooch home where you be?"

"Come here with that light," cried the doctor impatiently, "and stop the noise. Dirty dark and these people who acted as strangers."

"Where's your pappy?" he demanded of Hannah when she returned with the candle.

The lodger produced his watch and the doctor ordered them back to bed. He made his way downstairs to telephone for an ambulance.

"Then go back and sit with him. I come," he said and was off, stumbling over the mat and knocking in the air.

By the light of his departing they made their way into their own dark kitchen and when Hannah followed them with Sunset's candle she found Gooch sobbing violently his head on Mamie's shoulder. The baby was still in the crook of that outstretching arm and little Clarence had stretched his utterly fagged little body on the floor. Mamie meanwhile was explaining.

"When we went," Clarence was crying for his supper, she said, "I knew there wouldn't be none for him, so the baby was pretty [illegible] was all worn out [illegible] — night [illegible] the [illegible] some [illegible] for [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] be [illegible] at [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the force of habit or lack of initiative to go elsewhere brought Slosson back and back to that best room for eight years; so far as the anchorage of possessions was concerned, any room in Chicago was as much his home.

No, he had never been married that she knew of, Hannah told the ambulance attendant who interrogated her, pencil and entrance blank in hand. He had a brother, she believed, living in or near Three Oaks, Michigan; that was the only relative she had ever heard of. And he belonged to the Teamsters' Union, — to the Wholesale Delivery branch,— and they would pay for his care or his burying. His age was forty-four, and he had "the failin'," and he had — here Hannah crossed herself, but was unable to exorcise visions of her soul in everlasting torment,— fallen down-stairs while drunk, as she had always feared he would.

When the ambulance had gone, Hannah tiptoed out of the room as respectfully as if it were still Slosson's, and betook herself and the remnant of candle to the stifling, unventilated closet where she had her bed.

It was a hot, muggy night at the end of June, and no cool of approaching dawn had found its way to Blue Island Avenue. But it was not the heat Hannah minded, as she sank on her knees to pray; it was not her old, familiar perplexity about the rent. It was a new terror, and such as drove her almost mad to contemplate.

Morning found her still on her knees, stiff with cramp and fatigue, but praying, praying; and ever the words of Gooch rang like a knell in her ears: "Good God, Mamie, then I'm a murderer!" A murderer! And she had lied to shield him!

At five o'clock she was in the church entreating confession, startling the stolid German priest with her anguished countenance and manner of great guilt.

At six o'clock she climbed the stairs again. Part of the confessor's advice had been: "Go home and make yourself a good stiff cup of black coffee; you're so weak you can't think. Then you must see if your neighbor won't confess his crime. If he does, it isn't likely he'll get much punishment from any court — not in the circumstances — even if the man dies. But if he doesn't confess and take what's coming to him, your neighbor'll be a wretched man to the day of his death. Try to make him tell; it'll be better for him to tell than for you to tell on him. But if he won't tell, and there's an inquest or examination, you must tell what you heard this man say."

Hannah was unable to obey about the coffee, but she had a little tea and made herself as strong a cup of this as she could. While she was drinking it, she heard the Gooches stirring in their kitchen. A few moments later their door opened. The sickening sound of sobbing came to Hannah, mingled with the crying of children. Then Gooch went down-stairs, and the street door closed behind him, while Mamie, with a wild cry of despair, came and threw herself into Hannah's arms.

The night shift at Maxwell Street Station was yawning through the last tedious hours of duty when Gooch walked up to the desk and announced in a quiet, determined voice:

"I've murdered a man."

The sergeant looked up, interested; no mere tale of theft or assault, this, or story of some one missing; this was "real business."

Gooch needed little questioning to draw forth his story, which he told with evident straightforwardness and no attempt at extenuation.

There had been "bad blood" between him and Slosson since the beginning of the strike, he explained, and then when he heard that Slosson had kept him from getting his weekly dole and said he was unfaithful to the union, and the children cried for food, Gooch knew he "was going to hurt" Slosson. Finally, Mamie took the kids and left; that was the last straw. "I thought she had drowned herself, or something like that, an' I was crazy. I never could 'a' dreamed she was only down to see Shea —— "

"What's that?" One of the roundsmen who had been reading a morning paper sat forward in his arm-chair. Gooch repeated.

"That must be the woman it tells about here." He pointed to a paragraph headed:

WIFE APPEALS TO SHEA

WIFE AND STARVING CHILDREN OF STRIKING TEAMSTER GOOCH SIT FOR HOURS IN BRIGGS HOUSE WAITING TO SEE SHEA

Then followed a "stickful" of copy written by a reporter doing strike duty at the Briggs House; he had been one of the "fellers" to contribute to the midnight supper of Mamie and the kids, and in the absence of more

[illegible] spot-light on the [illegible] found place in the morning paper.

Gooch read the paragraph with more distress, seeming, than he had evinced over the murder.

"I ought'a never to've done it," he said with spirit. "People'll think I set her up to it, that I ain't got spunk to stand up an' take what's comin' to me in a fight. But Hannah, I hadn't oughter done what I done, neither. Every union man that hits a scab except in self-defense is hurtin' all the others, bringin' 'em a bad name. I oughtn't to ha' done it, no matter what Slosson done. The way I feel about the union is, my life'd be only too little to give it if it'd help the cause any. Why couldn't I 'a' had patience, jes' patience to wait? But God A'mighty, it's hard to hear Mamie an' the kids cry for hunger! An' now my life's as good as gone, an' the shame of it, an' no good done to nobody."

Gooch was "booked" by sympathetic jailers, and when he had been locked up, an officer went over to Blue Island Avenue to find Mamie and do what he could to reassure her.

By ten o'clock Mamie was overrun with reporters, men and women. The floor above Monahan's became, momentarily, the center-front of the stage whereon the great strike was enacting its drama, and the spot-light of the daily press was to play for a brief while between Gooch's cell at Maxwell Street, Slosson's cot at the "County," and the rooms where Mamie and Hannah sat and waited they knew not what.

The first reporter brought good news. Slosson was not dead. Nobody cared much on Slosson's account, but everybody cared on Gooch's. Toward noon a telegram came from Three Oaks, Michigan, whither word had been wired that Slosson was probably fatally hurt. "Just bury him in Chicago," was the grief-stricken response. But Slosson declined to be buried yet. The fall that would have killed any other man had only inconvenienced him: his arm was broken, but the succession of bumps had not materially damaged his head. "Drunken men's luck," the surgeon muttered. Slosson was so far out of danger before night that Gooch was let out on bail, which was easily forthcoming after the evening papers had been read.

He and Mamie and the kids had Hannah as their guest for supper in the kitchen which only last night had been so dark. None of them could eat much, except the children, who were not moved by the excitement of the evening papers. Gooch was very anxious and read every line of every account.

"I asked them young men to be sure an' put it in about how I stand about the union," he said. "I was afraid they wouldn't. I don't want any one to think we're not true till death, Mamie an' me."

"They won't," comforted Hannah, wishing she could feel as sure no one would think ill of her for having gone to confession with her hair in curling-pins; "an' what d'ye think? One o' them ladies that writes pieces fer the paper said she could get me a new dresser, an' forty dollars beside, for my old kitchen one that belonged to his ma. So poor Slosson needn't worry 'bout his rent."

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT MARS

BY

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

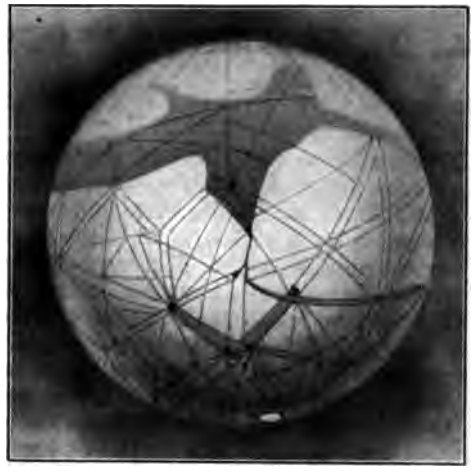
ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND DIAGRAMS

PROJECT yourself into the future, if you can, and imagine this Earth as it will be some millions of years hence. At that remote period its mountains will have been leveled; its fertile areas will have shriveled to arid deserts; its gases will partly have floated away, and its atmosphere will consequently have been impoverished and attenuated; its weather will have become so wearisomely unvaried, its skies so monotonously serene, that the passage of a cloud will be chronicled by historians; its seas and its lakes will have dried up utterly; its oceans will have poured through cracks and caverns into its interior; and all the water that now covers four-fifths of its surface will have dwindled to a small plain of ice and snow deposited about each pole. That image of the Earth's future plight may be considered a fairly accurate picture of the present condition of Mars, as it has been unfolded by the more recent discoveries.

On a planet so withered and aged that its water is confined to the frozen seas at its poles, the annual melting of the snow and ice would be an event of vital moment if its inhabitants would save themselves from certain extinction,— so vital, indeed, that the one absorbing problem would be the task of leading the polar water to those thirsty regions about the equator which would still blossom if properly nourished. In a word, irrigation on a stupendous scale would be attempted, involving not merely the few hundred thousand acres of an American alkali desert, but an entire planet.

Evidence of the accumulation and melting of Martian polar snows was first gathered fully two hundred years ago. Indeed, the reality of the polar caps is perhaps the one physical phenomenon of Mars over which astronomers have not waged a wordy war. Measured in modern days, these caps, in the dead of winter, have been found to have a diameter that sometimes reaches two thousand miles. Unlike our terrestrial polar snows, they melt away to glistening patches a few hundred miles in diameter. Once they disappeared entirely. Strange as it may seem, we know more about the poles of Mars than we do about the poles of the Earth. It has been suggested by some carping astronomical skeptic that a white polar cap does not necessarily imply snow or frost, and that the white stains are perhaps merely a solidified gas. To Prof. Percival Lowell of the Lowell Observatory and to Prof. W. H. Pickering of Harvard University we owe the most convincing proof that the caps are actually snow or frost. As they wane with advancing summer, at the rate of hundreds of square miles a day, a dark belt appears, girdling each shrinking disk of white and keeping pace with it as it contracts. The belt is blue, the characteristic color of water; and that it actually is water, Professor Pickering has demonstrated by the conclusive evidence of the polariscope,— evidence which, because of its technical character, cannot be here presented. In that fleeting belt of blue we see a polar sea, a real body of water, dependent upon which is the life of an entire planet, if life there be. Because of the wonderful tenuity of the Martian atmosphere, rain is an impossibility. We must therefore attribute the formation of the polar caps to other causes; and these causes are to be found in the precipitation of dew or frost. A Martian snowstorm, therefore, is not a howling, blinding gale accompanied by irresistible snowdrifts, but, at most, a soft zephyr attended by a gentle and almost impalpable deposit of snow.

It has been said that when our Earth has so far wasted away that its inhabitants depend for their water supply upon the melting ice and snow of the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans, a gigantic effort will be made to devise some means of conducting the polar spring and summer floods to the parched equatorial and temperate zones. To Mars, the unlocking of the polar seas is of as much moment as the annual inundation by the Nile to Egypt. Assuming that Mars is inhabited by beings as intelligent as ourselves, it is reasonable to infer that they would dig huge trenches to guide the freshets of the poles to those regions where water is most sadly needed. If we would find signs of Martian intelligence, we must, accordingly, look for trenches and sluices. In the hands of Schiaparelli, Lowell, Pickering, and a few others, the telescope has revealed long, dark stripes which Schiaparelli called "canals," the discovery of which may well be numbered among the most noteworthy astronomical achievements of modern times. These stripes are in truth the life lines of the planet. Their existence was doubted for years, because no astronomer, with the exception of Schiaparelli, who saw them first, had been able to catch even a glimpse of them. Long after a few painstaking observers at last succeeded in discerning them, their reality was doubted; for they appear only in flashes, as it were, by reason of the currents in our atmosphere. Some of the very men who had seen them refused to believe their own eyes, arguing that the stripes were merely optical illusions induced by eyestrain. Two years ago Mr. Lampland, of Professor Lowell's staff, performed the very remarkable feat of photographing them, thereby forever disposing of the assumption of their illusory character. Although of great astronomical value, Mr. Lampland's photographs cannot be here reproduced because of their small size and the consequent difficulty of adequately printing their details.



The surface of Mars is composed of blue and orange areas of irregular outline, interlaced by single and double canals, unnaturally straight. The blue areas are supposed to owe their color to vegetation; the orange areas are probably deserts. As winter advances, the blue regions change in hue to orange, for the reason that their vegetation withers. The canals probably serve the purpose of irrigating the fertile provinces, and particularly the small, black oases which dot the planet

That the stripes are actually canals, the work of thinking beings, has no more forcible demonstration than the manner in which they are distributed. They are not scattered in a whimsical way, but laid out without exception according to a well-conceived plan. Starting from some clearly defined base, each stripe runs directly to a large, dark spot. There it meets still other stripes, so that toward a central spot several stripes may converge. Fittingly enough, spots and converging stripes

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The canals of Mars appear and disappear with seasonal regularity. With the advent of spring and the consequent unlocking of the polar snows, water pours down to the tropical zones, and vegetation springs up along the banks of the canals, sharply defining their course. These five drawings, based on observations made by Professor Lowell, illustrate the development of certain canals as the year ages

embrace those portions of the planet which we have good reason to suppose are quite desolate. The stripes are either perfectly straight or uniformly curved. So fine and narrow are they, that we see them chiefly because of their great length; for a Martian plain thirty miles in diameter would appear in a telescope about as large as the dot upon the printed letter "i." Even a city as vast as London could not be seen. If the Earth were viewed as we view Mars, from a distance that can never be less than, roughly, thirty-five million miles, all that we could see of human handiwork on this globe would probably be the extensive grain fields of Kansas, as they wax and wane and change in tint with the seasons. So long are the canals, that some of them would extend across the North American continent. Their average length of seventeen hundred miles surpasses that of any artificial waterway to which we can point. That the converging lines are not the result of a chance arrangement, you can prove to yourself very easily. Seat yourself at a table in a dark room. On a large sheet of paper draw a line. Lift your hand from the paper and draw another line which shall cross the first. Lift your hand again and draw still a third line which shall pass through the intersection of the other two. Repeat the experiment several hundred times. When you have examined your sheet of paper in the light, you will be astonished to find that not a single series of three lines succeeded in passing through a common point. A mathematician would tell you that the law of chance was decidedly against your succeeding. And yet, on Mars, not only three, but even seventeen lines may run through a common center. Nature is never so precise, so systematic. Wherever exceptional accuracy of form is found, there we may conclude that human brains and hands have been at work. The artificial origin of the mounds of Ohio was first suggested by their striking regularity.

PROFESSOR PERCIVAL LOWELL

The mere existence of the canals is startling enough; yet the phenomena which they present are even more startling. At intervals a canal will rapidly double, and two will be seen where a few nights before there appeared but a single one. It was Schiaparelli who first saw the canals, and it was he who first saw their "gemination," as it is called. For years he labored alone, undeterred by the skepticism of his fellow scientists. The correctness of his observation is now generally admitted. Moreover, on the photographs taken at the Lowell Observatory, there are traces of this curious doubling. Even if we had no photographs to fall back upon, the doubling of the canals cannot be illusory, for the reason that the phenomenon is confined to particular canals. Out of the four hundred canals plotted by Professor Lowell, only fifty-one have at any time appeared bilateral. If the doubling were an optical illusion, it would affect all the canals. Just why the canals should double, no one

knows. Perhaps seasonal and vegetal causes play their part in the phenomenon.

Sometimes the canals are visible, and sometimes they are invisible, the darkening and blanching occurring with seasonal regularity. To the theory that a finite intelligence dug the canals in the first instance, it may be objected that at certain times of the year the same finite intelligence foolishly fills them again. This apparently eccentric procedure is easily explained. Professor Lowell attributes the gradual disappearance and reappearance of the lines to the decay and growth of vegetation. A time must elapse before the effect of the water so painfully conducted from the polar seas is apparent. The stripes that we really see are not stripes of water, but stripes of vegetation lining the canals. Moreover, they deepen in color as the weeks pass, just as foliage deepens in hue with age.

GIOVANNI VIRGINIO SCHIAPARELLI

So far as the telescope enables us to perceive, the surface of Mars may be considered a checkered expanse of blue-green and orange spaces. Before Professor Lowell began his exhaustive studies, it was the fashion to regard the blue-green portions as seas, and to christen them as fast as they were discovered with unastronomically poetic names, drawn mainly from the elegant but bewildering nomenclature of classical mythology. They may have been seas once, these bluish provinces, but now they are all but waterless and are midway in their career from true seas to dry deserts. Because they are the lowest portions of the planet, they will naturally receive what little water the canals may conduct from the north and south. The orange territories, on the other hand, were once regarded as continents and were likewise named with picturesque inaptitude. From the conditions that must prevail on Mars, we know that there can be no large sheets of water. Moreover, the bluish areas are not always bluish. Their color varies in the most unaquatic way, even merging into the orange tinge of the "continents." And that they are not water, Pickering has neatly established to our satisfaction by means of the polariscope, just as he showed that the curious belts that clasped the polar snows must be seas. The truth is that Mars is all land, the blues as well as the oranges, with this important difference: the orange regions are desolate, dead deserts, the bluish areas fertile land, irrigated by the canals and painted, as we see them, by vegetation. That this must be so is evinced by the transference of blue into orange just at the time when the approach of winter would kill the foliage. Not yet reduced to the lifeless drought of the orange deserts, the blue areas receive the scant supply of water that pours from the poles and are accordingly fertilized each spring.

These presumably luxuriant expanses are defined in all cases by the elaborate interlacing network of the canals. And the

canals, it has been said, always meet in spots. What are these spots? In no case isolated, invariably the centers of three or more radiating canals and invariably connected with one another by canals, the spots must be regarded as the objective points of Martian irrigation, and in all probability the sites of Martian communities. Their regular formation is as striking as the mathematical straightness of the canals, and their configuration (geometrically the most economical) is such that they cannot be regarded as natural enlargements of the canals. Their diameters vary from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty miles. They appear and disappear with the canals, like so many eyes that slowly open and close, not simultaneously, however, but shortly after the growth and decay of the canals. Manifestly, they are dependent, the one on the other; both are seasonal in their quickening and decline. So long have these spots been the object of astronomical thought, that they, too, have been theorized upon and duly christened. Not so very long ago they were held to be lakes. But the deepening in color which they undergo is enough to dispose of that hypothesis. Moreover, Pickering's polariscopic observations have dispelled the idea that they are bodies of water. It seems more likely, as Professor Lowell asserts, that their seasonal darkening and fading is caused by vegetation, which flourishes at first, but which withers and dies in autumn.

PROFESSOR W. H. PICKERING

By assiduous observation, Professor Lowell has succeeded in locating one hundred and eighty-five of these spots. Located in vast deserts and resembling black pinheads when seen in the telescope, they may properly be considered oases, for the express purpose of irrigating which the canals have been constructed. At all events this simple explanation alone accounts for all the facts.

Despite the convincing, appealing simplicity of these theories of the origin and nature of the canals and spots, it was long before they obtained serious recognition. In order to escape the unpleasant supposition that other worlds may be inhabited as well as ours, the older school of skeptics persisted in regarding the caps as solid carbonic acid gas; the canals, either as scratches torn in the Martian surface by meteors,—although meteors have never been known to produce furrows with geometrical accuracy, and could not, for other reasons, have caused the markings we see—or else as cracks formed by internal explosions,—regardless of the fact that explosions never act in so curiously systematic a way. Born of the same nebulous mass out of which the Earth sprang, Mars is bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and subject to the same cosmical laws. We have, accordingly, the right to assume that primeval protoplasm has evolved on Mars, as it has evolved on the Earth, to produce a highly organized, intelligent race, capable of preserving itself from extinction.

If the canals, the spots, and the oases are indeed the handiwork of intelligent creatures, naturally the question arises: What manner of beings are they? Some few deductions we are justified in making from our knowledge of the physical attributes of the planet. We know, for example, that because of the exquisitely rare atmosphere of Mars, we, of this Earth, could hardly live there; the conditions would be much the same as if we dwelt miles above the Rocky Mountains. The Martian must be constructed, therefore, to breathe that thin air and live. The air capacity of his lungs must be considerably in excess of our own, and his trunk and lungs fashioned accordingly. Beyond that, however, we are unable to picture him with any degree of certainty. We cannot even guess if he resembles a human being. Mars is old, eons older than the Earth. If the laws of nature apply to it, as they must, its inhabitants must have long outstripped us in intellectual achievements. Utterly different evolutional conditions may have selected for the dominant type a thinking organism quite unhuman. It must not be forgotten that man's supremacy on this Earth is an accident, that he owes his regal position to his brain alone, and that physically he is surpassed by some of the lower animals. That the typical Martian must be a creature immensely more powerful than our professional Samsons, we may well believe. This we may deduce from the lesser pull of gravity on the surface of Mars, due to the fact that the planet is but one-ninth as massive as the Earth. A very awkward Martian could perform feats that would astonish the most nimble terrestrial acrobat. He could run one hundred yards in three or four seconds; he could leap with playful ease over a moderately high tree; he could kick a football a quarter of a mile. Because of the lesser attraction of gravitation, he must be at least three times as large as the average human being, and his muscles twenty-seven times more efficient than ours. Assuming that the Martian is a creature thus constructed and regarding him merely as a machine with brains, his canal excavating possibilities, on a planet where bodies weigh only one-third as much as on the Earth, become truly awesome. A Martian laborer could perform as much work in a given time as fifty or sixty terrestrial ditch diggers, and keep pace with a powerful Panama dredger. Two and one-half tons would be the average load that he could toss over his shoulder.

All that we know about Mars is very largely the result of pure reasoning based on observed facts. Of the difficulties which beset the astronomer in gathering these facts and founding his conclusions upon them, some conception may be formed if we place ourselves in the position of a Martian astronomer bent upon unraveling the mysteries of this Earth. The Martian would readily recognize our polar snows and interpret them correctly; he would behold our deserts as yellow blotches and would rightly consider them dead territories; and the green portions he would, no doubt, identify as vegetation. The great blue seas, however, would baffle him. Never having seen such great basins of water and observing no canals leading from them to the deserts, he would be puzzled as to their nature. Inasmuch as Martian vegetation sweeps down from the poles, he would marvel at the way in which the green hues of the Earth crawl polewards. He would wonder at our clouds, at our dense atmosphere, and at our great winding rivers, so utterly unlike the straight, artificial conduits with which he is familiar. The tremendous force of gravitation might lead him to conclude that no animal could withstand the terrific impact of falling raindrops, and that if there were living creatures, they must be armored like turtles to withstand the bombardment. He would recognize in India the effect which the melting of the Himalayan snows has upon the vegetation of that country, for the area would be sufficiently large for him to note the play of color as the seasons come and go. The oases in our large deserts, nourished as they are by natural and artificial wells, would mystify him; for no canals feed them with water.

If you were asked to read a printed page at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards, it is not conceivable that you would be able to decipher it with brilliant fluency. Yet the task of a Schiaparelli or a Lowell is even more difficult. Because the atmosphere is never absolutely calm, but constantly "boiling," Mars apparently trembles incessantly, and is often seen with a kind of quivering uncertainty. If your printed page, two hundred and fifty yards distant, were also made to dance, your ability to read it would not be improved. Is it not wonderful, then, that we know as much as we do about Mars?

THE CLODHOPPER

BY

GRACE KING

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THE bell that rings the pay-day summons on the plantation is the same bell that rings the call to work every morning at daylight — that rings at mid-day for dinner — at one o'clock for work again — and at sunset for supper — rest, sleep. But there is all the difference in the world in its sound when it rings for pay-day, as the smallest negro on the plantation knows; who knows also that there is all the difference in the world between a pay-day and a work-day.

All pay-days seem the same; but in truth no two are alike. Month after month, year in and year out, about the same amount of labor is reckoned with, for the same amount of pay. There is very little variety to that. Whether the season is good or bad, that is a question that lies between the master and his banker, between the master and his hands. There is no question of net profit or loss; — the most disastrous season requires just as much labor as the most prosperous, and just as much pay for it. But below these great elemental regularities, there is every variety of difference between one pay-day and another that the weakness and force of human nature can exhibit in a monthly gathering of a hundred men and women. Thrift, thriftlessness; industry, laziness; good-nature, ill-nature; they seem, indeed, to these simple-minded tillers of the soil, objects of no more serious or constant pursuit or abhorrence than are the values and follies of the rich, for whom the soil is tilled.

In fair weather the master has his "pay" table, as it is called, a small, square "plain," deal table, placed under the shade of a great live oak near his house. He sits at it with his account book open before him while the plantation force lines up before him, his eye looking over their heads to the green fields beyond, that stretch for hundreds of acres in front and to the right and the left. The blue sky above seems not more illimitable than they, shining in the plenteous fulness of the noonday heat and glare. The overseer, who is standing behind with a tally-sheet in his hand, lets his eyes follow those of the master. He likens what he sees, not

to the sky, for the sky is naught to him but a weather-gage. He likens the fields to the illimitable rich, soft earth beneath, in whose depths, as he conceives it, lies the wealth of future crops, for ages and ages to come.

The men stand in the first rank, stealthily chewing their quids of tobacco far back in their mouths and hitching up their loose trousers. The field-women stand behind, like the men, in clothing soiled from the field work. In a separate group stand the indoor workers, stable-men, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc. The young boys and girls, who carry water to the fields, stand together, giggling over their importance. The old women and men, whose working and pay-days are over, hobble near enough to hear and see what goes on. The sickly ones from the quarters are there, and the women with young babies, whom they suckle as they shift from one foot to the other and pass remarks on the paying off.

The names were called alphabetically by the master, the overseer reading the amount due from his tally-sheet and deducting from "time made," as he called it, the bill at the plantation store. Almost every man had a wrangle with the overseer over his pay, and the store account had to be proved against him, item by item, his companions, men and women, with loud laughs and side comments furnishing a disinterested chorus; — the women particularly enjoying the revelation of such secret sins of extravagance as the men usually take most care to conceal, and nodding their heads significantly to one another, where short time was proved against a man.

The women did not wrangle. They were sullen, or brazen and defiant, or good-naturedly ashamed of themselves; and they dropped courtseys when they received their money, and so the names were checked off until Maria Scott was called.

"Come along, Maria!"

"Dey callin' your name, Maria!"

"Step along, gal, 'fore somebody else gets your money!"

"I'd be quicker'n dat if dey wus callin' me to get some money!"

"Here she, Boss!"

"Here she, Marse George!"

"Here de clodhopper!" and this term brought the usual laugh from all. Maria pushed her way through the little crowd. She also was dressed in her field clothes, just as she had come from the plow at noon. Her blue and white checked color suit was shortened to her knees by a handkerchief tied around her waist, her bony legs, in trousers, like the men's, showed their week's tramping back and forth through dust, mud, and dew. She carried a baby, and as she came forward she twitched its mouth away from her breast and closed her dress over it. The baby — it was no longer a baby, but a great ungainly, three-year-old child — set up a howl and began to beat her in the face.

"Here, Maria!" called out a woman. "You give him to me., I lay I'll stop his noise pretty quick."

"I d'clar', I wish he was my child, jest for one half hour!"

"He's that rotten!"

"He's spiling for a good whippen, that's the matter with him!"

Maria, paying no attention to the comments, put her child on the ground and stepped up to the table.

"Here you are, Maria," said the master, handing some paper bills and currency to her. "Full time, full pay, and you are the only man, woman, or child on the plantation who hasn't been docked for something."

"The store makes mighty little out of Maria!" added the overseer.

Maria laughed as she tied her money in a piece of cloth she took out of her bosom. She was as tall as any man present, and the best specimen of them all for health and strength. Her face had the peculiar distinction, among negroes, of clear-cut, regular features; and her small teeth were set in clean red gums without the disfiguring blue-black discoloration of the other types about her; the whites of her eyes also were different: they were pure white, and translucent. She was what the overseer called a "Mandigo." When Maria turned to go, her child began to pull at her dress, to be taken up again.

"Why don't you walk!" screamed the women at it.

"For God's sake, Maria! You gwine to tote and suckle him the rest of your life?"

"Ef he was my child ——"

The master called out the next name.

"Pompey ——"

"Go along, Pompey!"

"Step up, Pompey!"

"Lord, Pompey! What you waiting for?"

"Marse George! Don't you forget what you done promise me!" cried a woman, who, to give better assurance of her presence, stepped out of the group of women and stood before the table. Her wet skirt and waist and rolled-up sleeves showed that she had just come from the wash-tub.

"You go back whar you belong to," growled Pompey, her husband, shoving her aside with his elbow.

But she only called out the pluckier. "Marse George, don't you forget what you done promise me!"

"Mind your business!" commanded Pompey.

"I is mindin' my business! Marse George knows I is mindin' my business."

"You better look out, Sally!" warned one of the women spectators.

"I ain't afeard! I ain't afeard o' nobody!" she responded. She was short, thin, and wiry, and barely came up to her husband's shoulder, but she stood her ground alongside of him.

Pompey, hat in hand, kept turning his face from his wife to the master, and from master to wife, his expression oscillating, with each turn, between murderous hatred and sullen expectation.

"Look here, Pompey," said the master, in his gentle voice. "You ain't doing right by Jane, and you know you ain't. Every month you go and fool away half your pay at the store, and dress, instead of dividing the other half with her; you gamble and drink it away."

The women in the crowd all tittered.

"That's so, Marse George, that's the God's truth!" chimed in Jane, with satisfaction.

"Why," continued the master, "you don't even support your own family. Jane has to do it all by herself with her washing. You know that, and everybody knows it!"

"Marse George!" protested Pompey, "don't you believe Jane! Why, Lord! Marse George, you know Jane. She can't tell the truth! The truth ain't in her. She the lyingest nigger on the place."

Here the men laughed; and so encouraged Pompey proceeded. "She couldn t tell the truth when she was a child. She lied to her mammy — she lied to her daddy — she lies to me continual. I don't believe one word she says. Marse George, you ain't gwine to believe her against me, is you?"

Jane edged her wet front close to the table, her bright little eyes darting greedily from the master's face to the money he held in his hand.

"Marse George!" she began.

"Shut up, Jane!" ordered the overseer; "we don't want any quarreling here."

"That's right! That's right!" she answered propitiatingly.

"Jane — Jane —" Pompey seemed to be speaking to himself —"Jane's got the devil in her bad to-day — and I lay I'll take it out of her ——"

The overseer now told him to stand up.

"Here, Jane!" said the master, "here's your half, and here, Pompey, is what's coming to you —" He shoved two little piles toward them.

Jane pounced upon hers and was stowing it away in her flat bosom, when Pompey turned upon her savagely.

"You put that money back, you put that money back, nigger! That's my money! I worked for that money, I ain't gwine to let nobody take it from me!"

Jane raised her chaste voice. "Dat's my money. Marse George, he done give me dat money ——"

"Take your money, Pompey, and clear out," said the master testily.

"No, sir! I won't take dat money! I want all my money! I ain't gwine to be fooled out o' my money!"

"You take your money this instant and clear out," said the master, "or —" The overseer walked around to the front of the table. At this critical moment, a great howl was set up by some child; it turned out to be Maria's baby, who, crawling around among the dogs, had been bitten by one of them. The next moment all the children were screaming, all the curs yelping, all the women vociferously accusing some dog, all the men as vociferously repelling the accusation, each man on behalf of his animal.

"It was dat dog, I swear it was dat dog!"

"I'll have the life of anybody who touches my dog!"

"I seen it, I seen it!"

"Don't you lay your hand on my dog!"

"Dat's de dog, Maria! Dat's de dog!"

"Look out, nigger! You put dat dog down!"

"It warn't his dog, Maria! It warn't him! I swear before God, it warn't his'n!" now screamed all the women, to avert the trouble they had raised.

Maria had seized some dog and was swinging it around by its hind leg, preparatory to hurling it against the trunk of a tree.

"Put that dog down!" The master's voice, now loud and angry, quelled the hubbub at once. "Maria, you take that child at once to the madam, so she can attend to it."

Maria dropped the dog before the last sentence was finished, picked up her child, and, half running, carried it toward the master's house. The child stopped crying at once and, thrusting its hand into her dress, pulled out a breast and began sucking it.

The women broke into loud, derisive guffaws.

"Dat child! Lord, dat child! He's born with the devil in him!"

"God'll punish Maria some day for dat child!"

"He warn't bit by no dog."

"I knowed he was lyin' all the time."

"He's too mean for a dog to bite."

During this diversion of attention, Pompey had stealthily taken his unelected pay from the table and put it in his pocket. And now another name was called from the account book — another settlement made — until all the past month's work upon the plantation had been reckoned with, and a new credit opened for work and for the parasite of work, or rather, the parasite of pay that breeds in human flesh, as the destroyer of the germ of the cane breeds in it sweetness.

Upon a plantation, the horizon that bounds its neighborhood is the horizon that bounds the world. The imagination of the eye and heart roves upward rather than beyond; toward the great Master and the great account book, in which the poorest worker or most extravagant spendthrift confidently hopes to find the rectification of all earthly misconduct and earthly mispay. As death comes from time to time and gathers his tributes from quarters and master's house, so the devil, in plantation parlance, comes from time to time and gathers his tares for his kingdom; and then the young, and the old, too, sometimes forsake the straight path and narrow limits of the safe fold and become also, in plantation parlance, wandering or lost sheep, as the case turns out; for sometimes they return to the plantation and work off their sins in the field, just as they used to work off their other indebtedness.

Maria's boy grew and throve according to the leavening that was born in him, fulfilling the predictions that were so liberally made by the women of the quarters. At the age when the devil usually claims his own among the young, he ran away from the plantation and his mother and took the road to what the negroes call the devil's plantation — the city. Maria set out after him on foot, her bundle hanging from a stick over her shoulder. Her name was dropped from the monthly roll; her cabin in the quarters, her place in the field gang were filled; and from the fields over which she had tramped backward and forward so faithfully, with hoe and plow, from her very childhood, earning her title of "Clodhopper," she had passed as completely as the crop that has been gathered and sold ten years ago.

It was indeed over ten years after she had left the plantation that the master, riding through his fields at the close of a fine day's work, was stopped by a woman standing alongside the road.

"Marse George! Master!" she said.

When a negro says "Master" now, a hearing is, as it were, commanded. He stopped his horse and looked at her. She was unfamiliar to him, a tall, thin, wrinkled black woman in a faded, dusty, worn gown, with a rag upon her head for a kerchief.

"Don't you know me, Marse George?" she asked, and sinking her voice to the pathetic undertone that negroes alone possess, she added, raising her face, so that he could see it better: "You ain't forgot Maria, Marse George? the Clodhopper?"

Reading her answer in his face, she stepped closer to him, laying her hand upon the neck of his horse, the old instinctive feature of confident appeal.

"Marse George," she began. A burst of merriment and singing came from the field gang far ahead, sauntering on their way home. The sun had gone down, and the great bare, newly-plowed fields lay all around in a flat level of darkness; but as if, with dawn, the sun had sent a flash of light upon death, the laughter and song of the distant field gang brightened the black, quaint face of the woman; and as if a long pent-up passion burst its bands, her frame trembled under its violence.

"Marse George! I've come back for you to put me to work in the fields. For God's sake, Marse George, put me to work again in the fields. . . . Marse George, I've come back to you, to go to work, to go to work in

the fields." Over and over she repeated the words of her incoherent petition. She seemed afraid to stop for the answer she prayed.

"Where's your boy, Maria?" asked the master.

"He's in the pen, Marse George. They've put him in the pen." As she said this, the tears ran down her face, and sobs shook her breast.

"What was he sent to the penitentiary for?"

"For stealing, stealing! You know I was honest, Marse George! You know I never stole from white or black. No overseer ever said I stole. The nigger couldn't live that called me a thief. You know that, Marse George!"

"Yes," he answered gently. "You were an honest woman, Maria, and a good worker . . . but your boy was always a bad one ——"

"God knows, Marse George, I tried to make him good. God knows I did, but God has punished me, just like they told me God would punish me ——"

"What have you been doing all these years in the city, Maria?"

"Working for that boy, Marse George, working for him and nothing else. He ain't earned his salt since he left here —" with a ring of scorn and contempt in her voice, as if quoting from some past fury. "He's been suckling me all his life!"

"Well, I'm glad he's in the penitentiary at last, and I hope they will keep him there."

"I followed him up there. I saw 'em lock the gates on him, a week ago yesterday, and I turned away, and I've been walking ever since to get to you, Marse George. I said to myself, if Marse George is alive, he will put me to work. Marse George, you used to say I plowed as good as any man on the plantation. You gave me man's wages, because you said I did a man's work."

"You are too old now to work in the field, Maria."

"Marse George, I'm not old, it's trouble. Just try me, Marse George, just try me! Give me a plow to-morrow." She looked all around over the fields. "Marse George, if I could only feel the plow handles once more in my hands! Just let me feel the earth under my feet once more. There ain't a night passed since I left here that I didn't wake in the morning at the plantation bell! Marse George, I ain't made for the city! And you ain't, neither,— we was born in the country — we was raised in the country, and Marse George, I want to die right here, with God's earth under my feet and God's sky over my head! You know, Marse George, they always called me a clodhopper. I am a clodhopper, that's the truth; and nothing else. I'm only a clodhopper, Marse George —" returning hurriedly to her appeal —"you try me, you'll see I ain't too old! I can do a man's work still, and earn a man's pay! Just give me the chance, Marse George. For God's sake, give me the chance!"

When the plow gang went forth to their work the next day, Maria was among them; and how grandly do they drive these teams afield in the early spring mornings. The master standing, as was his custom, on his gallery to see them start, saw the tall, thin form poised on the shaft of her sheathed plow that glided over the road as a sled over ice, her head thrown back, the ends of her kerchief flying in the breeze. He watched them turn from the long road into the cross one, beyond which the sun was just rising. And now, as was their wont, the gang raced their fast trotting mules with cracking whips and frolicsome cries, as one passed the other. And as they passed across the golden disk of the sun, each one shot into clear distinctness, and the master thus saw that Maria, as of old, led the race.

THE NAMESAKE

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

AUTHOR OF "THE TROLL GARDEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

SEVEN of us, students, sat one evening in Hartwell's studio on the Boulevard St. Michel. We were all fellow-countrymen; one from New Hampshire, one from Colorado, another from Nevada, several from the farm lands of the Middle West, and I myself from California. Lyon Hartwell, though born abroad, was simply, as every one knew, "from America." He seemed, almost more than any other one living man, to mean all of it — from ocean to ocean. When he was in Paris, his studio was always open to the seven of us who were there that evening, and we intruded upon his leisure as often as we thought permissible.

Although we were within the terms of the easiest of all intimacies, and although the great sculptor, even when he was more than usually silent, was at all times the most gravely cordial of hosts, yet, on that long remembered evening, as the sunlight died on the burnished brown of the horse-chestnuts below the windows, a perceptible dullness yawned through our conversation.

We were, indeed, somewhat low in spirit, for one of our number, Charley Bentley, was leaving us indefinitely, in response to an imperative summons from home. To-morrow his studio, just across the hall from Hartwell's, was to pass into other hands, and Bentley's luggage was even now piled in discouraged resignation before his door. The various bales and boxes seemed literally to weigh upon us as we sat in his neighbor's hospitable rooms, drearily putting in the time until he should leave us to catch the ten o'clock express for Dieppe.

The day we had got through very comfortably, for Bentley made it the occasion of a somewhat pretentious luncheon at Maxim's. There had been twelve of us at table, and the two young Poles were so thirsty, the Gascon so fabulously entertaining, that it was near upon five o'clock when we put down our liqueur glasses for the last time, and the red, perspiring waiter, having pocketed the reward of his arduous and protracted services, bowed us affably to the door, flourishing his napkin and brushing back the streaks of wet, black hair from his rosy forehead. Our guests having betaken themselves belated to their respective engagements, the rest of us returned with Bentley — only to be confronted by the depressing array before his door. A glance about his denuded rooms had sufficed to chill the glow of the afternoon, and we fled across the hall in a body and begged Lyon Hartwell to take us in.

Bentley had said very little about it, but we all knew what it meant to him to be called home. Each of us knew what it would mean to himself, and each had felt something of that quickened sense of opportunity which comes at seeing another man in any way counted out of the race. Never had the game seemed so enchanting, the chance to play it such a piece of unmerited, unbelievable good fortune.

It must have been, I think, about the middle of October, for I remember that the sycamores were almost bare in the Luxembourg Gardens that morning, and the terraces about the queens of France were strewn with crackling brown leaves. The fat red roses, out the summer long on the stand of the old flower woman at the corner, had given place to dahlias and purple asters. First glimpses of autumn toilettes flashed from the carriages; wonderful little bonnets nodded at one along the Champs-Elysées; and in the Quarter an occasional feather boa, red or black or white, brushed one's coat sleeve in the gay twilight of the early evening. The crisp, sunny autumn air was

"DESPITE THE DULLNESS OF THE LIGHT, WE INSTANTLY RECOGNIZED THE BOY OF HARTWELL'S 'COLOR SERGEANT'"

all day full of the stir of people and carriages and of the cheer of salutations; greetings of the students, returned brown and bearded from their holiday, gossip of people come back from Trouville, from St. Valery, from Dieppe, from all over Brittany and the Norman coast. Everywhere was the joyousness of return, the taking up again of life and work and play.

I had felt ever since early morning that this was the saddest of all possible seasons for saying good-by to that old, old city of youth, and to that little corner of it on the south shore which since the Dark Ages themselves — yes, and before — has been so peculiarly the land of the young.

I can recall our very postures as we lounged about Hartwell's rooms that evening, with Bentley making occasional hurried trips to his desolated workrooms across the hall — as if haunted by a feeling of having forgotten something — or stopping to poke nervously at his *perroquets*, which he had bequeathed to Hartwell, gilt cage and all. Our host himself sat on the couch, his big, bronze-like shoulders backed up against the window, his shaggy head, beaked nose, and long chin cut clean against the gray light.

Our drowsing interest, in so far as it could be said to be fixed upon anything, was centered upon Hartwell's new figure, which stood on the block ready to be cast in bronze, intended as a monument for some American battlefield. He called it "The Color Sergeant." It was the figure of a young soldier running, clutching the folds of a flag, the staff of which had been shot away. We had known it in all the stages of its growth, and the splendid action and feeling of the thing had come to have a kind of special significance for the half dozen of us who often gathered at Hartwell's rooms — though, in truth, there was as much to dishearten one as to inflame, in the case of a man who had done so much in a field so amazingly difficult; who had thrown up in bronze all the restless, teeming force of that adventurous wave still climbing westward in our own land across the waters. We recalled his "Scout," his "Pioneer," his "Gold Seekers," and those monuments in which he had invested one and another of the heroes of the Civil War with such convincing dignity and power.

"Where in the world does he get the heat to make an idea like that carry?" Bentley remarked morosely, scowling at the clay figure. "Hang me, Hartwell, if I don't think it's just because you're not really an American at all, that you can look at it like that."

The big man shifted uneasily against the window. "Yes," he replied smiling, "perhaps there is something in that. My citizenship was somewhat belated and emotional in its flowering. I've half a mind to tell you about it, Bentley." He rose uncertainly, and, after hesitating a moment, went back into his workroom, where he began fumbling among the litter in the corners.

At the prospect of any sort of personal expression from Hartwell, we glanced questioningly at one another; for although he made us feel that he liked to have us about, we were always held at a distance by a certain diffidence of his. There were rare occasions — when he was in the heat of work or of ideas — when he forgot to be shy, but they were so exceptional that no flattery was quite so seductive as being taken for a moment into Hartwell's confidence. Even in the matter of opinions — the commonest of currency in our circle — he was niggardly and prone to qualify. No man ever guarded his mystery more effectually. There was a singular, intense spell, therefore, about those few evenings when he had broken through this excessive modesty, or shyness, or melancholy, and had, as it were, committed himself.

When Hartwell returned from the back room, he brought with him an unframed canvas which he put on an easel near his clay figure. We drew close about it, for the darkness was rapidly coming on. Despite the dullness of the light, we instantly recognized the boy of Hartwell's "Color Sergeant." It was the portrait of a very handsome lad in uniform, standing beside a charger impossibly rearing. Not only in his radiant countenance and flashing eyes, but in every line of his young body there was an energy, a gallantry, a joy of life, that arrested and challenged one.

"Yes, that's where I got the notion," Hartwell remarked, wandering back to his seat in the window. "I've wanted to do it for years, but I've never felt quite sure of myself. I was afraid of missing it. He was an uncle of mine, my father's half-brother, and I was named for him. He was killed in one of the big battles of Sixty-four, when I was a child. I never saw him — never knew him until he had been dead for twenty years. And then, one night, I came to know

him as we sometimes do living persons — intimately, in a single moment."

He paused to knock the ashes out of his short pipe, refilled it, and puffed at it thoughtfully for a few moments with his hands on his knees. Then, settling back heavily among the cushions and looking absently out of the window, he began his story. As he proceeded further and further into the experience which he was trying to convey to us, his voice sank so low and was sometimes so charged with feeling, that I almost thought he had forgotten our presence and was remembering aloud. Even Bentley forgot his nervousness in astonishment and sat breathless under the spell of the man's thus breathing his memories out into the dusk.

"It was just fifteen years ago this last spring that I first went home, and Bentley's having to cut away like this brings it all back to me.

"I was born, you know, in Italy. My father was a sculptor, though I dare say you've not heard of him. He was one of those first fellows who went over after Story and Powers, — went to Italy for 'Art,' quite simply; to lift from its native bough the willing, iridescent bird. Their story is told, informingly enough, by some of those ingenuous marble things at the Metropolitan. My father came over some time before the outbreak of the Civil War, and was regarded as a renegade by his family because he did not go home to enter the army. His half-brother, the only child of my grandfather's second marriage, enlisted at fifteen and was killed the next year. I was ten years old when the news of his death reached us. My mother died the following winter, and I was sent away to a Jesuit school, while my father, already ill himself, stayed on at Rome, chipping away at his Indian maidens and marble goddesses, still gloomily seeking the thing for which he had made himself the most unhappy of exiles.

"He died when I was fourteen, but even before that I had been put to work under an Italian sculptor. He had an almost morbid desire that I should carry on his work, under, as he often pointed out to me, conditions so much more auspicious. He left me in the charge of his one intimate friend, an American gentleman in the consulate at Rome, and his instructions were that I was to be educated there and to live there until I was twenty-one. After I was of age, I came to Paris and studied under one master after another until I was nearly thirty. Then, almost for the first time, I was confronted by a duty which was not my pleasure.

"My grandfather's death, at an advanced age, left an invalid maiden sister of my father's quite alone in the world. She had suffered for years from a cerebral disease, a slow decay of the faculties which rendered her almost helpless. I decided to go to America and, if possible, bring her back to Paris, where I seemed on my way toward what my poor father had wished for me.

"On my arrival at my father's birthplace, however, I found that this was not to be thought of. To tear this timid, feeble, shrinking creature, doubly aged by years and illness, from the spot where she had been rooted for a lifetime, would have been little short of brutality. To leave her to the care of strangers seemed equally heartless. There was clearly nothing for me to do but to remain and wait for that slow and painless malady to run its course. I was there something over two years.

"My grandfather's home, his father's homestead before him, lay on the high banks of a river in Western Pennsylvania. The little town twelve miles down the stream, whither my great-grandfather used to drive his ox-wagon on market days, had become, in two generations, one of the largest manufacturing cities in the world. For hundreds of miles about us the gentle hill slopes were honeycombed with gas wells and coal shafts; oil derricks creaked in every valley and meadow; the brooks were sluggish and discolored with crude petroleum, and the air was impregnated by its searching odor. The great glass and iron manufactories had come up and up the river almost to our very door; their smoky exhalations brooded over us, and their crashing was always in our ears. I was plunged into the very incandescence of human energy. But, though my nerves tingled with the feverish, passionate endeavor which snapped in the very air about me, none of these great arteries seemed to feed me; this tumultuous life did not warm me. On every side were the great muddy rivers, the ragged mountains from which the timber was being ruthlessly torn away, the vast tracts of wild country, and the gulches that were like wounds in the earth; everywhere the glare of that relentless energy which followed me like a searchlight and seemed to scorch and consume me. I could only hide myself in the

tangled garden, where the dropping of a leaf or the whistle of a bird was the only incident.

"The Hartwell homestead had been sold away little by little, until all that remained of it was garden and orchard. The house, a square brick structure, stood in the midst of a great garden which sloped toward the river, ending in a grassy bank which fell some forty feet to the water's edge. The garden was now little more than a tangle of neglected shrubbery; damp, rank, and of that intense blue-green peculiar to vegetation in smoky places where the sun shines but rarely, and the mists form early in the evening and hang late in the morning.

"I shall never forget it as I saw it first, when I arrived there in the chill of a backward June. The long, rank grass, thick and soft and falling in billows, was always wet until midday. The gravel walks were bordered with great lilac-bushes, mock-orange, and bridal-wreath. Back of the house was a neglected rose garden, surrounded by a low stone wall over which the long suckers trailed and matted. They had wound their pink, thorny tentacles, layer upon layer, about the lock and the hinges of the rusty iron gate. Even the porches of the house, and the very windows, were damp and heavy with growth: wistaria, clematis, honeysuckle, and trumpet vine. The garden was grown up with trees, especially that part of it which lay above the river. The bark of the old locusts was blackened by the smoke that crept continually up the valley, and their feathery foliage, so merry in its movement and so yellow and joyous in its color, seemed peculiarly precious under that somber sky. There were sycamores and copper beeches; gnarled apple-trees, too old to bear; and fall pear-trees, hung with a sharp, hard fruit in October; all with a leafage singularly rich and luxuriant, and peculiarly vivid in color. The oaks about the house had been old trees when my great-grandfather built his cabin there, more than a century before, and this garden was almost the only spot for miles along the river where any of the original forest growth still survived. The smoke from the mills was fatal to trees of the larger sort, and even these had the look of doomed things — bent a little toward the town and seemed to wait with head inclined before that on-coming, shrieking force.

"About the river, too, there was a strange hush, a tragic submission — it was so leaden and sullen in its color, and it flowed so soundlessly forever past our door.

"I sat there every evening, on the high veranda overlooking it, watching the dim outlines of the steep hills on the other shore, the flicker of the lights on the island, where there was a boat-house, and listening to the call of the boatmen through the mist. The mist came as certainly as night, whitened by moonshine or starshine. The tin water-pipes went splash, splash, with it all evening, and the wind, when it rose at all, was little more than a sighing of the old boughs and a troubled breath in the heavy grasses.

"At first it was to think of my distant friends and my old life that I used to sit there; but after awhile it was simply to watch the days and weeks go by, like the river which seemed to carry them away.

"Within the house I was never at home. Month followed month, and yet I could feel no sense of kinship with anything there. Under the roof where my father and grandfather were born, I remained utterly detached. The somber rooms never spoke to me, the old furniture never seemed tinctured with race. This portrait of my boy uncle was the only thing to which I could draw near, the only link with anything I had ever known before.

"There is a good deal of my father in the face, but it is my father transformed and glorified; his hesitating discontent drowned in a kind of triumph. From my first day in that house, I continually turned to this handsome kinsman of mine, wondering in what terms he had lived and had his hope; what he had found there to look like that, to bound at one, after all those years, so joyously out of the canvas.

"From the timid, clouded old woman over whose life I had come to watch, I learned that in the backyard, near the old rose garden, there was a locust-tree which my uncle had planted. After his death, while it was still a slender sapling, his mother had a seat built round it, and she used to sit there on summer evenings. His grave was under the apple-trees in the old orchard.

"My aunt could tell me little more than this. There were days when she seemed not to remember him at all.

"It was from an old soldier in the village that I learned the boy's story. Lyon was, the old man told me, but fourteen when the first enlistment occurred, but was even then eager to go. He was in the court-house square

every evening to watch the recruits at their drill, and when the home company was ordered off he rode into the city on his pony to see the men board the train and to wave them good-by. The next year he spent at home with a tutor, but when he was fifteen he held his parents to their promise and went into the army. He was color sergeant of his regiment and fell in a charge upon the breastworks of a fort about a year after his enlistment.

"The veteran showed me an account of this charge which had been written for the village paper by one of my uncle's comrades who had seen his part in the engagement. It seems that as his company were running at full speed across the bottom lands toward the fortified hill, a shell burst over them. This comrade, running beside my uncle, saw the colors waver and sink as if falling, and looked to see that the boy's hand and forearm had been torn away by the exploding shrapnel. The boy, he thought, did not realize the extent of his injury, for he laughed, shouted something which his comrade did not catch, caught the flag in his left hand, and ran on up the hill. They went splendidly up over the breastworks, but just as my uncle, his colors flying, reached the top of the embankment, a second shell carried away his left arm at the arm-pit, and he fell over the wall with the flag settling about him.

"It was because this story was ever present with me, because I was unable to shake it off, that I began to read such books as my grandfather had collected upon the Civil War. I found that this war was fought largely by boys, that more men enlisted at eighteen than at any other age. When I thought of those battlefields — and I thought of them much in those days — there was always that glory of youth above them, that impetuous, generous passion stirring the long lines on the march, the blue battalions in the plain. The bugle, whenever I have heard it since, has always seemed to me the very golden throat of that boyhood which spent itself so gaily, so incredibly.

"I used often to wonder how it was that this uncle of mine, who seemed to have possessed all the charm and brilliancy allotted to his family and to have lived up its vitality in one splendid hour, had left so little trace in the house where he was born and where he had awaited his destiny. Look as I would, I could find no letters from him, no clothing or books that might have been his. He had been dead but twenty years, and yet nothing seemed to have survived except the tree he had planted. It seemed incredible and cruel that no physical memory of him should linger to be cherished among his kindred,— nothing but the dull image in the brain of that aged sister. I used to pace the garden walks in the evening, wondering that no breath of his, no echo of his laugh, of his call to his pony or his whistle to his dogs, should linger about those shaded paths where the pale roses exhaled their dewy, country smell. Sometimes, in the dim starlight, I have thought that I heard on the grasses beside me the stir of a footfall lighter than my own, and under the black arch of the lilacs I have fancied that he bore me company.

"There was, I found, one day in the year for which my old aunt waited, and which stood out from the months that were all of a sameness to her. On the thirtieth of May she insisted that I should bring down the big flag from the attic and run it up upon the tall flagstaff beside Lyon's tree in the garden. Later in the morning she went with me to carry some of the garden flowers to the grave in the orchard,— a grave scarcely larger than a child's.

"I had noticed, when I was hunting for the flag in the attic, a leather trunk with my own name stamped upon it, but was unable to find the key. My aunt was all day less apathetic than usual; she seemed to realize more clearly who I was, and to wish me to be with her. I did not have an opportunity to return to the attic until after dinner that evening, when I carried a lamp up-stairs and easily forced the lock of the trunk. I found all the things that I had looked for; put away, doubtless, by his mother, and still smelling faintly of lavender and rose leaves; his clothes, his exercise books, his letters from the army, his first boots, his riding-whip, some of his toys, even. I took them out and replaced them gently. As I was about to shut the lid, I picked up a copy of the Æneid, on the fly-leaf of which was written in a slanting, boyish hand,

Lyon Hartwell, January, 1862.

He had gone to the wars in Sixty-three, I remembered.

"My uncle, I gathered, was none too apt at his Latin, for the pages were dog-eared and rubbed and interlined, the margins mottled with pencil sketches—bugles, stacked

bayonets, and artillery carriages. In the act of putting the book down, I happened to run over the pages to the end, and on the fly-leaf at the back I saw his name again, and a drawing — with his initials and a date — of the Federal flag; above it, written in a kind of arch and in the same unformed hand:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"

It was a stiff, wooden sketch, not unlike a detail from some Egyptian inscription, but, the moment I saw it, wind and color seemed to touch it. I caught up the book, blew out the lamp, and rushed down into the garden.

"I seemed, somehow, at last to have known him; to have been with him in that careless, unconscious moment and to have known him as he was then.

"As I sat there in the rush of this realization, the wind began to rise, stirring the light foliage of the locust over my head and bringing, fresher than before, the woody odor of the pale roses that overran the little neglected garden. Then, as it grew stronger, it brought the sound of something sighing and stirring over my head in the perfumed darkness.

"I thought of that sad one of the Destinies who, as the Greeks believed, watched from birth over those marked for a violent or untimely death. Oh, I could see him, there in the shine of the morning, his book idly on his knee, his flashing eyes looking straight before him, and at his side that grave figure, hidden in her draperies, her eyes following his, but seeing so much farther — seeing what he never saw, that great moment at the end, when he swayed above his comrades on the earthen wall.

"All the while, the bunting I had run up in the morning flapped fold against fold, heaving and tossing softly in the dark — against a sky so black with rain clouds that I could see above me only the blur of something in soft, troubled motion.

"The experience of that night, coming so overwhelmingly to a man so dead, almost rent me in pieces. It was the same feeling that artists know when we, rarely, achieve truth in our work; the feeling of union with some great force, of purpose and security, of being glad that we have lived. For the first time I felt the pull of race and blood and kindred, and felt beating within me things that had not begun with me. It was as if the earth under my feet had grasped and rooted me, and were pouring its essence into me. I sat there until the dawn of morning, and all night long my life seemed to be pouring out of me and running into the ground."

Hartwell drew a long breath that lifted his heavy shoulders, and then let them fall again. He shifted a little and faced more squarely the scattered, silent company before him. The darkness had made us almost invisible to each other, and, except for the occasional red circuit of a cigarette end traveling upward from the arm of a chair, he might have supposed us all asleep.

"And so," Hartwell added thoughtfully, "I naturally feel an interest in fellows who are going home. It's always an experience."

No one said anything, and in a moment there was a loud rap at the door, — the concierge, come to take down Bentley's luggage and to announce that the cab was below. Bentley got his hat and coat, enjoined Hartwell to take good care of his *perroquets*, gave each of us a grip of the hand, and went briskly down the long flights of stairs. We followed him into the street, calling our good wishes, and saw him start on his drive across the lighted city to the Gare St. Lazare.

SOMEPIN NICE FOR CELIA

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE RETURN OF THE GIPSY," "THE WAGES OF SALVATION," ETC.

MRS. Nitschkan, in her usual careless, almost masculine attire, stood in the door of her cabin gazing out at the mountains in all their verdant and triumphant glory, the evanescent glory of the late springtime. A pick and fishing-rod lay across the door-sill, a lean, flea-bitten dog dozed at her feet; her arms were akimbo, and a pipe was thrust between her teeth, which, when disclosed by her frequent smile, showed milk-white in her heavily tanned face.

Suddenly her blue, twinkling gaze dropped from the hills to the road which ran before her cabin, and she started slightly, a smile of blended amusement and apprehension crossing her face, for at her gate, fumbling with the knotted rope which held it to the post, were three of her coadjutors and most intimate friends. Now, the arrival of one of them might have shown a feminine longing for consolation or the necessity of relating a grievance; two might have been taken symbolically to represent an important bit of gossip; but three indicated a union of strength for a definite purpose. It meant business, and Mrs. Nitschkan knew it; but, true backwoods-woman that she was, if she scented danger, she gave no outward sign.

"Hello, girls," she called jovially, as the three advanced along the path,— an oddly assorted group to the casual observer. There was Mrs. Thomas, a pink and white Amazon with a softly feminine and appealing manner; Mrs. Landvetter, stout to unwieldiness, stolid, laconic, knitting as she walked; and Mrs. Evans, a tiny, alert creature, the essence of concentrated ambition and capability.

"Have any of you seen Celia?" continued Mrs. Nitschkan, removing the pipe from her mouth. "I sent her to the store an hour ago, and she ain't turned up yet. I don't know whether to do some assessment work or spend the afternoon fishing; but I wisht she'd come, I want to get off."

Her three visitors exchanged significant glances which were not lost upon their friend.

"Is she hangin' 'round with any of them worthless hounds of boys, 'stead of doin' her errand and marchin' straight home?" she asked sharply.

"I don't see but what she's got a right to beaux. You was married 'fore you was her age," remarked Mrs. Evans, cocking her sleek head like a little brown bird. "What for are you so cranky, Sadie Nitschkan, that you got to take on so every time one of the boys pokes his nose around the house?"

"'Cause Celia's got other work to do 'sides thinkin' of gettin' married," said her mother succinctly. "I don't work no claim expectin' to get nothin' out of it, do I? An' I don't bring a lot of kids into the world and spend years teachin' 'em manners,"— she was interrupted by a brief and scornful laugh from Mrs. Landvetter, who, on observing that her friend was gazing at her earnestly and ominously, hastily converted it into a rapid and interested count of the stitches in her interminable piece of lace. "Spend years teachin' 'em manners," repeated Mrs. Nitschkan emphatically, "an' sacrifice myself to stay home an' punish 'em when I might be jantin' 'round my own self; to have 'em go and get married just when they get to the useful age."

"Well, that's between you and her," replied Mrs. Evans coldly; "though I will say, Sadie Nitschkan, that there ain't a soul in this camp that don't consider but what you're actin' real devilish to Celia. But," with a comprehensive gesture of indifference, "we didn't come to point out your plain duty as a mother to you, and ——"

"Wait a moment, Mis' Evans," lisped Mrs. Thomas, with a touch of asperity in her voice. "Times when I go callin' I ain't used

to standin' on my feet 'till my ankles cracks under me."

"Nor to haf my tongue hang out 'cause it's so dry " muttered Mrs. Landvetter deeply, clicking her needles together, with her an unfailing sign of mental disturbance.

"Oh, Lord, ain't you all in the fine humor this mornin'!" commented the mountain woman. She removed the pick and fishing-rod, dragged the dog out of the way, and threw open the door. "Come on right in,"—her tone was grudging,—"and if you wait a minute, I'll stir up the fire and get some water boilin'." Then, as the women entered, the habit of hospitality asserted itself, and she set out rocking-chairs and made a show of bustling preparation of the invariable beverages, tea and coffee.

"Sadie," began Mrs. Evans, adding lump after lump of sugar to her cup, "Sadie, we don't want you to take it hard, nor to rare 'round none; but the entertainment committee of the Bon Ami Club has visited both me an' Mrs. Thomas lately and has pestered us to death about something we don't think we have no call to be pestered about. They say they've called on you again and again, and sent you a written notice, all to tell you it's your turn, and about four times your turn, to entertain the club. Now, Sadie, that ain't right."

Mrs. Thomas sighed deeply and shook her head, and Mrs. Landvetter groaned aloud.

"You and Jack," continued Mrs. Evans accusingly, spurred to fresh efforts by these evidences of moral support, "you and Jack always got the time to shake your feet in other folks' houses an' eat up their vittles; but somethin' pressin' is always on hand when it's up to you to pay back the entertainment."

"Yes, Sadie," complained Mrs. Thomas, emboldened by Mrs. Nitschkan's silence and Mrs. Evans' courage in attack, "yes, Sadie, I've had to have them to my house twict in succession lately, 'cause you always got some excuse handy when your time comes, an' then we've got to shoulder things for friendship's sweet sake." Mrs. Thomas was nothing, if not sentimental.

"I had a excuse every time," returned Mrs. Nitschkan in sullen defense, "an' they was mighty good excuses."

"Maybe they was, and maybe they wasn't," remarked Mrs. Evans; "but I've noticed this—" with the disillusion of those of the strenuous life, in regard to the activity of others—"I've noticed that it's this way in business or society or religion or politics, there's always some that has to take all the burden and the heat of the day."

"An' if you noticed right, Effie Evans," replied Mrs. Nitschkan tartly, her patience worn thin,—a pseudo and uncharacteristic patience born of the knowledge of guilt,—"them's always the bossy kind that thinks nobody can bear a burden with any style, or sit in the sun without a umberrel' but theirselves. They got to mix in and manage, whether or no."

The tiny white dents that always appeared about Mrs. Evans' nose when she was angry were strikingly in evidence; but she maintained an admirable self-control. "Sadie," in tones of cold reproof, "I told you that it was no good to rare and tear; and to quarrel with your best friends ain't goin' to help you now. All we want to know is, are you goin' to entertain the Bon Amis, or are you not?"

"It's the devil's own bother," fretted Mrs. Nitschkan in frank disgust. "You got to cook for days an' then see it all swep' down their throats in half an hour. An' you got to put a green string on every one of Mrs. Landvetter's forks, an' a red string on every one of your spoons; an' then have Mrs. Thomas showin', for a year to come, the cracks that got put in the chiny set her mother give her when she was married. An' you an' Mrs. Landvetter here the next mornin' at daybreak to say that there was three forks an' two spoons missin'. How," petulantly, "kin I be responsible for the spoons an' forks when society's as mixed as it is now in Zenith?"

During this outburst her friends merely looked at each other with the upraised eyebrows of scorn and slowly shook their heads. "Sadie—" Mrs. Evans held steadily to her point—"the question that's before you is, will you or will you not entertain the Bon Amis?"

"I s'pose I got to," ungraciously; "a willin' horse is always drove to death."

"When will you have 'em, Sadie?" probed Mrs. Thomas; "next Tuesday night?"

"Oh, I guess so, I s'pose so, maybe," agreed Mrs. Nitschkan, rebellious, but cornered.

"Very well. Comegirls." The tiny spokeswoman arose with magisterial dignity. "We'll go and deliver the invitations."

"Oh, you ain't no call to do that yet," interposed Mrs. Nitschkan eagerly. "Jack's

got a awful hand on him. It looks like blood pizen sure."

"An' yet, he's workin'." Mrs. Evans paused half way to the gate to fling this over her shoulder.

"Ef you see Celia, tell her to come a-runnin'," adjured Mrs. Nitschkan dejectedly from the door.

Meanwhile Celia, just seventeen, was loitering down the piny trails beside a handsome young fellow with clean, well set-up limbs and a determined, earnest face. Pretty Celia was the capable daughter of an incompetent mother. Educators discourse much on the value of a proper environment and training for the young of the human species; but theories aside, practical results seem rather in favor of casting the "bantling on the rocks"; and so, despite Mrs. Nitschkan's joyous lack of responsibility, Celia had grown up her mother's antithesis. She was a thoroughly feminine little creature, already famous for those womanly accomplishments for which her mother had ever shown a marked distaste. She was assiduous in keeping the tables and floors scoured and shining, and the scarlet geraniums in the windows fresh and blooming. All morning she would brew and bake, and through the long afternoons she sewed diligently, making her own and her sister's trim little gowns, instead of following the example of the other children and "goin' fishin' with Mommie."

"Well, honey," said the young miner, reluctantly loosing her arm as they emerged from the dusky trail padded with pine needles into the clear sunlight of the mountain road, "if you must go now, can't I walk up past the house this evening and sort of santer in for a few minutes?"

Celia shrank visibly. "Oh, no, please don't, Harvey. Mommie would as like as not throw you out. You know she ain't got no objection at all to a rough-house. I'll catch it now hot and heavy for stayin' so long."

But in the press of weightier matters, Celia's delinquencies had passed from Mrs. Nitschkan's mind; and when her daughter entered the cabin, with a brave front but a sinking heart, she found her mother seated at a table shuffling a well-thumbed deck of cards and intently scanning those she laid before her. For once her care-free face wore an expression approaching worry.

"Runnin' the cards, Mommie?" asked the girl, as she hung up her hat and tied on an apron.

"That's what," replied her mother abstractedly. "I thought I'd run 'em over an' try and get some light, so as I kin tell how to go ahead. How anyone kin get along without a pack of cards! It's sure a lamp to the feet, like what missioner told about last Sunday. Look here! Did you ever see anything like it?" pointing to the cards in neat rows before her; "trouble, trouble, nothin' but trouble. If it ain't actual murder an' death, it's too near it to be any joke. Look how them spades turns up every whipstitch, an' Gosh A'mighty knows trouble's come to me while you been gone. Celia, how kin folks doubt?"

"What's happened, Mommie? I saw Mis' Evans an' Mis' Thomas an' Mis' Landvetter with their heads together; what's up now?"

"This here's a Wednesday," groaned Mrs. Nitschkan; "well, next Tuesday night I got to entertain those dratted Bon Amis. That means we got to begin about Friday to cook for them pizen coyotes, an' wash an' scrub an' get the house ready; an'," with eyes of wistful longing, "the fish thick out there in the creek, an' I wanted to do a little prospectin' next week. I'll tell you what, Celia, ef you kin get me outen this scrape, I'll give you somepin nice for sure."

"Maybe I can," said Celia brightly.

"I don't know, though, ef it's a square deal," continued her mother, solemnly shaking her head, "to match my child agin Effie Evans."

"She won't know I'm matched," replied Celia easily; "she ain't on to us."

"Gosh A'mighty! That don't make no difference. Effie Evans don't need no mouse-hole to tell her there's a mouse around, she can smell 'em in the walls."

"Well, I'm a-goin' to get ahead of her this time," averred Celia, with the happy confidence of youth.

"Maybe you can, an' maybe you can't, child. You ain't been tried and proved like Effie Evans has. Why, that woman's been smelted. Do you remember what the missioner was readin' us last Sunday 'bout Daniel, and all? Well, if Effie Evans had 'a' been there, I'll tell you now, Celia, what'd 'a' happened. She can't bear for nobody, man, woman, child, or devil, to get ahead of her; and she'd 'a' looked at that fiery furnace an' then give them Bible boys cards and spades about gettin' the hairs of their heads singed. She'd 'a' took in their asbestos coats

and gone 'em one better. Effie Evans would have wore organdie trimmed with val lace."

"Mommie!" expostulated Celia, "I believe you're a-puttin' your money on Mis' Evans 'stead of on me."

"I ain't, Celia, you're my flesh an' blood, an' I got the what-y'-may-call-it that the Bishop talks about — the mother-love for you. But what I got for Mis' Evans is respect. Why, that woman ain't no bigger'n a minute, and yet she's all mind. Don't tell me that Effie Evans' brains is in her head. They ain't nothin' of the kind. They're all over her, in her hands an' feet an' everywheres. I do solemnly believe that she kin think harder with one of her little toes than most people with their whole brain. And Marthy Thomas ain't so slow, neither, when she kin get men outen her head."

Celia cocked her rounded chin. "I'm just as smart as those two," she asserted, in a very splendor of self-reliance. Her mother almost crossed herself at this temerity.

But Celia was quick in thought and action, and the next day returned to the subject. "Mommie," she asked blushingly, as she scrubbed white the kitchen table, "if I think of some way to help you skin out of that party, could I have Harve here to set in the evenings? I scoured the front room an' all, an' you an' Poppy always set in the kitchen."

Her mother, who had been pouring cream with a liberal hand into a fresh cup of coffee, turned and gave her a long, piercing glance. "You ain't so big, Celia," she remarked with cool impartiality, after wiping her mouth on her sleeve, "you ain't so big but what I could give you a good hidin' if you stirred me up enough. Understand, once an' fer all: I'll have no nonsense about beaux. You're entirely too young. Now if you think up some real good plan, I'll give you somepin nice as I promised; an' it's goin' to be this"; she turned over the advertising pages of a magazine and with undisguised pleasure and interest showed Celia a picture, which, however, failed to arouse the same emotions in the younger woman's breast, for she viewed it first with astonishment, then repugnance, and finally turned away with a burst of tears.

"I don't call that somepin nice," she wailed.

"I'm the best judge of what's nice," affirmed her mother. "An' anyway, Celia, I got a little plan of my own to get ahead of Marthy Thomas an' Effie Evans, that I guess is better'n what any inexperienced girl could trump up."

Celia made no rejoinder, but drooped spiritlessly against the window-sill, her tears continuing for some time to water the big, velvety, green leaves of the scarlet geraniums.

But the heart of seventeen is proverbially and phenomenally elastic; and the next afternoon when her mother, accompanied by the younger children, had gone "prospectin'," Celia fastened the buttons of her new blue dimity frock with nervous fingers and, pinning on her white hat trimmed with pink tinted morning-glories, hastened to keep a little appointment in the Land o' Love. But the Land o' Love has invisible barriers, and occasionally trespassers stray therein, seeing with dull, unawakened eyes only commonplace scenes; quite ignorant and unwitting that they tread enchanted ground. And so it happened that Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Thomas, returning from a Friday afternoon meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, adventured suddenly into a little tree-sheltered glade of Arcady where the sunlight fell very dreamily, and the wind sighed very softly, and the bluejays and thrushes fluttered through the branches of quivering aspen and pine. And Harvey, wiping away the tears in Celia's dark eyes, had stooped to kiss her, and Celia had looked down to blush and looked up — to encounter the gaze of her mother's most intimate friends.

"Oh!" she cried, putting her hands to her burning cheeks, "Oh, Mis' Evans! Oh! Mis' Thomas!"

"'Course you know, ladies, that Celia and me's engaged," said Harvey, stepping manfully forward, "but her mother won't hear of me comin' near the house, an' — an' 'course we got to see each other some time." The explanation became an appeal.

There is undoubtedly some Puck who touches the eyelids of those who look upon young lovers, and the lost youth of the two busy, practical Marthas gazed at them so pleadingly from Harvey's and Celia's eyes that their hearts were touched with a sudden compassion and tenderness; and Celia, feeling their unspoken sympathy, broke into voluble speech.

"Of course we're engaged," she cried, at once indignantly and piteously; "you know, Mis' Evans, that I wouldn't take on that way with no fellow that I wasn't engaged to; but you see we got to sneak all the time,

an' you know," growing vehement under her sense of injustice, "you know what a good, steady fellow Harvey is; an' he has been offered to be foreman over to the Crescent Consolidated in Red Fox, an' he's goin' next week. You know Mommie's got no heart for anything but gippyin', an' she won't hear to nothin' between Harve an' me. An'," weeping from a full heart, "she promised me that if I thought of a way to get her out of entertainin' the Bon Amis, she'd give me somepin nice, an' I was tryin' to think of somethin' that would tickle her to death; when she showed me what she was goin' to give me. It — it," with shame-stricken sobs, "was a patent, double-j'inted, electrical fishin'-rod, like she saw in a picture in the back of a magazine Mis' Evans lent us, an' — an' I wanted a 'cordion plaited skirt."

"There, there, honey," soothed Harvey, "you shall marry me an' have your 'cordion plaited skirt."

The two ladies exchanged glances at once expressing indignant credence and complete comprehension.

"Ain't that just like Sadie Nitschkan?" demanded Mrs. Thomas of Mrs. Evans. "It do beat the dogs."

Her tiny friend shrugged her shoulders in impatience. "Look a-here, Celia," she began authoritatively, "there ain't no reason why you and Harve shouldn't get married. You can't neither of you expect to get nothin' better than each other. Your Paw's on your side, ain't he? Yes. Well, now, me and Mis' Thomas'll help. You come to my house in the afternoons and do your sewin', an' we'll have you married before you know it, and Harve can take you to Red Fox with him."

"That's it, ladies!" cried Harvey joyously, shaking the hands of first one and then the other. "That's what I been beggin' her to do."

"But Mommie!" gasped Celia, her face alight with tremulous rapture.

"I guess Marthy Thomas an' me can handle your Mommie," returned Mrs. Evans, with magnificent recklessness; "so long, children."

In the two or three days now remaining before the Tuesday selected for Mrs. Nitschkan to pay off her obligations to society, that daughter of the hills gave up with apparent cheerfulness her various open-air activities and excursions, and devoted herself with praiseworthy if suspicious zest to her household duties.

"I guess it's a-goin' to be pulled off, all right," said Celia hopefully, as she sewed diligently on her white organdie wedding-dress, in Mrs. Evans' kitchen. "Mommie, she's working hearty, and I've heard no more talk about getting even with you ladies. 'Course her cleanin's real slack, an', she ain't cooked near enough for 'em. I told her so; but she says it's all they'll get. She seems awful good-humored, too."

Mrs. Thomas shook her head. "That's a bad sign," she murmured dolefully.

"Oh, I don't think that means anything," averred Mrs. Evans. "It's like goin' to church or gettin' used to new teeth or havin' your picture took. If it's got to be done, you can do it cheerful. Anyway, she's got her j'inted fishin'-rod to tide her along an' keep her spirits up till it's over."

"I do' know," deplored Mrs. Thomas, "I jus' kind o' feel deviltry in the air."

"Fiddlesticks!" returned the smaller woman crossly. "We'll get Celia an' Harve good an' married, an' then we'll go up an' join the Bon Amis at Sadie's, an' be as innocent as you please till Celia's note is brought."

Her cheerful predictions seemed about to be verified, for the fateful Tuesday arrived without any unexpected lightnings from the clear sky of Mrs. Nitschkan's serene activity. She had, according to Celia's reports, set her house in order and was now looking forward, with a resignation which savored of joyous anticipation, to the invasion of the Bon Amis.

Until the eleventh hour, however, Mrs. Thomas refused to take heart at these gratifying evidences of a tamed and chastened spirit; and it was not until after putting the children to bed for the night that she permitted herself to draw a long sigh of relief.

"Praise Gawd, a lot of the Bon Amis just went past the house on their way to Sadie's!" she exclaimed devoutly, turning from the window to assist Mrs. Evans in putting the finishing touches to the bride's toilet. "I kind o' sensed deviltry; but I guess I need a little sasparilla or mountain sage tea."

"I guess yes." Mrs. Evans knelt before Celia, her mouth full of pins. "My patience, Marthy! What was that?" Both women started to their feet in sudden agitation and stood listening a moment in silence, their eyes grown wide, their faces pale.

There was a sound of many voices without, of loud laughter, coming nearer—nearer: then a thunderous knocking on the door.

Mrs. Thomas fell back limply against the wall. "I sensed it right," she moaned. "It wasn't no need for sasparilla."

Her friend, ever quick to act, snatched up a candle. "Get out in the back room with Harve and the preacher, Celia," she ordered the trembling bride. "Come on, Marthy, we got to face it now."

The knocking was becoming louder and more insistent every minute, and with trembling fingers the two women unbarred the outer door.

"Surprise! Surprise!" called a chorus of voices, Mrs. Nitschkan's tones leading all the rest; and the Bon Amis, with a concerted rush, entered the house, each member of the club bearing a basket.

"It's a picnic in the form of a pro-gressive supper," announced Mrs. Nitschkan. "We're a-goin' to eat the first part of it here, and then go on to your house, Effie Evans, for the pies an' cakes an' things."

There was nothing to do but acquiesce. Already the bolder spirits were dragging out tables and laying cloths in preparation for the feast; the uproarious throng enjoying with Mrs. Nitschkan her rollicking and malicious satisfaction in the evident consternation of her two friends.

Mrs. Evans, however, wasted no time among the merrymakers, but quickly withdrew to the back chamber, where she held brief counsel with the frowning bridegroom, the weeping bride, the nervous minister, and her allies, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Landvetter.

'It's all over, Harve," wailed Celia. "Mommie, she's sure got ahead of us."

"Shut up, Celia," commanded Mrs. Evans sharply, "and get a little flour out of the barrel to put on your nose. I ain't afraid of your Mommie, and I'm goin' to face her now."

"Oh, don't have it out before folks," besought timid Celia. "Take her out in the backyard where there ain't no lamps to throw, and where she can't break dishes and furniture."

"I'll tend to her," replied Mrs. Evans magnificently. "Go on to the kitchen, Mrs. Landvetter, and get some good, strong, hot coffee ready to pour into her when she gets the 'strikes.'"

"Don't you want Harve?" asked Celia, with reluctant generosity. "He ain't afraid of anything, even of Mommie."

"This ain't no time for men folks. When a female has to be dealt with, it takes females to do it," replied her mentor.

A moment later she pushed her way through the throng and touched Mrs. Nitschkan on the elbow.

"Come here a minute, Sadie. Marthy wants you to help with the coffee and heat up some of the things."

Mrs. Nitschkan followed good-humoredly, slapping her thighs and indulging in crowing triumph.

"Well, Effie Evans, I sure got ahead of you that time," she laughed.

Mrs. Evans first fastened the kitchen door, then, turning, faced her. "No, Sadie," composedly, "you ain't got ahead of me now, nor," with emphasis, "ever will. It can't be done. Sadie Nitschkan, I got something to tell you that will make you kick and plunge; but it ain't going to do you a mite of good, and all you got to do is to take your medicine an' drink it down like it was a cup of Landvetter's best coffee. Sadie, Celia's a-going to be married in this house in about half an hour."

The smile and triumph faded suddenly from Mrs. Nitschkan's face. Her small, twinkling eyes began to roll ominously and show red, and her relaxed figure became immediately tense and alert as that of a panther on guard.

"What you puttin' up on me?" Her voice was a mere guttural growl. "Celia! A-goin' to be married here at Martha Thomas'! Oh, I guess not! I guess you don't know what all you're talkin' about, Effie Evans. You forget I'm feelin' particularly good, right now?" rolling up her sleeves and showing the great knots of swelling muscles on her arms. "And I'm prepared to do some stunts in the way of cleanin' out this. There won't be a whole dish or a whole stick of furniture or even a pictur' left in this house when I get through. Get out of my way."

With one big sweep of her arm she brushed her companion aside as if she had been a fly; but with incredible rapidity, the tiny woman recovered herself and sprang before the locked portal.

"No, Sadie Nitschkan,"—the steady eyes held in check the infuriated woman—"you ain't a-goin' to do no such thing. You don't want them Bon Amis laughing like jackals,

'cause you put up a game on your two best friends, and they was smart enough to turn the tables on you. Oh, no, I guess not!" Her words dropped hard and cold as icicles.

Mrs. Nitschkan's courage sprang from a sense of trained and responsive muscles and of tremendous physical strength; but at the sound of that cool voice, the sight of those unwavering eyes, there swept over her an old awe of the smaller woman's far higher courage. It was an almost superstitious fear and respect which chilled the hot blood of her passion; the instinctive obedience of the flesh to the indomitable spirit. Too often had this fighting gipsy paid deference to the steel-like, unflinching quality of her friend to ignore it now, when, rising above the frail physique, it faced unafraid the brute strength which threatened it, and dominated the situation by sheer consciousness of power.

For a moment, Mrs. Nitschkan, chilled and subdued, confused by forces she could not understand, fell back a step or two. Then, a hot remembrance of her wrongs giving her a new impulse, she started forward muttering hoarse rage, as if to seize Mrs. Evans and break her; but her dominating purpose was cowed, her muscles felt powerless, and she fell back a step or two, rolling her head and muttering, finally to sink flaccidly into a chair.

Quick as a flash Mrs. Evans threw open the door and beckoned Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Landvetter, whose attitudes suggested that they might have been in close proximity to the keyhole.

"Here, girls," she ordered, "help me to get her settled more comfortable. Oh, it's the 'strikes,' you see. Yes, let 'em come, Sadie. Take it easy and yell all you want. It'll do you good."

Mrs. Nitschkan had speedily recovered from her momentarily dazed condition and was now rocking rhythmically back and forth in her chair, throwing her arms above her head and bringing her clenched fists down on her knees, while alternating uncanny and piercing laughter with gasping sobs and cries.

Mrs. Evans watched over her with a dispassionate and scientific interest while the other women busied themselves about the stove; Mrs. Thomas occasionally pausing to shake her head admiringly and murmur, "Ain't she havin' 'em beautiful?"

"Oh!" wailed the gipsy, now at the height of her "strikes," "to think of what a body's got to bear; bein' turned down by your own child and done by your two best friends! It's too hard; but," pausing suddenly in her emotional exhibition, her face purpling, and her eyes again showing red, "I bet I'll get even with Celia. I'm a-goin' to give that girl a good hidin'."

"Now Sadie, Sadie," adjured Mrs. Thomas, "you can't hide a married woman. If there's any hidin' to be done, the husbands are a-goin' to do it theirselves. They ain't goin' to let no mother-in-law get in her whacks."

"Yes, and you've had your cry out now, and you can listen to sense," remarked Mrs. Evans decisively. "Here's your coffee. Take and drink it while it's hot. Now listen; instead of having to give Celia a weddin' and stay at home and sew your fingers to the bone getting her ready, you've been jantin' 'round, fishin' and prospectin', with all the trouble taken off your hands, and no thanks to you that Celia's caught one of the best miners in the county and fixed herself for life."

Mrs. Nitschkan sniffed wrathfully, but drank her coffee.

"Yes," cooed Mrs. Thomas, "an' think what the Bon Amis'll say to two surprises in one evening. They'll say no one ever gave 'em so much for their money as Mrs. Nitschkan's done. Why," her imagination soaring, "twenty years from now they'll be sayin' that in this camp."

The gipsy's eyes began to sparkle. "Ef it would be thought that I managed it; that it wasn't no low-down trick played on me by my two best friends — " she began tentatively.

"They can be made to think so; they shall," affirmed Mrs. Evans.

At that moment there was a tap at the door, and Harvey peered in, his face white, his eyes gleaming. Behind him appeared the reluctant and skulking figure of Mr. Nitschkan.

"Air you ladies ready?" asked the bridegroom. "Preacher says it's time to begin."

"Comin' right off, Harve. Here, Jack," dragging forward Mr. Nitschkan, "you give Sadie your arm an' go right on in."

It was an imposing entrance they made. From the moment she appeared at the door, Mrs. Nitschkan felt herself the object of a new respect and attention. Hasty word of the event about to occur had been passed among the Bon Amis; and now they

stood open-mouthed, lost in admiration of the hostess who had devised these various and original methods of entertainment. Some bitterness had undoubtedly been felt by the more conscientious members of the club, that one of their members had so long and successfully evaded the pleasing duties of hospitality; but this was not only completely forgiven, but forgotten, in view of the revelation of resource and spectacular ingenuity which Mrs. Nitschkan had displayed when finally awakened to the sense of her responsibilities.

It was noticed by the more observing that during the ceremony the minister seemed somewhat distrait and fidgetty, and that Celia clung timidly to Harvey's arm; but the mother of the bride, now fully conscious of the importance of her position and lustily enjoying the glare of the lime-light, was the first to extend her hearty and effusive congratulations.

"Oh, yes," she remarked later to a group of admiring Bon Amis, "I picked out Harve for Celia long ago; but I was afraid they wouldn't take to each other 'less I opposed 'em like pizen. Shows how much I think of Harve, when I sent East, clean to New York, for a weddin' present fer him, a double-j'inted, patent electrical fishin'-rod. Why, even the Bishop, he says to me not long ago, shakin' his finger at me, just like this—'Mrs. Nitschkan,' he says, 'ain't you the sly-boots, though! Why, ef you'd 'a' been Eve in the garden of Eden, the Serpent, he wouldn't never have had the courage to offer you that apple. He'd be sure you knew too much about mines not to 'spicion that what was handed out to you for nothin' was likely sure to be salted.'"

ROSE DOLORES

BY

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THE moan of Rose Dolores, she made her plaint to me;
"My hair is lifted by the wind that sweeps in from the sea;
I taste its salt upon my lips—O jailer, set me free!"

"Content thee, Rose Dolores, content thee, child of care!
There's satin shoon upon thy feet and emeralds in thy hair,
And one there is who hungers for thy step upon the stair."

The moan of Rose Dolores: "O jailer, set me free!
These satin shoon and green-lit gems are terrible to me:
I hear a murmur on the wind, the murmur of the sea!"

"Bethink thee, Rose Dolores, bethink thee ere too late!
Thou wert a fisher's child, alack, born to a fisher's fate;
Would'st lay thy beauty 'neath the yoke—would'st be a fisher's mate?"

The moan of Rose Dolores: "Kind jailer, let me go!
There's one who is a fisher—ah! my heart beats cold and slow
Lest he should doubt I love him—I! who love not heaven so!"

"Alas, sweet Rose Dolores, why beat against the bars?
Thy fisher lover drifteth where the sea is full of stars;
Why weep for one who weeps no more—since grief thy beauty mars!"

The moan of Rose Dolores (she prayed me patiently):
"O jailer, now I know who called from out the calling sea,
I know whose kiss was in the wind—O jailer, set me free!"

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

III

THE QUIMBY CONTROVERSY

MARY BAKER G. EDDY, nine years after the death of Phineas P. Quimby, published a book entitled "Science and Health," in which she developed a system of curing disease by the mind. In this work she mentions Quimby only incidentally and acknowledges no indebtedness to him for the idea upon which her system is based. Upon this foundation Mrs. Eddy has since established the Christian Science church, the sect which regards her as the real discoverer and only accredited teacher of metaphysical healing. Quimby himself, though he founded no religious organization, to-day has thousands of followers; the several schools of Mental Scientists are convinced that he was the discoverer and founder of mental healing in this country. Mrs. Eddy's partizans maintain that she received her inspiration from God, while Quimby's adherents maintain that she obtained her ideas very largely from Quimby. Interrupting, for the present, the narrative of Mrs. Eddy's life, this article will attempt to present the arguments of both sides in this controversy.

Quimby's followers do not assert that Quimby wrote "Science and Health," or that he is the responsible author of all the ideas now formulated in the Christian Science creed. In brief, their position is this: that Mrs. Eddy obtained the radical principle of her Science,— the cure of disease by the power of Divine mind,— from Quimby; that she left Portland with a manuscript which formed the basis of her book, "Science and Health"; that she publicly figured for several years after Quimby's death as the teacher and practitioner of his system; that she had, herself, before 1875, repeatedly acknowledged her obligations to him; and that since the publication of the first edition of "Science and Health," in her determined efforts to disprove this obligation, she has not hesitated to bring discredit upon her former teacher. They do not maintain that Quimby is in any sense the founder of the present Christian Science organization; they do declare, however, that had Mrs. Eddy never visited Quimby, never listened to his ideas or studied his writings, such an organization would probably not now exist. On the other hand, Christian Scientists repudiate any suggestion that Mrs. Eddy, or their ecclesiastical establishment, is in the slightest degree indebted to the Portland healer.

Mrs. Eddy's Claims to Divine Inspiration

Christian Scientists believe that Mrs. Eddy received the truths of Christian Science as a direct revelation from God. She came to fulfil and to complete the mission of Jesus Christ. Jesus, that is, possessed only partial wisdom. "Our Master healed the sick," she writes in "Science and Health," . . . "and taught the generalities of its divine Principle to his students; but he left no definite rule for demonstrating his Principle of healing and preventing disease. This remained to be discovered through Christian

Science."* "Jesus' wisdom ofttimes was shown by his forbearing to speak," she writes, "as well as by his speaking, the whole truth. . . . Had wisdom characterized all his† sayings, he would not have prophesied his own death and thereby hastened it or caused it." ‡ In other words, Jesus, by foretelling His crucifixion, created that thought, and the thought ultimately hastened His death. In a letter written about 1877, part of which is reproduced photographically elsewhere, Mrs. Eddy again suggests that her mission completes that of the New Testament:

Lynn March 11th

My dear Student,

I did not write the day your letter came, a belief was clouding the sunshine of Truth and it is not fair weather yet. But Harry, be of good cheer "behind the clouds the sun is still shining." *I know the crucifixion of the one who presents Truth in its higher aspect will be this time through a bigger error, through mortal mind instead of its lower strata or matter, showing that the idea given of God this time is higher, clearer, and more permanent than before.*§ My dear companion and fellow-laborer in the Lord‖ is grappling stronger than did Peter with the enemy, he would cut off their hands and "ears"; you dear student, are doubtless praying for me—and so the Modern Law giver is upheld for a time. I shall go to work for the book as soon as I can think clearly for agony, or outside of the belief

May the All Love hold and help you ever

Your Teacher
M B G E.

In "Retrospection and Introspection" Mrs. Eddy writes:

No person can take the individual place of the Virgin Mary. No person can compass or fulfill the individual mission of Jesus of Nazareth. No person can take the place of the author of Science and Health, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science. Each individual must fill his own niche in time and eternity.

The second appearing of Jesus is unquestionably, the spiritual advent of the advancing idea of God as in Christian Science.¶

Christian Science Foretold in the Book of Revelation

Mrs. Eddy believes that Christian Science is foretold in the Book of Revelation. In "Science and Health" she writes:

John the Baptist prophesied the coming of the Immaculate Jesus and declared that this spiritual idea was the Messiah who would baptize with the Holy Ghost — Divine Science. The son of the Blessed represents the fatherhood of God; and the Revelator completes this figure with the Woman, or type of God's motherhood.*

Again:

Saint John writes, in the tenth chapter of his Book of Revelation: "And I saw another mighty angel come down from Heaven, clothed with a cloud; and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire. And he had in his hand a little book open; and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot upon the earth." Is this angel, or message from God, Divine Science, that comes in a cloud? To mortals obscure, abstract, and dark; but a bright promise crowns its brow. When understood, it is Truth's prism and praise; when you look it fairly in the face, you can heal by its means, and it hath for you a light above the sun, for God "is the light thereof." . . . This angel had in his hand a "little book," open for all to read and understand. Did this same book contain the revelation of Divine Science, whose "right foot" or dominant power was upon the sea,— upon elementary, latent error, the source of all error's visible forms? . . . Then will a voice from harmony cry: "Go and take the little book. Take it and eat it up, and it shall make thy belly bitter; but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey." Mortal, obey the heavenly evangel. Take up Divine Science. Study it, ponder it. It will be indeed sweet at its first taste, when it heals you; but murmur not over Truth, if you find its digestion bitter. . . . In the opening of the Sixth Seal, typical of six thousand years since Adam, there is one distinctive feature which has *special reference to the present age.*†

Rev. xii. 1. "And there appeared a great wonder in Heaven,— a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." . . . Rev. xii. 5. "And she brought forth a man-child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron; and her child was caught up unto God, and to his Throne." Led on by the grossest element of mortal mind, Herod decreed the death of every male child, in order that the man Jesus (*the masculine representative of the spiritual idea*)* might never hold sway, and so deprive Herod of his crown. The impersonation of the spiritual idea had a brief history in the earthly life of our Master; but "of his kingdom there shall be no end," for *Christ, God's idea, will eventually rule all nations and peoples — imperatively, absolutely, finally — with Divine Science. This immaculate idea, represented first by man and last by woman,* will baptize with fire; and the fiery baptism will burn up the chaff of error with the fervent heat of Truth and Love, melting and purifying even the gold of human character.‡

The following extracts from Mrs. Eddy's writings indicate the magnitude of her claims and her conception of her own exalted mission:

* "Science and Health" (1898), p. 41.

† Both this and other quotations in this article have been modified in later editions of Mrs. Eddy's books. The phrase above now stands: "This wisdom, which characterized his sayings did not prophesy his death and thereby hasten or permit it." The author thinks it hardly necessary, in what follows, to indicate the various readings of the same quotation, but will content herself with naming the particular editions in which the phrases, as quoted, appear. When no edition is mentioned, the latest edition is to be understood.

‡ "Miscellaneous Writings" (1897), pp. 83 and 84.

§ The italics are not Mrs. Eddy's.

‖ This is apparently a reference to Asa G. Eddy, her husband.

¶ "Retrospection and Introspection," pp. 95 and 96.

* "Science and Health" (1888), p. 513.

† The italics in this paragraph are not Mrs. Eddy's.

‡ "Science and Health" (1898), pp. 550, 551, 552 and 557.

She says in "Science and Health":

In the year 1866, I discovered the Science of Metaphysical Healing, and named it Christian Science. God had been graciously fitting me, during many years, for the reception of a final revelation of the absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing. . . . No human pen or tongue taught me the Science contained in this book . . . and neither tongue nor pen can ever overthrow it.*

"Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy says, continues the teachings of St. Paul.

On our subject, St. Paul first reasons upon the basis of what is seen, the effects of Truth on the material senses; thence, up to the Unseen, the testimony of spiritual sense; and right there he leaves the subject.

Just there, in the intermediate line of thought, is where the present writer found it, when she discovered Christian Science. And she has *not* left it, but continues the explanation of the power of Spirit up to its infinite meaning, its Allness. †

Mrs. Eddy's followers believe that her discovery, in a manner, has repeated the day of Pentecost and the coming of the Holy Ghost to man. She says:

This understanding is what is meant by the descent of the Holy Ghost,— that influx of divine Science which so illuminated the Pentecostal Day, and is now repeating its ancient history. . . .

In the words of St. John: "He shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you *forever*." This Comforter I understand to be Divine Science.‡

In "Miscellaneous Writings," Mrs. Eddy further says of her Science and her ministry:

Above the fogs of sense and storms of passion, Christian Science and its Art will rise triumphant: ignorance, envy, and hatred — earth's harmless thunder — pluck not their heaven-born wings. Angels, with overtures, hold charge over both, and announce their principle and idea. . . .

No works similar to mine on Christian Science existed, prior to my discovery of this Science. Before the publication of my first work on this subject, a few manuscripts of mine were in circulation. The discovery and founding of Christian Science has cost more than thirty years of unremitting toil and unrest; but, comparing those with the joy of knowing that the sinner and the sick are helped upward, that time and eternity bear witness to this gift of God to the race, I am the debtor. . . .

In 1895, I ordained the BIBLE, and SCIENCE AND HEALTH WITH KEY TO THE SCRIPTURES, the Christian Science Text-book, as the Pastor, on this planet, of all the churches of the Christian Science Denomination. This ordinance took effect the same year and met with the universal approval and support of Christian Scientists. Whenever and wherever a church of Christian Science is established, its Pastor is the Bible and My Book.

In 1896, it goes without saying, preëminent over ignorance or envy, that Christian Science *is founded by its discoverer*, and built upon the Rock of Christ. The elements of earth beat in vain against the immortal parapets of this Science. Erect and eternal, it will go on with the ages, go down the dim posterns of time unharmed, and on every battlefield rise higher in the estimation of thinkers, and in the hearts of Christians.*

To Christian Scientists, therefore, Mrs. Eddy's discovery or revelation was a great turning-point in the history of the human race, and the manner in which it came about is of the highest importance.

Mrs. Eddy Gives Three Different Dates for Her Discovery

It is difficult to ascertain definitely just when Mrs. Eddy arrived at the conclusion that mortal mind, not matter, causes sin, sickness, and death, as her own recollection of her initial revelation seems to be somewhat blurred. "As long ago as 1844," she writes in the *Christian Science Journal*, in June, 1887, "I was convinced that mortal mind produced all disease and that the various medical systems were in no proper sense scientific. In 1862, when I first visited Mr. Quimby, I was proclaiming — to druggists, Spiritualists, and mesmerists — that science must govern all healing."

To her discovery of the principle of mental healing, she has assigned no less than three different dates:

In a letter to the Boston *Post*, March 7, 1883, she says:

We made our first experiments in mental healing about 1853, when we were convinced that mind had a science, which, if understood, would heal all disease.

Again, in the first edition of "Science and Health" (1875), she says:

We made our first discovery that science mentally applied would heal the sick, in 1864, and since then have tested it on ourselves and hundreds of others and never found it fail to prove the statement herein made of it.

In "Retrospection and Introspection" she says:

It was in Massachusetts, in February, 1866. . . . that I discovered the Science of Divine Metaphysical Healing, which I afterwards named Christian Science.†

In later editions of "Science and Health," and in numerous other places, Mrs. Eddy

* "Science and Health" (1898), pp. 1 and 4.
† "Miscellaneous Writings" (1897), p. 188.
‡ "Science and Health" (1906), pp. 43 and 55.

* "Miscellaneous Writings" (1897), pp. 374, 382 and 383.
† "Retrospection and Introspection," p. 38.

definitely fixes 1866 as the year of her discovery. This is now the generally accepted date. Her enemies have naturally made much of the seeming inconsistency of these statements. To disprove her claim that she had a knowledge of mind healing as far back as 1844 or 1853, they quote Mrs. Eddy's own words in the *Christian Science Journal* of June, 1887. She there says that before her visit to Quimby in 1862, "I knew nothing of the Science of Mind-healing. . . . Mind Science was unknown to me."

It is scarcely necessary to remark that each of these dates might be intrinsically correct, as each might mark an important advance in Mrs. Eddy's mastery of her science. It would be extremely difficult for any discoverer to date exactly the inception of an idea which eventually absorbed him completely. Doubtless these seeming inaccuracies on Mrs. Eddy's part would have been passed over as due to mere inexactness of expression, had not each date been given to meet some specific charge as to her indebtedness to Quimby – and given, as it would seem, mainly for the purpose of extricating herself from the difficulty of the moment.

As shown above, in the first edition of "Science and Health" (1875), she said that it was in 1864 that she first discovered that "science mentally applied would heal the sick."

Eight years after Mrs. Eddy had announced 1864 as the correct and authentic date of her discovery, Julius A. Dresser,* in a letter to the Boston *Post* (February 24, 1883) advanced Quimby's claim. It was in a reply to this letter, written March 7, 1883, published in the same paper that Mrs. Eddy first asserted: "We made our first experiments in mental healing about 1853."

Four years later (February 6, 1887), Mr. Dresser delivered an address upon "The True History of Mental Science," at the Church of Divine Unity, in Boston, in which he declared that Quimby was the originator of the present science of mental healing and that Mrs. Eddy did not understand disease as a state of mind until she was his patient and pupil. This address caused such comment and discussion, that four months later (June, 1887) Mrs. Eddy answered it through the *Christian Science Journal* by asserting: "As long ago as 1844, I was convinced that mortal mind produced all disease. . . . In 1862 . . . I was proclaiming . . . that science must govern all healing."

Mrs. Eddy's Accounts of the Fall on the Ice in Lynn, in February, 1866

The unprejudiced historian finds discrepancies, not only in the dates of Mrs. Eddy's discovery, but in her accounts of the particular episodes which occasioned it. In the several editions of "Science and Health," for example, there are two elaborate versions. In the early editions Mrs. Eddy associates her discovery with experiments which she made to cure herself of dyspepsia; in later editions, as the result of a miraculous recovery from a spinal injury received in a fall on the ice in Lynn, in 1866. Both these episodes are related in all editions of the book. In the early versions, however, the recovery from dyspepsia receives the greater emphasis; while in recent editions the fall on the ice assumes the chief importance, with the other story forced more and more into the background.

In the first edition of "Science and Health" (1875), Mrs. Eddy gives the following account of how she was led to see the truth:

> When quite a child, we adopted the Graham system for dyspepsia, ate only bread and vegetables, and drank water, following this diet for

* Julius A. Dresser was born in Portland, Maine, February 12, 1838. He was in college in Waterville, Maine, when his health failed. He had a strongly emotional religious nature and intended to become a minister in the Calvinistic Baptist Church. When he went to Mr. Quimby in the summer of 1860, he apparently had only a short time to live. Quimby told him his "religion was killing him." Quimby treated him successfully for typhoid pneumonia, according to Mr. Dresser's son, Horatio W. Dresser of Cambridge, and "gave him the understanding which enabled my father to live thirty-three years after his restoration to health."

Mr. Dresser became an enthusiastic convert to the Quimby faith and for some years devoted himself to explaining Quimby's principle of mental healing to new patients. In this way he met Miss Annetta G. Seabury, whom he married in September, 1863, and Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Patterson.

After his marriage Mr. Dresser took up newspaper work in Portland and in 1866 moved to Webster, Massachusetts, where he edited and published The Webster *Times*.

The death of Quimby was a great shock to Mr. and Mrs. Dresser. It was generally expected by Quimby's followers that Mr. Dresser would take up the work as Quimby's successor. Mrs. Dresser hesitated to attempt it publicly, knowing her own and her husband's sensitiveness, and after consideration they decided not to undertake it at that time. "This," says Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, "was a fundamentally decisive action, and much stress should be placed upon it. For Mrs. Eddy naturally looked to father as the probable successor, and when she learned from father that he had no thought of taking up the public work, *the field became free for her*. I am convinced that she had no desire previous to that time to make any claims for herself. Her letters give evidence of this."

Mr. Dresser's health again weakened from overwork, and after living in the West for a time he returned to Massachusetts and began his public work as mental teacher and healer. In Boston Mr. Dresser found that Mrs. Eddy's pupils and rejected pupils were practising with the sick, and he believed that their work was inferior to Quimby's. This gave him confidence to begin. In 1882 Mr. and Mrs. Dresser began to practise in Boston, and in 1883 they were holding class lectures, teaching from the Quimby manuscripts and practising the Quimby method.

From this the facts with regard to Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Quimby spread, and this was the beginning of the Quimby controversy.

years; we became more dyspeptic, however, and of course thought we must diet more rigidly; so we partook of but one meal in twenty-four hours, and this consisted of a thin slice of bread, about three inches square, without water; our physician not allowing us with this simple meal, to wet our parched lips for many hours thereafter; whenever we drank, it produced violent retchings. Thus we passed most of our early years, as many can attest, in hunger, pain, weakness and starvation. At length we learned that while fasting increased the desire for food, it spared none of the sufferings occasioned by partaking of it, and what to do next, having already exhausted the medicine men, was a question. After years of suffering, when we made up our mind to die, our doctors kindly assuring us this was our only alternative, our eyes were suddenly opened, and we learned suffering is self-imposed, a belief, and not Truth. That God never made men sick; and all our fasting for penance or health is not acceptable to Wisdom because it is not the science in which Soul governs sense. Thus Truth, opening our eyes, relieved our stomach, also, and enabled us to eat without suffering, giving God thanks; but we never afterwards enjoyed food as we expected to, if ever we were a freed slave, to eat without a master; for the new-born understanding that food could not hurt us, brought with it another point, *viz.*, that it did not help us as we had anticipated it would before our changed views on this subject; food had less power over us for evil or for good than when we consulted matter before spirit and believed in pains or pleasures of personal sense. As a natural result we took less thought about "what we should eat or what drink," and fasting or feasting consulted less our stomachs and our food, arguing against their claims continually, and in this manner despoiled them of their power over us to give pleasure or pain, and recovered strength and flesh rapidly, enjoying health and harmony that we never before had done.

The belief that fasting or feasting enables man to grow better, morally or physically, is one of the fruits of the "tree of knowledge" against which Wisdom warned man, and of which we had partaken in sad experience; believing for many years we lived only by the strictest adherence to dietetics and physiology. During this time we also learned a dyspeptic is very far from the image and likeness of God, from having "dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, or beasts of the field"; therefore that God never made one; while the Graham system, hygiene, physiology, materia medica, etc., did, and contrary to his commands. Then it was that we promised God to spend our coming years for the sick and suffering; to unmask this error of belief that matter rules man. Our cure for dyspepsia was, to learn the science of being, and "eat what was set before us, asking no questions for conscience' sake; yea to consult matter less and God more."

In the latest editions, Mrs. Eddy relates this incident, but does not connect herself with it. "I knew a woman," she says, "who, when quite a child, adopted the Graham system to cure dyspepsia," giving the incident merely as an illustration of Christian Science healing.

At present, Christian Scientists date the dawn of the new era from February 1, 1866, on the evening of which day Mrs. Eddy fell on the ice. She says in "Retrospection and Introspection":

It was in Massachusetts, February, 1866, and after the death of the magnetic doctor, Mr. P. P. Quimby, whom Spiritualists would associate therewith, but who was in no-wise connected with this event, that I discovered the Science of Divine Metaphysical Healing, which I afterwards named Christian Science. The discovery came to pass in this way. During twenty years prior to my discovery I had been trying to trace all physical effects to a mental cause; and in the latter part of 1866 I gained the Scientific certainty that all causation was Mind, and every effect a mental phenomenon.

My immediate recovery from the effects of an injury caused by an accident, an injury that neither medicine nor surgery could reach, was the falling apple that led me to the discovery how to be well myself, and how to make others so.

Even to the Homeopathic physician who attended me, and rejoiced in my recovery, I could not then explain the *modus* of my relief. I could only assure him that the Divine Spirit had wrought the miracle — a miracle which later I found to be in perfect Scientific accord with divine law.*

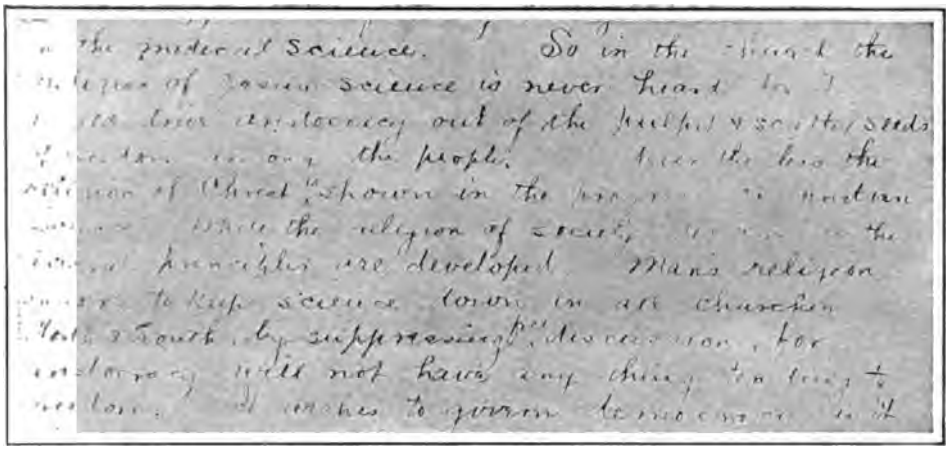
In a sketch of Mrs. Eddy, published by the Christian Science Publishing Society, still a later version is given:

In company with her husband, she was returning from an errand of mercy, when she fell upon the icy curbstone, and was carried helpless to her home. The skilled physicians declared that there was absolutely no hope for her, and pronounced the verdict that she had but three days to live. Finding no hope and no help on earth, she lifted her heart to God. On the third day, calling for her Bible, she asked the family to leave the room. Her Bible opened to the healing of the palsied man, Matt. ix, 2. The truth which set him free, she saw. The power which gave him strength, she felt. The life divine, which healed the sick of the palsy, restored her, and she rose from the bed of pain, healed and free.

Several documents can be brought in refutation of this claim. Mrs. Eddy's own letter to Julius A. Dresser, after the death of Quimby, apparently disproves the miraculous account given above. This letter, already quoted in full in the preceding chapter, contains the first recorded reference to this accident:

Two weeks ago I fell on the sidewalk (writes Mrs. Eddy), and struck my back on the ice, and was taken up for dead, came to consciousness amid a storm of vapors from cologne, chloroform, ether, camphor, etc., but to find myself the helpless cripple I was before I saw Dr. Quimby.

* "Retrospection and Introspection" p. 38.



Facsimile of part of a manuscript by Phineas P. Quimby. It is interesting because it contains the words "Christian Science." This manuscript was written in 1863

The physician attending said I had taken the last step I ever should, but in two days I got out of my bed *alone* and *will* walk; but yet I confess I am frightened, and out of that nervous heat my friends are forming, spite of me, the terrible spinal affection from which I have suffered so long and hopelessly. . . . Now can't *you* help me? I believe you can. I write this with this feeling: I think that I could help another in my condition if they had not placed their intelligence in matter. This I have not done, and yet I am slowly failing. Won't you write me if you will undertake for me if I can get to you?

In this letter, although it was written two weeks after the mishap in question, Mrs. Eddy makes no reference to a miraculous recovery. In fact, she apparently fears a return of her old spinal trouble and asks Mr. Dresser to protect her against it by the Quimby method. She adds that, although she has not placed her "intelligence in matter," she is "slowly failing."

In the first edition of "Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy refers to this recovery, but merely as an interesting demonstration of Scientific healing. She also describes it in a letter written in 1871 to Mr. W. W. Wright. Wright, a well-known citizen of Lynn and a prospective student, addressed several questions to Mrs. Eddy concerning Christian Science. "What do you claim for it," he says, "in cases of sprains, broken limbs, cuts, bruises, etc., when a surgeon's services are generally required?" To which Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Glover, replied:

I have demonstrated upon myself in an injury occasioned by a fall, that it did for me what surgeons could not do. Dr. Cushing of this city pronounced my injury incurable and that I could not survive three days because of it, when on the third day I rose from my bed and to the utter confusion of all I commenced my usual avocations and notwithstanding displacements etc I regained the natural position and functions of the body How far my students can demonstrate in such extreme cases depends on the progress they have made in this Science.

Here again Mrs. Eddy cites the experience merely as a remarkable instance of the power of Christian Science; and does not connect it in any way with her revelation.

Dr. Alvin M. Cushing's Account of the Fall on the Ice

The Dr. Cushing to whom Mrs. Eddy refers in this letter is still living at Springfield, Massachusetts. He has the clearest recollection of Mrs. Eddy and the accident in question. He is an ex-president of the Massachusetts Homeopathic Society. From his records he has made the following affidavit:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
COUNTY OF HAMPDEN, SS.:

Alvin M. Cushing, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I am seventy-seven years of age, and reside in the City of Springfield in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. I am a medical doctor of the homeopathic school and have practised medicine for fifty years last past. On July 13 in the year 1865 I commenced the practice of my profession in the City of Lynn, in said Commonwealth, and, while there, kept a careful and accurate record, in detail, of my various cases, my attendance upon and my treatment of them. One of my cases of which I made and have such a record is that of Mrs. Mary M. Patterson, then the wife of one Daniel Patterson, a dentist, and now Mrs. Mary G. Eddy, of Concord, New Hampshire.

MRS. PHINEAS P. QUIMBY

Who served as Quimby's amanuensis when he dictated the famous manuscript "Questions and Answers"

On February 1, 1866, I was called to the residence of Samuel M. Bubier, who was a shoe manufacturer and later was mayor of Lynn, to attend said Mrs. Patterson, who had fallen upon the icy sidewalk in front of Mr. Bubier's factory and had injured her head by the fall. I found her very nervous, partially unconscious, semi-hysterical, complaining by word and action of severe pain in the back of her head and neck. This was early in the evening, and I gave her medicine every fifteen minutes until she was more quiet, then left her with Mrs. Bubier for a little time, ordering the medicine to be given every half hour until my return. I made a second visit later and left Mrs. Patterson at midnight, with directions to give the medicine every half hour or hour as seemed necessary, when awake, but not disturb her if asleep.

In the morning Mrs. Bubier told me my orders had been carried out and said Mrs. Patterson had slept some. I found her quite rational but complaining of severe pain, almost spasmodic on moving. She declared that she was going to her home in Swampscott whether we consented or not. On account of the severe pain and nervousness, I gave her one-eighth of a grain of morphine, not as a curative remedy, but as an expedient to lessen the pain on removing. As soon as I could, I procured a long sleigh with robes and blankets, and two men from a near-by stable. On my return, to my surprise found her sound asleep. We placed her in the sleigh and carried her to her home in Swampscott, without a moan. At her home the two men undertook to carry her upstairs, and she was so sound asleep and limp she "doubled up like a jack-knife," so I placed myself on the stairs on my hands and feet and they laid her on my back, and in that way we carried her upstairs and placed her in bed. She slept till nearly two o'clock in the afternoon; so long I began to fear there had been some mistake in the dose.

Said Mrs. Patterson proved to be a very interesting patient, and one of the most sensitive to the effects of medicine that I ever saw, which accounted for the effects of the small dose of morphine. Probably one-sixteenth of a grain would have put her sound asleep. Each day that I visited her, I dissolved a small portion of a highly attenuated remedy in one-half a glass of water and ordered a teaspoonful given every two hours, usually giving one dose while there. She told me she could feel each dose to the tips of her fingers and toes, and gave me much credit for my ability to select a remedy.

I visited her twice on February first, twice on the second, once on the third, and once on the fifth, and on the thirteenth day of the same month my bill was paid. During my visits to her she spoke to me of a Dr. Quimby of Portland, Maine, who had treated her for some severe illness with remarkable success. She did not tell what his method was, but I inferred it was not the usual method of either school of medicine.

There was, to my knowledge, no other physician in attendance upon Mrs. Patterson during this illness from the day of the accident, February 1, 1866, to my final visit on February 13th, and when I left her on the 13th day of February, she seemed to have recovered from the disturbance caused by the accident and to be, practically, in her normal condition. I did not at any time declare, or believe, that there was no hope for Mrs. Patterson's recovery, or that she was in a critical condition, and did not at any time say, or believe, that she had but three or any other limited number of days to live. Mrs. Patterson did not suggest, or say, or pretend, or in any way whatever intimate, that on the third, or any other day, of her said illness, she had miraculously recovered or been healed, or that, discovering or perceiving the truth of the power employed by Christ to heal the sick, she had, by it, been restored to health. As I have stated, on the third and subsequent days of her said illness, resulting from her said fall on the ice, I attended Mrs. Patterson and gave her medicine; and on the 10th day of the following August, I was again called to see her, this time at the home of a Mrs. Clark, on Summer Street, in said City of Lynn. I found Mrs. Patterson suffering from a bad cough and prescribed for her. I made three more professional calls upon Mrs. Patterson and treated her for this cough in the said month of August, and with that, ended my professional relations with her.

I think I never met Mrs. Patterson after August 31, 1866 but saw her often during the next few years and heard that she claimed to have discovered a new method of curing disease.

Each of the said visits upon Mrs. Patterson, together with my treatment, the symptoms and the progress of the case, were recorded in my own hand in my record book at the time, and the said book, with the said entries made in February and August, 1866, is now in my possession.

I have, of course, no personal feeling in this matter. In response to many requests for a statement, I make this affidavit because I am

assured it is wanted to perpetuate the testimony that can now be obtained, and will be used only for a good purpose. I regard it as a duty which I owe to posterity to make public this particular episode in the life of Mary Baker G. Eddy.

ALVIN M. CUSHING.

On this second day of January, in the year one thousand, nine hundred and seven, at the City of Springfield, Massachusetts, personally appeared before me, Alvin M. Cushing, M. D., to me personally known, and made oath that he had read over the foregoing statement, and knows the contents thereof, and that the same are true; and he, thereupon, in my presence, did sign his name at the end of said statement, and at the foot of each of the three preceding pages thereof.

RAYMOND A. BIDWELL, *Notary Public.*

It will be noted that although Mrs. Eddy's revelation and miraculous recovery occurred on February third, Dr. Cushing visited her professionally three times after she had been restored to health by divine power. Dr. Cushing says that he visited her on the third day — when, writes Mrs. Eddy, she had her miraculous recovery; and also two days later. In August, seven months after her discovery of Christian Science, he was called in to treat her for a cough, and made four professional visits during that month.

Quimby Called His System Christian Science in 1863

Quimby's adherents believe that Mrs. Eddy's own contradictory statements invalidate her claims that God miraculously revealed to her the principle of Christian Science. They assert that, on the other hand, they can clearly prove that she obtained the basic ideas of her system from Phineas P. Quimby. They can prove their contention, they add, from the sworn testimony of many reputable witnesses. They do not rely, however, chiefly upon personal testimony. They put forth as the chief witness against Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Eddy herself. They seek to disprove practically all her later statements regarding Quimby by quoting from her own admitted writings and from letters.

They assert that Mrs. Eddy obtained from Quimby, not only her ideas, but the very name of her new religion. Mrs. Eddy herself says that in 1866 she named her discovery Christian Science. Quimby, however, called his theory Christian Science at least as early as 1863. In a manuscript written in that year, entitled "Aristocracy and Democracy," he used these identical words. This part of his manuscript is reproduced herewith in facsimile. In the main,

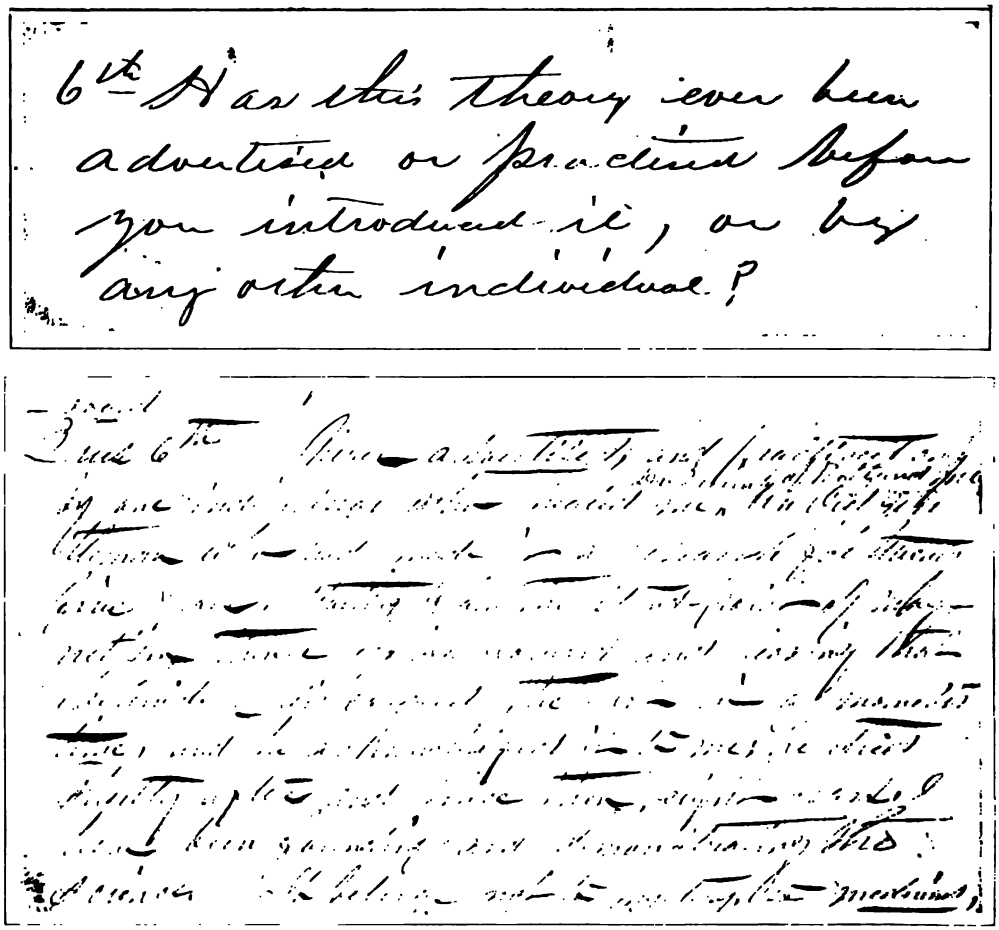
GEORGE A. QUIMBY

Son of Phineas P. Quimby. Mr. Quimby was his father's secretary and is the present custodian of the Quimby manuscripts

however, Quimby called his theory the "Science of Health and Happiness," the "Science of Christ," and many times simply "Science."

Mrs. Eddy's Charge that Quimby was a Mesmerist

The controversy is chiefly upon two points: whether Quimby healed mentally, through the divine power of mind, or physically, through mesmerism or animal magnetism; and whether he himself developed his own theory and wrote his own manuscripts or obtained his ideas from Mrs. Eddy. Mrs. Eddy, when accused of having appropriated Quimby's theories, has always declared that her system had not the slightest similarity to his. Christian Scientists heal by the direct power of God, precisely as did Jesus Himself. They regard mesmerism, or hypnotism, as the supreme error. "Animal magnetism," once wrote the Rev. James Henry Wiggin, Mrs. Eddy's literary advisor, "is *her* devil. No church can long get on without a devil, you know." Therefore, if Mrs. Eddy proves that Quimby practised this art, and healed by it, to her followers she has more than proved her case. In "Retrospection and Introspection," she says that Quimby was a "magnetic doctor" and implies that he was a spiritualist. "It was in Massachusetts,



On March 11, 1871, Mr. W. W. Wright, of Lynn, addressed nine questions to Mrs. Eddy (then known as Mrs. Mary M. Glover) concerning Christian Science. The above are photographic reproductions of Mr. Wright's sixth question, in his own handwriting and Mrs. Eddy's answer, in her handwriting. Mrs. Eddy explicitly says that the system she was then teaching had been practised "by one individual who healed me, Dr. Quimby, of Portland, Me, an old gentleman who had made it a research for twenty five years, starting from the stand-point of magnetism thence going forward and leaving that behind"

February, 1866," she says, "and after the death of the magnetic doctor, Mr. P. P. Quimby, whom Spiritualists would associate therewith, but who was in no-wise connected with this event, that I discovered the Science of Divine Metaphysical Healing, which I afterwards named Christian Science." This idea she has elaborated many times. In "Miscellaneous Writings" she tells the story of her visit to Quimby in these words:

About the year 1862, while the author of this work was at Dr. Vail's Hydropathic Institute in New Hampshire, this occurred: A patient considered incurable left that institution, and in a few weeks returned apparently well, having been healed, as he informed the patients, by one, Mr. P. P. Quimby, of Portland, Maine.

After much consultation among ourselves, and a struggle with pride, the author, in company with several other patients, left the Water Cure, *en route* for the aforesaid doctor in Portland. He proved to be a magnetic practitioner. His treatment seemed at first to relieve her, but signally failed in healing her case.

Having practised Homeopathy, it never occurred to the author to learn his practice, but she did ask him how manipulation could benefit the sick. He answered kindly and squarely, in substance, "Because it conveys *electricity* to them." That was the sum of what he taught her of his medical profession.

In the *Christian Science Journal* for June, 1887, Mrs. Eddy repeats the same idea.

I never heard him intimate that he healed disease mentaliy; and many others will testify

*"Miscellaneous Writings" (1897), pp. 378, 379.

that, up to his last sickness, he treated us magneti cally, manipulating our heads, and making passes in the air while he stood in front of us. During his treatments I felt like one having hold of an electric battery and standing on an insulated stool. His healing was never considered or called anything but Mesmerism.

Years Ago Mrs. Eddy Denied that Quimby Healed by Mesmerism

In numerous other articles, Mrs. Eddy has declared that Quimby healed by animal magnetism; that he never said he healed mentally, never recognized the superiority of mind to matter, or any divine principle in his work. These statements, however, hardly agree with that made in the letter to W. W. Wright written in 1871 and quoted in this article, in which she refers to Quimby as "an old gentleman who had made it (her science) a research for twenty five years, starting from the stand-point of magnetism thence going forward and leaving that behind."

In the letter published on November 7, 1862, in the Portland *Courier*, Mrs. Eddy herself defended Quimby from the very charge which she now brings against him — that he healed by animal magnetism. On this point, she wrote:

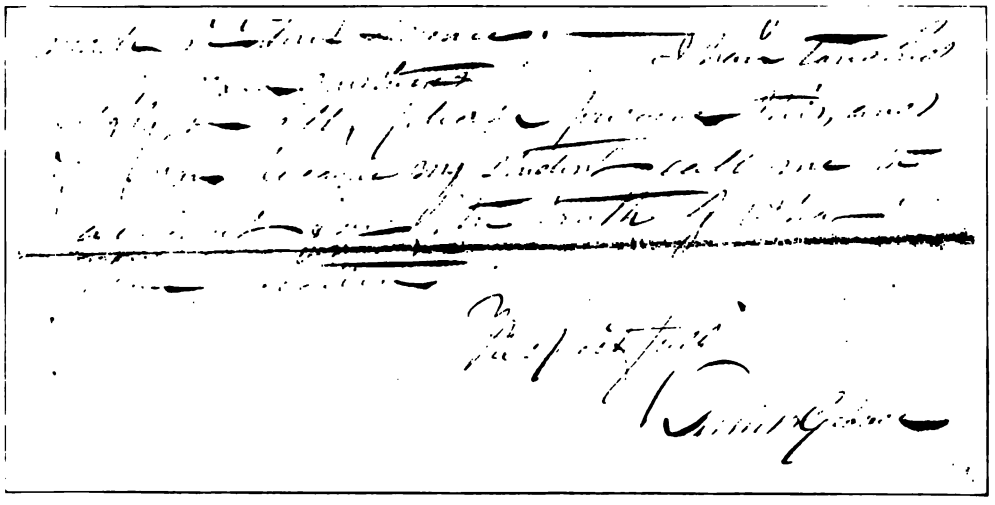
> Again, is it by animal magnetism that he heals the sick? Let us examine. I have employed electro-magnetism and animal magnetism, and for a brief interval have felt relief, from the equilibrium which I fancied was restored to an exhausted system or by a diffusion of concentrated action. But in no instance did I get rid of a return of all my ailments, because I had not been helped out of the error in which opinions involved us. My operator believed in disease, independent of the mind; hence I could not be wiser than my master. But now I can see dimly at first, and only as trees walking, the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works; and just in proportion to my right perception of truth is my recovery. This truth which he opposes to the error of giving intelligence to matter and placing pain where it never placed itself, if received understandingly, changes the currents of the system to their normal action; and the mechanism of the body goes on undisturbed. That this is a science capable of demonstration, becomes clear to the minds of those patients who reason upon the process of their cure. The truth which he establishes in the patient cures him (although he may be wholly unconscious thereof); and the body, which is full of light, is no longer in disease. . . . After all, this is a very spiritual doctrine; but the eternal years of God are with it, and it must stand firm as the rock of ages. And to many a poor sufferer may it be found, as by me, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

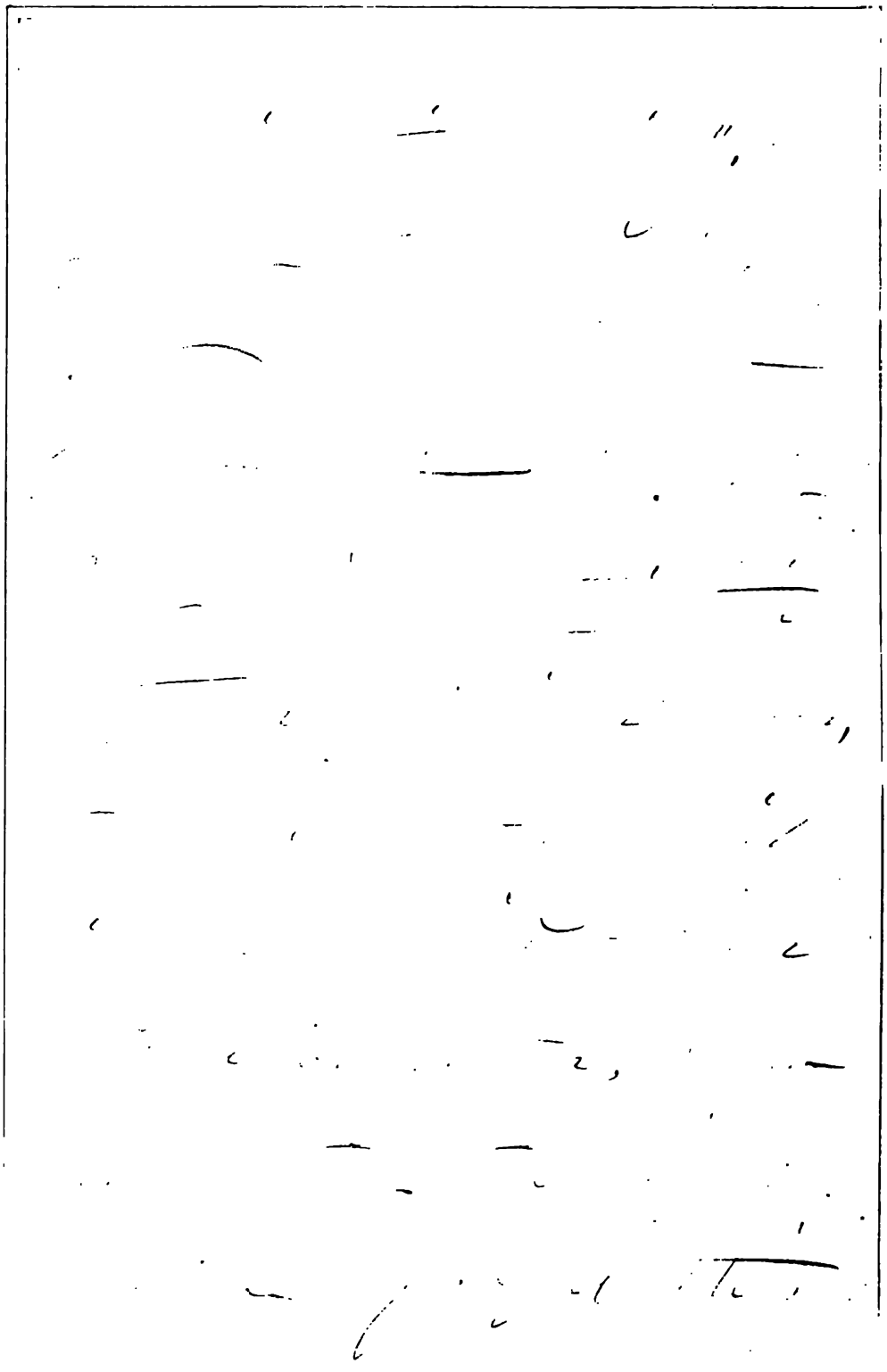
Hardly anything could be more specific than this.

In 1862, Mrs. Eddy, while she was still Quimby's patient, declared that he healed, not by animal magnetism, but by the "truth which he opposes to the error of giving intelligence to matter and placing pain where it never placed itself." Again, "the truth which he establishes in the patient cures him . . . and the body, which is full of light, is no longer in disease."

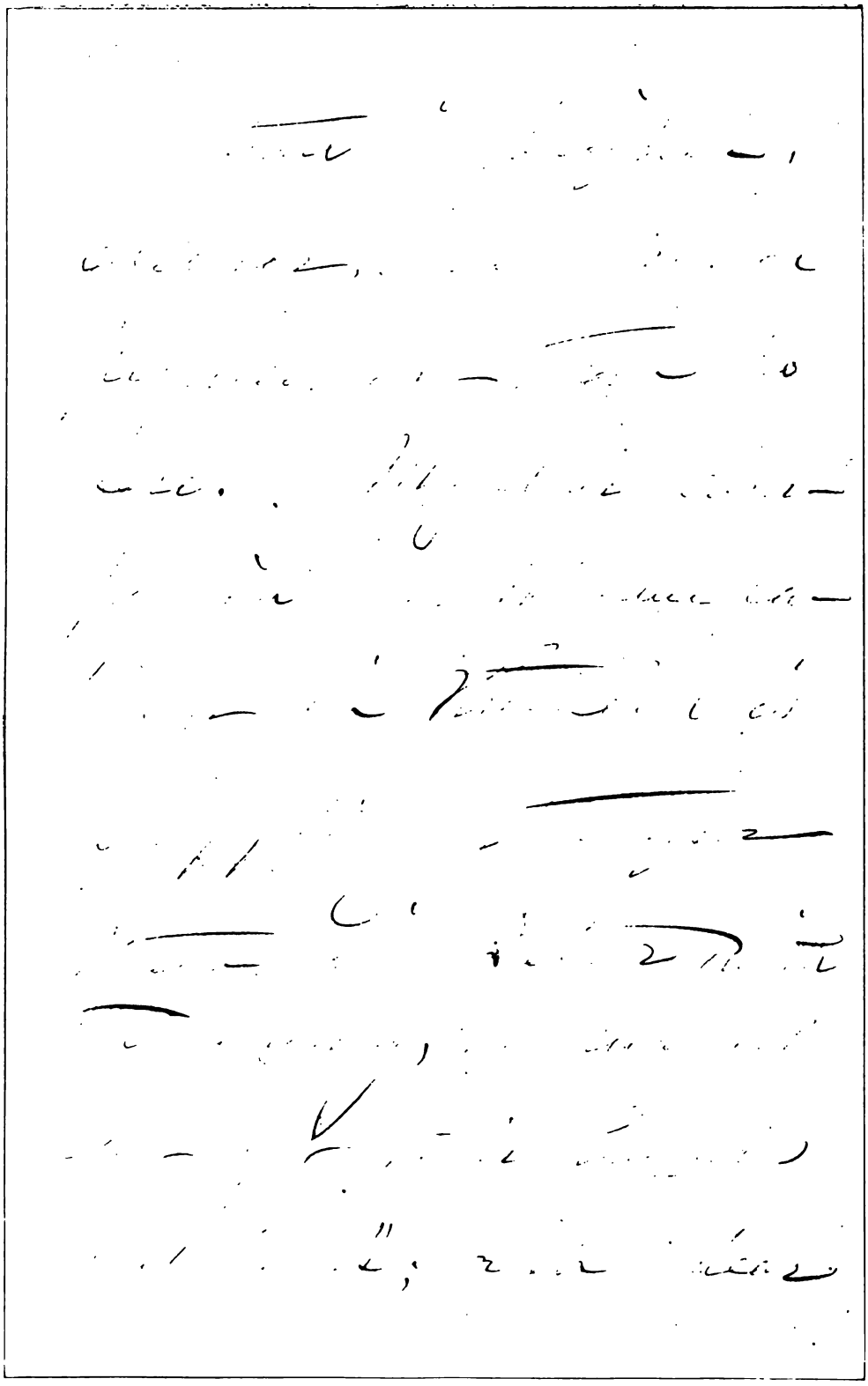
In 1871, while teaching and practising Quimby's method for a livelihood, she declared that he started "from the standpoint

Facsimile of the conclusion of Mrs. Eddy's letter to Mr. W. W. Wright. She says: "Please preserve this, and, if you become my student call me to account for the truth of what I have written"





FACSIMILE OF PARTS OF A LETTER, WRITTEN BY MRS. EDDY, ABOUT **1877**, TRUTH IN ITS HIGER (HIGHER) ASPECT" AND SAYS THAT "THE DEA GIVEN



IN WHICH SHE SPEAKS OF "THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE ONE WHO PRESENTS OF GOD THIS TIME IS HIGHER, CLEARER, AND MORE PERMANENT THAN BEFORE"

of magnetism thence going forward and leaving that behind."*

In 1887, when at the head of a great organization of her own, she says: "he treated us magnetically . . . His healing was never considered or called anything but Mesmerism."

Mrs. Eddy's Statements that Quimby Healed as Did Christ

Now Mrs. Eddy says that Quimby's method was purely "physical"; then, in 1862, she wrote that, "after all, this is a very spiritual doctrine," and describes it as "the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works." In another communication to the Portland *Courier*, written November, 1862, Mrs. Eddy specifically declared that Quimby healed after Christ's method. She said:

P. P. Quimby stands upon the plane of wisdom with his truth. Christ healed the sick, but not by jugglery or with drugs. As the former speaks as never man before spake, and heals as never man healed since Christ, is he not identified with truth? And is not this the Christ which is in him? We know that in wisdom is life, "and the life was the light of man." P. P. Quimby rolls away the stone from the sepulchre of error, and health is the resurrection. But we also know that "light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

Mrs. Eddy repeated the same thought in the verses which she published, over her own name, in a Lynn newspaper, on February 22, 1866. She entitled them, "Lines on the Death of Dr. P. P. Quimby, Who Healed with the Truth that Christ Taught in Contradistinction to All Isms." The letters written by Mrs. Eddy to Quimby in the years 1862, '63, '64, and '65, extracts from which were printed in the last article, express the same conviction. On September 14, 1863, in asking for an "absent treatment," Mrs. Eddy wrote: "I would like to have you in your omnipresence visit me at 8 o'clock this evening." In a letter dated Warren, May, 1864, she writes that she has been ill, but adds: "I am up and about today i e by the help of the Lord (Quimby)." In the quotation from "Retrospection and Introspection" above, Mrs. Eddy associates Quimby with spiritualists. Yet, forty years ago, she delivered a public lecture to prove that he was not a spiritualist. She records the event in a letter to Quimby, dated Warren, April 24, 1864:

* See extract from letter to Mr. W. W. Wright, p. 514 of this article.

Jesus taught as man does *not*, who then is wise but you? Posted at the public marts of this city is this notice, Mrs. M. M. Patterson will lecture at the Town Hall on P. P. Quimby's Spiritual Science healing disease, as opposed to Deism or Rochester Rapping Spiritualism.

Quimby's manuscripts, his defenders assert, clearly show that when Mrs. Eddy knew him he had dropped mesmerism for his new system. In 1859—three years before he ever saw Mrs. Eddy—he clearly distinguished between physical and spiritual healing—between the permanent healing of disease through God, Wisdom, or the Christ method, and its temporary and ineffectual healing through Ignorance, symbolically called Beelzebub.

The question is asked me by some, is the curing of disease a science? I answer yes. You may ask who is the founder of that science? I answer Jesus Christ. Then comes the question, what proof have you that it is a science? Because Christ healed the sick, that of itself is no proof that he knew what he was doing. If it was done, it must have been done by some law or science, for there can be no such thing as accident with God, and if Christ was God, he did know what he was doing. When he was accused of curing disease through Beelzebub or ignorance, he said, If I cast out devils or disease through Beelzebub or ignorance, my kingdom or science cannot stand, but if I cast out devils or disease through a science or law, then my kingdom or law will stand, for it is not of this world. When others cast out disease they cured by ignorance, or Beelzebub, and there was no science in the cure, although an effect was produced, but not knowing the cause, the world was none the wiser for their cures. At another time when told by his disciples, that persons were casting out devils in his name, and they forbid them, he said, they that are with us are not against us, but they that are not with us, or are ignorant of the laws of curing, scattereth abroad, for the world is none the wiser. There you see, he makes a difference between his mode of curing and theirs. If Christ's cures were done by the power of God, and Christ was God, he must have known what that power or science was, and if he did, he knew the difference between his science, and their ignorance. His science was His Kingdom, therefore it was not of this world, and theirs being *of* this world, he called it the Kingdom of Darkness. To enter into Christ's Kingdom, or science, was to enter into the laws of knowledge, of curing the evils of this world of darkness. As disease is an evil, it is of this world and in this kingdom of darkness. To separate one world from another, is to separate life, the resurrection of one is the destruction of the other.*

Mrs. Eddy's Charge that Quimby Manipulated His Patients

Mrs. Eddy, to prove that Quimby was merely a mesmerist, emphasizes the fact that he frequently rubbed his patients' heads.

* From a manuscript written in 1859.

According to the present Christian Science belief, that is the cardinal sin. Physical contact with the patient implies that the treatment is of this world; in order that healing be Divine, Christ-like, its only instrument must be mind. On this one point the controversy has been long and bitter. It figures as conspicuously in this dispute as did the word *filioque* in the contentions of the early Christian Church. Mrs Eddy, in the *Christian Science Journal* of June, 1887 says:

> If, as Mr. Dresser says, Mr. Quimby's theory (if he had one) and practice were like mine, purely mental, what need had he of such physical means as wetting his hands in water and rubbing the head? Yet these appliances he continued until he ceased practice; and in his last sickness the poor man employed a homeopathic physician. The Science of Mind-healing would be lost by such means and it is a moral impossibility to understand or to demonstrate this science through such extraneous aids. Mr. Quimby, never to my knowledge, thought that matter was mind; and he never intimated to me that he healed mentally, or by the aid of mind. Did he believe matter and mind to be one, and then rub matter in order to convince the mind of truth? Which did he manipulate with his hands, matter or mind? Was Mr. Quimby's entire method of treating the sick intended to hoodwink his patients?

THE CHILDREN OF PHINEAS P. QUIMBY

From a daguerreotype made by Quimby himself

Quimby's followers freely admit that, on some occasions, he dipped his hands in water and rubbed the patient's head. They deny, however, that this was an essential part of the cure. Mr. Julius A. Dresser explains the circumstances thus:

> Some may desire to ask, if in his practice, he ever in any way used manipulation. I reply that, in treating a patient, after he had finished his explanations, and the silent work, *which completed the treatment*, he usually rubbed the head two or three times, in a brisk manner, for the purpose of letting the patient see that something was done. This was a measure of securing the confidence of the patient at a *time when he was starting a new practice*, and stood alone in it. I knew him to make many and quick cures at a distance sometimes with persons he never saw at all. He never considered the touch of the hand as at all necessary; but let it be governed by circumstances, as was done eighteen hundred years ago.*

In Mrs. Eddy's early days, she treated in precisely the same way. As will be described in the next article, she lived in several Massachusetts towns, teaching and practising the Quimby cure. She always instructed her students, after treating their patients mentally, to rub their heads. In addition, Mrs. Eddy would dip her hands in water and lay them over the stomach of the patient, repeating, as she did this, the words: "Peace, be still." Several of Mrs. Eddy's students of that time are still practising, and they still, in accordance with her instructions of nearly forty years ago, manipulate their patients. It was not until 1872 that she learned that the practice was pernicious. She tells the story as follows, in a pamphlet, "The Science of Man," published in 1876:

> When we commenced this science, we permitted students to manipulate the head, ignorant that it could do harm, or hinder the power of mind acting in an opposite direction, viz., while the hands were at work and the mind directing material action. We regret to say it was the sins of a young student that called our attention to this question for the first time, and placed it in a new moral and physical aspect. By thorough

* "The True History of Mental Science," p. 25.

examination and tests, we learned manipulation hinders instead of helps mental healing; it also establishes a mesmeric connection between patient and practitioner that gives the latter opportunity and power to govern the thoughts and actions of his patients in any direction he chooses, and with error instead of truth. This can injure the patients and must always prevent a scientific result. . . . Since our discovery of this malpractice in 1872, we have never permitted a student with our consent to manipulate in the least, and this process unlearned is utterly worthless to benefit the sick.*

This is an admission on Mrs. Eddy's part that, for six years after her discovery of the "absolute principle of metaphysical healing," she herself taught the method which she now asserts disproves that Quimby ever healed by the power of mind. Quimby's adherents maintain that the fact that during these six years she followed his instructions implicitly and rubbed her patients' heads, is merely another proof that she obtained her original conception of mental healing from him. In "Miscellaneous Writings" Mrs. Eddy explains this head-rubbing on the same ground as did Quimby, - that is, that the average weak and doubting mind needed an outward sign:

It was after Mr. Quimby's death, that I discovered, in 1866, the momentous facts relating to Mind and its superiority over matter, and named my discovery Christian Science. Yet, there remained the difficulty of adjusting in the scale of Science a metaphysical *practice*, and settling the question, What shall be the outward sign of such a practice: if a Divine Principle alone heals, what is the human modus for demonstrating this? . . . My students at first practised in slightly differing forms. Although *I* could heal mentally, without a sign save the immediate recovery of the sick, my students' patients, and people generally, called for a sign—a material evidence wherewith to satisfy the sick that something was being done for them; and I said, "Suffer it to be so now," for thus saith our Master. Experience, however, taught me the impossibility of demonstrating the Science of Metaphysical Healing by any outward form of practice.†

Mrs. Eddy's Assertion that She was Quimby's Teacher

Other pupils of Quimby, among them Mr. Julius A. Dresser, resented his being presented to the world by Mrs. Eddy as a mesmerist and a magnetic healer. They asserted again and again that he healed by mental science purely, and that Mrs. Eddy had misrepresented him and his methods. Mr. Dresser made a statement to that effect in the Boston *Post*, February 24, 1883. Mrs. Eddy replied to this letter (Boston *Post*, March 7, 1883), admitting that Quimby "may have had a theory in advance of his method," but making the claim that it was she who first asked him to "write his thoughts out," and that she would sometimes so transform his manuscripts that they were virtually her own compositions. She says:

We never were a student of Dr. Quimby's. . . . Dr. Quimby never had students, to our knowledge. He was an Humanitarian, but a very unlearned man. He never published a work in his life; was not a lecturer or teacher. He was somewhat of a remarkable healer, and at the time we knew him he was known as a mesmerist. We were one of his patients. He manipulated his patients, but possibly back of his practice he may have had a theory in advance of his method. . . . We knew him about twenty years ago, and aimed to help him. We saw he was looking in our direction, and asked him to write his thoughts out. He did so, and then we would take that copy to correct, and sometimes so transform it that he would say it was our composition, which it virtually was; but we always gave him back the copy and sometimes wrote his name on the back of it.

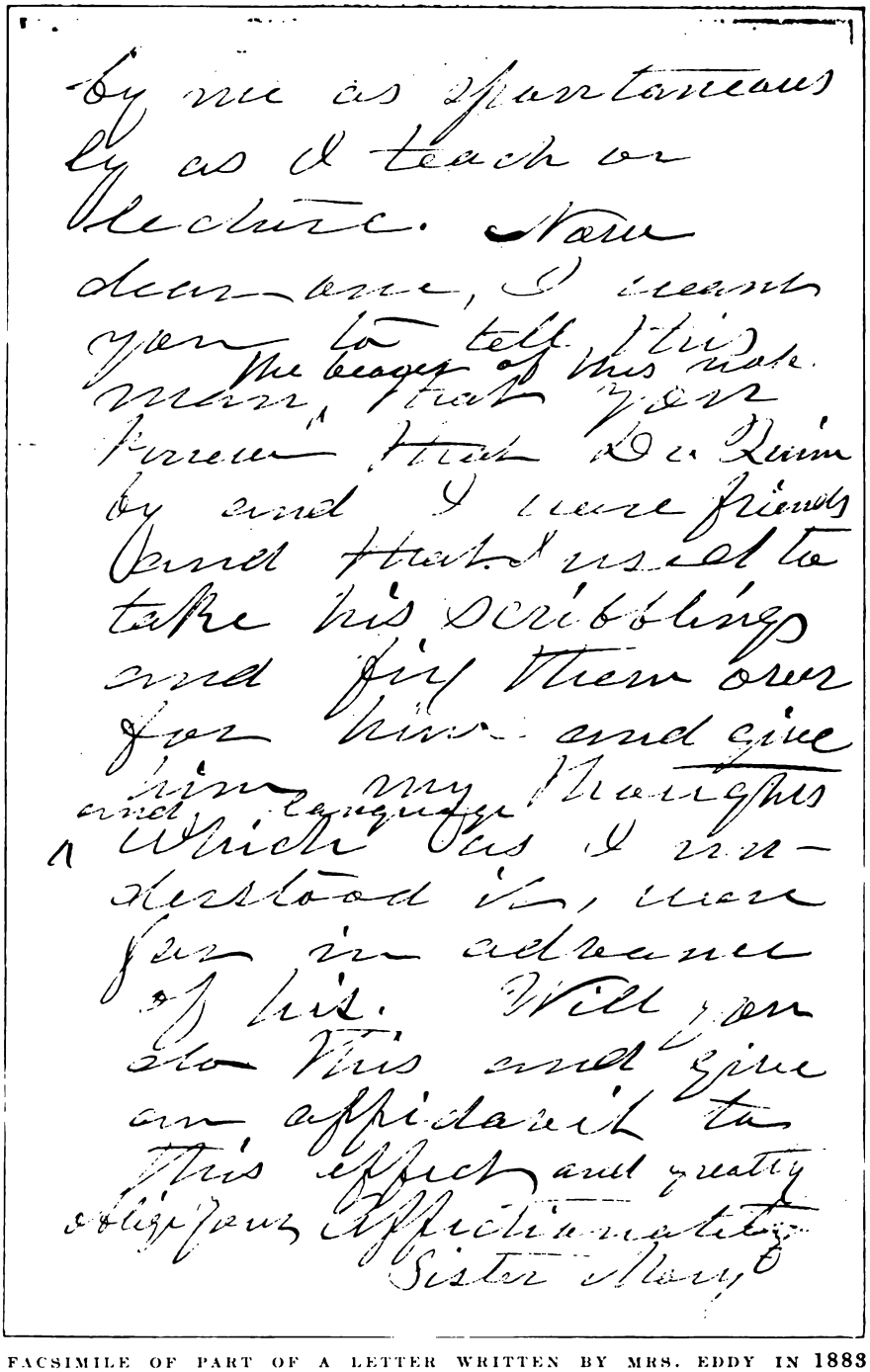
In a revised edition of Julius A. Dresser's pamphlet, "The True History of Mental Science," Mr. Dresser's son, Horatio W. Dresser, says:

It has frequently been claimed that Mrs. Eddy was Quimby's secretary, and that she helped him to formulate his ideas. It has also been stated that these manuscripts were Mrs. Eddy's writings, left by her in Portland; that the articles printed in this pamphlet were Mrs. Eddy's words, as nearly as she can recollect them (*Christian Science Sentinel*, February 16, 1899). *There is absolutely no truth* in any of these statements or suppositions. Mrs. Eddy never saw a page of the *original* manuscripts; and Volume I, loaned her by my father in 1862, was his *copy from a copy*. Mrs. Eddy may have made a copy of this volume for her own use, but the majority even of the copied articles Mrs. Eddy never saw. I have read and copied all of these articles, and can certify that they contain a very original and complete statement of the data and theory of mental healing. There are *over eight hundred closely written pages*, covering one hundred and twenty subjects, written previous to March, 1862, more than six months before Mrs. Eddy went to Dr. Quimby.

In the 1884 edition of "Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy, writing of Quimby, says:

The old gentleman to whom we have referred had some very advanced views on healing, but he was not avowedly religious neither scholarly. We interchanged thoughts on the subject of healing the sick. I restored some patients of his that he failed to heal, and left in his possession some manuscripts of mine containing corrections of his desultory pennings which I am informed, at his decease, passed into the hands of a patient of his,

*p. 12.
† "Miscellaneous Writings" (1887), pp. 379 and 380.


by me as spontaneous
by as I teach or
lecture. Now
dear one, I want
you to tell this
man, the leaper of this rock.
man, that you
knew that Dr Quimby
and I were friends
and that I used to
take his scribblings
and fix them over
for him and give
him my thoughts
which was I re-
membered in, when
I was in advance
of his. Will you
do this and give
an affidavit to
this effect and greatly
oblige yours Affectionately
Sister Mary

FACSIMILE OF PART OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY MRS. EDDY IN 1883 TO MRS. SARAH G. CROSBY, OF WATERVILLE, MAINE, ASKING FOR AN AFFIDAVIT THAT MRS. EDDY "USED TO TAKE HIS (QUIMBY'S) SCRIBBLINGS AND FIX THEM OVER"

now residing in Scotland. He died in 1865 and left no published works. The only manuscript that we ever held of his, longer than to correct it, was one of perhaps a dozen pages, most of which we had composed.

This manuscript of "perhaps a dozen pages," is clearly the one called by Quimby, "Questions and Answers." The original copy, now in the possession of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in the handwriting of Quimby's wife, is dated February, 1862, six months before Quimby had ever seen Mrs. Eddy. From this manuscript Mrs. Eddy taught for several years after Quimby's death, and she sold copies of it to her early students for $300 each.* Its history will be given in detail and its contents analyzed in the next article.

Mrs. Eddy's Early Statements that She was Quimby's Student — Refers to Her "Pupilage"

In refutation of Mrs. Eddy's general assertion that she herself taught Quimby what he knew about mental science, and that she corrected and so largely contributed to the Quimby manuscripts, Quimby's defenders again quote Mrs. Eddy herself. They once more draw upon her early letter to the Portland *Courier*. This, they say, does not read like a letter written by master to pupil. If Mrs. Eddy were the teacher and Quimby the student, would she, they ask, speak of him in this wise? "Now, then, his works are but the result of superior wisdom, which can demonstrate a science not understood. . . . But now I can see dimly at first, and only as trees walking, the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works; and just in proportion to my right perception of truth is my recovery." If Mrs. Eddy, they add, were at that time writing Quimby's manuscripts, would she, in this same letter, have expressed herself thus :— "At present I am too much in error to elucidate the truth, and can touch only the keynote for the master hand to wake the harmony. . . . To many a poor sufferer may it be found, as by me, 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'"

Mrs. Eddy's poem on Quimby's death, already quoted, is apparently the grateful tribute of pupil to teacher. Its concluding lines ill sustain Mrs. Eddy's present position:

"Rest should reward him who hath made us whole,
Seeking, though tremblers, where his footsteps trod."

Her letters to Quimby, 1862–'65, also fail to substantiate this impression that Quimby was under Mrs. Eddy's instruction. "I have the utmost faith in your philosophy," she wrote in 1862. Other phrases scattered through the letters read:*

"Dear doctor, what could I do without you? . . . I am to all who see me a living wonder, and a living monument of your power. . . . My explanation of your *curative principle* surprises people . . . Who is wise but you?" She wrote from Warren, Maine, in the spring of 1865, that she had been asked to treat sick people after the Quimby method. She refuses to do so, she adds, because she considers that she is still in her "pupilage."

Extract from Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby's Affidavit

In connection with Mrs. Eddy's claim that she herself largely wrote the Quimby manuscripts, the following extract from an affidavit of Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby, of Waterville, Maine, an intimate friend of Mrs. Eddy when she was under Quimby's treatment, is also of interest:

I know little of the history of said Mrs. Patterson between 1866 and 1877, when she called me professionally† to Lynn, in February, 1877, a few weeks after her marriage to Asa G. Eddy, to report a course of lessons to a class of nine pupils. She told me she wished a copy of these lessons for Mr. Eddy to study, that he, too, might teach classes. These lectures were in all material respects the same as I had myself been taught by said Dr. Quimby and that Mrs. Patterson and I had so often discussed, and which she had tried so hard to make me understand and adopt when we were together in Portland and later in Albion; — the same teaching about Truth and Error and matter and disease, the same method of curing disease by Truth casting out Error, the same claim that it was the method adopted by Jesus. I do not hesitate to say that Mrs. Eddy's teachings in 1877, and Dr. Quimby's teachings in 1864 were substantially the same; in fact, as I heard them both, *I know they were*.

In June, 1883, an attorney representing said Mrs. Patterson came to see me at Waterville, my present home, and interviewed me regarding her work with Dr. Quimby in Portland in 1864. I refused to answer his questions and he left, but returned the next day bearing an affectionate

* For the $300 Mrs. Eddy's students also obtained twelve lessons in the Quimby cure.

*For further extracts from Mrs. Eddy's letters to Quimby, see McCLURE'S for February.

† Mrs. Crosby was an expert court stenographer.

letter from said Mrs. Patterson. The following is a copy thereof:—

"My dear Sister,
Sarah,—

I wanted to see you myself but it was impossible for me to leave my home and so have sent the bearer of this note to see you for me.

Two nights ago I had a sweet dream of *Albert** and the dear face was so familiar, Oh how I loved him! and in the morning a thought popped into my head to ask Sarah to help me in this very trying hour.

These are the circumstances. A student† of my husband's took the class-book of mine that he studied, put his name to most of it, and published it as his own after he was through with the class.

Then was the time I ought to have sued him, but Oh, I do so dislike a quarrel that I hoped to get over it without a law-suit.

So I noticed in my next edition of 'Science & Health' his infringement with a sharp reprimand thinking that would stop him, but this winter he issued another copy of my work as the author, and then I sued him. The next thing he did was to publish the falsehood that I stole my works from the late Dr. Quimby. When everything I ever had published has been written or edited by me as spontaneously as I teach or lecture.

Now dear one, I want you to tell this man, the bearer of this note, that you know that Dr. Quimby and I were friends and that I used to take his scribblings and fix them over for him and give him my thoughts and language which as I understood it, were far in advance of his.

Will you do this and give an affidavit to this effect and greatly oblige your Affectionate Sister Mary." ‡

I read the foregoing appeal for help from said Mrs. Patterson, then Eddy, and as it was clearly a request that I should make oath to what was not true, I informed the attorney that I should not make the affidavit asked by his client, as it would not be a true statement. He then threatened to summon me to the trial, but I think I made him understand that I would not be a desirable witness on his side of the case. He thereupon departed, and I was not summoned to testify. And since that interview, I have only a public knowledge of said Mrs. Patterson-Eddy.

* It will be remembered that the "spirit" friendship of Mrs. Patterson's dead brother, Albert Baker, for Mrs. Crosby, formed a close bond in the friendship of the two women, and that he communicated with Mrs. Crosby through his sister.—See McCLURE's for February.

† In the early '80's, Edward J. Arens published a pamphlet entitled "Old Theology in its Application to the Healing of the Sick; the Redemption of Man from the Bondage of Sin and Death, and His Restoration to an Inheritance of Everlasting Life." In this Arens borrowed liberally, in word and idea, from "Science and Health." In 1883 Mrs. Eddy sued Arens for infringement of copyright. Arens said, in defense, that he had not borrowed from Mrs. Eddy, but from the late P. P. Quimby, of Portland, Maine. He added that Mrs. Eddy had herself appropriated Quimby's ideas,—in other words, that both had drawn their philosophy from the same source. The court decided in Mrs. Eddy's favor and issued a perpetual injunction restraining Arens from circulating his books. On the strength of this decision Mrs. Eddy and her followers have declared that the United States courts have decided the issue of the Quimby controversy in her favor. There is nothing in this decision contrary to the claims of Quimby's friends. The court, they agree, simply decided that Mrs. Eddy held a valid copyright upon "Science and Health" and that Arens had violated that copyright. They have never denied either of these facts. They freely admit that Mrs. Eddy wrote "Science and Health" as it stands, and that she has a property interest in it. They are not discussing legal technicalities, but only the moral issue involved,—which, they add, did not and properly could not, be considered by the court.

‡ The original of this letter is in the possession of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Mrs. Eddy's Admission that She Taught the Quimby System

In her private correspondence, Mrs. Eddy has said, in so many words, that she taught the Quimby system. Reference has already been made to the correspondence in March, 1871, between Mrs. Eddy — then Mrs. Glover — and Mr. W. W. Wright, of Lynn. Mr. Wright specifically asked this question:

6th: Has this theory ever been advertised or practised before you introduced it, or by any other individual?

To this Mrs. Eddy replied:

6th: Never advertised, and practised by only one individual who healed me, Dr. Quimby of Portland Me, an old gentleman who had made it a research for twenty five years, starting from the stand-point of magnetism thence going forward and leaving that behind. *I* discovered the art in a ***moment's time***, and he acknowledged it to me; he died shortly after and since then, eight years, I have been founding and demonstrating the science. . . . please preserve this, and if you become my student call me to account for the truth of what I have written

Respectfully

M M B GLOVER

Mrs. Eddy has never attemped to reconcile the statements which she made before the publication of "Science and Health" with the very different ones which she has made since.

Mrs. Eddy Says that She Wrote Her Tributes to Quimby under Mesmeric Influence

The explanation by which she seeks to account for her early expressions of devotion and gratitude to Quimby is not one which tends to lessen the perplexities of the historian. She simply asserts that she wrote these tributes to Quimby while under mesmeric influence and is not properly responsible for them at all.

In the Boston *Post*, in a letter dated March 7, 1883, after Julius A. Dresser had made public some of the letters already quoted, she wrote as follows:

Did I write those articles purporting to be mine? I might have written them twenty or thirty years ago, for I was under the mesmeric treatment of Dr. Quimby from 1862 until his death in 1865. He was illiterate and I knew nothing then of the Science of Mind-healing, and I was as ignorant of mesmerism as Eve before she was taught by the serpent. Mind Science was unknown to me; and my head was so turned by animal magnetism and will-power, under his

treatment, that I might have written something as hopelessly incorrect as the articles now published in the Dresser pamphlet. I was not healed until after the death of Mr. Quimby; and then healing came as the result of my discovery in 1866, of the Science of Mind-healing, since named Christian Science.

In 1887, when Julius A. Dresser published his "True History of Mental Science," the Quimby-Eddy controversy reached its climax. Mrs. Eddy, says Horatio W. Dresser, requested her literary adviser, Rev. James Henry Wiggin, to answer the pamphlet. Mr. Wiggin asked Mrs. Eddy if she had written the letters in the Portland newspapers, the letter to Dresser, the poem on Quimby's death, and other effusions. Mrs. Eddy admitted that she had. "Then," replied Mr. Wiggin, "there is nothing to say," and declined the task. In a personal letter now in the possession of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Wiggin says:

What Mrs. Eddy has, as documents clearly prove, she got from P. P. Quimby, of Portland, Me., whom she eulogized after death as the great leader and her special teacher. . . . She has tried to answer this charge of the adoption of Quimby's ideas, and called me in to counsel her about it; but her only answer (in print!) was that if she said such things twenty years ago, she must have been under the influence of Animal Magnetism.

Mrs. Eddy's Offer to Publish the Quimby Manuscripts

Mrs. Eddy, however, issued the following challenge:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Mr. George A. Quimby son of the late Phineas P. Quimby, over his own signature and before witnesses, stated in 1883, that he had in his possession at that time all the manuscript that had been written by his father. And I hereby declare that to expose the falsehood of parties publicly intimating that I have appropriated matter belonging to the aforesaid Quimby, I will pay the cost of printing and publishing the first edition of those manuscripts with the author's name:

Provided, that I am allowed first to examine said manuscripts, and do find that they were his own compositions, and not mine, that were left with him many years ago, or that they have not since his death, in 1865, been stolen from my published works. Also that I am given the right to bring out this one edition under the copyright of the owner of said manuscripts, and all the money accruing from the sales of said book shall be paid to said owner. Some of his purported writings, quoted by Mr. D—, were my own words as near as I can recollect them.

There is a great demand for my work, "Science and Health, with Key to Scriptures," hence Mr. D—'s excuse for the delay to publish Quimby's manuscripts namely, that this period is not sufficiently enlightened to be benefited by them (?) is lost, for if I have copied from Quimby, and my book is accepted, it has created a demand for his.

MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

This proposition was ignored by Mr. Quimby, owing to his own knowledge of Mrs. Eddy and of his father's manuscripts. Quimby's adherents declare that the provisions made in her offer indicate what her claims would have been if the manuscripts had been given into her hands—as she had already announced that Dr. Quimby's writings were her own—and that the proposition was made with the object of securing possession of the manuscripts.

In a letter to Mr. A. J. Swartz, dated February 22, 1888, George A. Quimby explained his position:

Your letter with enclosure at hand. I judge that you offer to defend the memory of my father, the late P. P. Quimby. . . . Please permit me to say that I have no doubt of your kind intention to come to the rescue of my father, but I do not feel that there is the slightest necessity for it. . . . If I were in prison, in solitary confinement for life, I should be too busy to get into any kind of a discussion with Mrs. Eddy.

I have my father's manuscripts in my possession, but will not allow them to be copied nor to go out of my hands. Answering your further inquiries, I have no written article of Mrs. Eddy's in my possession, have never had, nor did my father ever have, nor did she ever leave any with either of us. Neither of us have ever "stolen" any of her writings nor anything else. In fact, we both have been able to make a living without stealing. . . .

Yours truly,

GEORGE A. QUIMBY.

From the history of this controversy, it is evident that, for Mrs. Eddy, there have existed two Phineas P. Quimbys: one the Quimby who was her physician and teacher, who roused her from the fretful discontent of middle-age, and who gave her purpose and aspiration; the other the Quimby who, after the publication of "Science and Health," became, in a sense her rival,—whom she saw as an antagonist threatening to invalidate her claims. If she has been a loser through this controversy, it is not because of what she borrowed from Quimby, but because of her later unwillingness to admit her obligation to him. Had she observed that etiquette common enough in what she terms the "profane sciences," where personal ambition is subsidiary to a desire for truth, and where discoverers and investigators are scrupulous to acknowledge the sources from which they have obtained help, it would have strengthened rather than weakened her position.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE COLOGNIZING OF KANSAS

BY

REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "PARDNERS," "THE POT-HUNTERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"IT seems like there ain't but one way to beat a faro game," said Kink, "and that's with an ax. I've tried them all, and I never had no success but the oncet."

"Did you ever break the bank?" I inquired.

"I did; with a stick of dynamite."

We were putting the final touches to the last clean-up, blowing and weighing the gold; Kink drying the wet dust and removing the black sand by blowing it in a scoop, while I attended to the scales. Mrs. Martin had gone to town for the mail, so we had full chance to adventure whither we chose, and our fancies led us idly into the past.

"The play come up like this," he continued. "I crow-hops into Tularo's one day, spurnin' all things sordid and trivial, for I have four hundred dollars of the realm, eight months of thirst, and a spiritual cordiality for emotion and stimulus. I am that drawed and haggard with onwee that the bartender remarks it.

"'What's doin' in the way of episodes and distractions of mind in this camp?' says I.

"'Nothin',' says he, 'except faro and roulette and stud poker.'

"'Them devices is pueryle and meager. I want something vigorous and man's-size, something to turn my liver over. I've been dead eight months. Ain't you got no opery house or lynchin's or rag-time or feuds?'

"'No,' says he. 'This here camp is sure a sylvan refuge for the jaded. There ain't even been a sheep-herder or a chink massacreed since old man Stubbs had the treemors, and now that he's took the cure, the future looks dark and unengaging. There's nothin' but them mercenary gamblin' games.'

"I nosed around for an hour, but I never see such a stupefied camp, and, bein' that bulged out with hunger for emergencies, I am forced agin the green cloth to save my mental balance.

"'What's the limit to this snare?' I asks of the invalid in the operating chair, having found the lay-out.

"'A dollar,' says he.

"'Bein' twenty-eight years old, with much of my life's work still undone, I ain't got time to dribble along that-a-way,' says I. 'I intend to annex your bank-roll quick, and spend it before the coin goes out of date or the pictures is wore off of the bills, so if you've got a hundred hid out anywhere, I'll roll you for it, all in a lump.'

"He gropes into the drawer, listless and feeble, but collects a hundred up into a pile and deals the cards. I lose, the first turn. He's settin' sideways in his chair and don't even onfurl his legs.

"'This fluke only serves to postpone the evil day fer you,' says I. 'Turn them fer another hundred.' Again I lose.

"'I had figgered on cleanin' you up, hittin' you a belt with the surcingle, and lettin' you go before this, but I don't begretch the waste of time. You aim to help me get some enthusiasms out of life, don't you? I appreciate your coöperation. Now, I got you. Let her go.'

"I coppers the bullet and lets the filly run open, for a hundred each. He pushes out the top card, and the next two lays queen, ace. He drags in the hard-earned savings of my last four months without a symptom of joy in his eye, then, when I sets back my chair, he yawns and says:

"'If you happen into anything that will bust this monotony, lemme know. I'm 'most dead.'

"Naturally, I am some paralyzed at havin' my anticipations mire down this-a-way inside of three minutes. Yes, I am left at the post, and bein' young, I am prone to anger. I frisks myself for loose change wherewith to continue the carnage, while my indignities rise up in my nose, but I am disappointed. I, and I throws it at him as hard as I can. Then I hikes out to the railroad track and sets on a hand-car inventin' synonyms fer the worst words I knowed. Talk about blues, I am the human wiggle-stick.

"It's along about dark when I exhaust all the bad names in three languages and recall

"'We'll all go up in a bunch,' I screams"

I am let out complete, thinks I, till I find a lone twenty-dollar gold piece in my vest pocket as I goes out the door. I turns around.

"'Here! You overlooked this one,' says the fact that I ain't et none sence mornin'. I goes back to the gamblin' room and braces Mr. Dealer.

"'I'm as holler as a gun-bar'l,' says I. He hands out a dollar, looking sour and grouchy,

without even the compliments of the season. The reluctant way he does it offends me, but I swallers my pride for an appetizer and ambles into a grocery across the way to buy an ontree of crackers and cheese; also a salad course of baloony sausage. After I'd substituted my own for the baloony skin, I feel better. Havin' had the feast of reason, I crave the flow of soul. I hunger for the poets, so I eat a pound of French mixed candies with verses on 'em.

"'Are you the sport that lost the four hundred this afternoon?' asks the grocery-creature, full of pryin' indecencies.

"'No, sir; I am the isospondylous, malacopterygian sucker who done so. Why?'

"'Well, nothin', only that's a brace game.'

"'A brace?' says I.

"'Sure. It's a phony box.'

"'Um-m!' says I. 'I might 'a' knowed it from the way that tin-horn parted with this supper money. No square sport will begretch a grub-stake to his victims. I begin to fear that my system ain't had its fill of excitations as yet, none whatever. I am goin' to squander that money over again, and I promise to enjoy it more the next time.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'Um-m!' says I.

"While I am lookin' about the store, I spies some pea-soup sticks. Ever see 'em? They are split peas ground up like sawdust and wrapped in greased paper; about eight inches long by an inch in diameter. They look jest like ca'tridges of giant-powder, same size, same color and everything. They're mighty handy to pack on a trip. All you do is break off a piece and boil it up. I've et cords and oceans of it. I have twenty cents left, and I buy one soup ca'tridge, also about four inches of fuse.

"'What time does Number Ten, the eastbound accommodation pull out?' I inquires of the man as I leaves.

"'Ten o'clock,' says he.

"'Um-m!' says I.

"At nine forty-five I stampedes into the gamblin' joint, which is filled like a spade flush. My hair is mussed up, my collar open, and my eyes sort of riled and locoed. I stand around for a few minutes actin' queer, twitchin' my muscles and lickin' my lips, nervous, till I see that the whole room has spotted my dishybilly, then I edges over to the galaxy at the faro table where my dyspeptic crook is takin' good money away from some punchers.

"'Gimme a light,' says I to one of 'em, and when I have it, I continues to the dealer:

"'Do you still hunger fer excitement?'

"'I smacks my lips over it,' says he, and his eye is on me, cold as a rattler, while he slips his hand into the gun drawer.

"'Well, here it is,' I yells, yankin' out the roll of pea-soup with the fuse hangin' to it. I touches it off with the blazin' match, and it begins to sizzle.

"'We'll all go up in a bunch,' I screams, in the tones of a busted tug whistle, givin' a laugh like the ravin's of John McCullough, that I heard in a phonygraph once.

"However, the dramatic polish of them merriments goes unheeded, because the crowd is moved by one uncommon impulse, and the sound of their hoofs is like the roar of thunder.

"Noise busted out of them cow-men like they'd blowed off a cylinder-head. They didn't holler, but horrid discord just pizened the air.

"In a gun fight, a man can hide back of the bar or crawl under the stove or into the neck of a beer bottle, if he's scared enough, but sech protective stratagems is wholly vain agin dynamite.

"It appeared like everybody got a fair, honest start, because they all run a dead heat to the door, where they met and wedged, then clawed their way out into the night and far away.

"As for the dealer, a cold draught fanned my artificially fevered brow from the window through which he had departed. He ran plum out of town, wearin' the window-sash for a necktie. Not a soul was left to tell the tale.

"I scooped off the bank roll and stepped to the back door. There was considerable currency lyin' on the crap table, and silver glittered on the wheel, but I passed them by. It was not fer me. I had busted the bank and was content. For all I knew, the other games was on the square, and mine was only a mission of vengeance.

"Five minutes later I climbed into a side-door Pullman on Number Ten, just as she pulled out from the water-tank.

"Long about daylight, a brakey collected two dollars from me. You see, it's a custom out there for to charge the blanket-stiffs a regular tariff.

"What's a blanket-stiff? Why, he's a half hobo that travels with his beddin' and is 'ristocratic in his predilections for

box-cars instead of riding a brake-beam. Likewise, he cavils at the blind baggage.

"Well, I'm jest gettin' fixed to count my money, when we pull into a siding in the foot-hills and stop. I hear a voice outside.

"'Whoa, Balaam!'

"I see the head of a burro lookin' in the car door, inquirin' and sleepy. Somehow, reco'nize my old friend Mojave Mike Butters, the foot-racer. He's sure a baleful and horrible sight, all poverty-stricken and destitute, but I don't say nothin', just hitch back into the gloom and snore, while he puts his blankets in the other end of the car, leads the animal over, and sets down. I'm holdin' out on him a-purpose.

"The men had sticks and tried to storm him, but

I allus want to laugh when I look a burro in the face, he's that simple and unassumin' and 'Have-you-used-Pear's-soap?' lookin', but I don't do it, because I know he's got me sized up, proper, and has divined all my weaknesses and secret faults and is criticizing me from my number twelve feet to my number six hat.

"This one is carryin' a pack, and there's a man with him. The feller yanks off the pack-saddle, throws it in the car, then hists Mr. Balaam in and clambers aboard himself. When I get a square look at him, I

"We're in a big, empty furniture car with both side and end doors. Excelsior is all over the floor, which proves a godsend to Balaam, for he thinks he's struck some kind of blond bunch-grass.

"By and by the brakeman comes projectin' through and sees Mike in his corner, with the jack gorging himself all contented and pastural.

"'How far you goin'?' says he.

"'End of the division,' Mike answers.

"'Two dollars apiece!' says he. 'We charge full fare for mules.'

"'Two dollars *apiece!*' says Mojave. 'I don't like your classifications, for Balaam ain't a mule, nor I ain't a burro.'

"'All right, call him a mockin'-bird, only give me four dollars.'

"'I ain't got it.'

"'What! Well, get out of this car. G'wan, now, before I throw you out. What you mean anyhow, crawlin' in here broke?'

"Mr. Brakeman is some wrathy, but Mike don't move only to reach out an' get Balaam by the halter. The brute is still eatin' succulent bunches of excelsior, dreamy and amiable, while peace and friendship look out of his brown eyes, and his tail swishes with content. All is sunshine for Balaam.

"'Out you go, you blamed hobo,' says the railroad man, makin' for Mike.

"'Look out! There ain't goin' to be doors enough in this car for you,' says Mike; and givin' Balaam's halter a twist, he says, 'H'ist, Boy!'

"Balaam h'isted. He throwed down his mouse-colored head, and the whole back end of him come loose. He sure severed his connections and cut his home ties. His little hoofs hit the brakeman in the stummick so that the breath come out of him with a 'Whoof!' like the squawk of an automobile horn. The gentleman riz up, laid both hands upon Balaam's tracks, and sat down hard in the other corner, then doubled up like he had only one joint in his back, wrapped his arms around himself three times, and began to kick like a hen with its head cut off, while he made little gasping noises like wind leakin' into an old pump.

"Mike scratched Balaam, and the little feller waggled his ears sagacious, winkin' at me, meanwhile chewin' the juice out of

that donkey's buttress was plumb impregnable"

another batch of shavin's that growed near by.

"'You sound like you was ripe enough to pick,' said Mike to the railroader. 'I don't like 'em when they go "pank."'

"It seemed like the man couldn't reach no amicable settlement with his breath, whatever, and it was ten minutes before he'd arranged a satisfactory workin' basis with it. Then he crawled out, hiccoughin' cuss words and threats all hashed up like a beef stew. In mebbe half an hour he come back with his pardner, but Mike was intrenched behind Balaam. The men had sticks and tried to storm him, but that donkey's buttress was plumb impregnable. Compared to him, Port Arthur was as easy of access as a political meetin', and Gibraltar had signs of 'Welcome' all over it. I never see no real kickin' before nor since. The air growed congested and thick with it, and there was enough hoof in the atmosphere at any minute to run a glue factory for a year. Mike was actin' gunner's mate, findin' the ranges and aimin' him like a pivot gun, while the little feller hitch-kicked, drop-kicked, place-kicked, punted, and kicked goal from the field. He kicked the sticks out of their hands, he kicked the taste out of their mouths, and if Mike had let him go, he'd have kicked them so high they'd have starved before they lit. He kicked them together into a pile, kicked them out the end door, and resumed his browsin'.

"'How's foot-racin', Mike?' says I, crawlin' forth from my retreat.

"'Why, hello!' says he, shaking hands. 'I've just been run out of a little town up here without my hat. Me and Balaam is goin' East. If you're broke, too, I'll let you ride on my ticket — he's good fer a carload.'

"'*We* are quitting the West ourselves,' says I, tappin' my wish-bone with dignity, for I feels the bank roll agin my ribs and am filled with figgers of speech.

"'"We,"' repeats Mike, inquisitive and suspicious. 'You say "we" like you had money. I seen it in a book oncet that only three people is licensed to say "we," — kings, editors, and men with tapeworms. I add to it a man with great wealth. Which one of the four are you? Do you mean to say you've got money on your disreppitable person and stood by while me and Balaam *worked* our passage?'

"For repartee, I showed a roll the size of a clothes-bag and told my story. We counted the money, and it totaled five hundred and twenty dollars, to a cent: my original stake and the gambler's hundred dollars which I would have won from him if I hadn't been cheated.

"'This here is our opportunity to forsake the old life and acquire honesties. We'll go into business,' says Mojave, declarin' himself in on the deal immediate. 'I was cut out for them pursuits natural. I got the ability.'

"'Does it take that much of a stack to set in on this commercial venture,' I inquires. 'I ben aimin' to assuage this famine fer fun that I'm bloated with.'

"'It ain't no ways essential,' Mike admits, 'and I'm considerable leery of over-capitalization, myself. S'pose we lay by two hundred dollars fer business an' spend the rest in wassail, thus avoidin' watered stock and sech perils. I've got a scheme where that's all we need.'

"'As long as it's honest, it gets my play,' says I; 'but understand, I ain't goin' to corner none of the great necessities of life with this money, nor squeeze the widders and orphans.'

"'No, it's simply the introduction of western modes and civilization into the jungles of the decayin' East. We'll open up in Kansas.'

"Thereupon he gave me the blue print of a plan that assayed eighteen dollars to the ounce, bein' a total rest from cow-punchin'.

"Well, it's some three weeks later that the Butters-Martin Mastodon Minstrels busts into Kansas and lays waste with delight every hamlet it plays. It costs nary a cent to see it, which same appeals to farmers of all ranks. Mike is lit up like a Dewey arch, a thousand candles strong, with a long, fur-trimmed overcoat, pointed yaller shoes, tan gaiters, and a pearl-gray felt hat. For a theatrical make-up, he has Henry Irving run under the bed.

"I am Papriky Carramba, the Arizona bandit. You see, I am some black, anyhow, so I encase myself in a greaser habit of speech, a bewhiskered buckskin suit, and am a dangerous desperado.

"Here's the program. We open with a quartette by the niggers. Oh, yes! I near forgot the niggers. We have four Senegambians from Topeka that sing from all points of the compass to a common center. One of 'em plays 'Turkey in the Straw' on

the banjo, while the others dance. They cost us fourteen a week.

"Well, after the music, the Mexikin desperado gives exhibitions of throwing the bowie and pistol practice, after which we have more music, and Mike does 'marvelous, mystifyin' feats of sleight of hand, too bafflin' for the mind, and too rapid for the eye.' Then we have some buck an' wingin' by the African team, after which Mike addresses the pacified and radiant hay-diggers as follows:

"'No doubt, ladies and gents, you have been delighted by our educational entertainment, but to give fleetin' pleasure ain't our only mission. We have a higher motive. It is a blessed privilege to make the arduous path more pleasant, and we are here to conduce to them scenic effects by abating the nuisances of life. One man may like music, and his neighbor prefer the screech of a sled-runner on bare ground. This one may have a sweet tooth, while his friend's is holler, and the nerve exposed; but, dear friends, all the world loves a sweet smell.

"'We admire the jessamine and would fain preserve the fragrance of the rose. Let us have done with the sordid scents of the stable and imported cheese and tickle our tonsils with the breath of forest flowers. That, ladies and gents, is our sacred errant amongst you. We are the distributin' agents of the Kansas Cologne Company, Unlimited. Remember, we have nothin' to sell, we only advertise the perfumery so that you can buy direct from your local druggists. We simply charge a nominal price to cover the cost of the bottles and the hand-painted labels, givin' you the contents as free as this program, which ain't yet over.

"'To conclude this evening's entertainment, I propose to spar three rounds with Señor Carramba, demonstratin' in a refined and gentlemanly manner the blows with which I won the title of Middleweight Champeen of the World. This is not a brutal exhibition, but a clean and scientific lesson in that greatest domestic accomplishment, the "man and womanly art of self-defense." It is endorsed by the leadin' society ladies of the great cities and has received the highest encomiums from prominent divines. While we are changing to costumes, the four Moorish gentlemen will pass amongst you with free samples of the cologne. After you have smelled it, they will offer for sale the few remainin' bottles. Remember, four ounces for the ridic'lous sum of fifty cents, hardly enough to cover the cost of the hand-painted labels. Only those parties retaining bottles will be allowed to remain during the pugilistic symposium.'

"Well, sir, you never saw the likes. You'd 'a' thought their sense of smell had laid out in the wet and got rusty. They couldn't get enough of it; four ounces for four bits — ridic'lous cheap, too, when you consider that it stood us eight dollars an ounce in Topeka. That is, the *real* stuff that the coons carried around did, but of course the four-ounce bottles wasn't quite so precious, bein' as we filled them with filtered water and soaked the corks in real cologne durin' the afternoons when we wasn't busy. Yes, sir. They sure did like the smell of them corked-up water bottles, and we was doin' well.

"'Quick sales and small profits, is our motto,' says Mike. 'We make forty-nine cents a bottle, which is small enough, and we sail out of a place as quick as possible. All it takes to run the biz is a barrel of spring water and a little eight-dollar cologne to smell up the corks with. It's a secret process.'

"We used to drink Kansas cologne with our meals, it was that harmless, and I guess we disposed of several thousand of the 'few remainin' bottles.' Nobody ever left the show before the fight, and they took home cologne to gladden the dull hours after our departure.

"Every night Mike issued a challenge to meet and box all comers, but of course nobody never took him up, except oncet.

"We had drifted through Kansas like a hint of sweet spring, disseminatin' music, magic, and pseudonymous filtered drinkin' water till we had colognized the whole state like Bill Penn back East, when one day we landed in a little place called Fowler.

"It seemed like I noticed a good many familiar faces in the audience that night, and I remarked about it to Mike.

"'It looks like some of our former customers has drove over from the last village. I wonder do they like the show, or have they become so addicted to the cologne that they want more?'

"Our entertainment went off bully that night, every line a scream, and the house

as warm as an August camp-meetin'. Moreover, everybody clinched with them four-ounce bottles, egregious, so they could stay and see the fight.

"Me and Mike does our customary stunts, then he steps to the front of the stage and issues his challenge to spar any man present for any sum. Well, sir, I was near strangled at the sight of a farmer about six feet long, who uplifts himself from the boosom of the populace. From the noise of the merry villagers, I sort of detected a sub-rosy feelin', as though he was some local celebrity. The outline map of this David was ridic'lous, however. He had a kind of long, lead-pipe symmetry to him, except at his joints, where he bulged and looked like the main had been mended; just an animated job of plumbing. 'Mebbe he's like consommé,' thinks I, 'thin but good.'

"He was thickened up and turned over at both ends with the turriblest lookin' hands and feet soldered on that I ever see, and he displayed his bashfulness by crackin' his knuckles. He'd aggregate them digits up into a parcel and wring them out with the rattle of musketry or the sound of a man splittin' kindling. Then, to cover his coyness, he'd pull each one separate and make it pop. It reminded me of breakin' an armful of chair legs.

"He was open and simple to gaze at, though, and appeared to be incapable of deceit, for you could look plumb into and through him by his nasal passages. He was a double-bar'led lookin' youth from the front, and meetin' him in the gloom I'd have felt like he had me covered with a breech-loader, for his nose rar'd back and stared you right in the eye. Yes, that was a strange probossy of his'n, and you felt that by flashin' a dark lantern down its dim and distant vistas you could see plumb back to his secret soul. He seemed devoid of guile, absolute, and I thinks to myself:

"'Plainly, this poor, bucolic party is too slow in wit and movement to hit Mike with a handful of shot. It's really a pity to wallop him'; but I senses a sort of thrill through the audience and can hear 'em shiftin' their feet. We had to split the gloves to get them over the protuberances this youth called hands.

"The Fowler Opery House ain't built fer no Parsifal productions, and what with the organ, the sleight of hand fixtures, and cologne boxes, we are pinched for room on the stage; however, I place two chairs in opposite corners and call the men out to the center to shake hands.

"Mike is in red tights, while the stranger has took off his shoes and is in sock-feet, with his sleeves rolled up like he is out to beat a carpet.

"'Gentamen,' says I, in my Mexikin simulations, 'you fighta t'ree min' an' resta one. Shaka han'. Time!'

"Say, this world is a place of sad surprises. There's only one thing so deceitful as appearances, and that's other appearances.

"Mike comes forth, chin down, shoulder up, left foot straight, all in perfect position and aggressive as a grizzly, while the home product hangs his arms loose and sways back and forrad, lookin' at Mike's feet like it is milkin' time and he is afraid of bein' kicked. Then, of a sudden, he makes a motion with one glove like he is flaggin' a train. Mike parries and turns loose an upper cut for the farmer's kitchen that would have broke every dish in his pantry, but somehow the man happens to be out when it arrives, and can't receive it in person. He shifts his feet at the right instant, and is an inch out of range. Mike drives up with another assortment of wallops, but the Rube isn't there to sign for 'em. The lamplight grew muddy with Mike's blows, when all at once Mr. By-Heck reached down, picked up his right hand, piled his knuckles up in a heap on it, and threw it at Mojave.

"It hit him abreast of the lower maxillaries and sounded like a butcher beatin' steak with a cleaver. When Mike struck the floor, he bounced, and you'd 'a' thought it was a Seminole corn-dance from the howl that rose from that audience. I didn't count him out. He wouldn't have understood, and them obsequies would have been an extravagance.

"I steps to the front of the stage, liftin' my voice. I am a good loser, and a smile is always on my face, in adversity.

"'Lady and genta,' says I, 'Señor Hiram Oates winna de fight. Congratulash —' then I stops, for Hiram taps me on the shoulder.

"'You're next, Papriky.'

"'Me, *what!*' says I.

"'You're next!'

"'No sabe,' says I, shruggin' my shoulders.

"'Yes, ye dew. Get into them mittens, for I'm goin' to clean up the whole caboodle of you, white, yeller, and black.'

"I appeals to the Roman populace with all the chili con carne accents in my vocabulary, but their thumbs is down. A gray-bearded goat in the rear of the hall hops up and cries :

"'Hi-ram, kill the dago. The perfume ain't no good.'

"'Dago,' says I, gettin' sore, 'I ain't a dago. I'm as white as you, you old dill pickle.'

"'Do him up, Hi,' says a motherly lady in the front row, shakin' her bonnet, 'he ain't no more of a Frenchman than I be.'

"Well, sir, I'm gettin' pretty mad by this time. And yet I don't hanker none for Hiram and the pillows. No, I ain't cast in the heroic mold of a Roman Gladiolus, and the sands of the areeny sets my teeth on edge, but I'm fairly *forced* into them boxin' gloves, and we go at it like we was killin' snakes. Thinks I, 'I've got to rush this Kansas thistle off his feet. Mike was too gentle with him!' So I chop up the air around him and remove it to get more room. I swing and jab and counter and cross, but I am unlucky in hittin' the places he had just left. That boy is too shifty to hit with a shotgun, which is surely a pity, and somehow

"It hit him abreast of the lower maxillaries"

I don't connect up with him none whatever. Likewise, he don't hit me, just keeps a glove in my eyes, or brushes my hair with it, till I have suspicions that he is playin' with me, and that I'm bein' put through my paces like a horse. I'm gettin' tired and wobbly in the legs, and in one of my rushes I run into the organ leavin' a knee-cap and create certain discords on it which don't sound like the Maiden's Prayer. Sweat is runnin' into my eyes, my lungs feel like they had on tight shoes, while, like the rose that was born to blush unseen, I have wasted all my efforts upon the desert air.

"We have fought mebbe five minutes with never a single blow landed, when I grow desperate and make a last appeal to the audience.

"'Ladies and gents —' I pants — 'for Heaven's sake, stop this brutality,' but the old man yells:

"'Nothin' but rain water, Hiram'; and then Hiram commenced to go over me like a cooper hoopin' a bar'l. He sounded me all around to see if I had any holler spots, then he played a xylophone solo on my short ribs, boxed the compass with short arm jabs, and hit me from four directions at oncet so that I fell toward him. He stepped back, shot one into my sink, then crossed to my butler's pantry, and at last I saw the pretty, pretty fireworks.

"Late that night me and Mike caught the local at the water-tank, and when we was involved amongst the straw, he says, feelin' the bumps on his head tender and gingery:

"'Them minstrels had just one weak point, Kink.'

"'What was it?' I groans.

"'We'd ought to have kept Balaam.'"

TO A SERVED IDEAL

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

TRUE and unbought
If I have fought,
Now without plaint if I fall,
Were it not ill
Weakly to will
Laurels at last for a pall?
Nay: for award,
Goddess! accord
Oblivion, nobler than all.

Ah, in a glen
Forgotten of men,
Forgotten of thee, to repose!
Though my heart bound
Under the ground,
Joyful in ruin, and knows
Ere it was torn
Once it was worn
Over thy heart like a rose.

Let my name cling
Less than a wing
Washed from the blue of the skies;
Let no young face,
Seeking thy grace,
Waken thy wondering sighs:
"Which of my own. . .
Ages agone. . .
Bore that sad light in his eyes?"

Soldier am I:
How, then, and why,
Trader-like, haggle for gain?
Lady and Love!
Mine is enough.
Throned if thy beauty remain,
Well shall it be
For ever with me,
Dead of the brunt and the pain.

A SUSPENDED SENTENCE

BY

C. T. REVERE

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY W. J. AYLWARD

WHEN Bob Thurber interceded with old Judge Welles and secured a suspension of Ed Stanley's sentence, he had but one motive — love of fair play, heightened, no doubt, by sympathy for the under dog. His action was entirely unsolicited. He did not know Stanley. Another lawyer had conducted the defense and succeeded in getting his client convicted of manslaughter. Thurber thought the verdict an outrage. Any self-respecting cow-boy was justified in roping and dragging at his saddle-horn an Indian who, out of pure malice, had stampeded the steers in his charge. The mere fact that Red Feather's neck had been broken did not affect his views. Technically it might be homicide; he preferred to regard it as an accident, and this in the face of gossip that Red Feather was not Stanley's first victim. The others had died like men, though,— wild, turbulent bullies, bad enough, brave enough to kill, but, for that fatal once, too slow on the trigger.

At first the abstract consideration of gratitude did not enter Thurber's mind. Dimly, months afterward, he felt he must have expected it — in fact, had a right to expect it. But it was not until he found that Stanley, whom he had made foreman of his ranch in the Big Horn basin, did not treat him with ordinary civility that he began to seek causes for the cow-boy's attitude.

From the start there had been a gulf between them. He remembered that day in the marshal's office at Norfolk. It was blazing hot, and he wore a suit of white flannels. The wiry, diminutive cow-puncher, hardly

five feet six, made him feel decidedly ill at ease. Stanley's eyes, as small and black as a rattlesnake's, took him in from head to foot with a stare cold, almost hostile. His mustache — Thurber never would forget the impression made by that closely-cropped mustache; with Stanley's wind-tanned face for a background, it looked like a smudge of anthracite dust on old leather — his mustache fairly bristled with a sneer when he was told that the young lawyer had become guarantee for his good behavior. There were other little acts, mere trifles, yet significant when considered relatively; but Thurber tried to forget them. He merely wondered what would be the outcome.

He found out while on the fall round-up; so did Stanley, if, indeed, he had given the subject any reflection. Thurber was not wearing white flannels then. Buckskin-seated breeches, flannel shirt, and a wide-brimmed Stetson became him remarkably well. Stanley thought so, too, afterward, but at that moment his mind dwelt on other things than the details of personal attire. The quarrel was at its height before the others knew what it was about. They saw Thurber advancing, with a Winchester, on his foreman. Stanley's hand was at his belt — they knew what that meant. A Winchester was a clumsy plaything at short range.

"Are you going to do it?" There was no suggestion of a tremor in Thurber's clear, ringing tones.

Silence and a sullen glare.

Thurber started to raise his Winchester; the six-shooter was half drawn. Then — some one grasped the rifle, and the six-shooter imperceptibly slid back in the cow-boy's holster. Later Stanley changed his orders concerning the course of the round-up. Whether that was the cause of the quarrel, the others never learned.

Thurber was enjoying the first lapse into unconsciousness that night when Stanley aroused him by coming over to his "shake-down."

"It ain't the same 'twixt me an' you as what it were," he said, as he puffed swiftly at his cigarette. "You come mighty nigh takin' a shot at me to-day. I reckon it wa'n't yore fault that you didn't." A pause. "I could 'a' killed you easy."

"I know it."

"An' you kep' a-comin'!" There was a note in Stanley's voice which Thurber never had caught before. The dying glow of the camp-fire on his swarthy face revealed an expression almost tender, as he went on:

"I like a man. You done me a good turn down thar at Norfolk, an' I reckon I'd orter ben more thankful. But I don't like to be beholden to no tenderfoot. I have to look up to a man before I kin be a pal to him. You're the real thing, an' I jest wanted to tell you that from now on you won't never have no call to feel sorry you went bail for me."

"Pretty high for mining, isn't it?" The heavy-set man in faded brown corduroys spat neatly at a granite boulder and assumed an air of pleased anticipation.

"That depends on how much altitude a man can stand," evaded Stanley, eying his questioner with suspicion.

"It must be at least twelve thousand feet. You're not far from the Continental Divide. What are you doing, sinking or tunneling?" The rapid-fire style of conversation proved too much for him, and he gasped greedily for breath.

"Both." Stanley was laconic above timber line.

"How many claims have you located?"

"Four."

"I saw some ore down at Meeteetse that I heard came from one of your shafts." Another halt for breath. "Thought I'd come up and see what you had."

"It shore is tough fer you to take that trip all fer nothin', stranger," said Stanley, with a mocking grin. "But it sorter looks that-a-way. You kain't nose around these yere diggin's."

"But I was thinking I might buy you out," exclaimed he of the brown corduroys.

"The claims ain't for sale."

"Oh, anything is for sale if you get your price," came the confident rejoinder. "I am Thomas G. Atkinson, secretary and treasurer of the Cyanide Mining and Smelting Company, at Butte. We are thinking of doing something down here in the Wood River country. You seem to have a fair prospect, and I'm willing to give you what it's worth."

"I told you the claims wa'n't fer sale," replied Stanley doggedly.

"You might as well sell out as lose them."

"Don't come no play about claim-jumpin' around yere," cried Stanley, in a flare of sudden wrath. "I'll take a contract to stand off a hull cavvy o' sech underbred cayuses as you."

"I wasn't thinkin' of such a thing," Mr. Atkinson hastened to reply, with virtuous

reproach in his pale blue eyes. "You see —" in his nervous negation he expectorated on the handle of Stanley's pick — "I — the railroad is still a good ways off, and I thought you might not be able to keep up assessment work, to say nothing of development."

"I'll look out fer that."

"But you can't do it alone. Why, man, it means being cut off from the world at least five months a year — without seeing a soul."

"I *have* done it fer the last two year," was the calm reply.

"What!" Mr. Thomas G. Atkinson stared in amazement at the sinewy little figure before him,— verily a *multum in parvo* package of humanity, to whom nothing was impossible. Then he looked at the huge, telltale dump. "You did all this by yourself? It seems incredible. But — you will need more money from now on."

"'Are you going to do it?'"

"I'll 'tend to that, too."

"Your partner can't help you."

"You seem to know a hull lot about my business."

"I heard that Thurber had a half interest with you and ——"

"You're wrong the first rattle outen the box," interrupted Stanley, with a rasping chuckle. "He owns it *all*."

"All!" Mr. Atkinson's rotund countenance lengthened considerably. "Well, at any rate, I know Thurber is flat broke — in fact, can hardly make a living."

"Wal, what o' that?"

The secretary and treasurer of the Cyanide Mining and Smelting Company was cornered, but he made a noble effort to extricate himself.

"Let me see — this is October," he began absently, as though the time of year had escaped him for the moment. "You have just come up here and have hardly started in your winter's work." Here Mr. Atkinson's tone dropped to the *sotto voce* of confidence, as if he feared that the impassive boulders had taken their leaning attitudes on the steep slope for the purpose of eavesdropping. "You might get sick — or go away and forget to come back to do your assessment work. It would be a mighty easy way to make a couple of thousand. Of course, if you wanted to give that fellow Thurber part of the money, it would be none of my business, but in my opinion you would be a fool to do it."

Stanley heard him through. His manner was so respectful that Mr. Atkinson thought it betokened acquiescence. He soon was disillusioned.

"Bob Thurber may be broke, but he's my friend — if you kin savvy that." The instant Stanley began to speak, his snaky black eyes took on a warning glitter. "If you

kain't, I wants to give it out right yere that you're feedin' off'n yer range, a-browsin' yer yawp on somethin' it don't know nothin' about. An' if you er ary other lumpy-jawed longhorn in yer bunch comes up yere tryin' to haze me an' Bob off'n the grass, I'll rope an' hog-tie you so tight that you won't bl'at when the kyotes work on you. Now—GIT!"

A six-shooter emphasized the torrent of cow-boy vernacular, and Mr. Thomas G. Atkinson proceeded to "git." He was in such a hurry that he came near forgetting his horse, which he had left at Stanley's cabin, a few hundred feet below timber line. When he arrived at Meeteetse he expressed the opinion that Stanley had become "locoed" as a result of solitude. The reminiscences aroused in the minds of his hearers by a recital of his experience strengthened him in this belief.

He was told that the cow-boy worked in the spring and fall round-ups for the Hat Six outfit, hoarding his wages like a miser to purchase provisions and mining supplies for the winter. This parsimony on the part of a "puncher" was unhesitatingly pronounced a sign of mental aberration. One man recounted how Stanley once swam the swift and icy waters of the upper Big Horn merely to get Thurber's pipe, which had been left in the mess wagon on the other side.

"That ain't nothin'," chimed in another. "Why, Ed used to make coffee grand, an' take it to Bob afore he got up. He waited on him like 'sif he were one of these yere niggers."

Inasmuch as anything savoring of lackeyism is, if possible, more abhorrent to the cow-boy than economy, the loungers at Meeteetse were unanimous in deciding that Stanley was "locoed."

If Thurber had been present, he might have been able to contribute to the prevailing current of conversation. When the panic had swept over the West, he had been among the first to be caught in the squeeze. His law practice had dwindled away to nothing, and the fees had barely paid office rent. He sold his ranch and last two thousand head of cattle, a vain sacrifice, to appease his hungry liabilities. Then came the parting with Ed. He had retained his old foreman on the pretext of having him gather up some stray bronchos, but finally the efficacy of this clumsy subterfuge was exhausted.

"I don't want no money," protested the cow-boy, refusing the balance of his wages. "You 've got to let me come and work fer nothin'."

"I haven't a thing for you to do, Ed," replied Thurber sadly. "In these days when good lawyers are forced to become bookkeepers and insurance agents, I hardly know what I shall turn to."

"You and yourn ain't goin' to come to want while I live. I'll hold up a train first." And the old fierce light glowed in the small black eyes.

"You are too handy a cow-puncher to make a good convict," was Thurber's half-smiling comment. "Go back to the range."

"I may do that, but I'll do somethin' else, too," came the stubborn reply.

Thurber attached no special import to the words. To him they expressed merely a general pledge of loyalty — gracious and acceptable, but far from tangible to a man who was battling with insolvency. His mind, of course, could not penetrate the maze of debts and look back to that cloudless September day a year before near the headwaters of Wood River. On the descent their eyes had been caught by those mineral deposits for which every western mountaineer is always on the alert.

"Blossom rock!" exclaimed Stanley, as he struck the crumbling stone with the butt of his six-shooter. "I've mined just enough to want to sink a shaft on that."

He was missing from camp for three days.

"I located that claim," he said to Thurber on the night of his return. "Rode over to Kentucky Smith's shack an' borried a pick." He spoke as though he had been absent to get a bucket of water, but he had traveled more than a hundred miles in his trip to and from Kentucky Smith's.

Months after their last meeting, a brief, painfully scrawled letter informed Thurber that Stanley had spent the winter in the mountains at the head of Wood River. A shaft sunk on the site of their first discovery had revealed what the cow-boy thought to be a true fissure vein, and he expected to drive a tunnel to catch the lead lower down.

Atkinson's visit at the beginning of the third winter confirmed Stanley in the belief that he was on the trail of a fortune. It also stiffened his determination to work on the tunnel until he had cut the vein. After storing his supplies in the cabin and stacking up a huge supply of firewood, he set to work.

The solitude would have meant madness to an ordinary nature. The mighty plateau

became a vast white desert which silence claimed for its own. The alabaster peaks loomed like monuments dedicated to the awful god of Silence. Silence was everywhere. It came with the flaky downfall which deadened every sound. It smothered the voice of the torrents with a gag of crystal and muffled the wind until the eddying bluster was strangled to a motionless calm. Occasionally a snowslide broke the hush and swept down the mountain with a rattle of "slide rock" and booming of boulders, leaving its aftermath of defiant echoes to ring in the cañons long after it had reached the bottom of the incline. Then the demons of silence rallied, drove away the echoes, and once more brooded solemnly over their domain.

But the majesty of the scenery and the terrors of isolation alike were lost on Stanley. He spent no time indulging the phantasms which crowd upon a man cut off from his fellows. Sometimes, at night, the piercing, childlike cry of a "bob cat" from the brakes below the cabin sent a sudden chill to his heart; the wailing human note was his sole link with the outer world. But he laughed it off and went to sleep.

Day by day he renewed his assaults on the side of the mountain, drilling single-handed and slanting his holes to make every shot count. The waste rock he removed in an improvised wheelbarrow. One morning he found a portion of the tunnel choked with a mass which had fallen from the roof. Thereafter he made a practice of carrying up, each morning as he went to work, a post six inches in diameter, for timbering. By the last of March he estimated that he had seventy feet yet to go.

When the thaws of early spring came on, he succumbed to mountain fever. For three weeks he lay in his cabin, tortured by burning thirst and dull pains which forbade all thought of work. At last the sage tea conquered,— sage tea and the chipmunks. One day, while lounging listlessly in his bunk, he saw a tiny brown creature with black and white stripes flit over the floor.

"Chipmunks!" he exclaimed, raising himself on his elbow.

There was a flash of black and white, a whisk of a fluffy tail, and his visitor was gone. He staggered to his feet and stealthily scattered some biscuit crumbs near the point of exit. From his rude couch in the corner he saw that his lure had not been unavailing. There were two this time. Timidly they crept out, darting in all directions, but always drawing closer to the crumbs.

"Come on, Romeo an' Juliet," he coaxed. The actor who had taken the leading rôle in the only Shaksperian play he had ever seen could have spoken no more tenderly. The chipmunks halted, peered distrustfully at the huddled figure in the corner, and — came forward.

Next day more came — always Romeos and Juliets. Weak from his wasting illness, he welcomed them with an affection intensified tenfold by his loneliness. With the exception of a few starving timber wolves, they were the first living things he had seen for months. Finally they became so tame that they would scamper upon his knees and shoulders and take pieces of biscuits and dried apples and peaches from between his teeth. To him they were not pestiferous little rodents, but comrades. Soon they grew to think the now scanty supply of provisions a storehouse for their especial benefit, but they pursued their depredations unmolested.

His stock of dynamite was exhausted. The drills had been worn down to mere stubs of steel. Of food, there remained only a small slab of bacon and a few pounds of flour. He feared that Atkinson might jump his claims if he worked in the summer for the Hat Six outfit. For this reason Thurber received the following letter, with the Billings postmark:

Dear Bob, Have drawd side draft on you for 200 dollars. Be shure to pay it for god Sake. Have soked my Gunn for 10 dollars and i kaint hold nobody up when i aint got no Gunn and i will strike that fisher vain shure in august or sept. please come out and i am well now. was sick. ED

The appeal brought the money and a promise from Thurber to visit the claims in early autumn. Stanley set out from Meeteetse with a well-laden pack train and Cairns, whom he had hired to help him complete the tunnel. Cairns was a Manxman and a skilled miner, accustomed to prospecting in high altitudes. He confessed later that he never had worked so hard in his life, but he dared not complain to his grim, relentless taskmaster. Under Stanley's persistent urging, they bored their way steadily through the adamantine mountain side. Sundays and holidays passed in a nervous rush of toil, and at the end of seven weeks they were only thirty feet from where they expected to strike the longed-for

"THE CABIN LAY TWO THOUSAND FEET BELOW, BUT IT WAS HIS ONLY HOPE"

cleavage between the granite and the porphyry.

Cairns' antipathy toward the chipmunks was not inherent. In his arguments with Stanley he accorded them the right to existence — as chipmunks, not as pets. He objected to having them hunt for bits of biscuit supposed to be held between his teeth — they tangled their feet in his jungle of red whiskers. But most of all, his canny Manx soul revolted against their inroads on the dried fruits. However, he should not have resented their raids in such a violent manner. He realized this himself a moment after he had laid about so viciously with his spruce club, but before he could remove the evidences of the one-sided fray, he heard Stanley's footsteps outside the cabin. There was a pause at the door. Cairns was too busy opening a can of corn for supper to turn around.

"Whoever killed my Romeos an' Juliets?" came the hoarse inquiry, ominous of impending trouble.

"Yer which?" There was a quaver in Cairns' puzzled tone.

A lifeless little striped body was held accusingly toward him.

"Aw, the chipmoonks it is," he began. "Shure, they was atin' all the groob —— "

"What if they did?" The cow-boy's voice took on a wail of grief. "Why, I wouldn't have had one o' them little things killed for all the grub in Wyoming."

"Shure, I didn't know —— "

"Git out before I kill you," broke forth Stanley. "You cowardly, sneaking cuss. I'd rather live in a dog town with rattlesnakes."

Cairns beat Atkinson's record down the mountain that night in spite of the darkness, for the fitful pop of a six-shooter accelerated his leaps over fallen timber and jagged rocks. When he arrived in Meeteetse, he added his recital to the gossip concerning the madman up on Wood River.

"An' to think o' the names he give them chipmoonks," was his concluding comment.

Once more Stanley assailed his Herculean task alone.

September came. Thurber and a party of capitalists were due at the claims in a few days. Already Stanley had passed the point where his measurements told him he should cut the vein. But the thought of failure made him even more frantic in his efforts.

"I hain't lost it — I know I hain't," was his half-despairing cry. "It's jest dipped further south. I've got to ketch it before they come."

Bob expected it of him. He could not disappoint Bob. Bob was not a shadowy picture to him even after three years of separation; he was a living, vivid, ever-present entity. He could see him now — not in white flannels, although he had forgiven that,— but in a "puncher's" rig, without a flinch in his handsome blue eyes as he looked straight at death. Who would dare be found wanting toward such a man? One night he toiled until midnight, clearing away the débris of a heavy "stope" shot in order that he might drill in the "face" on the following day.

The dawn found him at his post. He drilled a three-foot hole on the lower left side and "squibbed" it to make a pocket for a good charge of dynamite. He started his next hole higher up, to the right. The rock was like chilled steel, and more than once he was compelled to stop and sharpen his drills at his small hand forge.

"The ground's tightenin' up," he commented. "Must be gittin' mighty nigh home."

A few minutes later the drill broke through the granite crust. In his nervous exuberance he drove the biting steel further, but finally he was forced to clean out the pulverized, rock. With trembling hands he picked up the long slender spoon and thrust it in the depth of the hole. Slowly, with muscles tense and staring eyes, he drew it out. The flickering rays of his lamp reflected a gleam of yellow amid the gray, powdered dust. He took the envelop of Thurber's last letter from his hip pocket and poured into it the precious cleanings.

He drilled half a foot further, hammering the steel with furious, clanging strokes. Each time he cleaned the hole, the spoon brought forth more gray dust flecked with yellow. At last he loaded both holes, lit the fuses, gathered up his tools and the envelop of drillings, and went out.

Two minutes passed. They seemed like hours. Then a dull, echoing boom came to his straining ears. Another minute passed.

"Must 'a' gone off together," he muttered.

While waiting for the smoke to clear in the tunnel, he panned the drillings in the bucket of drinking water he had brought from the

cabin. Their wonderful richness startled him.

"Nothin' but wire gold would ever pan like that," he shouted in delight.

He could wait no longer. He seized a pick and rushed back into the tunnel, unmindful of the sickening dynamite fumes. Clambering over the débris knocked down by his last shot, he made his way up to the "face." His eyes were dazzled by the fine yellow seams running through the gray quartz.

"Wire gold!" he cried. "I told you so." In the frenzy of his joy he drove the pick into a crevice to pull down a shattered mass on the left side.

With a shivering roar the flying rock hurled him back.

When consciousness returned, his temples throbbed with a raging "powder" headache. He tried to rise, but his left leg tingled with a strange numbness. He felt to see what was the matter. His hand was withdrawn, wet with a warm, sticky fluid. A throb of pain caused him to feel again. This time he touched the shattered bones at his knee.

Weak and bleeding, he wriggled slowly toward the disk of light two hundred feet away. When he reached the open air, he bound up his mangled leg with strips of his flannel shirt and crawled over to the water bucket. The golden grains at the bottom mocked his agonizing thirst. He had used up the last drop in panning the drillings.

"I got to make it to the cabin. His teeth ground together in a burst of his old, sullen courage.

He grasped a pick lying near him, and by supporting himself against a boulder stood up on his sound leg. Then he took off his belt and strapped the pick handle tightly to his wounded limb. The cabin lay two thousand feet below, but it was his only hope. Clutching the head of the pick with his left hand, he started to descend.

The precipitous slope, treacherous with its covering of "slide rock," was dangerous even for an able-bodied man. A few halting steps brought out the sweat of agony on his dust-grimed face.

"'Tain't no use," he groaned fiercely. "I kain't cut her. It's over the range with me this trip. But I ain't goin' to feed nary buzzard ner wolves."

He hobbled painfully back to the mouth of the tunnel and sat down to unstrap the pick. His wandering gaze fell upon the envelop from which he had taken the drillings. Instantly the small black eyes gleamed with a softer light.

"Bob's fixed all right, anyhow." There was a note of triumph in his voice. "He'll be yere to-morry, an' I reckon I'd better leave word for him while I kin."

He drew Thurber's letter from his pocket, and with a stub of a pencil from the same source scrawled a message on the unwritten side:

Dear Bob we done win out. Last shot opened her up Big and i dug my Pick into a shot that had forgot to go off and it Shure got me. am cached inside. There is plenti in Site to pay bale in cort when i dont show up. so long ED.

He placed the paper at the entrance to the tunnel and weighted it down with a rock. The sun sank behind the towered ramparts of the Divide, and the brief twilight of the Rockies settled over the majestic landscape. Deepening shadows crept silently up from the cañons, veiling the peaks and valleys in a shroud of cobalt. Far below in the darkness the yap-yap of a coyote died away in a faint, lingering howl.

It was time to go. With a sigh he turned from the blackness without to the deeper blackness within. He lit his miner's lamp and with his ebbing strength piled up the rocks in the passage behind to keep out predatory animals. His task completed, he leaned back, suffering but happy, alone with the fortune he had won.

The pain passed. A smile flitted over his drawn features at sight of the gold-seamed quartz glittering in the waning light of his lamp. The wick sputtered as it burned to the edge of the spout, gave a last feeble flare, and went out.

But Stanley no longer had need of its smoke-dimmed rays.

THE DIARY OF AN AMATEUR WAITRESS

AN INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM FROM THE WORKER'S POINT OF VIEW

BY

MAUD YOUNGER

I

NEW YORK, MAY 6TH.

IT was a great surprise to me to find how hard it is to "get a job." I always supposed that any one who was willing and able to work could get one. We have so many ideas about things we have never tried. But for three days I walked along street after street and went without success into every restaurant and lunch-room I saw. Sometimes the manager asked me if I were experienced. Of course, I was not, and so he did not want me. Sometimes he looked me over as though I were a horse, while I stood by, boiling with rage. He would ask a few exploratory questions with a manner which made me answer curtly, and then I would go out into the street, trying hard to keep back the tears. It is not pleasant to have a stranger doubt whether you are respectable.

If it is disappointing to be always refused, it is much more so to be promised a job and not get it. Twice I have had that experience. On Wednesday I went into a restaurant on upper Sixth Avenue. The manager was a blond man of medium height, with the sharp eyes and the smooth speech of a salesman. He gave one an impression of shrewd alertness. I tried to think of something businesslike to say. A working-girl once said to me, — "If you want anything from a boss, you've got to talk up to him. You can't get things any other way." But I could not talk up. Waitresses, as I found out later, usually dress smartly; and I had made the mistake of donning borrowed, ill-fitting clothes. Clothes make such a difference in one's feelings. My spirits seemed shabby and forlorn. However, that manager wanted a shabby and forlorn girl — one without any spirit — and he said that he would give me a half-time job. I did not know what a half-time job was, but he explained that it was one where I worked from eleven to two. That sounded nice — only three hours. Trying to assume an experienced air, I asked, "What wages?" He was standing idly by the door, but he said, "I haven't time to talk about it now. Come back at three o'clock."

"But suppose I don't get the job? If I don't, I want to look for something else."

"Oh, you'll get the job all right," he said; and so I went away delighted.

At three I was back. The manager, who was still at the front door, recognized me immediately.

"Oh, about that job. You work here from eleven to two; and from five-thirty until one at night, you work in our branch around the corner. Six dollars a week."

"Sundays, too?" I asked.

He hesitated. He had not meant to tell that part until Sunday.

"Yes, Sundays, too," he said at length.

"Well, I only want the noon-hour job. How much is that?"

"You can't have one without the other. They go together," he said, turning away indifferently.

"But you told me I could have the half-time job. If you had not, I might have found something else by this time."

He smiled. "It's all one job,— six dollars a week."

This was my first chance, and I could not let it go.

"All right," I said, "I'll come back to-morrow."

"No, you must begin to-day, — this afternoon."

I looked at him, hesitating. I had not expected to go on until the next day, and I had an engagement for dinner. Somehow the thought of that dinner, and of the dress that had come home before I left, made me straighten up and say: "Well, I won't take it"; to his surprise I walked out, with my head as high as it will go. He counted on the fact that it was four o'clock — too late to get anything else that afternoon — and on his conjecture that I needed the money. Girls are usually taken on before noon, so that it is a waste of time, I am told, to look for anything later than that. He thought that I might have to choose between his job and no supper.

Again, yesterday, I met with the same disappointment. A corpulent head-waitress, with bleached hair and gold in her front teeth, agreed to take me. She promised me three dollars a week. I was to work six hours a day.

"But you must work Sundays, too," she said, "for there is only another girl and me here, on Sundays, and we can't do the work alone. You're sure you'll come Sundays?"

"Yes, I'll come."

"Well, then, you can begin to-morrow. Be here at half-past nine."

At 9:30 the next morning I was there, ready to begin. She looked troubled when I went in, and said that the manager had decided not to take me on. I suppose I looked as disappointed as I felt. Nobody knows, until she has tried it, how disintegrating to the spirit is the experience of looking unsuccessfully for work. She must have thought me completely disheartened, for she said very gently, "Do you need work so bad? Well, come next week, dear, and perhaps he'll take you then."

I have always had a prejudice against stout bleached blondes, but I cast it to the winds at that moment. I have been told to-day that this restaurant is one that does not employ enough girls. A girl who has been a waitress for three years says that when she worked there last fall, she was on her feet so much that for several days she could not get on her shoes, and that when she went to give up her job, the manager would not pay her for the work she had done. He made the excuse that she had not given notice.

This morning, in the fifth place to which I went, a tall man in a cutaway coat was standing by the door. His air of graceful ease stamped him as the manager. He glanced at me, then looked away up the street while I asked for work. I think I have learned to ask for work very naturally now. With his eyes on a passing car, he said, "Yes, we need a girl at supper-time; but just for to-day."

"All right, I'll come," I said. I was so excited that I forgot to ask about wages. His eyes were still roving along the street. He did not look at me again. There seemed to be nothing to do but to go.

Promptly at four I was back. I was really there at a quarter to four, but I was afraid it might not be the proper thing to get in ahead of time, so I walked up and down till the stroke of the hour. There were no customers when I went in. The manager stood near the door. He glanced at me with a look of recognition, and then his eyes shifted. Never once again, until he threw fifty cents on the counter at the end of the day's work, did he meet my eyes. Thumbing a paper on the counter, he told me to go to the dressing-room and put on my apron.

When I came out, he was busy, and I had time to look about me. The room was low-ceilinged, and in the basement, several steps below the sidewalk. The back part was partitioned off for a kitchen. In the window were various eatables of the variety which attracts customers without attracting flies. Such delicacies as would appeal to the latter had been put under glass on the counter, which ran along one side of the room. Another girl was moving about at work. As soon as she saw me, she came over to where I stood with a pile of dishes, which were to be used to serve the figs and prunes displayed on the counter.

"You must only give six with an order," she said to me, "or you'll get fined."

When I asked what I could do to help her, she said that we must first get the dishes ready for dinner. Together we carried them from a slide to a table at the end of the room, wiping each one carefully before we set it down.

"The boss is very particular about having them wiped," she said; and when I said that I was, too, she stared.

Her name is Mabel. The first thing I noticed about Mabel was the bows in her

hair — and perhaps these are the most remarkable thing about her — overtopping a brown pompadour and an ordinary face with neither expression nor color. But she is a kind-hearted girl, and when I told her that I had never worked in a restaurant before, she showed me what to do and how to do it. There were a great many things to remember. The dinner plates were kept in an oven. The dishes and silver, the things to eat, — each had their especial place. There was one kind of milk for tea, a richer kind for coffee, and a mixture of milk and cream for strawberries; but it was all called cream, Mabel warned me. When I took an order, I was to leave a glass of water with a customer. This glass of water was a signal to her that the order was taken.

"After you give the order to the kitchen, you must give him his set-up. You cut two slices of bread with this machine — so. Now you put them on a plate with one biscuit. Then you take a piece of butter like this," and she took it up with her fingers, "and put it on a butter plate. Then you take a knife and fork and three spoons, and one of these dishes of radishes, and you've got your set-up."

She told me laughingly not to wait on her regular customers.

"There are some boys I like that sit at the last table; and a lady in black with a gentleman. You can take anybody else but them," she said.

When she had finished my lesson, we stood leaning against a table, talking. Mabel was telling me about the boys at the last table, and I showed her a bag I had pinned under my apron for tips.

"Don't you think that's a good plan?" I asked.

"Yes, if you get any," said Mabel skeptically.

Our work was done; we stood about waiting for customers.

The manager in the front of the room was talking to the blonde bookkeeper. They seemed very confidential, and I asked Mabel if they were married.

"Oh, no," she said, "he has a wife his own age."

After a while the bookkeeper looked over at us and seemed to remember something. She came out from behind her desk and brought me a puncher with a roll of checks, fastened to a belt. All my life I have wanted to punch checks, and now I could hardly wait for a customer. After a time a seedy-looking man appeared in the doorway. I wondered if I should have the privilege of waiting on him, or if he were one of Mabel's own, so I looked over at her, and she said: "That's the dish-washer, I guess."

The manager had gone back into the kitchen, and the blonde bookkeeper was reading a copy of the *Journal*. So the man in the doorway came down the room to where we stood.

"Did you see the ad in the paper?" Mabel asked him.

"Yes," he said eagerly.

Mabel disappeared. He looked very down on his luck.

"Yes, I've washed dishes all the way from Maine to San Francisco," he said to me, "but I've been out of work six weeks now."

His eyes roved eagerly over the food displayed on the counter. I longed to give him a meal, but there did not seem to be any way to manage it.

When Mabel came back, she said that some one else had been engaged, and the poor fellow went off crestfallen. I knew just how he felt. Mabel told me that six men had come in for that same job.

At last, about five o'clock, in steamed a small man, mopping his face, and drew up a stool at the counter. The boss called me over. My first customer! Here was a great event which should be attended by impressive accessories and honored by a hero. Well, this was my hero, a little stout man, stuffed into a speckled brown suit and a brown derby hat. His beard was brown, his face was brown, his greatest circumference was below the waist. He looked like a huge cigar.

"Roast-beef sandwich," he puffed, as he sat down.

"Where are they?" I asked, looking first at the counter and then at the bill-of-fare.

"Make one," said the boss, moving nearer to superintend proceedings. My hands began to tremble. He is the kind of a man who does not care so much to remedy your mistakes as to emphasize the fact that you have made them.

He watched me closely as I spread the two pieces of bread.

"Pepper!" he ejaculated suddenly, and I seized the pepper box at a jump. An avalanche of pepper descended on the sandwich. Luckily, the boss and the customer were engaged with the Nan Patterson case.

The latter did not want to eat the sandwich then,— he wanted to take it away.

"Wrap it up," said the boss, turning his attention to me again. Under the counter I found some paper, and in this I wrapped the sandwich, the boss and the human cigar looking on. The latter grunted at the appearance of the package, but he deposited five cents on the counter.

I was hurrying to punch a check for that amount, but the boss said, "Never mind," and putting the nickel in his pocket, he sauntered off. If he had known how much I wanted to punch that check, perhaps he would have let me.

Soon another man came in. He considered the prices of things for several moments before he gave his order; and then he took a sandwich for five cents and coffee for five cents. That was all. And when he had finished, I knew that he was still hungry. It seemed so easy to give him something more; but there were the boss and my job, and I refrained.

Presently came two young men in light clothes and soft felt hats, carrying canes, of which they were very conscious. They lacked the assurance which comes from contact with a big city, and I put them down as provincial beaux. The drooping carnations in their buttonholes suggested that this was their second day of sight-seeing. Mabel was busy sorting dishes, and she told me to take the order. I brought the glasses of water, gave the orders through the window to the kitchen, and brought the set-up. One of the men kept looking at me so closely that I felt uncomfortable. It was worse than the brown little German and the roast-beef sandwich. Finally he said, "Ain't you Miss Lewis?"

"I'm Miss Johnson," I said, my heart palpitating thickly.

"You ain't playin' any game on me?" he asked, "because I'd feel awful bad if you was."

"No," I assured him.

"I went all the way to Massachusetts once to see Miss Lewis," he said.

"I wish I were Miss Lewis," said I, taking courage.

"Well, Miss Johnson's just as good," he said genially, and I retired in haste to arrange the bows in my hair at a distant mirror.

When the cook rang the bell, I knew that my customers' orders were ready. The man who had gone all the way to Massachusetts to see Miss Lewis told me that he and his friend had been in New York for two or three days, and were going away the next morning. In the meantime, he would like to have me show him the city. I was just going to tell him that I had an engagement, when Mabel called me.

"You watch the floor," she said. "I'm going to do my hair."

It did not seem to be a floor that needed watching, so, after a few moments, I decided that she must have said, "You wash the floor." When I hunted her up to ask where to get some soap and the scrubbing-brush, she began to laugh, with her mouth full of hairpins.

"Well, you're a greenie," she said. "Watch it, and if any customers come in, call me."

About a quarter to six the customers began to come very fast. I was afraid I could never learn to keep their orders straight. I would say an order over and over to myself as I hurried to the long, slit-like window opening into the kitchen. Then, when the things were cooked, I could not tell to whom they belonged. Sometimes, when the cook rang the bell to let me know that something was ready, I would be so busy that I would not hear, and then she would scold. When you are a waitress, the people are so much more interesting than what they eat. Once, when I was looking over a man's shoulder at his newspaper — I can never get by large print — I suddenly heard some one back of me calling, "Here, Miss, where's the tools to eat them with?" I had forgotten the set-up!

Once, when I had filled a man's order for lamb, potatoes, and onions, and was drifting toward the newspaper again, he stopped me and said, "Say, where's them onions?"

"There," I said, pointing to something that was floating around in the gravy.

"Onions!" he cried. "Them's beans!"

They were beans, and I was about to remove them, when he said,

"Hold on! Them goes with the meat."

Hastily I scanned the bill-of-fare. Yes,— "lamb with beans, twenty cents." I went, with a healthy humility, for those nice, green, sliced onions.

Finally the last customer went, and Mabel called me to the back of the room where two plates of ham and eggs had been put out for us.

"Say, ain't there any beans?" she said, with a quiet little air of fun, as she looked

over the repast. She told me to help myself to tea or coffee as I liked. We did not talk very much. Our supper eaten, we changed our clothes while the boss was turning down the lights. I went to the counter where the blonde bookkeeper was locking up, and the boss paid me fifty cents; so ended my first day as a waitress.

I walked home to-night with a sense of elation that would have kept me going on to the Battery. I could have walked and walked. As I went along the crowded thoroughfare, I was only dimly conscious of the lights and of hurrying people and clanging cars. Once a fire-engine dashed by, drawn by three white horses which I had always before stopped to admire. But I passed on unheeding. I had done four hours of manual labor. My hand clutched my bag to make sure that my fifty cents was safe. I am going to keep that fifty cents always. Oh, now that I am home, and the excitement is wearing off, I am so tired, so tired!

II

NEW YORK, MAY 12TH.

At last I am going to have experience. For four days I looked for a new position. I grew so tired of hearing every one say that I must have experience before I could get work, when it should be plain to the most ordinary intelligence that I must have work before I can get experience. So yesterday when the tenth manager had turned his back on me and walked away, I followed him up and waited respectfully while he stood talking to a man who was repairing the electric lights. When the electrician went away, I burst forth, "See here. How am I ever going to get experience if every one tells me that I must have it before I begin?"

He turned, looked at me a moment, and then said with a smile, "Well, perhaps I'll give you some."

I nearly danced for joy.

"But," he added, "you must work for nothing for a while."

As a matter of fact, I was ready to pay him a royalty for a chance to work. He called a girl and asked her to tell me what I needed in the way of a uniform. Then he told me to come at ten this morning. When I went in this morning, he was standing at the desk looking over some accounts. He told me to sit down, and while I waited for him, I looked about me.

The place is very different from the one in which I worked before. It is under the management of a firm which has branch restaurants all over the city and the country. The girls speak of them as "the greenhouses. This one spreads over two floors and an annex. The room in which I sat was high and light. Parts of it, which daylight did not penetrate, were lighted by large Argan burners. There was an air of bustle and efficient management about the place. The waitresses moved quickly and noiselessly among the tables, and the scrubwoman receded in an even swath, leaving a blanket of white on the marble floor in front of her. I watched this woman with fascinated eyes. A shudder comes over me whenever I think of her, always squirming, squirming backwards, her tentacles swaying from side to side, like the horrible slugs that come out in California after a heavy dew. I have seen women scrubbing floors before, but I never really watched one. There was something hideous about these human beings squirming at our feet, as we all sat there calmly indifferent, and a feeling of resentment rose in me, — I don't know why, for floors must be scrubbed, of course.

After a time the superintendent sent me up-stairs with a girl who had just come. We walked through to the back of the store — as the girls all call the restaurant — and up three flights of narrow, dark stairs. As we neared the top, we could hear the voices and laughter of other girls. They made me think of boarding-school days; but at the top of the stairs was a sign which was not like any I had ever seen in a boarding-school: "The use of profanity is greatly deprecated. The management must request the resignation of any one who is guilty of a second offense."

We walked along a narrow hall, through the front room where the waiters were sitting idly around, and into a long room behind it full of girls and lockers. Two benches ran down the center of it. Everything seemed very gay. The girls were changing their waists and skirts and getting into their uniforms — white shirt-waists and black skirts, white aprons with broad bows at the back, white lace caps with black bows on top, stiff white collars and black neckties. Some one found an empty locker for me. It had no padlock, and the girls told me that, when I had a station, I had

better buy a padlock and keep my clothes locked up. When I get a station means, when I am given a certain table and begin to draw a salary. The girls around me were very kind and told me how to wear my clothes. One of them took off her own belt to give me and tied on the bow at the back of her own apron with a piece of string.

To our mutual surprise, the second locker from mine belonged to a Miss Topton, whom I had met at a girl's club at the Settlement. I knew that she was a waitress, but did not know where she worked. We exchanged a few low words, and I explained what I was doing. There was such a hubbub that no one would have paid any attention if we had shouted aloud. When we were ready, she took me down-stairs. We went to the counter, and each of us had a cup of coffee, bread with beans, or rhubarb, or any other dish which did not have to be ordered from the kitchen. Meat, fish, and eggs are kitchen orders; the other things are kept hot in heaters on the counter and are known as side dishes. We took our plates into the dining-room and ate our luncheon there. We were late, so we ate rapidly, for all have to be on the floor at 10:30. Miss Topton told me that it was best to get to the restaurant at 9:50 if possible.

We "cleared up," as the girls say, after ourselves. Then I followed the line of girls who went to the front counter, and tore off two pieces of wrapping paper from the roller. Miss Topton showed me how to fold the paper and pin it on my sleeves as a protection for my cuffs. Then each of us pinned a long towel across the front of her apron and folded another lengthwise to hang from her waist. The latter was to be used to wipe the tables when clearing up after customers.

At 10:30 the head-waitress called the roll by numbers, and each girl answered with the word, "right." They all seemed to know what to do and went at once about their work. A girl who was near me gave me a bowl of water and two rags and told me to go to the head-waitress and say, "Which tables shall I wash?"

The head-waitress pointed out two. After I had washed them, and while I stood admiring my work, she came by and said coldly, "Wash everything on the tables."

I applied myself hastily to the task. Then a girl came by and said, "Wash the table legs," and I did so. Then another girl came by and said, "Wash the chairs." I washed the chairs. There was nothing left to wash, and I looked about for some untried branch of industry.

In a moment another nice girl showed me, as she went by, where to get the ice-water, napkins, silver, dishes, and butter plates; where to order coffee, sandwiches, and side dishes; where the desserts were kept, and where things which were cooked to order; where to put dirty dishes, cups, glasses, butter plates, silver, and napkins — everything has its especial place in a restaurant. Of course, I could not remember all her directions and felt as if somebody had suddenly poured a restaurant into my head.

When the rush hour began, one of the girls told me to take the order of three ladies, while she stood by to see how I did it. I found out later that every beginner works under some old girl. The orders were spoken rapidly: "One ham rye" (a ham sandwich with rye bread), "apple-pie"; "one beef graham, custard-pie"; "one butter cakes and cream puffs." I could not repeat it correctly, but my preceptress straightened me out, and I took several other orders. What an ordeal! I had to get the dishes and silver, and I always forgot something.

The head-waitress came up as I was taking one order and said scornfully to the girl beside me — the scorn was meant for me — "Don't let *her* take any orders in the rush hour."

I felt as meek as a caterpillar, and asked with deference if I might clear the tables.

"Yes," she deigned to say, and went off.

There did not seem to be much to clear just then. I had been put in the back part of the room because fewer customers came back there, and those who did were for the most part young girls who ordered sandwiches or chowder or some other single dish. They sat a long time over their luncheons, and when they had finished, there was only one dish to clear. I felt as if I ought to be doing something all the time. Whenever the head-waitress went by, I seemed to be standing still. At last I hit upon a plan of making two trips where one would have done, just to look busy. Once, when I was in line at the counter, or rather, a little out of line, she came by and gave me a shove, saying, "Git into line." I do not like to be shoved, but I did not shove back.

After a time she told me to go to the front of the room and clear away dishes. I was as

busy then as I could wish. The trip was a long one, and the dishes were heavy and many in number. One of the girls showed me how to balance the load on my left arm by gathering the silver up in the third finger and making a foundation of three dishes on my palm and forearm. I covered this with a napkin and piled on as many dishes as I could, with napkins between to keep them from slipping. In the right hand I carried the water glasses. My arms ache now as I write. The left arm is lamer, because it had to bear the weight of the dishes. Sometimes I had to brace the left arm with the right. I was not very expert, but the girls would occasionally say in passing, "You're doing very well, dear," or "You'll learn quick," or "I was new, myself, once."

There seemed to me to be a great waste of food, for we did not scrape any of the dishes, but threw away even crackers and butter and milk, a practice very different from that in my last job, where we saved everything. I thought our time must be valuable until I learned the wages — four dollars a week for five hours a day,— sixty-seven cents a day; six dollars a week for eight and a half hours,— one dollar a day. We have to pay for our own laundry and must put on clean linen Mondays and Thursdays.

At 3:30, Number 27, under whom I worked, told me to get my dinner, and we helped ourselves at the counter as in the morning. Beside the beans and bread and butter, we were allowed to order for this meal ham and eggs from the kitchen. We ate in the back dining-room; some of the girls chattered gaily, and some of them sat silent, completely fagged out.

As we climbed to the dressing-room, I noticed at the head of the stairs a room with rows of benches and with a reading-desk at one end.

"It's the chapel," said 27. "The girls who come at seven have prayer before they go to work."

"Must they go to prayers?"

"They're fined if they don't, and they're fined if they're late, and they're fined if they don't pay attention while the manager is reading."

I considered this state of affairs with inquiry.

"Are there many fines?" I asked.

"Many!" she exclaimed. "You're fined if you break anything; you're fined if the ice melts on the butter so that water runs on the table; you're fined if the spoon ain't in the sugar-bowl. There's mighty few girls that gets full wages here. The firm sometimes makes a dollar a week off a girl." She went on, and I stopped to read a sign that was conspicuously displayed on an easel: "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercises *lovingkindness, judgment,* and *righteousness,* in the earth.— Jeremiah, ix, 23, 24."

While I was reading, a girl came up the stairs and stopped behind me.

"So now you know that four dollars a week is right, and kind, and just," she said.

I smiled and turned toward her. "Well, I suppose the tips will help me out."

"Tips!" she laughed. "It's a long time you'll be here before you see the sign of a tip. Why, in all New York, it's half the girls and more that makes nothing on the side."

"Can they live on their wages?" I asked.

She gave me a scrutinizing glance.

"What did you work at before?" she asked, eying me with a level gaze.

"I never worked in a restaurant," I answered noncommittally.

"I thought not," she said, "or you'd know that a girl can't live long on four dollars a week, or even five, without some other means of support."

She started on, I walking beside her. "I wonder as some of them millionaires that gives to charity homes don't give their own employees enough to live on."

Then she looked at me again. "I suppose you used to work in a office?"

Before I could answer her, we were in the dressing-room, and there stood a pretty girl with unnatural golden hair, walking slowly up and down in front of an admiring group, to display a new gown of a fashionable white and black check, made over a silk slip. Other girls about the room were watching her as they went on changing their clothes. She was swinging her hips a little to exaggerate the swish of the silk. "I'm going to a show to-night, too," she was saying as Number 12 and I went in.

"Who with?" inquired one of the girls on the bench.

"Did you notice the one near the end of the table, that wore a big solitaire diamond ring?" said the girl in black and white; and when she had waited for their assent, she went on proudly, "Well, it's him."

I saw Number 12's keen glance upon me, and I turned away. As quickly as I could, I changed my clothes and went home.

NEW YORK, MAY 13TH.

To-day I was allowed to take orders and to dispense the "surpassing coffee" which the firm advertises. I am learning the restaurant vernacular, too. When I want a cup of coffee, I say, "draw one." An order of butter cakes is "three off"; two ham sandwiches on one plate, "two ham, on one." The men at the counter complain that I do not call loud enough. There is such a noise all the time that I wonder they hear the loudest orders. Five men stand behind the counter. One hands over the coffee, tea, etc., another the side dishes, another the sandwiches, another dessert; another removes the boxes of dirty dishes to the dumb-waiter which goes down-stairs. These men, and three or four more who are called "buses," and who carry trays of dirty dishes, are the only men employed about the place. All the table service is by girls.

My work began this morning the same as it did yesterday. I washed the same tables, all that thereon was, and all that thereunder was; and then the head-waitress sent me down-stairs to work. There I took out the butter, putting two plates on each table, a square slice on each plate, a block of ice on each slice. Later in the day, when they sent me back up-stairs, I had to take a bowl and empty the water from the melted ice, for if the water runs over on the table, the waitress at that table is fined. Each girl must also keep the pickle jars on her tables filled. There is a bucket behind the counter, and we are supposed to fill the glass jars with a fork. I am very much impressed by the system with which everything is done here; I scarcely see how it could be more perfect.

But the number of fines is appalling. A girl told me this morning that I would be fined if I put butter on the table with my hands, though I see that most of the girls do use their hands in the back room, where the public and the head-waitress do not see. She told me, too, that we are fined if there is a spot on our aprons; we are fined if we wipe a table with a napkin; and, of course, we are fined for breakage. Where there are so many chances of accidents and mistakes, it seems as if the firm should take some of the risks. I am told that the fines go to a sick fund, but a girl must have worked in a restaurant a year before she can get the benefit of this fund.

I think I must have done my work better to-day than yesterday, because this afternoon the head-waitress told me to go to the front of the room. A different girl, Number 23, took me in charge. She had a toothache, and so she graciously allowed me to take the orders. I was very grateful. It was a case of Tom Sawyering, and everybody was pleased. She stood by to see that I repeated the orders correctly, sometimes telling me to follow her, watch what she did, and carry some of the dishes. She cut all the checks, for I have no belt, as yet. Once, when we were not busy, she said to me, "What did you work at before?"

I said that I had done some housework.

"Same as me," she said. "But I gave it up because I like a home life, and I'd rather live with my folks than have all the French cookin' and plush furniture in the world. Besides, it's lonesome doin' housework."

"'The nun in the kitchen!'" I quoted.

She looked puzzled for a moment, and then she appeared pleased with the idea.

"Do you live with your folks, or board?"

"With a friend."

Then I asked her how the other girls lived. It seems that many of them live in furnished rooms. They come to the city from farms, or from the "old country," and waiting is the "easiest thing to take up." Many of the half-time girls are married and do their work at home before and after the restaurant work. Sometimes their husbands are waiters. Many have worked in restaurants, on and off, for years. The work is hard, but there is a certain excitement about it. It is more attractive, too, than some other trades, because a girl can come and go; in a factory or department store she would not be taken on for a few weeks. Then there are a good many perquisites, I find. A girl with a pleasing personality, who stays a long time in a place and gets a good station up in front where the men are, sometimes makes two dollars a day in tips. They were telling me about such a girl to-day. Of course, only about one girl in twenty-five

has such an income as this, and the girls say that the wages of the other twenty-four are decided by the tips of this one. Perhaps it is the uncertainty of the income which gives waiters and waitresses the speculative impulse. A great many of them bet on the races. Well, I suppose races are better for them than bridge whist. At least, they are out-of-doors. Then, sometimes the men customers take the girls to the theater or Coney Island. All the girls who stay long in one place have regular customers.

Yesterday, when we were dressing, one of the girls told me about a restaurant where the customers paid the funeral expenses of a waitress who had no relatives.

"She got muscular rheumatism from standing," said Number 3, "and she died in the hospital. The firm sent her a grand floral piece with a star and a heart and a crescent."

"Well, that was good of them," said Number 25, and the others seemed to think so, too.

"They'd better have paid her decent wages while she was alive," said Number 12. "She worked steady at that house for five years, and she worked thirteen hours a day, every day in the week. Sundays, too. And all she got was six dollars a week. I used to work there myself."

It is not according to the rules of the game to take another girl's customer, especially a man, for it is the men who give the tips. Once to-day I started to clear a table, and the girl whose table it was said, "Don't touch those things. Number 36 waited on that man. He was my customer. And she can clear the dishes herself."

Soon after, I noticed that the dishes were gone, and I said, "Did she take them away?"

"No," the girl answered; "I piled them up on her table."

The girls look completely fagged out as the end of the day approaches. They get ravenously hungry, too. Of course, they are not allowed to eat during working hours; but they do when they can. Yesterday Number 27 offered me some graham crackers.

"Are we allowed to eat?" I asked.

"Only what we can steal."

I was so hungry by 3:30 that I could not think. I shall have to carry chocolate in my pocket and eat it on the sly.

I noticed to-day that waitresses have an especial gait. The shoulders are kept solid, and the upper part of the body steady, while the lower part swings from side to side to balance the dishes. There gets to be a kind of a fascination in seeing how far one can swing the dishes and still keep them balanced.

I like to hear the girls talk. They talk about the races, and clothes, and the customers, and sometimes about wakes. They are not allowed to talk about unions. Once to-day Miss Topton said to me;

"The head-waitress is looking at us. She has watched us talking together two or three times. They don't like the girls to talk. They are afraid of unions."

One girl said such a funny thing to-day. Her sister, she said, was too nervous to go to the races. "She can't stand anything exciting — not even dead people."

Most of them are Irish girls — sprightly, full of life, and good-hearted. Number 12 is the cleverest of them. She is the girl who talked to me about that sign yesterday. To-day was pay-day, and the girls came into the dining-room at 3:30 with their envelops, each one looking anxiously to see how much had been deducted from her wages in fines.

"Fifteen cents, inattention at prayer service, and ten cents, spot on apron," said 5 indignantly.

"It's a wonder they'd stoop to make money off a poor girl after she's worked so hard for it," said a rich Irish brogue.

"How do you know what it's for?" I inquired.

"I asked," said 5.

"Who does the fining?" I asked the girl next to me.

"The head-waitress."

"Then couldn't you speak to the boss about it?"

She laughed. "What can one girl do against a firm?"

"Couldn't you all go together?"

"You mean we should have a union?"

"Oh, no, not that," I said hastily.

"Well, then, how can we make him stick to what he says?"

"You can't," said 12, who was leaning against the wall, listening, "unless you've got a union. That's your only guarantee."

"Oh, your husband's a union man. That's the reason you talk that way," said 5.

Number 5 is rather a superior being. She told me that she did not associate with the girls in the restaurant. She belongs to a club at a Settlement and is going to give up

waiting as soon as she can get something better. She tells her friends at the club that she's a telephone girl.

"Well, then, I know what I'm talking about," said 12, "and you'd ought to have learned a lesson from that strike we had two years ago in the Brooklyn Branch."

"Why, did the girls ever strike?" I asked, surprised.

"I guess we did. We wanted the same wages for the same work as the girls at Childs'. Well, they agreed to raise us all a dollar a week, and we went back. But pretty soon they began to discharge a few girls at a time and take them on again at the old rate. If we'd had a union, they couldn't of done that. But the girls were all scattered, and there was no way of holding them together."

"Unions do more harm than good," said 5. "They may be all right theoretically, but they don't live up to their ideals."

"Well," said 12, "Christianity don't live up to its ideals, either. But you don't say it's no good for that reason. You can't expect labor unions to be any better than the churches."

"But Miss Morgan says that labor unions are never satisfied. They always want more."

"Who's Miss Morgan?" asked 12.

"She's the directress of our club, and her father's president of a railroad."

"Well," said 12, "doesn't Miss Morgan's father want more, too? When he had a salary of a thousand dollars a week, was he satisfied?"

The girls in our corner laughed. Number 5 seemed discomfited, but she persisted.

"Well, unions are always striking."

"We all struck in 1776," said 12.

"That was for human liberty," I ventured.

Number 12's eyes flashed. "Well, what's the use of liberty if you haven't the time to enjoy it? We're striking for human liberty, too," she said, the color rising in her face.

"Well, Miss Morgan says,"—Miss Morgan is evidently 5's great authority — "that there are so many dishonest men in the unions."

"Well, you can tell Miss Morgan," said 12, folding her arms, "that it's only because they haven't enough money to be directors of corporations; and you can tell Miss Morgan that there's not one union official in jail to-day, but there's all kinds of bank officials, and lawyers, and high-toned grafters, wearing the stripes."

Here some one threw a piece of bread at Number 12, as the head-waitress appeared at the door. A storm of abuse broke about the new-comer's head.

"Well," she said, when it had subsided, "if I don't fine you, I'll get fined myself. You remember when Maggie was head-waitress, and half a day's pay was deducted for not fining the girls enough. A head-waitress with only eight dollars a week and no tips can't afford to lose any pay."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE SELF

BY

CORA LINN DANIELS

WHAT unto me is Nature after all?
I pass her by and softly go my way.
She is the remnant of my little day
Upon this beautiful revolving ball.

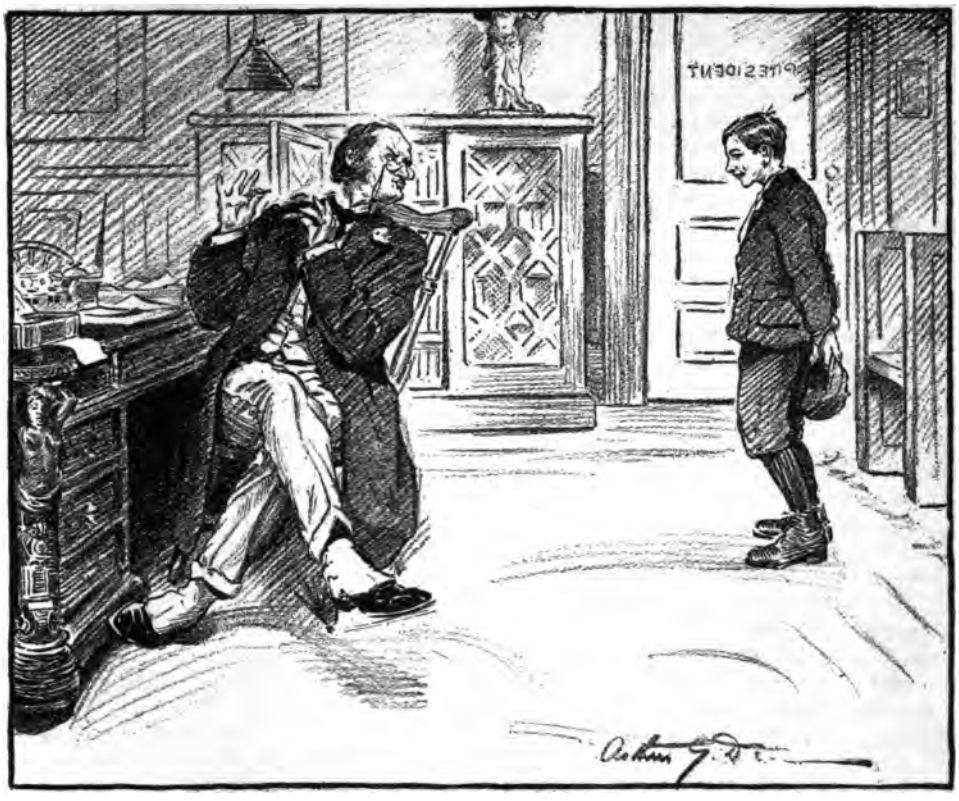
The world, the universe of whirling suns
Full and o'er-spread with wonders are to me
A pleasant study. Tiring, I go free,
Racing a comet as he slowly runs.

I am the Real Being. At my beck,
The seeming actual pays its vassalage;
I am the Reader and the world the page;
I fling a halter round old Matter's neck.

Glad to be taught of things outside, yet I
Find me indifferent to their transient touch;
A life's to-day in an eternity
Seems not to please my spirit overmuch.

I may not fathom now the end or what
The sweat and blood and tragedy may mean;
But I can fight the fight and falter not.
Above the clouds the hilltops are serene.

So if I stay here years or slip away
While yet the early dawn is dim and dark,
It matters not. I am that living spark
That ever glows though planets have their day.



HOW JIMMIE MADE GOOD

BY

JOHN McGRAW, JR.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

MR. WILLIAM BLACKWELL was a great man in his own office. He had worked and won. This was evidenced strongly of late by the fact that he no longer came to business in the morning on the 7 : 26 train. He now left his home town on "The Millionaires' Cannon-Ball Express," whereby he had the comforts of the club coach and reached the city at the easy hour of 9 : 30. Then, too, he wore a fresh carnation each morning in the lapel of his well-brushed frock coat — he had recently become addicted to the frock-coat, top-hat habit, and now appeared at his place of business wearing, instead of his baggy tweeds, the garments that formerly on him had proclaimed the day Sunday. In matters of dress he strictly adhered to the tenets prescribed by Polonius.

As an office boy he had been glad when his coat was of sufficient length to conceal honest patches which poverty and prudent economy necessitated. So, now that he had reached a top notch in the business world, namely, the presidency of the large publishing house of Blackwell & Company, he looked askance at neither the tailor nor his bills. In his sumptuously furnished private office was a handsomely carved desk. On the right side of it was a little row of electric buttons, by

means of which he could summon, genie-like, the heads of a score of departments. The power to summon is the mark of greatness in the business man.

One Monday morning Mr. Blackwell entered, as usual, his private room, opened his desk, and lit a perfecto from a highly decorated box. As he was applying the match, the door opened suddenly, and there entered into the presence of the great man, unannounced and unattended, James Samuel Perkins, thirteen years old and small for his age. His hair was the color of Turkish tobacco and topped a round little face shining with soap. The face was also illuminated with a smile which evidently had been put on when he arose, and was intended for all-day wear.

"'That kid may have found work, all right, but that doesn't put him on the pay-roll as far as I am concerned'"

Mr. Blackwell, the principal of a large corporation, did not usually receive business callers without the ceremony of announcement, and, with a great man's privilege, had often kept lesser lights than himself waiting admission while he gazed from his window at the ferry-boats which could be seen crossing and re-crossing the river. Consequently he threw at the little intruder an austere glance which caused the ready-made smile to vanish and a look of resolution to take its place. That same glance, however, led the business man to note that the boy was almost painfully clean; that he held his hat respectfully in his hand; that the coarse shoes were patched and had very recently been "shined" — with stove polish. These facts at least commanded interest.

"Well, young man," said Mr. Blackwell, "what can I do for you?" The look was still severe, but the tone of voice was not unkind.

"Good-morning, sir," said the little fellow. "I'm Jimmy Perkins, and — I've come to work for you." He spoke slowly, hesitatingly, yet showing no trace of fear or of being overawed.

"Oh, you have! Well, that's good," said the gentleman, his austereness almost disappearing. "I suppose Mr. Blakely has engaged you?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "I don't know him, but I've got to go to work. Since my father died, my mother cleans offices and things, and we need more money to keep the family. I've two little brothers and a little sister. So I quit school last Friday — and now, I've come to work."

"Well, my lad, I am glad you have the desire to work and help things along," said Mr. Blackwell, not unkindly, "but I have nothing to do with the hiring of office boys. See Mr. Blakely in the outer office, he will attend to your case."

In the maze of the outer office, with its doors and partitions, Jimmy did not succeed in finding Mr. Blakely. Coming to an open door marked on the glass, "Mailing-Room," he saw three boys sorting books and tying bundles. Jimmy went in, hat still in hand.

"Hello, Kid," said one. "What do you want?"

"Oh, nothing 'specially," replied Jimmy. "I just came to work. Want any help?"

Thinking that the new-comer had gone through the usual formality incident to securing employment, the boys soon had him as busy as even he could wish.

Suddenly the annunciator bell began to whirr, much to Jimmy's astonishment.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"Gee! you're green," answered the largest of the boys. "That's the 'nunciator. You're the youngest now, and you've got to be the

"The other boys went out for their coffee and 'sinkers'"

'bell-hop.' When any one outside wants us, they press a button, and down a card falls with their name on it. The 'old man' wants something now, and that's his name on the card."

"Who's he? Oh, I see," and he bolted for Mr. Blackwell's room.

That gentleman handed him a little basket of papers. "So you have found work, eh, James?" he said.

"Yes, sir," came the truthful reply.

"Take the papers across the hall to Mr. Carmen," said the president.

James delivered the basket of papers as directed, with an alacrity that caused one of the other boys to admit that "the new guy was a hummer."

And he continued to "hum" to his heart's content until nearly noon, when an important personage entered the mailing-room. It was "Mr." Blakely. He was a very young man, and, besides the promise of a mustache, he wore a high collar, and a necktie which was almost obliterated by the splendor of a large, sparkling horseshoe pin, whose value was no doubt in keeping with the extent of his salary. Some months since, he had been graduated from the mailing-room, and among his duties was its overseeing. He had also to see to it that the supply of office boys was equal to the demand. These underlings were supposed to look upon him as their omnipotent head. He therefore was naturally surprised to find his force of three increased to four, and to see Jimmy working away as if he had long been a fixture in the establishment. At first thought Mr. Blakely was chagrined by the belief that a higher power than he had usurped his prerogatives and had given the new-comer employment.

"Who are you?" he asked Jimmy superciliously.

Jimmy's smile broke out in a new place as he replied: "Oh, I'm Jimmy Perkins."

"What are you doing here?"

"Just working," acknowledged the truthful James.

"Who gave you the job?" continued Mr. Blakely with frowning importance.

"Oh, I just found it and got busy," avowed James, not in the least impressed with the questioner's apparent superiority.

Mr. Blakely became heated under the highest part of his neckwear. "Do you mean to tell me that you had the nerve to come in here and hire yourself? Have you seen Mr. Blackwell, or any one?"

"I saw Mr. Blackwell twice, and the second time he asked me if I found work, and I told him I had. Then he sent me on an errand."

This seemed to settle Mr. Blakely, and he left the room. As he went out, he said to himself: "That kid may have found work, all right, but that doesn't put him on the pay-roll as far as I am concerned."

At noon Jimmy took from his pocket a small package made up of a couple of sandwiches wrapped in a red napkin. Washing them down with a glass of water, he went back to work. The other boys went out for their coffee and "sinkers." When they came back, they found Jimmy busy tying up bundles of books after the manner in which he had been instructed.

"Gee! you must like work," said the tallest of the boys, to whom Jimmy was more or less of an enigma. "But how about your pay? I draws four 'plunkers' a week."

"Maybe I'll earn three," was all that Jimmy said.

During the afternoon he was engaged in answering the many bell calls. He soon learned the names of the various personages who had arrived at the importance of having a push-button on their desks. Jimmy's promptness, his smile, and his politeness simply amazed those who called upon him for services and who, apparently, were confronted with a novelty.

The first boy to arrive on Tuesday morning was James, and he repeated the occurrence each morning. The other boys soon found that he loved work so fondly that they shared theirs with him without showing the least reluctance. On Wednesday Mr. Blackwell began to "take notice" of the little fellow's quickness to grasp affairs, and in his crowded thoughts he found place for the reflection, "The new boy is a jewel." His principals concurred. Even the important Mr. Blakely, with his multitudinous affairs, found time to concede that Jimmy seemed "willing." Thursday and Friday passed only to increase the boy's popularity. He was voted to be as "bright as a dollar," "smart, but not fresh," and several other terms, including "hustler," were used in describing him.

Saturday was pay-day, and the office was to close at noon. The forenoon had nearly passed when a line began to form at the cashier's window. Jimmy fell in, last as well as least.

"What's your name?" asked the man who handled the pay envelops, when the line had dwindled down to Jimmy.

"James S. Perkins, sir," was the meek reply.

"No such name on the pay-roll," the cashier said. "Must have been an oversight." The cashier was one of Jimmy's admirers. "How much were you to receive?" he added.

"I don't know, sir," was the boy's wistful reply.

"Who hired you?" continued the man behind the window.

"Well, you see, sir, I wasn't exactly hired. I just found work and kept busy and — I thought — I thought maybe I had earned something." There was a tearful tone in the little fellow's voice.

As he finished the sentence, Mr. Blackwell came out of his office and in passing noted Jimmy's unhappy face. Its expression contrasted so strongly with the smile that had lit up the entire office during the week, that the great man paused.

"Well, James, my boy, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Only this, sir. I've worked for you as I said I would on Monday. But I guess I didn't earn anything, for I didn't get any pay like the other boys. But I will try again next week, and maybe I will earn something — if it's only just a little, sir."

"Why, how's this, Mr. Jenkins?" the president asked his cashier. "Isn't the boy's name on the pay-roll?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "Blakely evidently neglected to hand in James' name."

"Well, then, if that's the case," said Mr. Blackwell, with no little indignation, "I'll hand it in now. You may give James five dollars, and see that he gets a like sum each week hereafter."

Thanking Mr. Blackwell and the cashier, and saying "whew," as he counted the

money, new, crisp, one-dollar bills, Jimmy followed the footsteps of his employer out of the office, feeling fully as great as the great one himself.

He had proved, to his own satisfaction, at least, that his theories in regard to work and earning were congruous.

James became a feature of the Blackwell establishment. His merits were appreciated, not only by the entire office force, with the possible exception of Mr. Blakely, but also much the firm was paying him for his services.

On the following Monday morning, the office boys, on their arrival, were confronted with a strange face when they entered the mailing-room — and yet the face was not so strange. There was the same tobacco-colored hair, likewise a familiar smile. And the owner of both was found working.

"Who are you?" the tallest boy asked.

"Oh, I'm Billy."

"Jimmy fell in, last as well as least"

by the various important gentlemen that he ushered into Mr. Blackwell's august presence.

In three months his pay was raised, and he showed his native honesty by asking the cashier if there had not been a mistake in putting an extra dollar into the pay envelop handed him.

A frequent caller of Mr. Blackwell's was Mr. Vincent Wells, president of the great banking house of Wells & Ware. He had struck up a friendship with Jimmy and was pleased with his naïve manners, as well as his unfailing politeness. He frequently chatted with the little chap, and on one occasion had patted him on the head and told him that he would be President — of something, at least. Another time, on a Friday morning, to be accurate, he even asked James how

"Billy who?"

"Billy Perkins."

"Oh, I see. You're Jimmy's brother, ain't you? Is he sick?" the tall boy asked.

"Nope," said Billy, "but he's got a job in a swell bank. He is to get twice as much as he got here. He sent me to take his place so as to keep the money in the family."

There are some who will say that Jimmy was discourteous in leaving without notice. But had he not come without notice, and wouldn't Billy do just as well?

The coldness that exists between Mr. William Blackwell and Mr. Vincent Wells is not understood in the business world generally. The secret may leak out some day when the powers that control finance are controlled by James Samuel Perkins.

"'I'LL FEEL LIKE I HADN'T HALF TAKEN CARE OF YOU IF YOU GO AND TAKE COL' WHEN YOU'RE OUT WITH ME'"

THE LOVE STORY OF A CAD

BY

M. GAUSS

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

THERE were three girls in at Sills and Bannixter's one hot, hot day, just before the hour when the sea-breeze springs up. The ugly one was Evelyn Sills, whose last fad it was to come downtown and lunch with her father; she always came a little early, and while she waited she chatted graciously with the head clerk, whom everybody called "Jack." Then there was Lilian, the red-headed girl, who wore sleeve protectors; and there was Pet. Pet worked in the stuffy little office opening from the ware-room; she was a fat girl with dead-white skin and black hair; she wore to the office white silk waists which were cleaned in gasolene; so that her presence suggested either motor-cars or light-housekeeping rooms, according to one's experience in life.

When Jack returned to the office after Evelyn had gone, Pet stopped work, and one pretty arm drooped over the back of her chair. Jack was a big young man, very nicely dressed in pale gray summer clothes; he was brown-eyed, and he had a cleft chin. The fairness of his face was heightened by the purplish tinge upon his close-shaven chin.

"Oh, Mr. Delong!" exclaimed Pet — "our Young People's Circle is going to give a sociable to-night, and every young lady was to bring a young man friend." She had been a week gathering courage to ask him when Lilian was out of the way. The color grew faint in her lips. "We'd be pleased to have you come," she concluded.

"A chu'ch sociable!" exclaimed Mr. Delong, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Chu'ch affairs gets on my nerves; I don't think I dare go to one." Pet reclined in her chair, — pale, trying to smile.

Delong picked up her type-writer eraser and played with it. "Tell you what I'll do instead," he said; and paused a minute, studying his large white palm, in which were few lines, but all the "mounds" known to palmistry, swollen up, flabby, and soft. "I'll call foh you about seven-thuhty, and we'll go over to Clam Beach."

"Why, I'll be pleased to go," murmured Pet; and then somebody — an acquaintance of Jack's from the Stenographers' Union — came, wanting some letters written.

"I guess my gu'l could do the wu'k," said Jack; but he could not mention Pet without self-consciousness — he lifted a pair of eyes as soft as a school-girl's. His friend glanced at Pet and coughed.

Jack's chin went into the air. "You want to insist on her taking pains," he said loftily. "These heah girls make mostly pi; but they know I won't put up with pi, they do my wu'k right." He showed his friend into the office; and as he passed Pet's table, his natty gray sleeve brushed a paper from it; he strolled on. The friend looked at Pet, — he knew how Lilian would have sung out, "Here, you! "— but Pet meekly picked the paper up; and after the letters were finished, Jack chatted with his friend and paid no attention to her. She overtook Lilian going to lunch.

"Say, Lilian," she remarked, twining her pretty fat arm about the red-haired girl, "was you ever to Clam Beach? Is it a nice place?"

"All right, I guess. Why?"

"I'm particular where I go with a gentleman friend."

"When you going?" asked Lilian, in her rough, belligerent voice.

"This evening." Pet knew exactly what Lilian felt, — a little pang of envy, a little pang of curiosity.

"Delong?" inquired Lilian. (Lilian had never had a real beau.)

"Clam Beach is all right," she continued; "but I wouldn't go with him to a dog-fight. Why? because he's a cad — that's why. He'll go with you and then brag he can kiss you!"

"You was to Edendale with him once, wasn't you?" inquired Pet, opening her eyes sweetly. "It was before I came, but the boys talked about it because it was the only time they ever see you with a fellow." A white spot appeared on Lilian's cheek. "And I know he said he just asked you the once to see what you was like."

"He knew better than to ask me again!" cried the red-headed girl, tremulous with anger.

And that evening while Pet was dressing, Lilian lay back upon the bed in the room they shared, — watching Pet from behind wicked white eyelashes. Pet serenely got herself into her silk petticoats and her silk mull dress — plenty of powder, all her rings; then she expelled all the air in her lungs while Lilian viciously hooked the waist. But Pet did not care about Lilian, she was too happy. To Pet the moment of moments — far better than any pleasure you may get out of the trip — is the one when "he" arrives in the hall below; the landlady sends up to tell you; you trail down — greeted by a whiff of cigar smoke.

"I guess Delong dassent go to Sillses more than once in the week," remarked Lilian.

"He don't go to Sillses!" asserted Pet.

"He does go to Sillses! I heard him brag about her asking him to call; and I heard him brag that old man Sills was awful nice to him, too."

Pet didn't say anything.

"She can have him for all of me!" said Lilian.

Pet choked on her reply.

"Oh, he'll *go* with any girl he thinks he can kiss!" said Lilian.

And just then Jack arrived.

In due time Pet sat beside him on the deck of one of those dinky little pleasure-launches which ply about the coast; Mr. Sills was aboard with Miss Evelyn; sooner or later the young lady would see Pet and her beau; Pet reclined placidly in her chair, her white hands crossed in her pink mull lap.

"You ought to have wo'n a thicker wrap," said Jack, in a very low voice; "I'll feel like I hadn't half taken care of you if you go and take col' when you're out with me." His face was so near Pet's that she could see nothing but a strip of low, white forehead, a strip of dark hair, a fair, cleft chin. She was all in a flutter, she turned her eyes toward the receding lights of the city.

Instantly Jack exchanged glances with a fat young man whom Pet could not see. Jack's eyes were dark and exceedingly pretty; the expression in them caught the eye of a young fellow with a cigarette, who joined the fat man.

"What's the joke?" he inquired. "Jack going to get married or something?"

"Guess not," replied the fat man.

"Kind of a pretty girl!"

"I don't think so — too fat, eyes too flat. Come over here, and I'll tell you about it." He resumed — "You see, this heah girl was down theyah at the Stenographers' Union, she come from San José, hunting a job. I tell you who she rooms with, — that little red-headed Lilian; fellows don't fool with *her* much! Well, she was down there, and she got awful stuck on Jack, and Jack got awful stuck on her — that's how she got a job with Sills and Bannixter. So the fellows jollied him about it, and finally they kep' a-joilyin', and somebody said she'd tu'ned him down, wouldn't go with him. That made Jack hot in the collar, and he offered to bet on it. Oh, they knowed she was stuck on Jack, they was just a-jollyin'— but anyhow he had to take her over the Bay to-night, to show 'em. He said she'd propose to him if he'd give her a chance — and I wouldn't wonder if it's so. Jack's been proposed to plenty of times — he can prove it. The girls are all kinds of fools over him."

He shifted his position and resumed — "No, Jack ain't going to marry this here girl — that don't say he ain't stuck on the girl, he is stuck on the girl. But Jack is liable to marry a girl worth money — don't let on I told you. Her old man's right in for it, too; can't be too nice to him. You know Jack's a way-up swell, goes to swell places."

He stopped abruptly. A young man in fancy gray flannels, — on whose arm rapturously hung a dark-haired girl, not so tall as he, — strolled around the corner of the cabin. One end of the deck was somewhat screened from observation by the boat's machinery; and thither went Pet and her beau.

Pet leaned on the railing and watched a silver streak of moonlight along the sea;

the lights of Clam Beach were faintly visible; at the other end of the deck a band softly played, "Oh, Promise Me!" His face drew nearer hers; his breath was laden with cigar smoke, and Pet loved the masculine weed. She turned her face toward his, her chin upturned, her flat, dark eyes very wide open.

At last his rough cloth sleeve brushed her arm, and then began to steal about her. It was very dark where they stood; Pet did not think any one could see. To check the pounding of her heart, she leaned hard on the boat-rail. His arm still about her, he pointed out a skiff which was playing around the pier and slipping off into dangerous water. From commenting upon the occupants of the boat, he drifted upon the subject of courtship.

"The man gets the hahd end of it every time!" asserted Jack. "Now, me — I couldn't be tu'ned down, I never was turned down yet; I wouldn't give the gu'l the chance till I was mighty sure what her answer would be. I recall once I was in love with a gu'l up here at Ba'stow — that is, I fahncied I was in love, my real opinion is, a man don't fall in love but once." An ecstatic silence ensued. "And I'm mighty glad to-night that I never offered myself to that Ba'stow girl — but I wouldn't be a single man to-day if I hadn't been built just like I am." Pet leaned backward upon his arm — it was too dazzling a thing to expect, too dazzling to expect! With his free hand he pressed hers. "But she never met me half way, she expected me to address her and then maybe be tu'ned down — and I ain't built that way. So I'm a single man to-night. And I said to myself, afterwards, 'It's just as well; I couldn't have been happy with a gu'l that didn't love me enough to meet me half way.'"

There was a silence. She knew he was going to kiss her, when he drew her head back against his shoulder. His face came nearer, bringing the scent of sen-sen and cigars: their lips met. And Pet's dazzled heart beat nearly as fast as other people's; and her head remained on his shoulder; and her fingers returned the pressure of his.

But the timbers of the pier were now visible, and the men were making ready to cable — giving about two minutes in which to become — engaged!

And suddenly Jack ceased speaking. He drew his arm away and stood looking across the water. A full minute passed in dead silence. "Did I hurt your feelings?" murmured Pet. He shook his head. "What was you going to say?" He turned his soft eyes on her; the people began to surge past them, going toward the exits; they were in the midst of a crowd.

"I'd hate to hurt anybody's feelings when I felt toward them as I do to you," said Pet, nearly crying.

"Felt — how?" asked Jack, with his lips right against her hair.

"You needn't be anxious about me turning you down," whispered Pet, laying her fingers on his sleeve.

He silently pressed her hand.

"Al-ll aboar-rd!" Jack began to hurry her toward the exit, pushing her by the elbow through the thickest of the throng. They passed Mr. Sills again, and a fat man for whom Pet had that afternoon written three letters. Jack hurried her down the plank and gallantly assisted her to the pier whence they could see the waiting trolley. Pet lifted her eyes to his as they reached the pier, and dragged a little upon his arm. She thought there might still be time.

"If we don't walk up, we won't get a seat!" said Jack; and she had to race along a strip of moonlit sand, little shells crunching beneath her feet, — not knowing if she were engaged or not.

Jack pushed her up the steps of the trolley-car, and she sank, panting, into her place beside him.

It might be supposed that Jack would avoid being recognized by Miss Sills. He did nothing of the kind; he settled himself nicely, pulled up the knees of his trousers, and gave elaborate attention to Pet. Now and then he took a stealthy glance at where Evelyn was sitting with her chin in the air. "I called on Miss Sills Sunday afternoon," remarked Jack airily to Pet.

Pet could see Evelyn's haughty little head with the face averted; and she could see little old Mr. Sills hanging to a strap. He had never looked so utterly hateful to her before — though everybody said he was a domineering old *driver*, and acted as if he owned his clerks, body and soul! Pet hated him for standing there, bland and benevolent, quietly selecting a nice young man to be the husband of that ugly girl. Doubtless he would give Jack to understand he must not take Pet about — and she did not know what Jack would do!

"'SAY, PET,' SHE FINALLY ASKED, 'HOW DO THEY GET AT PROPOSING? WHAT DO THEY SAY?'"

While the way lay along the noisy surf, conversation was impossible. They made a sharp turn and went flying through darkness sweetened by strawberries and magnolias. What would it be like, Pet wondered, to have him all one's own, no matter who wanted him? To hang upon his arm everywhere one went? The homeward ride was half over; in half an hour Pet would know whether she was engaged or not.

At Rose Hill two ladies entered the car. As they came down the aisle, Jack touched his hat to the pretty one, who sank into his vacated place. Pet felt a pang. (For is a married man, or an engaged man, to go about touching his hat and offering ladies his seat?) "Were you with that gentleman?" asked the strange lady. "Too bad I turned him out of his seat!"

"Oh, he doesn't mind the standing!" Pet assured her; "and he wouldn't feel comfortable to sit talking to me while any lady stood!"

She could see Jack, his big arm thrown behind his head, his magnificent physique displayed by the very motion which almost threw Mr. Sills from his feet, where they clung to the same strap. Jack bowed — rather distantly — to Evelyn; then he exchanged glances with Pet, then he glanced casually at Evelyn — to see how she took her punishment for Sunday afternoon. (On Sunday afternoon they had walked in the park. And the airs of Evelyn! To say to him, "Carry my coat!" as if he were the dust under her feet!) Pet's dead-white face stood out against the outer darkness; she was leaning forward; whenever he looked at her, her meek mouth broke into a smile.

"Pleasant night on the water!" said Mr. Sills.

"Lovely!" assented Jack. Time was, when he had been afraid of Sills, afraid to call in response to Evelyn's invitation; but for six successive Sunday afternoons, Mr. Sills had wandered through the parlor during Jack's call, had not interfered in the least with Jack. Well! — Jack thought it might be hard to get a nice fellow for such an ugly girl!

"You seem to be with Miss Isabel this evening," said Mr. Sills, looking about for Pet, whose other name was Isabel.

Jack jauntily assented. Sills began to rattle him, Sills always rattled him! "I feel a responsibility for young women in my employ, Mr. Delong,"— this was so blandly said, that for an instant Jack thought it was of rather a complimentary nature. He looked at Pet.

"So I trust you won't take it amiss —" Jack looked down on Mr. Sills, very large and fair by contrast with his employer. Sills was taken with a sneezing fit.

"Are you engaged to the young lady?" — no explanation, just that question flung at him. Sills had wiped his nose and was benevolent again.

"Beg pardon?" said Jack; he changed his hands on the strap and shifted his feet.

Mercifully, Sills took another sneezing fit.

"Are you expecting to marry the young lady?" resumed Mr. Sills. There was a blue flash in the old man's little eyes. (And yet, those Sunday afternoons, while Jack was calling on Evelyn — strolling in the park with Evelyn — hanging over Evelyn's piano — Sills never said a word!) Jack glanced at Pet, who was ready to answer the look.

"I presume you are engaged!" said Sills.

Jack wiped the perspiration from his brow. "No, sir," he replied.

"If that is the case, Mr. Delong —" Little Sills drew himself up like a master; his chest swelled out with all the responsibilities of the employing class.

"Oh, we're engaged," said Jack, hastily. "I only meant we ain't expecting to marry immediately."

"Ah, indeed!" Sills' face and his voice broke up like ice in the spring. "And you don't feel able to marry at once. Ah!"

"I'm not feeling well," said Jack. "I've taken cold, I think I'll go in out of the wind!" But Sills followed him into the car.

Inside, Jack was not far from Evelyn; sick as he felt, he kept watching her till he saw what she was trying to hide, her red eyes, with rings around them. His mouth relaxed; he looked through the glass and smiled at Pet. He was thinking that Sills would go home that night and just casually remark that young Delong was "engaged."

"What are you getting now, Delong?" inquired Sills at his elbow; Jack told him. "When you get married," said Sills, "we'll raise you twenty-five."

"Thank you," replied the head clerk. They were now spinning about curves in the business part; it was here that Jack first began seriously to consider the possibility of his marrying for love. If he did marry for love, he wanted a while to think

about it; and he intended Pet should never know he had said they were engaged.

Pet's station was Mr. Sills' transfer point; Jack quite gallantly assisted Pet to alight from the car, and Pet linked her arm in his and hung upon it. Jack, perfectly silent, turned into that little three-cornered park which lies between the trolley line and the lodging-houses.

But Mr. Sills came forward, extending his little withered hand to Pet. "Mr. Delong was just telling me of your engagement," he said, urbanely; "I congratulate him, and I wish you all happiness." Then he beamed on them both and continued — "I hope you'll be better of that cold in the morning, Delong!"

Together Pet and her fiancé turned into the park. "Why didn't you tell me you were sick?" exclaimed Pet. "I wouldn't never have let you go out in the night air! Nothing but a cold? Why, you might die of a cold. I sha'n't feel easy till I know you're over it." They were walking very slowly in the shade of the evergreens; Jack pressed the soft arm which lay upon his sleeve. "That Evelyn Sills makes me tired!" exclaimed Jack. "Maybe she knows now some things don't go down with me!" A little light sifted through the trees; he could see the dark head, and the round shoulder under the pink silk waist. The girl he loved looked at him humbly and gratefully. "I could have married for money," he said, "but I'm marryin' the girl I love, and that's enough for me!" Tenderness toward a girl was a new sentiment in him. He admired himself for it! He was in love at last! His emotion was as big and as noble as his soul; his nerves quivered with it. He gave himself to the new feeling; he put his arm around Pet, and she almost wept for joy. Her head went down on his breast.

Footsteps approached in the park. Pet lifted her pretty head, but he made her put it back; and they stood in a dimly lighted space while the stranger passed. He turned his head and watched them as far as he could see.

Pet and her fiancé resumed their walk. "The sooner we get married, the better pleased I'll be," said Jack, with his lips against her hair. "You got a job, and I got a job, and I don't see what we'd want to wait for. The way I am," he continued — "I've met the only girl I ever loved, and now I want to get married right off." They stood in the arched doorway at Pet's lodging-house. "Ain't you going to kiss me?" asked Jack; and he kissed her twice, right in the electric light. Pet ran up-stairs to the room where the red-headed girl was already asleep.

Lilian merely turned over when Pet opened the door. And though Pet made as much noise as possible, shaking her silk petticoats and brushing her hair, the red-haired girl slept peacefully on, her hard little mouth curled as if she might be dreaming something disagreeable. Pet arranged her best clothes on the different chairs about the room, then crept over Lilian, brushing the rumpled red hair on the pillow. Lilian did not stir. Pet threw her warm white arm around Lilian's neck, saying, "Lily, are you awake?"

"Let me be," said the red-headed girl; and drowsed off. By and by the street cars stopped running, and the night was very quiet. Once or twice Pet fell asleep and was recalled by the memory of that moment on the boat when he first put his arm about her. But Pet did not want to sleep; by and by she lifted her head on her arm and lay thinking until a misty light, gray with ocean fog, began to steal in through the windows. A faint sigh announced that Lilian was awake.

"Lily!" said Pet; and the red-headed girl threw up her arms.

"I'm engaged." Lilian opened her eyes.

"He's so careful of me, and he thinks so much of me!" exclaimed Pet.

"I knew you'd marry him," said Lilian, her arch, wise little head thrown back upon the pillow. "Ask any of the girls if I didn't say you was just the girl for him!"

"I'm so happy," said Pet, trying to put her plump arm around Lilian. "He's kind of delicate, you know, and needs somebody to look after him and do for him. He's got a cold I'm awful worried about."

Pet got up and went to the mirror, where she stood putting a pink bow in her pretty hair. Lilian's eyes followed her,— a little wishful for some things she had never had. Lilian was not pretty, but it was a passionate little face full of struggling pride and wistfulness. "Say, Pet," she finally asked, "how do they get at proposing? What do they say?"

THE GREAT AMERICAN QUESTION

THE SPECIAL PLEA OF A SOUTHERNER

BY

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

THERE are some things so well understood by those who know the negroes, as to appear to them almost truisms. For example:

That the white race is superior to the negro race; not accidentally and because of superior training, but inherently and fundamentally.

That in certain things negroes differ widely among themselves: for example, in temper, character, training, manner, temperament. But that in certain respects, all, or nearly all negroes, have the same race characteristics; as Indians, Chinese, Caucasians, and other races have them.

That the negroes, well-nigh universally, when not excited by outside influences, live with the white race amicably.

That the negroes are kept in a state of excitement and tension by the belief that in all matters of difference between them and the whites of the South they are sustained by the whites of the North.

That under all, or nearly all, differences arising between the negroes and the whites lies a racial feeling.

That negroes under subjection are, for the most part, docile, amiable, tractable, and pleasant to deal with.

That negroes in power are, for the most part, arrogant, swaggering, dangerous, and intolerable.

That negroes almost always band together as a race; oppose as negroes the whites as the whites; harbor as negroes their criminals, because they are negroes; and almost universally, where crimes have been committed by negroes against whites, fail to help execute the law.

That the negroes have been misled as to their privileges by false ideas inculcated by the teachings of an element at the North.

That the negroes understand by "social equality," for the most part, one thing only: the right to stand with white women on precisely the same ground as that on which white men stand with them.

That the salvation of the white race depends upon preventing this; and further, depends on the white race's remaining dominant.

That so long as the white race remains dominant, the white race and the negro race can live together amicably; otherwise not; for the white race will not admit any other race to equal partnership in governmental or other vital relations.

That there is a wide difference at present between the point of view of the great body of the Northerners and the entire body of the Southerners as to the negro: in this, that Northerners espouse the cause of the negroes as a race, but dislike negroes individually, while Southerners do not dislike negroes individually, but oppose them as a race. And that this difference is due to conditions and not to basic principles.

That the solution of the race question should be sought through economical and not sentimental laws. And that the race question should be left alone to be settled by these laws.

There is another vital fact not generally known to Southerners: that one of the chief causes, if not the chief cause at present, of the feeling at the North in favor of the negro is the violence so often directed against negroes at the South. There is quite as much violence against them in some other parts of the country, in proportion to the colored population, as at the South;* but

* According to tables in the recent volume on "Lynch Law," by Dr. J. E. Cutler, professor of economics in Wellesley College, while many more negroes have been lynched in Southern States than in other States, the percentage of negroes lynched in such States as Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, compared with the negro population in these States, has been many times larger than the percentage in any Southern States. "Lynch Law," p. 188.

for reasons not necessary to discuss here, this is not taken into account. The brunt of the censure falls on the South, and the South on every account, but especially for its own sake, ought to put a stop to it with relentless hand, or else make it clear to the rest of the world why it is not done.

An intelligent and able German professor, who is at present in this country studying its political and social conditions, stated to the writer not long since that to the Germans the race question appears absolutely to overshadow every other political question in this country.

This is precisely what the "the negro question" is: a race question, the most momentous that has existed in this country since the War which settled the permanency of the Union. It simply befogs the subject to speak of it as "a new phase" of the negro question. It has always been a race question, growing steadily more and more momentous, and the phase that presents itself to-day is only the natural and necessary evolution from the phase that presented itself yesterday, as the phase of to-morrow will be evolved from the phase of to-day; and every serious-minded man will come in time to understand that it is a race question to the proper solution of which should be brought all the wisdom, patience, and good sense that this nation is capable of.

One curious fact connected with the matter is that, contrary to the usual rules of evidence, a man's views on this subject are considered rather in inverse ratio to his opportunities for acquaintance with it. Hitherto we have had the singular spectacle of Southern men, who testified from their intimate acquaintance with it at first hand, being discredited almost universally, while the views of those from the outside, who may have had only the most imperfect opportunities for observation and have not had the least opportunity of seeing it in its most vital forms, are immediately accepted.

One fortunate manifestation at present — and it is almost the only new phase of the matter — is that there appears to be a greater desire on the part of the North to be accurately informed upon the subject. This is undoubtedly very encouraging — for one of the chief difficulties, if not the chief difficulty, that has heretofore existed in the way of settling this question, has been the different manner in which the two sections have regarded it.

As curious as it may appear to outsiders, the Southerner has a wholly different feeling for the negro race as a race, from that which he has for the negroes as individuals. And this, if I understand the feeling at the North correctly, is almost the reverse of that feeling.

In any discussion, therefore, which relates to this question, by a Southerner, it must always be borne in mind that when he refers to "the negro" in terms of criticism amounting even to reprobation, he is mentally excepting large classes of negroes who as individuals have his friendship, esteem, and encouragement. They include members of every class, who are differentiated from the bulk of those classes mainly by their character. Unhappily, they are not in sufficient numbers to do away with the most dangerous aspects of that question. But undoubtedly they also temper every aspect of a question which, but for them, would long since have become intolerable.

Indeed, except when, as often happens, negroes are under the domination of some passion, they are amiable and docile enough. It is their liability to be inflamed by passions which, in a more self-contained race, are kept in check, which renders them so dangerous.

The writer well knows that the attitude of the Northerners toward the negro is often based on a sentiment which does the highest honor to its possessors. They give their thought, their labor, and their money in the endeavor to upraise them. The Southerners also have their sentiments about them, but in matters as far-reaching as this question, sentiment, to produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness, should be informed by knowledge.

The criticisms of the race, expressed by the writer in this and other papers on the subject, are mingled with sympathy for negroes, of which no Southern man can divest himself. Often, when downcast by consideration of the grave aspects of the race problem, the writer has deliberately gone among the negroes — especially the old negroes — to set flowing freely once more the old stream of kindliness which had its rise in his youth and still flows when he is brought into personal contact with them. And this, he believes, may be said of all Southerners who, in their childhood, were rocked in a negro mammy's arms. This feeling he believes to be reciprocated by all the survivors of that memorable class, and their influence for the

amelioration of conditions has been incalculable. When it shall have passed away, no one knows what the result will be.

The writer desires here and now to record his affection and his respect for the hundreds and thousands of old family servants and their successors, who, by their kindness, zeal, and character, have done more to preserve kindly relations between the races than all the politicians combined.

That the thoughtful German professor, above quoted, is right, and that there exists in this country at the present time a great race question, which to impartial observers overshadows, even at the present time, all other political questions, would appear plain to every thoughtful man, were it not that we have become so accustomed to conditions that we are blinded to the gravity of the situation.

There are in these United States at the present time not less than ten million negroes,— employing the term to include all persons of Ethiopian and African descent, who consort with negroes and class themselves, or are classed, as such. Were there ten million Chinese, Indians, or Japanese, distributed precisely as are the negroes, the existence of a great race question would be immediately as apparent at the North as at the South, and it would be dealt with by all of the white race as a race question. Indeed, with only a few thousands of Japanese on the Pacific Coast, a race question has appeared there, weighty enough to stir the whole nation. How much more momentous is it, when we have ten millions of a different race in our midst. This people has doubled every four decades since the Revolution, and unless some unforeseen conditions occur to prevent the continuance of this rate of increase, it is likely to amount within the next three or four generations to the appalling number of eighty millions of negroes in this country. At least, in view of the past, no one can say that it will not be. Should this number of negroes, or even half this number, exist in this country, there will be a race question the like of which has never hitherto existed in any part of the civilized world. Should they continue to increase in the same ratio, and the ideas of the "Afro-Americans" prevail, the rest of this country may rue the day when it resisted the voluntary secession of that portion of the Union. Should it extend to other parts of the Union, those parts will face the same conditions which exist to-day in those Southern Atlantic States, where the negro is the specter that stands ever at the door.

Does any one believe that at the end of an hundred years or of five hundred years the negro will not still be black? Like every other race, and certainly in equal ratio with every other race, white, yellow, or red, this race retains through many mutations the basic racial characteristics which differentiate it from any other race and every other race. Ordinary science informs us that the negro's physical structure is in many manifest particulars essentially different from that of the Caucasian race. His pigment, his hair, his bone, including his skull and brain pan, differ markedly from theirs. We are informed equally that his other nature — which, for convenience, we may term his mental nature — also differs in important particulars from the Caucasian's. He learns quickly, when very young, many things,— sometimes outstrips a white child up to a certain age; then generally fails to continue his progress and exhibits what has been termed an arrested development. In fact, he exhibits for the most part just what a trained mind would expect him to exhibit: the deeply founded marks of an undeveloped race, which so far has never as a race wholly emerged from that primitive condition. He is less self-reliant, less self-controlled than, not only the Caucasian, but some other races or peoples nearer to the savage than that race. How far these characteristics are actually racial and how far they are the incidents of a recent savage life and a still more recent state of enforced slavery under the domination of another and more civilized race, the writer is not scientist enough to pretend to state.

One thing is certain: either these characteristics are racial, the result of conditions in the distant past, too deeply founded to be eradicated, or else they are the result of more recent conditions; for none but the ignorant and the negroes themselves pretend that they do not exist.

If they are racial, it behooves every reasonable man, by whatever chord of sentiment he may be led, to pause before he goes too far toward changing the essential basis of the Aryan race.

If they are due to external conditions, it behooves him to consider what changes must be brought about before time can nullify

the long centuries of difference in the surroundings of the two races, with their fundamental consequences. In this case the effort is to take a race just lifted from African barbarism of the Congo type by means of two hundred years of enforced slavery, and through the incantation of legislative enactments undertake to make it the equal of a race that has worked out its salvation through the fires of war and the glories of aspiration, the race that made England and America. To attempt this is to set the jungles of Africa against Westminster Hall and the Capitol at Washington; to set voodooism against Christianity.

The fatuous attempt to do this was made a generation ago, with the result that, in the first place, the negro race in this country, which at that time was composed of trained laborers and skilled artisans, who performed substantially all the labor of a third part of the Union and were in amity with the whites cemented by loyalty exhibited through a long and furious war, dropped the substance for the shadow — were deceived into believing that they were fitted for governing their former masters, that truculence was the badge of freedom, and that whatever the one wanted, the other must oppose. And, secondly, the white race got an object lesson in the perils of entrusting government to the negroes, which will effectually bar a repetition of such an experiment so long as the memory endures of the horrors of Reconstruction. Little is known at the North of the humiliation and debauchery of those eight years of negro rule enforced by a government in the hands of those who thought zealously that they were doing God and man service in pinning the white race of the South, that had produced George Washington and Robert E. Lee, under the heel of negroes only two or three generations removed from the cannibal feasts of Africa, whose leaders boasted time and again that they would love to wade in the blood of white men and women.

The leopard may change his spots and the Ethiopian his skin; but neither can change that for which the outer marking was used but as a symbol: his nature.

There is but one way to change his color, and that is to "assimilate" him with the white, and get as a result, say, thirty millions of mulattos. I do not mean that all will produce offspring; but if an appreciable number of negroes are left pure negroes, they will increase as pure negroes — and in time they, too, must be "assimilated."

Are we ready to make of the American people a negroid nation? This is the aspiration of the negro; — not of the old-time negro, perhaps; for he was well brought up; but of the new negro, the "Afro-American."

Whatever social equality may signify to the white, to the ignorant negro and apparently to many who are not ignorant, it means one thing: the right to stand on the same footing with a white woman as that on which a white man stands with her. It means this and nothing but this. This is stated with great specification in a work on the negro, written by William Hannibal Thomas, himself a colored man of wide experience and now a member of the bar of Massachusetts.

In the *Outlook* of November 3, 1906, are several articles upon the recent Atlanta race riot. One of these was written by the "Honorary President Ohio Federation of Colored Women's Clubs." In it she reviews and criticizes an editorial upon the same subject, published in a prior number of the *Outlook*. After stating the points in which she agrees or disagrees with the editor of the *Outlook* in the views he expresses, she continues:

"I come now to the point where we disagree utterly. 'The idea that it (the race) might be removed by assimilation is *not* open to argument.'"

She adds, "And pray why not? My ancestors were as much white as black, and family tradition says there were the Governors of two States among the number. Personally, assimilation is as distasteful to me as I surmise it is to you. Nevertheless, I recognize the right of any man, black or white, to make his own choice in the matter of marital relationship."

"And pray why not!" I will tell all who hold these views, "why not." Because the great white race does not choose it to be — does not mean it to be. However debased members of that race may act, the great white race in its entirety and in its integrity means to preserve itself as a white race unadulterated and unmongrelized. We do not mean that this country, which is the hope and bulwark of civilization, shall ever become a negroid nation, with all that this implies of debasement and degradation.

Are we ready to infuse into the blood of the white race on this continent one-eighth or more of negro blood? For this is what it

means to carry out the aspiration of the negro. and the theorizing of the sentimentalists and doctrinaires.

The only barrier that stands between the whites of the North and the negro race, which has been trained to stand up against the white race, is the white race of the South. We of the South are in battle line to-day; while the whites of the North are in the reserves. Let our battle lines be swept away, and they will have to face to-morrow what we face to-day.

But some say, "Oh, that crisis will never come — can never come, or if it comes, it will be long after our time." "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It will, indeed, be sufficient and more than sufficient. It not only can come; it must come unless we forestall it. With ten millions of a race of one color up against sixty millions or seventy millions of a people of another color, in the same country, the same State, the same towns and neighborhoods; with ravishing and lynching and burning at the stake, with "shooting up" towns and race riots, is there not already a race issue? In every collision between a white and black, this race issue is manifested. No matter what the crime a negro commits against a white man or woman, he is usually shielded and aided by his own people.

Everything is now regarded by the negroes from the racial standpoint. They fail to draw a distinction between the man of probity and the miscreant: a distinction that lies at the base of all race advancement.

Most of the race riots in the past have been election quarrels or riots arising out of the bad blood engendered by politics and whisky. It is, however, a significant fact that of late the riots have borne no direct relation to politics, but have been based on race hatred alone. Such have been the recent riots in Ohio, Indiana, Louisiana, New York, and Georgia. In all of these cases, except, possibly, the riot in New York a few years ago, the immediate exciting cause was either the killing of a white man or the assault on a white woman by a negro, and the harboring of the criminals by members of the race. In all of these cases the whole power of the law and the whole weight of the law-abiding element of the whites were thrown on the side of repression of disorder.

The most recent instance — the riot in Atlanta — was a dreadful catastrophe and a blot on the country — but it was not, as has been generally imagined and charged, merely a Southern outbreak of lawless violence. Atlanta has, possibly, the largest Northern population of any town in the South. It is a great railroad center and has been developed by Northern capital and built by Northern and Southern enterprise. This riot was a novelty in the South in that it was directed not only against the guilty, but flamed out also against the innocent, who were the principal victims of the mob's brutality. A number of negroes in the city, going peaceably about their business, were slain in the attacks made by the brutal and bloodthirsty mob. In all the race riots in the South, such a thing has never happened before. It has occurred in Indiana and Ohio, but never before in the South; that is not the mark of the Southern but of the Northern anti-negro riot. The issue of *Harper's Weekly* of October 13th contained an article on the Atlanta riot, written by a Northerner, Mr. Thomas Gibson, who has lived in the South just two years. In the issue of the *Outlook* of November 3d is an account written by Mr. A. J. McKelway, secretary of the National Child Labor Committee. They do not attempt to excuse or palliate the violence of the mob; they only state facts. They give the cause of the outbreak: ten or twelve assaults or attempts at assault on white women within the precincts of the city within six weeks, and four more reported that afternoon, with the general conviction that the criminals were harbored by the other negroes. It served to unleash the passions of the lawless and brutal. For, as these men say, the riot was the act of the worst element of the white population. The outbreak was so fierce and sudden that it got beyond the power of the police, and first the fire-department was called in to aid, then the city militia, then the citizens, and finally the outside militia. Next day over one thousand more men than were thought needed, offered their services as special officers to help restore and preserve order. And at a crowded meeting of the citizens, a subscription was immediately taken up for the families of the slain blacks and whites alike: a fact which has hardly been mentioned in the Northern press.

This riot was naturally made the text of no end of editorials in the Northern press, lecturing the South on her sins, and some of them threatening the South with the intervention of the Government. Similar riots have occurred in the Northwest, but there

has been no threat of suppressing the liberties of the people by means of the United States troops.

And just here lies one of the most potent agencies in the engendering of race strife, — the idea on the part of the negro that he is sustained against the whites of the South by the whites of the North. He mistakes the sympathy of the North in all its manifestations for a determination to give him practical aid in achieving what he has been taught to believe his rights, political and social; that is, in establishing the proposition that he is as good as any white man or woman.

Unhappily, the teachings, the editorials assailing the South whenever a lynching or riot occurs, and saying very little about the causing crime, are copied into hundreds of negro newspapers and circulated among hundreds of thousands of negro families at the South, with the result of stirring up race hatred and extending race strife.

But it may well be said, What is to be done? The North cannot be expected to endorse lynching or even let it go unchallenged. No, but the trouble can be dealt with in some other than the cock-sure and ignorant way in which it often is dealt with. This misleads the negro into believing that the Northern white will interfere and help him put down the Southern white. It was done forty years ago; it is not strange that it should be thought possible again.

The white race is going to dominate in this country so long as it is strong enough, and when it is not strong enough, the negro race is going to dominate. They will never rule together. No great section of the white race ever has admitted another race to equal partnership.

The attacks and lynchings that occur, which shock the senses of the civilized world, are but a manifestation of the fierce race feeling that is growing up, — of the negro's desire to be equal with the white, as he understands equality, and the white's resolution to be free from this equality.

It is imagined by some that when a lynching or a race riot occurs in the South, the Northerners are the only people who reprobate them. The truth is far otherwise. Laws have been passed in most of the States to suppress it specifically. No assault ever occurs in the South, that the best elements in the county and State do not instantly move to prevent the lynching that is likely to follow. Generally every official of the county goes to the spot to try and save the life of the wretch. Hardly a case occurs now in any Southern State, that the Governor does not call out troops. The regiments of our Southern States are almost veterans, so often have they served protecting negroes. And still the assaults go on. Why?

Chiefly because the public opinion among the negroes has not heretofore been strongly and sternly set against the criminal, but only against the lyncher. And, in my judgment, and that of most all well-informed Southerners, that public opinion has been fostered by the conception on the negroes' part that the public opinion of the North is with them. What would be thought if some persons should say that residents of the North, — good, honest, philanthropic people, inspired by a high sentiment, informed about many things, and ignorant only as to one thing: the real conditions at the South — are indirectly, but traceably responsible for much of the attacking of white women in the South? and, as a corollary, for much of the lynching of negroes? It would be natural, of course, to say they were fools or mad. Yet, this is just what many very thoughtful and serious-minded people think.

This is what they base their judgment on. They say, and they say truly, that the ravishing by negroes continues because there is no general stern repressive public opinion among the negroes themselves against such crime, — at least, none potent enough to put a stop to it. And they say that the absence of this repressive public opinion is partly, at least, due to the feeling on the part of the negroes that they are sustained all along the line by the white people of the North.

The burden that we have to bear in the South is not only the practical and ever present danger of race issues; but the consequent debasement that follows: the far-reaching injury to a people that violate law under whatever provocation; the danger of the spread of lawlessness till it has destroyed the very civilization it was intended to preserve; the brutalizing of a population that resorts to medieval ferocity to punish crime, however brutal it may be, — all this is known to us. We try to meet it, not always efficiently, but at least honestly, and to find our Northern friends lecturing us and giving encouragement to those who create this frightful situation almost makes us despair of the Republic.

It should be reiterated that it is not meant by what has been said that there are not many negroes who are not good persons and good citizens. There are a host of them. The remnant of the old slaves still show markedly the effect of association with the upper class of Southern whites in their conduct and manners. But there is also a respectable class of educated negroes who, in intelligence and character, do honor to their race. The most eminent example, who will immediately occur to every one, is Booker Washington. There is none other so eminent as he; but there are a considerable number who, in their sphere, are as orderly and worthy examples of their race as he.

But if the entire negro race on this continent were men as highly educated as Booker Washington, though the negro question would be shifted and might be more readily and reasonably settled, there would still be a race question to reckon with. It ought to be far easier to deal with it, but it would still exist. Suppose, for instance, that in regions where the negroes exceed the whites by many times, all the negroes were educated, the whites remaining the same as they were, would there not be a constant rivalry of some sort? They would certainly not remain in equipoise. If it should be said, let superior intelligence and character win — as they will win, whether we say so or not,— then, if they are on the side of the negro, the negro must win.

Are the American people prepared to accept that practically? Not in exceptional cases, but all the way through? The existing difficulties of every question, economic and social, are infinitely increased by the addition of racial antagonisms. Negroes in power — political, commercial, social! In the legislature; on the supreme bench; at the bar; in the medical faculty;—in all hotels! All parlors full of negroes! For the new negroes' aspiration is to mix with the whites. It means miscegenation—the mongrelizing and, at last, the destruction of the American people. Northerners may say that this seems too ridiculous to be seriously considered; that social equality is a thing that every one can control for himself or herself. But is it? We are trying to control it at the South with much criticism from the outside. I have known the time when life was unbearable in considerable sections of this country from just the germinating of this idea, and would have been unbearable in many other parts, but for the constancy and resolution of the whites — and it would quickly have been as intolerable to Northerners as to Southerners.

The tide rises first over the lower ground of the plain. So the first rise of the tide of miscegenation will be among that class whose daily life is nearer to the negro's. The major portion of the attacks on women are on the women of that class. The white men who protect these women are in the skirmish line that protects the whole race, and if that line should give way, the peril of miscegenation would be nearer than it is to-day. Happily, the white race knows no class distinction in this matter.

It might be imagined from what is heard of the race riots in the South that we live there in a continued state of hostility with the negroes. It is not true. Except when some outbreak occurs, its beginning usually due to too much bad whisky, or to some attack by a lawless negro, fostered by the idea that he must assert his right to equality with the whites, according to his definition of equality, which has been planted in his breast from without,— an attack that is always put down by a strong hand,— we live in absolute amity with them; and this amity between the remnant of the old slaveholders and the old slaves is often that of devoted friendship. Indeed, the ties of friendship and affection that exist between whites and blacks throughout the South alone prevent the situation from being as intolerable as the stirrers up of strife would make it. The writer sat at a table not long since in Washington with a half dozen men, all from the South, and there was not one of them who was not supporting one old negro or more somewhere in the South. And this is true of the whole South. Every old servant of almost any family knows that at need he can get at the old home whatever he wants. All through the South they have been settled in homes which cost them nothing, and they can be fed for the asking.

Now, if the writer has succeeded at all in what he is trying to show,— that the negro question is not a mere political question, but a great race question, with its roots deeper than many may have imagined, and with more extensive consequences than may have been hitherto considered,— the thought must have suggested itself: How is this race question to be solved?

The writer is not so pessimistic as some he knows, though he confesses he is by no means easy in his mind as to the solution.

His hope, however, for the future, is based upon his absolute belief in the superiority of the great white race over all other races whatsoever; in the conviction that, as that race has, since the dawn of history, conquered everything else, even its own barbarism, and has produced a civilization greater and better than any other civilization produced by any other race; so in the future it will continue to be superior to every other. This superiority, as recently evinced, seems to him to be based on one great trait: its superior constancy; its superior virtue. On this race rests the hope of the future for all races.

Then, first and foremost, this superiority should be maintained by every means in our power. If it is not, the higher race will only sink lower, the lower race will not be elevated. This is the lesson of all history.

And first, let every aid be given to all to get light. At least, let the whole white race unite in this.

Then, having maintained this superiority by continually lifting the higher race, continue also to try to lift the other race. Uplift by every possible means. The writer is far from believing that education, or the counterfeit that so often goes by this seductive name, is a specific for all the ills that exist among us; but he believes it is a national duty to give every one the best opportunity for development, and he believes in educating the negro, as he believes intelligence is more tractable than stupidity, and enlightenment less dangerous than ignorance. The negro will have his leaders among his race, and the more enlightenment these leaders possess, the better it will be for all sorts and conditions of men. The time has long passed when ignorance can be reckoned as an asset. We must educate, at least primarily and morally, or must furnish the means of education to negroes in the South, or the best of them will go where such means are furnished, and we shall be left only that great residuum, with its mass of ignorance, which will ever present the most fertile field for the propaganda of race antagonism.

The greatest kindness that could be shown the colored race to-day would be to establish in their minds the universal conviction that they can rise only by being as good as, or better than, the whites, in their character and domestic life; that their future must be mapped out with reference to their being a separate people, and not to amalgamation with another race which does not propose to tolerate amalgamation; and that they should cultivate friendship with that other race instead of enmity.

Racial feeling is growing in this country; it cannot be suppressed, it can only be directed. It is of the utmost importance that this direction should be based upon common sense.

If the white is not stronger than the negro, then the white will go down below the negro's level, whether we will it or not; if he is stronger, then the negro will never reach his level, whether he and his friends, the doctrinaires, will it or not. It is a law as immutable as the law of gravitation. But, though they may not change that law, by interposition they may retard its operation and produce much disturbance.

The writer would say then to those outside of the South that the next thing to do is to stop interference with the natural operation of natural laws. Leave the questions arising in every section of the country to be settled naturally by the residents of those sections, according to the economic laws which must eventually govern, whether you interpose for a time or not. In other words, lend aid to make the people of every part of the country more enlightened, more broad-minded, and then leave them to settle their local troubles with such aid as a broad and catholic public spirit and a sincere and broad sympathy can give them. The white race and the colored race get on together quite well when left alone without outside interference, and certainly far better than when passions are aroused by such intervention. Believe, further, that substantial justice will be done the colored people by the white; that they can profit only by having the friendship of the whites of the South, and will only suffer by incurring their enmity.

Build up the white race — that part that needs assistance, and it is a large section — as you build up the black race. Ignore the agitators and stirrers up of strife. Let the negro know, as he must come to know in the end, that if it ever comes to a race issue, the line of cleavage will be the race line; teach him to develop himself independently of the white; and bid him follow the only path by which any race has ever risen,— the strengthening of personal character, and the observance of law.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

We have many thousands of salesmen directly and indirectly promoting the sales of Sapolio. A few words of suggestion and of encouragement, meant for those in our direct employ, may interest the wider circle, which includes 3,500 wholesalers, 21,000 of their salesmen, 150,000 retail dealers, their 300,000 clerks, and the millions of housekeepers who use Sapolio and commend it to their friends.

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ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.

DRAWN BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

THE HASTE OF JOE SAVARIN

SEE PAGE 658

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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THE CITY OF CHICAGO

A STUDY OF THE GREAT IMMORALITIES

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

AUTHOR OF "GALVESTON: A BUSINESS CORPORATION," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS

It is certain that there is an immense amount of remediable misery among us. Unless this is effectually dealt with, the hordes of vice and pauperism will destroy modern civilization as effectually as uncivilized tribes of another kind destroyed the great social organizations which preceded ours.— Huxley.

DURING the past year three great American cities, Chicago, San Francisco, and Pittsburg, have been swept by "waves of crime," so-called,— sudden and unexplained outbursts of criminal violence. Women have been beaten down, men murdered, even street-cars robbed by highwaymen on the thoroughfares, with all the nonchalance of the wild and vacant frontier. This thing is not new; in some cities it is constantly recurring,— so constantly that it is questionable whether these "waves of crime" are not ordinary conditions, emphasized by chance and the special attention of the daily press. Why do these conditions exist? What forces are there, hidden in American cities, which are dragging them, according to the record of their own press, into a state of semi-barbarism?

Chicago, in the mind of the country, stands preëminently notorious for violent crime. It is the second city on the continent; it is, all things considered, perhaps the most typically American of our cities; it is intimately known by millions; and its press is especially active and alert in the discussion of local affairs. The reputation of Chicago for crime has consequently fastened itself upon the imagination of the United States as that of no other city has done. It is the current conventional belief that the criminal is loose upon its streets, that the thug and hold-up man go patroling them by night.

Take Chicago, then, not because it is worse than or different from other cities of America, but, on the contrary, because it is so typical, and because it is so well known. Why have the primary basic guarantees of civilization broken down in Chicago? Why has that city, year after year, such a flood of violent and adventurous crime? The answer can be simple and straightforward: Because of the tremendous and elaborate organization — financial and political — for creating and attracting and protecting the criminal in Chicago.

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The Great Business of Dissipation

The criminal is a savage, nothing more nor less. Civilization builds up painfully our definite, orderly rules of life,— work, marriage, the constant restraint of the gross and violent impulses of appetite. The criminal simply discards these laws and slides back again along the way we came up — into license, idleness, thieving, and violence. He merely lapses back into savagery. To understand the matter of crime in great cities, the first step is to measure the positive forces working continually to produce savagery there. These forces are to-day, as they always have been, greater than can easily be imagined.

The City — from scarlet Babylon to smoky Chicago — has always been the great marketplace of dissipation. In the jungle you would call this thing savagery. In the city there is a new side to it. The dweller of the city, — true to the instincts of city life,— has made it a financial transaction. He has found it a great source of gain, of easy money. There has grown up, therefore, a double motive in promoting it,— the demand for the thing itself, and the stimulus of the great profit in providing it. You may call the sale of dissipation in the city, savagery by retail. Ethically considered, this thing is hideous beyond belief; socially considered, it is suicidal. But to be understood and followed through intelligently, it must first be considered neither ethically nor socially. Its methods and motives are the methods and motives of pure business and must be considered as such. There is no other way. That is what I must recognise in describing conditions in Chicago. I must talk cold business, as the saying goes. No emotion, no squeamishness, not even sympathy; simply a statement of fact.

$100,000,000 a Year for Alcoholic Liquor

The sale of dissipation is not only a great business; it is among the few greatest businesses in Chicago. The leading branch of it — as you would naturally expect of the savage European stock from which we sprang — is the sale of alcoholic liquor. In the year 1906 the receipts in the retail liquor trade in Chicago were over $100,000,000; they were probably about $115,000,000. There was one retail interest greater than this. The sellers of food,—grocers and meat men,—had gross receipts of, perhaps, double these figures.

THE RAGGED LINE OF WHISKY ROW

A few of the forty-eight saloons that huddle around the rear entrance of the stock-yards on Ashland Avenue

ALDERMAN "HINKY-DINK'S" GREAT TRAMPS' SALOON

The cheap lodging-house district and its forest of signs; a characteristic delivery of beer to the "Workingman's Exchange"

At the same time, the liquor interests are vastly more extended in Chicago than any other. There are 7,300 licensed liquor sellers in Chicago, and in addition about a thousand places where liquor is sold illegally. The only business which approaches this in number of establishments, according to the Chicago directory, is the grocery trade, which has about 5,200. The city spends at least half as much for what it drinks as for what it eats — not counting the cost of the cooking and serving of food.

The great central power in the liquor business in America is the brewery. In the past thirty-five years, the per capita consumption of spirituous liquor in the United States has increased not at all. The per capita consumption of malt liquor has trebled. This increase has come, partly because of the demand for a milder drink, but largely also because of another fact: — because the breweries own or control the great majority of the saloons of American cities. They have a distinct policy: — If there are not as many saloons as there can be, supply them. This is what has been done in Chicago. Fully ninety per cent of the Chicago saloons are under some obligation to the brewery; with at least eighty per cent, this obligation is a serious one.

The business of the brewery is to sell beer. There are excellent men in the brewing trade, but that fact has never interfered with the carrying out of the development of the industry to its utmost limit. It could not be allowed to do so. The brewery, under present conditions in Chicago, must sell beer at all cost, or promptly die. This is because the brewing business has been over-capitalized and overbuilt there for at least ten years. There has been furious competition — "beer-wars," which have left financial scars that are not yet and probably never will be entirely obliterated. And at the present time a full third of the capital invested in the forty companies and fifty plants is not earning dividends. Under these circumstances, the breweries of Chicago can have but one aim — to fill Chicago with beer to the point of saturation.

The Saturation of a Liquor Market

Each brewer disposes of his product by contracting with special saloon-keepers to sell his beer and no other. The more saloons he has, the better. Up to a year ago, there was absolutely no legal hindrance to the multiplication of saloons. The brewers employ special agents to watch continually every nook and cranny in Chicago where it may be possible to pour in a little more beer. If a rival brewery's saloon-keeper is doing well, his best bartender is ravished from him and set up in business alongside. If a new colony of foreigners appears, some compatriot is set at once to selling them liquor. Italians, Greeks, Lithuanians, Poles, — all the rough and hairy tribes which have been drawn into Chicago, — have their trade exploited to the utmost. Up to last year, no man with two hundred dollars, who was not subject to arrest on sight, need go without a saloon in Chicago; nor, for that matter, need he now. The machinery is constantly waiting for him. With that two hundred dollars as a margin, the brewery sorts him out a set from its stock of saloon fixtures, pays his rent, pays his license, and supplies him with beer. He pays for everything in an extra price on each barrel of beer. The other supplies of his saloon, — liquor and cigars, — are bought out of his two hundred dollars cash capital.

"HINKY-DINK" KENNA

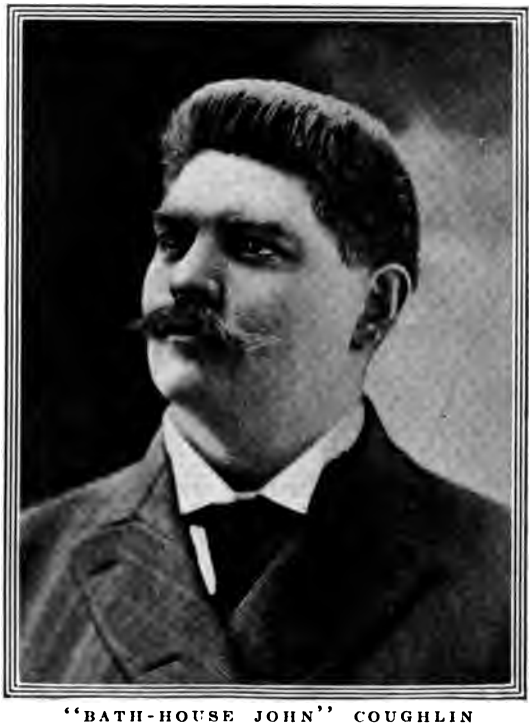
The wise and silent head of the First Ward organization

Under this system of forcing, Chicago has four times as many saloons as it should have, from any standpoint whatever, except, of course, the brewers' and the wholesalers'. A new license law, passed last year, now limits the number to one in every five hundred people; but it will be years before that law will have any appreciable effect. There is now one retail liquor dealer to every two hundred and eighty-five people, disregarding, of course, the one thousand unlicensed dealers. In the laboring wards the licensed saloons run as many as one to every one hundred and fifty. Take the stock-yards. Around that long and dismal stockade, at every hole from which a human being can emerge, a shop or group of shops sits waiting. At the main entrance they lie massed in batteries. At the rear, — on Ashland Avenue, — "Whisky Row!" To the north, the vileness of Bubbly Creek; to the east, the bare, gaunt, high-shouldered buildings of the yard; to the west and south, scattering, shabby dwellings. Just forty-eight saloons — and two that have recently died — housed in opposing rows of staggering wooden buildings, down a distance across which a strong man could throw a stone; located nowhere in particular in space, except due east of that ugly little hole in the stockade from which the men run out to drink in their brief half-hour's nooning.

The Chicago market is thoroughly saturated with beer, and incidentally with other liquor. Reckoning it out by population, every man, woman, and child in Chicago drank, in 1906, two and one-quarter barrels of beer, — that is, seventy gallons, — three and one-half times the average consumption

in the United States. Each also drank about four gallons of spirituous liquor,— two and two-thirds times the average. The main object of the brewing business is well-fulfilled; the consumers of Chicago expended not less than $55,000,000 for beer in 1906.

Now, if the competition is red-handed among the breweries, it is simply ravenous among the saloon-keepers. There is a popular fallacy that there is great profit in the retail saloon business. The saloon-keepers themselves believe this when they go into it. The hope of easy money and easy life is the motive which brings men into this trade. Now, this is in reality the kind of business it is:—In the lean years between 1897 and 1901, one-third of the license-holders in Chicago gave up their licenses every year and were replaced by other licensees. In other words, one-third of the saloons of Chicago failed every year. In the Seventeenth Ward — a territory of working folk — a special study of the liquor business was made a year ago. In one block and a half, it was shown, eighteen saloons had been started and had died in the course of eighteen months. Of the saloon-keepers of Chicago, less than ten per cent have resources enough to entitle them to any rating by a commercial agency. The pressure of the brewery to sell beer almost crushes the retailer out of existence.



"BATH-HOUSE JOHN" COUGHLIN

Former Turkish-bath rubber; now alderman, poet, financier, and active manager of Ward One

All this means one thing — a premium on the irregular and criminal saloon-keeper. The patronage of a saloon is a very fickle and elusive thing. A place is popular, or it is nothing. Consequently, the need of drawing and holding a good trade is imperative. There are two general business methods of attracting it: By giving unusually large measures and big bonuses of free lunch; or by carrying illegitimate and illegal side lines. The first, generally speaking, does not leave large margins of profit; the second does. A year ago the license fee was raised in Chicago from five hundred to one thousand dollars. It was hoped that this would wipe out the criminal saloon. It did, of course, nothing of the sort. The poor, miserable little dives in the working-man's ward, each snatching a starvation living from the lips of the dwellers of the dozen smoke-befouled frame tenements about it, staggered down — a few hundred of them — and died. The man with the side-line of prostitution and gambling naturally survived and had the benefit of the others' failure.

So much for the great legalized branch of the sale of dissipation in Chicago. The net results of that free and undisciplined struggle have been two: The thorough saturation of Chicago — especially of the tenement districts — with alcoholic liquor; and a high and successful premium on the criminal saloon.

The effect of the latter can be told when the sale of other forms of dissipation is considered. The effect of the former is felt immediately and directly. A great part of the crime in Chicago is committed by men under the influence of drink. This is true

ANDY CRAIG

Ex-convict and now precinct captain of Ward One

in any city. But conditions in Chicago are peculiarly favorable to this class of crime. A population of hundreds of thousands of rough and unrestrained male laborers, plied, with all possible energy and ingenuity, with alcoholic liquor, can be counted on, with the certainty of a chemical experiment, for one reaction — violent and fatal crime. There would be crime of this kind from such a population under any circumstances. But the facilities of Chicago double and treble it. The European peasant, suddenly freed from the restraints of poverty and of rigid police authority, and the vicious negro from the countryside of the South, — especially the latter, — furnish an alarming volume of savage crime, first confined to their own races, and later, — as they appreciate the lack of adequate protection, — extended to society at large. None of these folk, perhaps, have progressed far along the way of civilization; but under the exploitation in Chicago they slip back into a form of city savagery compared to which their previous history shows a peaceful and well-ordered existence. Their children are as quickly and surely rotted as themselves by the influence of the saloon upon the neighborhood of their homes.

$20,000,000 a Year for Prostitution

And now a short sketch of the second great business of dissipation, — prostitution. The

"LOST NERVES" IN A CHEAP LODGING-HOUSE OFFICE

These men furnish the greater part of the big purchased majorities of Wards One and Eighteen

gross revenues from this business in Chicago, in 1906, were $20,000,000 — and probably more. There are at least ten thousand professional prostitutes. Average annual receipts of two thousand dollars each are brought in by these women. They do not themselves, however, have the benefit of this revenue. Much of it is never received by them. They are, in fact, exploited by large business interests.

There are four large interests which are concerned in the exploitation of prostitution. The first of these is the criminal hotels, the second is the houses of ill-fame, the third the cheap dance-halls and saloons, and the fourth the men — largely Russian Jews — who deal in women for the trade. There are large indirect interests,— such as, for instance, the leasing or subletting of tenements to the business, an operation which yields enormous percentages of profit,— but these are the four principal direct interests in the trade.

The hotels constitute probably the largest of these. There are two hundred and ninety-two of these houses known and recorded in Chicago,—with a capacity of ten thousand rooms. Twenty-one of them contain each one hundred rooms or over; the largest has two hundred and fifty. The gross receipts of these enterprises cannot be less than four million dollars a year; they are probably five million. The total amount expended there cannot be less than eight million dollars; it is probably ten million. These places have been extremely profitable, because their expenses are low, and their patronage is large. At present they are not so good an investment as formerly, because the city authorities — urged to action by a desperate woman's throwing herself out of an upper story window — have passed a hotel license ordinance, which is intended to do away with this business. The largest of the hotels, some of which have for some time pooled their legal and political interests in the hands of a manager, are now fighting this ordinance as unconstitutional.

Under ordinary conditions, — that is, when there is no particular agitation against them — there are at least three hundred and fifty good-sized houses of prostitution in Chicago. There are in all more than four thousand women in these. The annual gross receipts are not less than eight million dollars; they are more likely over ten million. These houses are disposed throughout the city according to the demand, which is affected to some extent by public opinion.

The profits of these houses are, of course, very large and quick. Much of the money made here is dissipated, yet there are at least half a dozen persons now interested in this business who are credited with fortunes running into the hundreds of thousands. Their profits are not only from their shares in the women's wages, but from excessive prices for liquor. They also secure large returns from furnishing clothing and other necessities of life to their employees, at prices ranging from one hundred to two hundred per cent higher than the usual retail price. By this system the wages of the women are largely secured by the proprietors of the establishments. The plan is not different in principle from the familiar "company store" system of the manufacturing and mining district. It is a first rule of the business, as generally conducted, to keep the employees continuously in debt, so that they are unable to leave the establishments unless the proprietors desire it.

The business of the small places, the flats, cannot be estimated, but it is very large and is growing constantly, especially since the official attacks which have frightened away custom from the criminal hotels. There are certainly not less than two thousand women in these flats, and annual expenditures are certainly not less than four million dollars. In some sections of the city there are scores of these small places. One building of over seventy apartments is said to contain nothing else.

The Dealers in Women

These places and the hotels cater to the demand for ruining young girls — especially the low-paid employees of department stores and factories, which furnish the majority of the English-speaking women in the profession in Chicago. The dance-halls and irregular saloons also take a part of the profit from this source. The direct business of supplying women to the trade, while not so large as these others, is also profitable. Some of the more enterprising of the keepers of the regular houses of ill-fame have private arrangements with men, who ruin young girls for their use. Most of the young women who come into the business in this way do so before reaching the age of nineteen.

The largest regular business in furnishing women, however, is done by a company of men, largely composed of Russian Jews, who

supply women of that nationality to the trade. These men have a sort of loosely organized association extending through the large cities of the country, their chief centers being New York, Boston, Chicago, and New Orleans. In Chicago they now furnish the great majority of the prostitutes in the cheaper district of the West Side Levee, their women having driven out the English-speaking women in the last ten years. From the best returns available, there are some ten or a dozen women offered for sale at the houses of prostitution in the Eighteenth Ward every week. The price paid is about fifty dollars a head. In some exceptional cases seventy-five dollars has been given. This money, paid over to the agent, is charged up to the debt of the woman to the house. She pays, that is, for her own sale. In addition, she gives over a large share of her earnings to the man who places her.

Cocaine: A Highly Profitable Drug

There is a minor business, financially speaking, which is closely connected with prostitution: this is the selling of cocaine. The average life of a woman in the business of prostitution ranges from five to ten years. She is, of course, continually drinking alcoholic stimulants. Later, however, these do not satisfy the women, and toward the end of their career they acquire some drug habit. Formerly they depended largely on morphine. During the past ten years, however, cocaine has come into general use. This drug is very attractive to persons who are unfortunate or despondent. It produces an extravagant feeling of buoyancy and well-being. Although taken by many persons throughout the country, especially by negroes, it is now recognized generally to be the special drug of the prostitute. The chief markets for it in Chicago follow very closely the markets of prostitution. In its effect this is much quicker than any other drug habit, through its action upon the brain cells. After a time the taker is subject to various acute hallucinations — the most characteristic of which is the belief that worms are crawling just underneath the skin. The cocaine-taker in this condition often slashes his skin with a knife in the attempt to get them out. Death is likely to come within two or three years from the unrestricted use of the drug, although some individuals survive for a long time. It is largely a question of temperament.

The profit on the retail sale of cocaine is very large, running as high as three or four hundred per cent, as the drug is usually heavily adulterated with acetanilid. There have always been, consequently, a number of drug stores and some saloons at which it could be obtained by its users. Various estimates of the number of the takers of this drug in Chicago have been made, — many of them extravagant. The number of confirmed users in the city probably does not exceed seven thousand. It is more likely about five thousand. A great proportion of these are prostitutes. At the same time, the drug is exceedingly convenient to take, the crushed crystal or flake — according to the common custom — being merely snuffed up from the back of the hand; and on this account its use spreads easily. Boys, especially messengers and newsboys, are apt to experiment with it, and many young men in the early twenties acquire the habit. Deprived of their drug, these men often resort to petty crime and sometimes to violent crime to secure means to get it. The drug fiends are usually ghastly in appearance; a grim sight is afforded by the procession of haggard women who appear in the gray light of the early morning to secure the drug from the big dealers on the West Side Levee.

The chastity of woman is at the foundation of Anglo-Saxon society. Our laws are based upon it, and the finest and most binding of our social relations. Nothing could be more menacing to a civilization than the sale of this as a commodity. To the average individual woman concerned, it means the expectation of death under ten years; to practically all the longer survivors a villainous and hideous after-life. There is a great profit in this business, however. Chicago has it organized — from the supplying of young girls to the drugging of the older and less salable women out of existence — with all the nicety of modern industry. As in the stock-yards, not one shred of flesh is wasted.

$15,000,000 a Year for Gambling

The third large business of dissipation in Chicago is gambling. In an average year — 1906, for example, — its gross receipts cannot be less than fifteen million dollars. Policy shops, the race-track, and open pool-rooms and gambling-houses have been quite generally closed out in Chicago during the past

few years. The largest gambling interest is now the making of "handbooks" on the horse races. The gross receipts from this must be above twelve million dollars a year. During the latter part of 1906, when the business was running with comparative freedom, there were at least five hundred agents of "handbook" systems in Chicago. These systems are in the hands of a few favored gamblers or groups of gamblers, who have their arrangements so nicely made that they can divide the territory of the city between them; and no newcomer can enter the field without their consent. If he does, he is raided by the police. Besides these "handbook men" there is a floating pool-room — the steamer, "City of Traverse," owned by a large number of professional gamblers — which is supposed to leave South Chicago and run out of the city limits into Lake Michigan, although, as a matter of fact, it does not always do so.

In addition to the receipts from this betting on the horse races, there was in 1906 at least two million dollars net revenue from general gambling in Chicago. General open gambling is not in evidence, but there are large games, in a few specially favored places, and many smaller ones, open to those who have inside information, throughout the city. Altogether, the gambling interests in 1906 took at least seven million dollars in gross profits out of the Chicago public; doubtless the amount was considerably larger.

Dissipation and Food Supplies

The dealers in dissipation in Chicago, then, have a total revenue of at least one hundred and thirty-five million dollars a year,— that is, receipts at least two-thirds as large as those of the retail grocers and meat men. There are more than forty thousand persons directly employed by them. This is one of the few greatest businesses of the city, but beyond that it bears a relation to society and government which nothing else can bear. Every cent of that great sum of money is taken in, and every action of that great company of proprietors and employees takes place either under the strict regulation of law, or in direct defiance of it.

The business can be divided into two general classes. In the first, the dealers — including the brewers, the wholesale liquor dealers, and the great majority of the saloon-keepers — have no direct interest in breaking the law, although they all may profit indirectly, and some of them do profit to a great extent, because of the breaking of the law by others. But the first interest of this class is to resist the constant attacks of its enemies looking toward the further restriction of its trade. It must, therefore, be continually in politics. Its political alliances are naturally with the other interests of dissipation. The members of the second class,— the dealers in prostitution and gambling, and the criminal saloonkeepers, — must violate the law to exist. They consequently have made careful business arrangements to break the law. To do this, they also must go into politics.

The gross receipts of this illegal class of business are some forty-five million dollars a year. About four-fifths of this — thirty-five million dollars — is concentrated in the chief markets of dissipation near the center of the city — for the sale of dissipation, in any city, merely follows the natural laws of trade and locates where the demand is, near the large centers of population. In two downtown wards of Chicago,— the First and the Eighteenth — are situated five-sixths of the criminal saloons and of the dealers in prostitution, and at least two-thirds of the gambling interests. The owners of these enterprises turn over the organization of their political business to the natural agent — the ward boss.

The business of the political boss has not always been clearly understood. The boss is simply a middle-man. He buys votes and sells privileges. He pays for his votes either in cash or in privileges; he sells his privileges either for cash or its equivalent, or for votes. The difference between his income and outgo of money is, of course, his personal profit. The direction of the political business of concerns with a gross annual income of thirty-five million dollars and the peculiar necessities of the sellers of vice, naturally offers unusual financial opportunities to the Ward Boss. It is not surprising, therefore, that the bosses of Wards One and Eighteen in Chicago are remarkable figures and wealthy men.

"Hinky-Dink" and "Bath-House John"

Considering both worlds,— the upper and the under,— the bosses of the First Ward in Chicago are the most widely known men in political life, which that city has ever produced. "Hinky-Dink" (Michael Kenna), the older, ex-bootblack and newsboy, is the keeper of the greatest tramps' saloon on the continent. He is a wise, silent, dapper little

man of about fifty; straight as a die in his personal relations; a virtuoso in the English language. When he speaks in anger, his words leave scars. "Bath-house John" (John J. Coughlin) — a large, pompous, poetic temperament — rose from the work of a rubber in a Turkish bath-house to his present occupation as insurance broker and active ward boss. He dresses like a bartender's dream of Beau Brummel, a bottle-green dress suit being his highest sartorial achievement; he also hires a man to write poetry for him, to appear under his name. The rulers of the Eighteenth Ward have been less successful. John J. Brennan, the older,— a gruff, husky, generous old saloon-keeper, adored by his ward,— has, in fact, served a term in the House of Correction for the clumsy buying of votes. His health has failed since that experience. He has now the appearance of a broken-down prize-fighter. The junior boss, M. C. Conlon, was formerly a keeper of an unsavory saloon near the Union Station and is now interested as a silent partner in various enterprises for the sale of dissipation.

These four men have the absolute power of political dictators in Wards One and Eighteen; they are aldermen and ward heads of the Democratic party; they select the political machinery of the ward for their party and control it in the other. As political agents of the business interests of dissipation, they have unlimited funds. They operate throughout the year a finely organized business for the handling of votes. The main aims of this business are two: first, the control of the ward; second, and vastly more important, the production of a Democratic majority so large that they can secure from the city administration the right for the business interests they represent to break the law in their wards.

The Business of Ward Politics

The business organization for getting votes is the same in principle in both wards. But it is more clean-cut in the First. The organization of this is, in fact, so admirable of its kind that it is worth describing as a fine illustration of the organization of the wards of dissipation, not only in Chicago, but throughout the country. There are thirty-four captains of voting precincts in this ward. Half of these are proprietors of questionable saloons, at least six are dealers in prostitution; the majority of the remainder are "job-holders" under the city administration. In addition, there are, of course, specialists to handle special votes. One or two captains are connected with tramps' lodging-houses. Two negro gamblers, who do not appear on the official list of precinct captains, take care of the negro vote. Italian saloon-keepers, one of them an ex-convict, handle the Italians. Two of the most important of the precinct captains are former professional criminals, who are known to professional thieves and burglars all over the country.

These are the official working representatives of the Democratic party in the ward. Most of these are engaged in the business of dissipation. But every one in this business is vitally concerned in the politics of the ward,— every one down to the last man. For instance. There was a candidate running not long ago in one of these two downtown wards. One afternoon he was sent for by the proprietor of a well-known saloon. A delegation of sleek-looking foreigners met him in a rear room of this man's place. "How do you stand to our business?" asked the spokesman. "We are eighty-five in this ward, and we control five votes apiece,— four hundred and twenty-five votes." "What is your business?" said the young candidate. They were the professional dealers in women for prostitution.

The buying of voters begins, of course, with registration. But before that, lodging-houses must send in to the election board their lists of guests, to show who is eligible to vote. The lodging-houses, being practically all in the political machine, send in the fullest lists possible. The largest numbers are given by the tramps' hotels. Others are listed from empty buildings, saloons, and houses of prostitution. One precinct — the Fifteenth in Ward One, said to be the largest in voters and the smallest in area in the United States,— has listed as high as fifteen hundred. Last fall a precinct captain listed seventy-six voters from his large house of prostitution. Only one voter was finally found to live there.

From the standpoint of the buyers of votes there are two classes of voters in Wards One and Eighteen:— the common "town bum" and the "hobo," the members of the great body of the "lost nerves," — the poor, docile individuals, softened by dissipation, who are good for one or two votes apiece; and the aggressive and courageous repeater, who is willing to take what

the under world knows as a "stir chance" (penitentiary chance). These latter are generally professional criminals of some kind. The handling of each of these two classes is along entirely distinct lines.

Rounding Up the "Lost Nerves"

The vagrant vote is secured by paying its board for some days before election and by giving it the market price for registering and voting. The greatest share of the purchased vote is now secured from this source, because there is very little danger in this kind of a transaction. Even if a precinct captain is seen paying over money, it is practically impossible to prove what that money is paid for. The one risk comes in your man being a spy or a traitor. Every precaution is taken to insure against this. As election comes on, the "lost nerves" begin to stir in the low saloons and to talk practical politics. In other words, they begin to determine whether the most important contest is to take place in the First or the Eighteenth Ward. When they decide this, they take up their residence in the ward where the most money is to be expended and get in touch with the political machine. They are then, for as long a time as they can arrange, placed in the tramps' lodging-houses at the expense of the ward management. Besides lodging, they receive an allowance of perhaps a quarter of a dollar a day for food. A numbered check, often, is pasted to the great bar of iron hitched to the room key of the lodging-house to insure its return to the hotel desk. This check is good for credit in cheap eating-houses. The prospective voter now becomes temporarily a part of the political organization and helps to protect its interests. The chief concern is to guard against the suspicious outsider. For this purpose "The Secret Order of Hoboes," an unofficial but roughly effective organization, takes form. There are secret hand-grips and, more important than these, the secret signs to the lodging-house clerk or the fellow-members,— a forefinger against the chin, a hand on the lapel of the coat. In the office of the tramps' lodging-house, where the dirty bundles that were men slump down in their chairs along the wall, wise eyes are watching continually the unknown man.

The Criminal and the Political Machine

The handling of this plain vagrant vote is comparatively simple. But the handling of the repeater is more delicate and silent work. About election time there is a general drift toward Chicago in the professional criminal world. This naturally varies. Sometimes the visitors are few; sometimes, as in one memorable election in the First Ward a decade ago, they drift around town in "mobs." But generally speaking, it is known that this is an easy time for criminals in Chicago. Old friends gather in; the many criminal craftsmen Chicago has sent out into the world make it a time of home-coming. There are two particular saloons where they especially congregate, — places kept by two precinct captains, down on lower State Street in Ward One. The keeper of the one further south is himself an ex-safe-blower and a man of national reputation in his craft. The other precinct captain, Andy Craig, served his term in Joliet for stealing jewelry. For a decade, giving up that occupation, he has flourished, perennially young, as the keeper of a large department store in vice, on lower State Street, where he sells liquor, prostitution, and gambling under the special favor of those on high. A "capper" —a pale, lemon-blond young man, with rakish hat and cigar, — stands outside, after the fashion of the caller for the cheap museum, and confidentially tolls in the bands of roving males.

The value of the stout-hearted repeater is evident from pure mathematics. Twenty-five men going down twenty precincts means five hundred votes. All men of nerve can have their special uses. Pickpockets and confidence men, who present an especially good appearance, make excellent repeaters. "Strong-arm men" and husky tramps do well to hold back the voting line or pick a row to discourage soft-handed voters. The high-class burglar — the aristocrat of crime — naturally does not take chances with this work, but nearly all the ordinary run of criminals is available. Throughout the year, in their summer wanderings out into the country, many of these men keep in continued touch with the machine at home. When they get "in a jam" (arrested) they write to the political agent, or address their other friends in his care. The connection which the criminal forms in this manner with the machinery of government is invaluable to him.

The consummation of the year's work comes in the city elections in the spring. Election day is business in Ward One, and

there is great pride in this fact. The precinct workers are lodged the night before in some hotel, at the organization's expense. They get up clear-headed and early. At dawn men go about the streets with giant fire-crackers, waking the sleepers in the lodging-houses. They are given a free morning drink — "a scrub of the brush." Then they go out into the gray morning, ready for their work — the early voting is what counts. These men are thrown into the polling-places at six o'clock; by the time the city is half awake, a good share of the voting has been done. The price of a vote is determined upon. This does not take long, for the market price is generally arrived at through the simple working of demand and supply. Then the voter is handed his name on a slip of paper, or sometimes a marked ballot for deposit. He goes into the booth, returns to the precinct worker, and is paid — formerly, in the less careful days, in cash; now often with slips of paper, to be cashed in later at some place agreed upon.

The exact cost of an election in the First and Eighteenth Wards would be difficult to estimate, even to those who have access to the most intimate bookkeeping of the organization. There are so many irregular items, like the boarding of individual voters for days and even for weeks. Perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars might be an average estimate for Ward One. Opinions vary widely. So many persons are concerned, not only in taking, but in handling the money. The demand at different elections varies so. Recently prices paid for votes have been getting very low. At the registration of last fall, ten cents was all that was offered in the early day. Later a quarter was paid. There was much dissatisfaction expressed at these rates. For votes, cash prices paid lately are quoted from fifty cents up to as high as three dollars a head.

The Machinery of Protection

By this careful organization and large expenditure of money, the traders in dissipation have been able to make, through the ward boss, excellent terms with the city administrations. You might think this would be difficult to do with decent mayors — such as Chicago has had continuously for the past ten years. You are wrong. The First and Eighteenth Wards have had, so far as the administration was concerned, about all the privilege that was necessary for the carrying on of their business during that time. I do not mean there is any distinct agreement by an administration to protect this business. Rarely, if ever, has there been this in recent years. All that is needed is a tacit acquiescence in local political custom. The thing is indeed a very simple matter of routine politics. The leaders of these wards have in their hands the absolute power of giving or withholding a majority of seventy-five hundred votes for the Democratic party. The city is naturally very nicely balanced politically between the two parties. Wards One and Eighteen are therefore the leaders in the Democratic organization. The ward rights sentiment is very strong in Chicago; in its government, in fact, it is really more a confederacy of wards than a city. Immediately after election each ward makes demand for its special patronage from the administration. Now, the First and Eighteenth Wards demand and get much. They have always insisted upon one thing — the choice of their police court judges and of their police officials. This they have always had.

Until the present time the local criminal courts in Chicago have been in charge of the police magistrate, one of the relics of the old town government, of which Chicago has been full. Sixty justices of the peace were nominated by the circuit-court judges in Cook County; were appointed by the governor, and confirmed by the senate of the State. It was this transaction, undoubtedly, which excited in the mind of George E. Cole, the abrupt and active Chicago reformer, the pessimism which led him to exclaim: "I wouldn't trust the judges to appoint a committee to lead my dog to the pound!" From these sixty justices of the peace, the mayor chose and assigned to the different districts in the city, sixteen police magistrates. The First and Eighteenth Wards secured exactly the police magistrates they desired. The relation between these officials and the leaders of the wards were so close and informal, that the leaders, in many instances, did not trouble to arrange in person for the justice to be meted out to their various unfortunate constituents. It was a common occurrence, in at least one court, for a ward leader's assistants to telephone before the morning session the disposition he desired to have made of the various cases which had been called to his attention.

The arrangement with the police force is an easy matter. The administration can be relied upon in one way or another to respect

the wishes of the ward in regard to this service. And the police department furnishes a large supply of exactly the officials desired by the interests of these wards.

Two Cities of Savages

Under this system of protection from the law, there has been established in Chicago a condition unique in this country. The center of Chicago, all things considered, is the cheapest market of dissipation in Caucasian civilization. The prices in European cities, no doubt, are absolutely lower, but relative to the ease of obtaining means to spend, either by begging or stealing or casual labor, they are not to be compared with the great, rough, bountiful American city. A full quart of beer is sold in the saloon for five cents; prostitution is as low as ten cents. As for the expense of living, a lodging for the night costs five and ten cents, and meals, if you buy them, can be had as low as a nickel. With ten cents — five cents for a bed and five cents for a glass of beer, and access to the free lunch — a man may cover the space of twenty-four hours and pay his way. A "town bum" in Chicago said recently: "I have not had my legs under a table for six years."

Chicago is the great inland center of the country; trains by hundreds drop in there every day. Around it is the best territory in the world for tramping and for casual labor; about it, in an unholy ring, stand penitentiaries by the dozen. And when the service and the tramping and the casual labor are done, the criminals and the half-criminals and the quarter-criminals come drifting back into Chicago. They come there by choice, of course: for one chief reason. There they can enjoy, with the least disturbance, at the lowest cost, cheap dissipation — the kind of life they wish to live. Nights, the ten-cent lodging-house. Days, and the long evenings, the "barrel house"— that curious dive so strangely like the thieves' den of the Middle Ages. "Town bums" are there, jerky, pompous cocaine fiends, "gay-cats," and "hoboes," blown in from the four corners of the earth; and in the evening, those great husky, hideous beggars who hitch and crawl about the Chicago streets by day; and now and then the real tramp-burglar — the "yeggman," with his bag of "soup" across the soft muscles of his belly, — nitroglycerine enough to blow the whole unlikely company back to limbo.

In the center of Chicago are now two small cities of savages — self-regulating and self-protecting. In one of these there are thirty-five thousand people; in the other, thirty thousand. It is a region of adults — one child in every eight or nine people, while there is one in three in the general population of the city. The inhabitants neither labor regularly nor marry. Half of the men are beggars, criminals, or floating laborers; a quarter are engaged in the sale of dissipation; and a third of the women are prostitutes. A great share of the men spend most of their waking hours thoroughly drugged with cheap alcohol. Society here has lapsed back into a condition more primitive than the jungle.

The Price of Protection

It would be difficult to estimate the cash payment which must be made every year by the interests of dissipation, for the privilege of breaking the law. So many people receive the money, so many give it out. There is such a variation from time to time. However, there cannot be less than five hundred thousand dollars a year paid out now. There is probably much more. Prostitution pays at least two hundred and fifty thousand; the remainder is largely paid by gambling.

The best and most businesslike collection for protection takes place, naturally, in the greatest and best organized center of dissipation,— Ward One. In the first place, there are the transactions with which every one is familiar. The Junior Alderman, "Bath-house John," as an insurance agent, sells his policies, not only to the saloon-keepers and houses of prostitution in the ward, but to the great business houses in the district. He also sells, through his business partner, a large quantity of whisky.

Once a year, in the early winter, comes the annual Ward One Democratic Club Ball. The proceeds of this go into the hands of the two aldermen who themselves constitute this club, supposedly for use in their reëlection. This enterprise is conducted with the excellent, orderly sense of business which marks all the operations of this ward. A manager is appointed to take charge of all details. Last December this was Sol Friedman, the partner of Coughlin. A certain number of fifty-cent tickets are then apportioned to those who must take them. Saloons are allotted from fifteen to twenty-five dollars' worth apiece; houses of ill-fame

from one hundred to two hundred dollars' worth, and large gamblers five hundred dollars' worth or more. It is not desirable for the takers, having bought, to stay away. What is wished is to get all the tickets possible in the hands of "spenders." Then comes the ball — a short evening and a long early morning; outrageous carnival that swells and burgeons under the huge, hollow vault of the coliseum, to cyclopean outbursts of animal joy; a general blur of blue tobacco-smoke and red slippers and cosmetics; two thousand women of the town, dancing or filling the stalls at the edges of the floor. But underneath it all, the man with the pad and pencil watches, and the man with the cash register at the endless bar, checking up the required amount of dissipation,— the wine which every tributary concern must buy. The receipts from the last ball were thirty-three thousand five hundred dollars — twenty-five thousand dollars for the tickets and eight thousand five hundred for drink. The expenses are not large, and net profits of the night of December 10th must have been at least twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars.

All this, of course, though open and significant, is a small matter. There remains the weekly or monthly routine collection from the enterprises in the ward. The big general Levee district, nearly all in the boundaries of Ward One, is visited by regular collectors. Their rates vary from time to time. In December they ranged from twenty-five to fifty dollars a month for the protection of houses of prostitution, according to the size of the business. This price was very low compared with the prices of previous years. The money was handed to the collecting-agent,— in bills, of course, and, of course, there were no receipts given. The payment settled both the claims of the ward authorities and the police. In return for this, the contributor was entitled to an advance notice from the police of any new regulations which were to be temporarily imposed on the district, and a further notice afterward as to when it was all right to return to former methods of business. To enter this business, it was necessary to get in touch with the ward officials and the police.

The "System" in the Police Department

The purchase of the police in Chicago is made simple by the fact that the upper half of the force, — that is, the half that furnishes the officials, — came into the service when the police force was freely and frankly for sale to the interests of dissipation. Of course, not all of the officials of the Chicago police force are for sale. It is clear, however, that the dealer in dissipation could not receive adequate protection unless there were a thorough organization in the police department, to see that this was given. Otherwise, there might be, at any time, some individual officer or official, who would blunder in and attempt to enforce the law. There is, as a matter of fact, just such an organization. It is not a formal thing; naturally, it does not elect officers or pass by-laws; but, in a large sense, it is just as efficient. It is spoken of as the System.

The System comes about very simply. The influence of the ward bosses in the districts of dissipation secures from the administration the police officials they desire. These officials see that the men under them carry out the business agreements which they themselves make with the leaders of the ward. If a new policeman does not enter into relations with the System or acquiesce in its working, he is "jobbed." That is, by various technical charges against him by his superior officer, he is kept under continual suspicion and finally either shipped off to some outlying district of the city or even discharged from the department on trumped-up charges. The Chicago department is now under civil service and has been for ten years, but this effective and simple method makes it possible to beat the civil service rules and to organize the force so that the required protection can be guaranteed to the interests of dissipation

Inside the department there is either an astonishing fear of this System or a loyalty to it that is simply amazing. Occasionally, however, a revolt discloses its methods of operation. An interesting example of this came in the case of the discharge of Lieutenant Roger Mulcahy, last year. Mulcahy did two things which two police officers could not stomach. A labor leader met in a saloon a negro, took offense at something he said, and wantonly shot him in the leg; the man's leg was afterwards amputated. About the same time a well-known negro was arrested and shown to have had a wholesale career in a vile crime which was terrifying the whole vicinity. Both men had strong political influence. Mulcahy, the police-lieutenant, because of this influence, brought them up on

minor charges before the court and arranged the machinery for their discharge. The two policemen went into rebellion. "There are some things I won't stand for," said one, with a great oath. They themselves took the matter to the Grand Jury, and both of the criminals were severely punished. In the meanwhile, Mulcahy had started out after the two rebels in the usual fashion of the System. In the two months before the Grand Jury acted, Mulcahy had one man up five times on minor charges before the police trial board. In May he recommended the discharge of the other man from the department for drunkenness. He was going through, in fact, the usual forms of "jobbing." This time, however, the process had disastrous results. The men were retained with honor, and developments at their trial brought about the discharge of the lieutenant himself.

The Price of the Police

There must be, at a conservative estimate, two hundred thousand dollars a year paid over to the police, for protection to the business of dissipation. Just where that money goes into the department is, of course, almost impossible to tell. It is a matter of fact, for instance, that the gambling squad — eight or ten men under the personal command of the Chief of Police — sit and watch the operations of "handbook" makers and even bet themselves. It is also a fact that when personal information has been given to the Chief of Police concerning a betting-place, that place has been perfunctorily raided and has been in operation again a half hour after this was done. But it would be impossible to demonstrate from this evidence that the present Chief of Police was paid to protect gambling in Chicago. It is true that criminal saloons and houses of prostitution have an understanding with the police that they may violate the law until some one protests, and that then they will be notified by the police and kept in touch with the situation until it is advisable for them to resume the practices which are objected to. But who gets the pay for this and what the pay is, has not yet been determined with legal exactitude. It is worth while, perhaps, as showing the possibilities in the case, to recall that one ex-chief of police said, in a burst of confidence, that he had put away one hundred and eighty-seven thousand dollars during his few years of office.

The Break-Down of the Police Force

The result of all this is not difficult to imagine. The City Council of Chicago, in the paroxysm of excitement over the reign of crime of a year ago, voted for one thousand new policemen, most of whom have now been added to the force. It was asserted then that there were not men enough to protect that great and wide-lying city. This was certainly true, but it was an understatement of the case. The exact condition was stated by Captain Alexander R. Piper, an expert who, with Roundsman William F. Maher of New York, made a special investigation of the Chicago police in 1904. He said in summing up: "It is not necessary for me to tell you that you have practically no protection on your streets. You all know it, and you know how seldom you see an officer at night. Your patrolmen pull the box on the hour or half-hour and then lounge in their holes or some saloon." These conditions exist to-day.

The reason for all this is clear. The business of dissipation, working through ward politics, has bought the protection of the Chicago police force. This fact necessarily deprives the police force of its usefulness to the public. The officials who are actually receiving pay for granting protection are in a combination to break the law. This combination extends below them to a certain extent into the department; and it encourages, of course, every patrolman who is at all dishonest to break or help to break the laws. Various members of the force have, in the past, formed alliances with criminals; and the relation was so close with them that patrolmen have actually arranged burglaries through professional craftsmen. The force itself contains also quite a number of criminals: men who have been convicted from time to time of crimes ranging from shoplifting to burglary. Indeed, it is a fact that criminals, attracted by the possible chances of profits, are continually trying to get into the department. In a recent call for four hundred and fifty men, thirty-five applicants were found to have criminal records. Of course, there can be no discipline under these conditions. There is, as Roundsman Maher said, practically no patroling. There is continual loafing on the beat, with petty grafting down at the bottom of the department. The condition of the department is summed up in the statement, that in

two years, 1904 and 1905, over half the force was before the police trial board for one cause or another.

Organization for Exploiting Savagery

The addition of the police force completes the great organization for the exploitation of savagery in the City of Chicago. The dealer in dissipation, the ward boss, and the police official are its chief members. I have tried to show clearly the simple and inevitable process by which this organization was built up. A business interest absolutely against the law must make positive arrangements to break the law in order to exist. It buys the right to do this out of its huge income — first, politically, through its business agent, the ward boss; and, second, by the purchase of the authorities which society employs to protect itself, particularly the police. In doing this it consolidates every influence hostile to well-organized society, from the robber and prostitute to the corrupt police official, in a great body whose continual influence is to impair or break down civilization.

The one clue to the workings of this organization is the money of dissipation which finances it. Every dollar of this, it might be said, is subtracted from the sum total of the assets of the civilization of Chicago. The making of savages is not likely to be interfered with greatly so long as it merely costs some hundreds or thousands of individual lives a year. Society does not busy itself sufficiently with the affairs of its members for this. But, unfortunately, the savages, once created and located in a city, begin to reach out and prey upon the civilized and orderly population about them. They must find their own living according to their own methods. There is continual tribute levied; and, now and then, when the season is ripe, or some other particular conditions exist, there break out those "waves of crime" which terrify and anger the population which is preyed upon.

Hold-Ups — The Raids of Criminals

The great specialty of Chicago crime is, of course, the hold-up: that is, the robbery on the open street. This is either the work of the savages who congregate in the First and Eighteenth Wards, or of the young foreigners who are taught by the example of these men and stimulated by their early education in dissipation and their personal knowledge of the opportunities offered by the absence of proper police regulation. They are looking for easy money, and they know of no simpler method to secure it than this. Nothing more absolutely fish-blooded and inhuman has been produced by modern civilization than the type of the "car-barn bandits," who shot down human beings with exactly the same dispassionate accuracy that they employed against the rocking images in the State Street shooting galleries of Ward One, where they created, night after night, their astonishing skill with fire-arms. The most disturbing thing about all these hold-ups is, naturally, the cold certainty of their producing just so many murders and just so many violent assaults year after year.

It is this one particular thing — the murderous street robbery — which more than all others has given Chicago its reputation for crime. This is not the only point, however, at which the savages overrun the city. Burglaries are much too frequent, — not high-class jobs, but mostly the cheap and violent work which must be expected from the irruption of the low-class criminal from the territory of cheap dissipation. Morning after morning the vigorous beggars move out over the boundaries of savagery and limp and crawl and wriggle down the Chicago streets. When the weather is right to gather them in, and they feel the courage of numbers and the sharp necessities of the season, — as they have during the past winter, — the beggar and the "hobo" easily become the hold-up man.

The Murders of Dissipation

The murders of Chicago are generally personal matters between the savages. The great exception, of course, is when the savage, in his attacks on members outside his class, finds it necessary or advisable to kill his prey. There is a strong belief that murder in America is increasing because of our failure to enforce the death penalty. This, no doubt, has its influence. But the murders in Chicago are principally murders of dissipation and passion, committed by individuals who never calculated in their life the chances of the death penalty, and certainly never could consider it, in their mental condition at the time the murder was committed. The only authority which could possibly touch their imagination would be the visible symbol of an honest and efficient police force — which they do not have. Of one hundred

and eighty-seven homicides in Chicago, from December 1, 1904, to December 1, 1905, one hundred and seventy-five were by shooting, stabbing, or blows; and only three by poison. Of the one hundred and seventy-six in the year closing last December 1st, one hundred and sixty-seven were by shooting or other violent means, and only eight by poisoning. These murders were hasty, savage acts of a crude population, and not in the least the calculating crimes of a calmer and more intellectual civilization. But the loss of life among the savages themselves is alarming. The death-rate from murder in Chicago is six or eight times greater than in the cities of Great Britain, and twenty or twenty-five times greater than in the cities of Germany. In Europe it is only approached and surpassed in the black murder belt of Lower Italy.

The Real Organizer of Vicious Politics

There are two chief exploiters of the cities of America, — the public service corporation and the business of dissipation. Attention has been directed during the past few years almost entirely to the former. It has become the orthodox belief that the public service corporation was the original corrupter of American cities. This is not true, especially in large cities. Long before the public service corporation existed, the corrupt ward politics of cities was organized by the business of dissipation. When the corporation arrived for the first time in that murky region, it found the herd already there,— feeding, feeding, feeding on the rich filth of the sale of savagery. The corporation merely dumped its contribution in and left it in the general pile. The leaders of the herd may find their provender in the largess of the corporation, but the herd itself, the organization of the ward, has always been and will continue to be nourished by the vastly greater interests of dissipation. As a matter of fact, it does not receive mere gifts from these interests as it does from the corporation. The members of the political organization take the profits themselves. They are not in ward politics; they are ward politics. And this business divides millions of dollars, while the corporation divides hundreds of thousands, in American city politics.

The City of Chicago is just completing a splendid victory over corrupt public service corporations. It is now turning its attention to this second great business interest which is debauching it. This will be far more difficult to fight than the other one. The difference can be stated by mere statistics. The gross receipts of the surface street railways, which the City of Chicago has at last brought into reasonable subjection, are sixteen million dollars a year — that is, only four-fifths of the receipts for prostitution. If you add to that sum the receipts of the elevated roads, you have twenty-three million dollars as the entire receipts of the traction interests in Chicago. This amount is less than two-thirds of the annual receipts for prostitution and gambling in the City of Chicago. But this is only a partial statement. The profits and the political necessities of the business of dissipation are incomparably greater than those of the public service corporation.

The time is coming very soon when the American city is to make a scientific study of the sale of dissipation. A start, indeed, has already been made. A reasonable regulation of the saloons, for example, as against the present hideous struggle for business, must be undertaken. But these matters will require long and patient consideration. In the meanwhile, there is one obvious thing which must be done. The money of dissipation must be taken out of city politics. American civilization is making progress, although slow, in excluding the money of corporations from its political life. It must take up this other problem at once.

A Stultified Civilization

There is only one way to do this — to change the machinery of government where it has been found lacking. Chicago has already made a start in this direction. It has just replaced the corrupt and archaic police magistrates' courts by a more modern institution. It has raised the cost of liquor licenses and taken a step in the right direction by restricting the number of saloons. It has increased the police force. It is securing new laws against the sale of cocaine. It is attempting to enforce more careful election laws. And now it is trying to get a new charter. It is to be hoped that provisions in this will improve conditions in Chicago, but from the present outlook this issue seems doubtful.

There are two main causes for the excessive crime in Chicago. The first is the saturation of the poorer classes with alcoholic liquor, by the agents of a business under a terrible economic pressure to produce

revenue. The time is coming in America and Europe when the important and delicate function of the distribution of intoxicants to city populations will be taken from these purely selfish interests which now hold it; when the reasonable safeguarding of the public, and not the necessities of private enterprises, operated under the stress of a wolfish competition, will be the main compelling motive in the conduct of this trade.

The second great cause of crime is the purchase of the right to break the law by the dealers in illegal dissipation,— that is, by the sellers of savagery. This is the chief reason for waves of crime in great cities. It is more immediately alarming than the unregulated sale of liquor: not only because every act committed under it impairs or breaks down our civilization; but because, indirectly, the purchase of authority — particularly of the police — rots society at its foundations and atrophies the power of dealing with crime of all descriptions.

It is the custom to call the tribute of illegal establishments to the police of great cities blackmail. This term is neither comprehensive nor accurate. The operation is merely one phase in the working out of the business of a great financial and political organization. Inroads have been made and will be made upon the influence of this organization by attacks on particular powers — as has been done in Chicago. Such attacks will probably not achieve final results.

The fact is, that under present conditions the financial interests of dissipation have more direct representation in the administration of the city government than the will of the people. In Chicago the dealer in vice reaches directly through the ward and county organizations into the police department. The citizen at large must act through a mayor politically indebted to the ward organization, who hands over bodily the function of enforcing the law — concerning which he himself is and must be to a large extent ignorant — to a political appointee at the head of the police department. With the simplification of the processes of city government; with the abolishing of the ward and the ward boss and the ward delegate in the nominating conventions; with the substitution of nominations and elections by the people,— not of the mayor, nor of the present machinery for the representation of special interests in city government, but of men to act as department heads, nominated directly, elected directly, and held directly responsible to the people,— the organization for the sale of dissipation in cities will lose its present control in city administration, and the people will gain it. At that time the will of the people — whatever it may be — will express itself in city government. There will be an end to the present grotesque and alarming spectacle of a civilization which is stultifying itself; of a society which enacts and desires to administer laws, but is unable to do so because of the control of its machinery by the huge financial interests which owe their very existence to the sale of savagery.

SISTER ANN'S LIONS

BY

FLOY SULZER BINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

SISTER ANN aroused the animals in the menagerie to an exhibition spirit by prodding me sharply with a long pole. I threw myself against the bars of the bull-pen and seized the corn-husk meat she threw within, but not with the ferocity pleasing to Ann.

"The trouble is, Patty, you've never been to a real circus," she said regretfully.

That supreme joy had fallen to Sister Ann a short time before our coming to visit Uncle Henry on his mountain ranch. It colored her dreams and shaped her days.

Before the advent of the circus, Ann's choice of occupations had long wavered between the delights offered a lady Indian fighter, and the thrills enjoyed by an aeronaut. Then the show flaunted its spangled banners, and now, at twelve, Sister Ann would be a circus queen. I was ten and had no ambitions.

"You can do it best, Sister Ann," I suggested.

Ann tried to squeeze through the small space between the upright poles with which Uncle Henry had divided the barn for a vicious bull; but failing, we were obliged to change places by running round through the doors.

Then I was shown the real thing. Ann plunged and growled and tore her feathery meat to fragments. She threw herself against the bars and showed all her sharp little white teeth with such terrifying intent that I stood appalled.

"O Sister Ann," I entreated, "let's play something else."

Sister Ann's features relaxed into their normal form. "Well, so long as it ain't dolls," she agreed. So we turned our attention elsewhere.

In the end of the log barn was a square window, fitted with a sliding door, which was called the "bear-window." At some early day it had been used to entrap a pig-stealing bear. We now raised the window and, to keep it up, inserted a peg with string attached, as Uncle Henry had shown us. Then I crawled through, and Ann pulled the string and sprang the trap. Soon I was in the midst of a severe course of bear-training. Suddenly Ann dropped my halter and, seizing what she called her snake-stick, made off, with flying curls.

Following her with my eyes, I saw on the mountain side, near the yard fence, an angry, fang-jawed head and an uplifted, buzzing

tail. Then Ann made a jab with her forked stick. I had learned my part; and following on with the ax, I shudderingly severed the loathsome head. The job must be neatly done, for Sister Ann wanted the rattlesnake skins for personal adornment.

"O Sister Ann," I wailed, "I wish you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what?" said Ann; and I said no more.

Aunt Emma came to the door as Ann dragged her headless captive into the yard.

"Now, Ann," she said, "I don't think your mother would like to have you hunt rattlesnakes."

"It's great fun," Ann answered evasively.

"But they will bite you," Aunt Emma insisted.

Ann looked contemptuously down at her still wiggling victim. "They always act as if they'd like to," she admitted, "but it's a pure waste of time, Aunt Emma." And I had faith it was so.

At dinner Aunt Emma looked grave. She had received word that one of her sister's children was dangerously ill. "I have been wondering," she began, "whether my two little guests could keep house for Uncle Henry if I should be gone a week?"

Ann was a wonderful cook, but her reputation had not preceded her.

"Meat, rare or well done?" said she. "And what is his favorite cake?"

Ann's finality of manner left no room for further discussion. Aunt Emma looked at Uncle Henry with a queer little twinkle in her eye.

"I think, Henry, I shall start right after dinner," she said.

Except for the meals, Aunt Emma's departure left but little for us children to do. Uncle Henry lived on his mountain ranch only a short time during the summer. He had already sent his cows to the valley, and there were now on the place only a few hens and a small flock of high-grade sheep — said to be the finest in Colorado — which he was herding on shares.

Left to Ann's generalship, every meal was a banquet, limited only by the resources of the pantry. She had promised Aunt Emma to leave all snakes in peace during her absence, so we spent our spare time playing circus and training our pet lambs,— at least, Ann trained hers; mine seemed too stupid.

Two days after Aunt Emma's departure a man rode up to the house to tell Uncle Henry that the Box-S outfit was rounding up steers. That ranch had none too good a reputation for respecting other people's brands, so the neighboring ranchers made a point of being present when the Box-S gathered cattle.

"from the attic window we saw a dark object crouched in the center of the corral"

Uncle Henry corralled the sheep early in the day and left us with the understanding that he would be back before night, or else send some one to stay with us and herd the sheep.

That night we sat up late, but no one came. We were farm-bred children and fortunately had no fear of the dark or of ghosts,— at least, Ann hadn't. The next morning we were still alone.

Sister Ann said she could herd sheep "as good as anybody"; and as we had an intelligent dog, there was no difficulty in taking the sheep out and corralling them again at night.

Before locking the doors that night, I called Shep, the dog, into the house for company. It must have been near morning when we were awakened by the dog's growling. We both sat up in bed and listened. Presently we heard the sheep stamping and then rushing wildly about the corral.

"I guess it's a coyote," I whispered to Sister Ann.

We crept out of bed and went to the window, but could see nothing, for around the corral was a tight board-fence, six feet high. Just then the sheep began to bleat.

"We can see from up-stairs," Ann suggested.

She lighted the lamp, and we went into the kitchen and climbed the ladder to the attic.

The moon shone brightly, and from the attic window we saw a dark object crouched in the center of the corral. As the flock rushed wildly around, crowding against the fence, the creature sprang into the midst of them, biting and striking right and left. When the sheep scattered, he had a lamb in his mouth and stood out plain in the moonlight, among those he had killed at a blow.

"O Sister Ann!" I gasped, chattering with fright, "it's a tiger, and he'll eat our lambs!"

"No, he won't," said Ann.

She threw up the window and violently shook her nightgown at the animal. "Get out of there!" she called. "Get out this instant, before I come down there with my Uncle Henry's gun!"

Whether it was from the noise she made and the light behind us, or whether the beast was satisfied, I do not know; but, with the lamb in his mouth, he crouched where he was and in one bound cleared the fence. That was the last we saw of him that night.

"At breakfast Sister Ann was thoughtful"

Ann went back to bed, loudly declaring it wasn't a tiger at all, "just nothing but an old mountain lion." But I do not believe either of us slept any more that night.

In the morning we let Shep remain out for a while before venturing forth ourselves. In the corral we found twelve sheep dead and dying. Even the black goat, Billy Butts, the leader of the flock, had a long gash down his flank, an injury which, however, he seemed not to mind.

At breakfast Sister Ann was thoughtful. We both knew in reason that Uncle Henry must think there was some one with us, and so we might be alone for a number of days. The nearest neighbor was eight miles away. We knew neither road nor direction.

The loss of the sheep would be a serious one to Uncle Henry, as he had contracted to return the original number. Inexperienced as I was, I thought the lion would return, and Ann was sure of it.

"It's just as easy as fallin' off a log," Sister Ann finally announced. "We'll put the flock in the barn."

After breakfast we dragged the dead sheep to the river and threw them in, Sister Ann saying she didn't want any lion-bait about her; besides, she reasoned, the ranchmen below might see the bodies and come and lend a hand. I never at any time heard Sister Ann admit that she needed protection.

We took the sheep out to graze, but we kept well within sight of the house and went only along the low, open ground beside the river.

Sister Ann brought out Uncle Henry's rifle and carried it about on her shoulder. When I timidly questioned her ability to shoot, she looked unutterable scorn. She said all you had to do was to "just pull the trigger" and hinted at renown gained with the rifle long before I was born. At that time I was glad to believe it, but I have since reflected that Ann must have been hitting bull's-eyes at the tender age of two years.

We drove the sheep home early. There was some difficulty in getting them into the barn. They could not all crowd in on one side; and, as there was no opening in the pole partition, we had to drive part of the flock around to the other door; but we finally accomplished it.

Then Sister Ann knocked some boards from the corral fence and nailed one across each door. She said that lion had all of Uncle Henry's sheep he was going to get, and she would nail up the house windows, too.

There was a ladder leading up to the barn loft, but it was too heavy for us to move. So we brought out a table and put a chair on top. I handed up the nails and kept looking at the side of the mountain back of the corral, where the lion had disappeared, while Sister Ann stood on the chair and nailed up the boards. She nailed up the attic windows on the inside, leaving plenty of room to see out.

The sun was still above the mountains when we took Shep into the house and locked the doors, but the boards on the

windows made the rooms so dark that we had to light a lamp.

After supper we dressed up in Aunt Emma's clothes,— that is, Sister Ann did. I just sat still and tried to hear what was going on outside, while Ann played piano on the kitchen table and sang very loud.

When it came bedtime, Sister Ann said it was really more healthful to sleep in the second story. So we dragged our bedding up the ladder into the attic, shut down the trap-door, and put two trunks on it.

It seemed as though I had just fallen asleep, when I was awakened by Ann nudging me. "He's out there," she whispered. "Let's go to the window and watch him."

Down-stairs Shep was growling.

We slipped out of bed, and I held tight hold of Sister Ann while we peeped from the window. Pretty soon we saw the lion padding softly round the barn. He was sniffing at the chinks and trying to put his paw through. When he came out into the moonlight, he stopped and looked around. We could see the tip of his tail curl and bend. Then he gave a terrible scream. We rushed and jumped into bed and covered up our heads.

"O Sister Ann," I sobbed, "why didn't you shoot him?"

"I will," she said, "if he fools 'round here much more."

We heard nothing more that night.

The next morning we let Shep remain out about an hour before we pried the boards from the barn doors.

"I wish that lion was a bear," I said.

"Why?" asked Sister Ann, straining vigorously at her pry.

"Sister Ann knocked some boards from the corral fence"

"Because we might catch him with the bear-window in the barn."

Sister Ann turned and looked at me. "I guess other things could get in that bear-window besides bears," she said.

Then she dropped her tools and stood looking at the bear-window for a long time, but she said nothing more.

We drove the sheep out to graze, Sister Ann taking Uncle Henry's rifle as before. She let me carry it for a time, but it hurt my shoulder, so I gave it back. Moreover, I had a warm sense of security in seeing Sister Ann struggle along under its weight. We kept even nearer the house than on the day before, and drove home earlier, Sister Ann saying she had a plan.

We put the flock into the corral and made Shep stay at the opening where Ann had knocked the boards off.

"I'm going to catch that lion," Sister Ann announced, as we walked toward the house.

"Oh, how can you!" I gasped. But in my innermost consciousness I had a vision of Sister Ann leading that lion about, tame as a kitten.

"Just you do what I tell you, and you'll see," Ann said airily.

We went into the parlor, which was a good-sized room, and stripped it bare of furniture and carpet. Then, to my amazement, Ann took the sheep from the corral and tried to drive them into the parlor. To do this, we had to take them across Aunt Emma's little garden in front of the house. In five minutes it was as bare as a floor. I never saw anything snip and chew so fast as those sheep; but we couldn't get them in the door. Finally Sister Ann coaxed Billy Butts in with sugar, and the rest followed. When the room was full of sheep, I closed the door, and Ann enticed Billy Butts on out through the kitchen, and had him lead the rest of the flock into the bull-pen in the barn.

Then Sister Ann nailed up both barn doors tighter than before.

When she stretched the clothes-line from the bear-window toward the attic window, which overlooked the barn, I began to understand her plan. The line was too short, however, and we pieced it out with the reins from an old harness. To keep it from dragging on the ground, we raised it over the branches of a small pine that stood near the barn. But even then the weight of the line kept pulling out the peg that held up the bear-window. Finally Ann tied the line with a stout string

to a branch of the tree. Then we went up into the attic to try how it would work.

Sister Ann was always dramatic, and managed to extract a triumph from every situation. She held up a warning finger while she peeped cautiously from the attic window.

"Now he's in!" she suddenly exclaimed, giving the line a violent jerk. The limb of the pine bent toward us, the peg flew out, and the window slipped down with a bang.

Sister Ann rolled her eyes at me in fine triumph. "See now?" she inquired tersely.

We went down and reset the trap. To a hungry lion looking through the bear-window, the sheep in the bull-pen were certainly a tempting sight.

"O Sister Ann," I cried, misgivings suddenly overcoming me, "let's don't do it! He'll break those poles and eat all the sheep, and then he'll get out and be so mad he'll eat us."

Sister Ann tossed her curls. "So you think that lion could eat *me* — you really do!"

Her smile of pitying indulgence had its effect. For a time, at least, I believed the lion wouldn't dare try it.

Before the sun went down, we again took Shep into the house and locked the doors. Sister Ann said every one knew that night air was not healthful, but she did not explain why she locked the doors so early. When I wanted to know how we should find out when the lion came, she said Shep would tell us.

"I handed up the nails"

Then Ann went to cooking. She used up all the condensed milk and all the eggs there were in the house. She kept me busy helping while she made the kind of cookies I liked best and the kind she liked best, and two kinds of cake besides. She said we were not to have any supper at all, but a banquet after we caught the lion; and she was sure he would be around early. She decided she would start a show of her own if we caught the lion and declared that as soon as possible she was going to a country where one could meet elephants and rhinoceroses and tigers, greatly deprecating the paucity of a land where little girls could meet nothing but "a few old mountain lions."

So instilled was I with Sister Ann's views, that I ventured to the window and peeped out through the cracks in the boards. But all was still, and the moon had not yet risen, so I went back to her side.

I think I must have been asleep with my head resting on the table, when I was awakened by Shep's growling. Sister Ann was standing very erect listening. I made a dive for her and seized her skirts. She turned the light low, and, while I still clung to her, we made our way up the ladder to the attic and looked out of the window.

The moon was just rising, and the barn was in shadow; but as my eyes became accustomed to the night, I saw the lion moving softly around the barn, nosing the cracks. As we looked, he seemed for the first time to see the bear-window. He crouched, regarding it fixedly; then he walked up to the window, rose on his hind legs, and looked in, smelling about the frame.

I could feel Sister Ann shaking violently, whether from fear or excitement I did not know. But the lion moved away and again went round the barn. When he came back, without a moment's hesitation he sprang upon the sill, poised a moment, then disappeared within.

Sister Ann seized the rope and pulled with all her might. We saw the window slide down, but for some reason it did not go evenly. One side remained a few inches above the sill. The moon now shone full upon the barn, and Sister Ann gave a kind of gasp as we saw the lion's paw thrust out through the opening. The window was pushed up a little; then the paw

was withdrawn, and the window slipped snugly into place.

"Well," said Sister Ann, "that was done better than I could have done it myself. Nothing like catching lions that have good sense."

She led the way down-stairs, turned up the light, stirred the fire, and proceeded to set the table. She did not seem to notice that I

Sister Ann and Shep

kept fast hold of her skirts and followed her every move.

From the barn came terrifying noises, but Sister Ann was not disturbed. Her conversation, however, proved only a monologue.

I did not pretend to eat of the feast, but just sat and looked at Sister Ann; and I think she did little more than crumble up her cookies.

"Just listen at him trying to get out," she said calmly. "Well, if he'd ask me, I could tell him he couldn't. Why, you just ought to see the way they keep 'em in circuses—behind little tiny bars no bigger than that!"

I didn't see what her comparison was, but I gathered from her tone that the bars were about the size of hat-pins.

I was just moving closer to Ann, when there came a scream that seemed to freeze my very blood. Ann sat still and listened. Then she went to the window and for a long time peered through the cracks of the boards.

"Well, I declare!" she said at last. "It's just too lovely for anything; there's another one!"

"O Sister Ann!" was all I could gasp.

"Of course, all lions have mates," said she approvingly. "Everybody knows that. If I could catch that one, too," she continued reflectively, "I believe I would be a lion-tamer. It's just as easy! All you have to do is to wear pink tights with spangles on, and have a whip; and you stand in the cage with your foot on their heads and bow when the people clap."

Ideas of lion-taming led to further reflections on the joys of a circus life, and, getting out her precious whip, Ann switched her skirts smartly and went prancing around the room, giving loud and cheery directions to her imaginary steed as he cleared, with a bound, banners and hoops. And I, to be near Ann, went capering after, though half the time tears were running down my cheeks. We kept this up until, when we crawled into bed, I dropped to sleep from sheer exhaustion.

In the morning all was quiet about the barn; but when we let Shep out, he barked so savagely we knew the lion was still there. After breakfast Sister Ann went near enough to look through a crack. She came hopping back on one foot and said he was beautiful. Then we sat for about an hour on the back steps, watching the barn. I knew Sister Ann was thinking hard, because she didn't talk much.

"Well, I guess I'll catch that other lion," she said presently, with the air she might have used in deciding to indulge in another waltz. "The sheep are not safe while he is free, and he'll just keep coming while the other one is here."

I did not ask a single question. I just followed into the house and helped take outdoors all the furniture that we had piled in the bedrooms, stripping the rooms bare. From a stack we fetched hay, heaping it round the empty rooms and throwing as much into the parlor as we thought the sheep would eat. After Ann had taken another peep into the barn, to see where the lion was, we went round and opened the door of the bull-pen.

The sheep were lying down as far from the partition as possible, quietly chewing their cud. In the farthest corner two lay dead, smothered, probably, by the flock piling up in the corner when the lion entered the barn.

We let the sheep out, and Sister Ann closed the door and nailed it up again. Billy Butts wanted to go out to graze; but by coaxing him with sugar, we got the sheep

into the bedrooms by way of the kitchen. Although they were pretty well crowded, they began to eat hay and seemed not to mind.

Then Sister Ann said she was going to go up in the barn loft and arrange to catch the other lion; and I could go along or stay in the house, just as I pleased. I decided I would rather be near her.

The loft was floored with good strong boards and was used by Aunt Emma as a store-room.

When we had climbed up, I took one frightened peep through the floor cracks. The lion was crouched in a corner, watching us with his wicked green eyes. He had torn off great splinters from the pole partition and from the logs, and his mouth and chest were flecked with bloody foam. It was a terrible sight, and I stood carefully in the center of a board.

Sister Ann showed no such timidity. She stamped tauntingly on the floor and, with her mouth to a crack, hurled forth her most scathing vocabulary. She invited her captive to reflect on the sin of stealing sheep, and to behold the fate of lions that "run up against her"; and she gave the soothing information that she was by no means through with him.

Notwithstanding all that, I stepped cautiously across the cracks when Ann went to open a place in the pole partition, so that she could get the lion into the bull-pen.

The poles protruded into the loft from one to two feet. To hold them at equal distance apart, inch boards had been nailed across the beams, between the poles. Sister Ann knelt on the floor and pried up six of these boards, letting the poles fall back to each side. She was pushing the last one back, when there came a crash against the pole and a ripping and tearing of Ann's dress from its belt. The lion had sprung and seized her skirt, which had hung through a crack.

I gave one shriek and sank down, gazing at Sister Ann in speechless horror.

She still held the pole, but her eyes were wide and fixed. For once, I am now inclined to think, I saw my sister paralyzed with terror. It was not for long, however.

"See here, Patty Brownlow," she cried, "you're gettin' me all mixed up by them squawks of yours. Haven't I told you this barn is a thousand million times stronger than circus cages? And just see what you've done!" Sister Ann was gazing below. "You've gone and scared him to death, when I meant to train him myself to jump through hoops."

Sinking on the floor, Ann sobbed hysterically.

I looked down through a crack with mingled feelings of remorse and astonishment. The lion was sprawled limp and motionless on the floor of the bull-pen. When he struck his head in springing for Ann's dress

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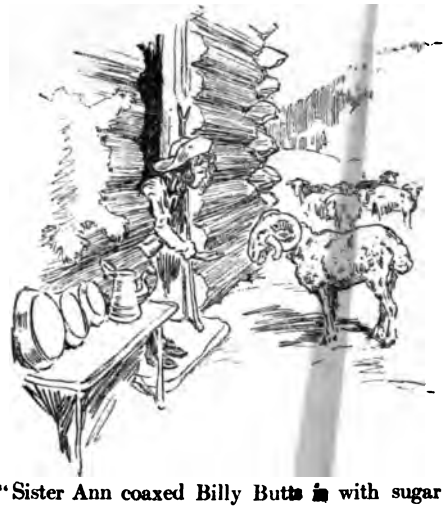


"Sister Ann coaxed Billy Butts in with sugar"

and the V-shaped opening she had made in the partition, or whether he injured himself before, we never knew. However, he lay, to all appearances, dead.

Sister Ann soon dried her tears and, with my help, nailed the boards back between the poles, closing the opening that she had made.

I was begging her not to go down and poke the body with a stick, as she declared she was going to do, when the lion stirred, slowly got upon his feet, walked over into a corner, and lay down. Sister Ann expressed such unbounded delight that I tried not to think how sorry I was to have him alive.

When we had securely fastened the loft door and crawled down the ladder, it was dinner time.

The sheep made lots of noise on the bare parlor and bedroom floors, and Sister Ann said she guessed they would have to be watered.

After dinner we went out and set the bear-window first. The lion was lying quietly in the corner of the bull-pen, where we had left him. Sister Ann said it made her ashamed to own such a lion as that.

We then put tubs in the rooms where the sheep were, and Ann said we would play Indian while we watered the sheep. I stood on a table at the corner of the house, where I could see up and down the valley and the mountain side, while she carried water from the river and poured it into the tubs. If I saw a suspicious movement of any kind, we were to run for the house.

"She invited her captive to reflect on the sin of stealing sheep, and to behold the fate of lions that 'run up against her'"

Every time Ann came up with a bucket of water, she would make faces at me until I nearly fell off the table from hysterical laughter. She had carried ever so many buckets and was dipping up another, when Shep began to growl. Ann dropped her bucket and ran toward me. I jumped from the table; and, with Shep at our heels, we rushed into the house, locked the door, hurried up into the attic, and looked out of the window.

It was not more than five o'clock, and the sun was shining brightly. At first we could see nothing. Then came a piercing scream from the mountain side. Following the direction of the sound with our eyes, we saw above the bushes a tawny head glaring down upon the ranch. Instantly there came an answering scream from the barn. The lion came bounding down the hill. He did not even pause at the sheep corral. As frightened as I was, I noticed the beautiful ease with which he took the six-foot fence, and then, crouching, cleared the other side in a flashing yellow curve. He made straight for the bull-pen side of the barn, which was out of our sight; but we could hear the lion on the inside biting and clawing the logs.

"That's the lady lion," said Ann breathlessly, a conviction which proved to be true. "*He* wouldn't be brave enough to come right in daylight."

Presently the lioness came creeping and crouching round the barn, her sinewy body twitching with fury. The open bear-window was before her. Without an instant's hesitation she sprang into the barn.

Sister Ann seized the line and jerked with all her might. The old rein must have been more rotten than we thought. The window had settled upon it, and it broke, the outer part dropping to the ground.

We looked in consternation at the bear-window. The lioness was crouched on the sill. If the window had fallen, it would have struck her on her back. We watched the creature come out, suspiciously regard the rope, and then go round the barn.

"Now, Patty Brownlow," Ann said severely, "when she goes in again, I'm going out and pull that rope. I can do it just as easy as anything. All you've got to do is to keep the door open and shut it tight the minute I get back."

I was long past remonstrating with Ann. We crept silently down-stairs. She made Shep lie down and threw a quilt over him to keep him quiet. Then she unlocked the door, softly opened it a tiny crack, and peeped out. Suddenly she threw the door back and dashed into the yard; and I knew the lioness had again entered the barn. As she stooped to grasp the rope, Ann tripped and plunged headlong. Numb with horror, I stood where I was, expecting to see her torn to pieces. But she fell on the rope where it rose from the ground to the tree branch. The weight of her body pulled the branch down,

and the peg was jerked out. I heard the impact of the lion's body against the window as it struck the sill.

Sister Ann was pale, but she walked into the house with a little swing of the body that gave a flaunt to her skirts, a sure sign of triumph. She even disdained to close the door immediately; and, ignoring the pandemonium that reigned in the barn, calmly got supper, chatting and singing by turns.

I know now that if she had shown the slightest symptoms of fright, I should have utterly collapsed. As it was, I could not eat a mouthful. When we went to bed, I dropped into the sleep of absolute exhaustion.

The following morning was the fourth of Uncle Henry's absence. With two lions on her hands, besides the sheep, Sister Ann decided to make an effort to get help. She nailed some empty condensed milk cans to broad pieces of boards, and in them set adrift on the creek this somewhat formal appeal:

DEAR SIR: — Two ladies are annoyed by lions at Mr. Henry Brownlow's ranch. You are cordially invited to be present.

Your obedient servants,
ANN AND PATRICIA BROWNLOW.

P. S. Please hurry.

This was as near an appeal for aid as Sister Ann's proud spirit could endure.

She was sending the last of these messages on their turbulent way, when I saw Aunt Emma on horseback, coming down the trail. I rushed to meet her, but could only sob and tremble in her arms. Ann came up on a hop, skip, and jump.

"Why, children, what *is* the matter?" Aunt Emma asked in alarm.

"Oh, we've just got some lions in the barn is all," Sister Ann explained composedly.

When Aunt Emma finally understood the situation, she took me on her lap, Ann climbed up behind her on the horse, and we started for the nearest neighbor. Over the first hill we met Uncle Henry. We all returned with him to the house, where we found the man he had sent to us. By some misunderstanding, the man had gone to Uncle Henry's valley ranch.

When the house was cleaned and arranged, Aunt Emma put me to bed, where I stayed for two days, while Sister Ann capered on her circus horse and audibly sighed to meet a real, true Bengal tiger.

Uncle Henry tried to sell the lions alive, but there was no buyer, though the whole country came to see them and incidentally to look at Ann. Finally an Englishman, who was hunting in the mountains, made arrangements to ship the lions to a London dealer in wild animals. The morning he was to do so, the lion died. He decided, however, to send the lioness, and a stout wooden cage was placed on a wagon and backed up to the bear-window. For a time all efforts to cage the beast were unavailing. She became wild with anger, chewing prods into splinters and striking savagely at their wielders.

Sister Ann wanted to be on the immediate scene of action, but we were limited to looking from the house windows. Even then I stayed close beside Aunt Emma, shivering at the terrifying sounds; but Ann leaned at perilous angles from the attic window, an advising spectator.

"Good land!" she called. "If she wants to fight so bad, why don't you put something in the cage for her to fight? She'll go right in."

"the open bear-window was before her"

In response to this advice, an old coat was dragged through the bear-window, and the day was won. Burlap sacks were then tacked over the cracks of the cage, and preparations were made to start for the railroad right after dinner.

I was sitting on the back step, watching a man hitch the horses to the wagon, when Sister Ann brushed by me and tripped up to the dead lion, where he had been dragged from the barn. She had on a short, spreading white skirt, and tights made from material that had originally been flour sacks. Faint

blue letters on her legs proclaimed that they were made by "roller-process" and were "best for biscuits." Ann had basted the flour-sack material on her legs and cut off the surplus, so her tights were somewhat wrinkled. Her arms were bare, her neck was adorned with Aunt Emma's watch-chain, her lips and cheeks were stained with choke-cherry juice, and two cock feathers waved above her flowing curls. She carried her precious whip and a bouquet of wild flowers. Lashing the dead lion smartly, Ann raised her foot to his head and struck a proud and graceful pose.

At that moment Uncle Henry and the Englishman came round the barn. They paused in astonishment.

"This is the little girl that trapped the lions," said Uncle Henry, looking hard above my sister's head.

"Fawncy now," said the Englishman, gazing at Ann.

A languishing smile parted Ann's cherry-stained lips. She pressed the bouquet to her heart and blew a kiss from her finger tips. Then she turned and started for the wagon on that skittish little lope seen only in the circus ring. The driver, who stood beside his team, was evidently acquainted with circus etiquette; for when Ann raised her foot, he gallantly extended his hand, and she vaulted lightly to the back of a horse.

"Why, Henry!" expostulated Aunt Emma from the door, with disapproving eyes on Ann.

"Oh, just to the top of the hill," Uncle Henry said indulgently. And with Ann's feathers waving, the "procession" started.

The wagon had almost reached the summit of the mountain, and was at the only really dangerous place in the road, when a sudden gust of wind flapped sharply forward a loose end of the sack covering of the cage. It must also have carried a strong scent of the lion, for the steady-going team snorted, swerved suddenly, and crowded up the steep side of the mountain. Ann seized the points of the hames and held her seat, but the wagon was turned on its side, and the heavy cage went crashing down the steep mountain side. The boards were shattered, and I saw the lioness, apparently unhurt, flash away amongst the undergrowth,— the last seen of her.

Sister Ann came flying down the road, her circus manners forgotten.

"Did you see?" she panted. "Well, I'm just glad that lion is free — she is such a splendid fighter!"

THE DICE

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WHO KNEW," "THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM A DRAWING BY W. T. BENDA

THROUGHOUT the brief afternoon, from the time that the troops opened fire on the people till the cold night of Russian winter smothered the fighting, Pavel had nurtured a fanatic enthusiasm. He was of the fair breed that is by instinct law-abiding, a youth of the slow Gothic stem, long-suffering and thorough, and it needed the barricades in the streets, the doors torn out, the sledges overturned, the songs and the shouting, to fire him to the point of fighting against the livery of authority. The taint of rebellion that ran like a quick flame through the universities of Russia had furnished him only with a creed and a bundle of phrases; it needed action to inform him with faith.

He stood, panting and blinking, at the mouth of an alley, into which he had been forced when a sally of Cossacks drove a lane through the mob. He was realizing the day's work, driving his dazed brain back to its normal processes. His right hand was tingling, and he peered at it in the shadow of the alley: the crutch of it was black and burned with the back-spit of his cheap revolver. Half the buttons were gone from his student's uniform, and his cap was missing, too. He laughed, suddenly, at the contrast of his small troubles with those of the men and women whose bodies lay at that moment huddled about the streets. There were some not a dozen feet from him — the Cossacks had passed that way, and the dragoons, slashing feverishly at a mob which, for once, fought back. There had been some saddles emptied, Pavel remembered, with a return of exultation; he had seen one officer's fair head very clearly over the sights of his revolver, and it had been a good, thrilling, clean shot.

It was at this moment that he heard the voice, whining with a querulous note, very like the whimper of a chained dog. It came from among those still citizens who lay in the road, stark black against the snow. Pavel reconnoitred. From a far quarter beyond the houses there was yet the noise of war, the distant clatter of shod hoofs on cobbles, shots and screams, but this road was clear. He adjusted his revolver in his side pocket, to be handy if he needed it, and moved over towards the voice. He stepped gingerly over a dead woman, who sprawled with hands that clutched at the snow, and found his man. It was very dark, for the street lamps were all broken, and at first he could only see that the man, throttling his groans to a whine, was struggling to rise on his elbow. Dead bodies were all around.

"Have courage, brother," said Pavel, kneeling beside him.

The wounded man gasped an oath and fell back on the snow.

It was some quality in the voice, perhaps, or possibly a mere precaution, that drove the student to lean closer and look well. He made out a white, aquiline face, no older than his own, but it was not this that held him. The shoulder-straps on the long coat were of heavy gold; a broad scabbard was slung from the belt. It was a soldier, this groaner; more, it was an officer. Pavel started back sharply, divided between instinctive terror and honest hatred. He could never have told which was the stronger. He was staring dumbly at the man on the ground, and then he realized, with another start and a strange shrinking, that the man was smiling.

"I cannot hurt you," he heard, in a voice which still ran chill with easy contempt. "Just now I am harmless. So have courage yourself."

It tailed off into a groan. Pavel could see well enough now, and he watched the handsome face knit in a spasm of agony.

"Where are you hit?" he asked, as he began to recover himself.

"Neck," snapped the other. It was odd to note the sharp irritation that armed the weak voice — like the threshing of a boxed snake.

"Get a doctor," he continued, "or go and tell my sergeant. I shall die if I lie here."

Pavel was squatting back on his heels, and he shook his head decisively.

"No," he said calmly. "I will help you if I can do it at no danger to myself, but I will not show myself to-night either to a doctor or your sergeant. Do you not see I am — I am ——"

"Ah, you are one of them!" The young officer turned his head with an effort and looked up at him. "Perhaps it was you that shot me, eh?"

Pavel nodded. "Perhaps," he answered.

"Well," said the other, "if you leave me here as I am, you will have killed me — and not in open fight. Does that appeal to you at all? It will be a murder. But possibly you do not draw the line at murder? You gentlemen of the barricades are not troubled with scruples, I believe."

"Now, look here," said Pavel. "When you call us murderers, you lie. If you think that men who see the light ——"

The other interrupted acidly.

"Oh, look round you, man," he cried, feebly, but with spirit enough. Pavel stared, but there was compulsion in the mere tone, and he looked about uncomprehendingly. There was nought but the naked snow on the empty street, the dark houses, and the unresentful bodies of the dead.

"Well?" demanded the wounded man, "is this a theatre for your speechifying? Can you do nothing but babble on such a night as this? By the Lord, I don't wonder some of you are hard to convince. Such a stupidity! Oh, my neck!"

He groaned frankly, withholding none of the torment that racked him, and his extremity stirred Pavel to aid. His head was clear enough; he would not invite scorn with talk. He could do something to serve the moment's need.

"Listen!" he said. "You can have no doctor, or I should hang to-morrow. Don't trouble to offer your word; I shouldn't take it. But I can take you to a room and a bed, if you wish. What comes after must arrange itself. The alternative is to lie here — and freeze. Which will you have?"

"How will you take me?" asked the officer.

Pavel rose to his feet and bent over him. "Like this," he replied, and lifted him easily. The wounded man bit on a cry of pain, and suddenly his slender body became limp in the student's arms. He had fainted.

It was not far to the room. None accosted them on the way; the dead and the maimed were commonplaces of the street in those days, and, for certain reasons of which Pavel was aware, the door of the house was unwatched by a dvornik. He laid his burden on the bed and dragged off his boots; as he got ready the brandy to restore him, he took a good look at his captive.

The wounded man was very young; Pavel saw his boyishness with a wise pity, not reflecting that he himself lacked a month or two of twenty-one. He wore the uniform of an officer of dragoons, beautifully laced, and his spurs were obvious silver. There was a foppishness in the tunic's cut that somehow was not ridiculous. The clear-cut young face, obtruding caste and high breeding in every line, was such that luxury seemed appropriate to its setting. As the brandy stung his throat, the eyes opened; he came from his swoon to all his faculties at one step. He surveyed the poor little room, with its coarse furnishings lonely amid its bareness, with a kind of complacent amusement.

"Whose room is this?" he asked presently.

Pavel put the brandy on the table and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"It was the room of one Stepan Duraf," he replied. "He was cut down by your dragoons this afternoon, so none will know that you lie in his bed."

"But the dvornik?" asked the officer. For a dvornik watches every door in Russia; he is the policeman on each threshold.

"The dvornik also died," explained Pavel. "Stepan shot him at two o'clock. So you see, I am safe."

The wounded man smiled. "I suppose you won't tell me your name?" he suggested.

"Naturally not," answered the student. "I am taking risks enough as it is. What is yours?"

"If you will get my cigarette case out, there are cards in it." Pavel complied.

THE DICE

"Thanks," continued the other. "Here you are, then."

Pavel carried the pasteboard over to the lamp. "Prince Constantine Obrievitch," he read aloud. He looked over to the officer. "I never met a Prince before," he said simply.

The Prince laughed. "The introduction is not complete," he said. "It is one-sided. It is like being presented to a royalty. You hear your own name but never that of the High Mightiness. You might be the Tsar. And, do you know, I think my wound is thawed. It's bleeding."

Pavel came over to him quickly. "If I were the Tsar, I suppose you'd simply have to bleed," he said. "As it is, I can probably do something."

He worked with bandages over the hideous wound in the neck, while the Prince groaned and strove to still his shuddering.

"Nasty place to be hit — the neck," he said faintly, when the thing was done. "There are all kinds of arteries in it, and such things, and the bullet's still there, somewhere. I say," he continued, in a tone of anxiety and remonstrance, "couldn't you manage to get a doctor here, somehow?"

Pavel shook his head. "You ask too much," he said. "You don't understand the matter. You're a Prince, and walk where you please. I'm not."

He was fumbling in a little cupboard as he spoke, and now he turned with some black bread in his hand.

"This should have been Stepan's supper," he remarked. "It will serve for us. Stepan would never have grudged it; he was a good sort. Will you have some?"

The Prince refused. "Well," said Pavel, "I will, at any rate. This and the brandy and a dice-box — there was nothing else in the cupboard."

He sat down on the bed again and commenced to eat.

"Dice?" queried the Prince.

"Yes," said Pavel. "Stepan was fond of the dice. Last night he threw three casts, his left hand against his right, for the dvornik's life. The right hand won. Thus he shifted his responsibility."

He went on eating. The Prince watched him, and a sparkle, as of hope or fun or malice, lit his eyes.

"You think the responsibility was really shifted?" he asked at length.

"Why not?" said Pavel. "Here was a life at stake, and God looking on. Do sparrows fall by chance? Why, then, should the dice or the dvornik fall fortuitously?"

"Well," said the Prince deliberately, "I will play you for my life. Your responsibility is not less than your friend's. Do you also shift it."

Pavel ceased eating. "I don't understand you," he said.

"Look at it sensibly," urged the Prince. His voice was already stronger. "I am shot in an ugly place, and I think I am going to die of it. At this moment, I am all athrill with a fever. The bullet is lodged inside, in a nest of vital parts; it needs a doctor to pull me through; it needs a doctor *now*. It may be that I ought to die — that I belong where you and your fellows have tried to send me. And then, it is as likely that you are wrong. Who is to judge? Will you take such an authority?"

Pavel heard him in a grave silence, and, as he stopped, nodded. "I see," he said. "What is to be the arrangement?"

"This," answered the Prince, with a slow flush of excitement reddening his face. "Three throws apiece, aces to count as seven each. If I win, you go out at once and bring me either a doctor or my sergeant. If I lose, you do as you please — stay here and let things take care of themselves. Fetch the dice and throw first."

Pavel sat for some seconds in thought. "It is fair," he said, and brought the dice-box. He placed it on the pillow while he wheeled the table to the bedside, and then propped the Prince's shoulders with a folded coat so that he might see the results.

He took the box, rattled it, and, with an expert turn of the wrist, strewed the three bone cubes forth. Five, five, six — sixteen in all. He pushed the six aside and collected the two fives into the box. Again he threw, and the Prince craned in his bandages, "What is it? What is it?" he was crying.

Pavel pushed the cubes nearer to him with his forefinger. A six again and a four. The student picked up the four for the final cast and threw at once. A six again — eighteen in all.

"That will be hard to beat," said the Prince, in a voice of dead calm. "You must throw for me, my friend. This leaning forward hurts me."

Pavel threw, and two sixes and a deuce were the result.

"Leave the sixes," said the Prince, and Pavel threw again with one dice. It was scarcely better — a trey.

"What shall I pick up for the last throw?" he asked. He was quite calm; this was a thing he understood.

"Pick them all up," commanded the Prince. "Throw them all; let the luck speak at the top of its voice or not at all. Throw me three aces."

Pavel swept up the cubes, rattled them well, and spilled them out on the table. The Prince was lying back looking at the ceiling, and Pavel stood without speaking.

"What is it?" asked the wounded man at last.

"Three aces," said Pavel quietly, "and I hang."

He turned to the door at once, and the Prince lay watching him as he went, with a face of calm, unemotional interest. His heavy feet descended the stairs, and once they hesitated; the Prince, listening, smiled. But they went on.

Pavel walked steadily through the still streets, tracking the troops by ear. He found the dragoons bivouacked about their fires in the square before the Governor's palace, asked for the sergeant, delivered his message, and was then arrested. He was held for an hour or two among the soldiers, who offered him vodka and stared not unkindly at this live enemy. Then, when the guard was changed, he was marched off and regularly lodged in the gaol. He had company enough there, for the net had been filled to bursting, and the great stone corridors were crowded with men from whom the fever of rebellion had leaked forth, giving place to the anguish of fear and repentance.

"Where did they catch you?" he was asked as he was thrust in among them.

"In the company of Prince Constantine Obrievitch," he answered.

"The gambler?" queried some one; "the young man who lost a million roubles in two nights?"

"I believe so," said Pavel. "In fact, I feel sure of it. But his luck has changed."

He abode in the gaol for twelve weeks. He learned what only a Russian gaol in time of trouble can teach — and that is not to be written in a story. From time to time, batches of the prisoners were taken away; they had been tried in their absence, sentenced behind their backs, and had now to face the music. None came back. Pavel had little curiosity about his own fate; he knew he should achieve it soon enough. There were dice in the prison, and he played day and night till he lost his boots and had nothing further to stake. Then one day a warder thrust in a head and called him by name.

"Only one," wondered the others. "What is the idea? Are they going to burn men alive that they call them one at a time?"

Pavel was led across the courtyard, and as he went he looked hard at the sky. But there was no platoon awaiting him, no gallows black against the snow-clouds. He was conducted into the Governor's room, and there, sitting limp in a chair, but smart and imperturbable yet, was Prince Constantine.

The Prince nodded to him. "They dug it out, you see," he said. "You were not a minute too soon. I don't know why, seeing it was fair play, but I have been feeling sorry for you."

"I have been wondering how you were," said Pavel.

The Prince smiled. "More," he went on, "I have done what I could for you. You know your sentence is to the mines?"

"I didn't know," said Pavel. He paled at the thought of it.

"Yes," continued the other. "The mines, but I didn't like the idea. I have not much influence in these matters, but I have so arranged it that you will not go to the mines. You will be shot. It's not so bad, is it? And you certainly paid up like a gentleman."

Pavel bowed to him. "Thank you," he answered heartily. "Thank you. You certainly win like a gentleman."

The Prince rose carefully from his chair and held out his hand.

"We are well matched for a game," he said. "Good-bye, and better luck next time."

Pavel grinned. He saw the joke, and took the hand cordially.

The home of Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby, at Albion, Maine, where Mrs. Patterson visited in 1864. It was while Mrs. Patterson was here that she acted as medium for the spirit of her dead brother, Albert Baker

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

IV

SIX YEARS OF WANDERING

ALTHOUGH after Mrs. Eddy's second visit to Quimby in the early part of 1864 she always desired to teach his doctrines and could think and talk of little else, it was not until 1870 that she was able regularly to establish herself as a teacher of metaphysical healing. The six years intervening are important chiefly as the period of Mrs. Eddy's novitiate. During that time she drifted from one to another of half a dozen little towns about Boston; but amid all vicissitudes one thing remained fixed and constant,— her conviction that she was the person destined to teach and popularize Quimbyism.

Mrs. Patterson's long visit at the home of Mrs. Sarah Crosby, at Albion, Maine, has already been referred to in the second article

of this series. She went to Mrs. Crosby's house in May, 1864, remaining there most of the summer and leaving in the early autumn. She then rejoined her husband, Dr. Patterson, at Lynn, Massachusetts, where the Doctor had begun to practise and had taken an office at 76 Union Street. In the Lynn *Weekly Reporter*, of June 11, 1864, the following advertisement appears for the first time:

DENTAL NOTICE

DR. D. PATTERSON

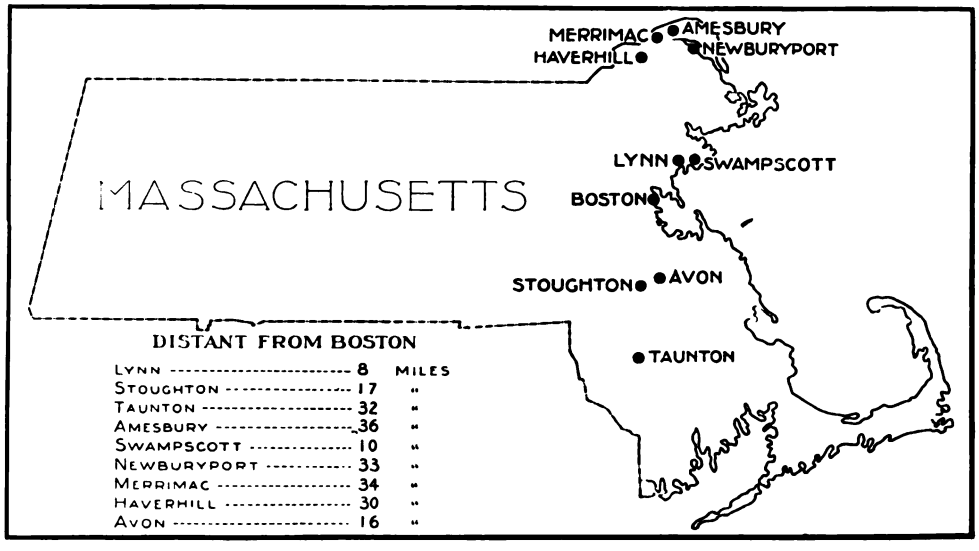
Would respectfully announce to the public that he has returned to Lynn, and opened an office in B. F. & G. N. Spinney's new building, on Union St., between the Central Depot & Sagamore Hotel, where he will be happy to greet the friends and patrons secured last year while in the offices of Drs. Davis and How, and now he hopes to secure the patronage of "all the rest of mankind" by the exhibition of that skill which close study and many years of first-class and widely-extended practice enable him to bring to the aid of the suffering. He is aware that he has to compete with able practitioners, but yet offers his services fearlessly, knowing that competition is the real stimulus to success, and trusting to his ability to please all who need Teeth filled, extracted or new sets. He was the first to introduce LAUGHING GAS in Lynn for Dental purposes and has had excellent success with it. Terms lower than anywhere else for the same quality of work.

Dr. Patterson and his wife first boarded at 42 Silsbee Street, where they remained for some months, afterward moving to the house of O. A. Durall, in Buffum Street.

The Pattersons' Life in Lynn — Dr. Patterson's Desertion of His Wife

The Doctor's dental practice in Lynn was fairly good, and people liked him for a bluff, jovial fellow, none too clever, but honest and kind of heart. Both he and his wife were at this time prominent members of the Linwood Lodge of Good Templars, at Lynn, and old members of the Lodge remember the active part which Mrs. Patterson took in their meetings. She was often called upon to read, or to speak on matters under discussion, and was always ready to do so. Her remarks never failed to command attention, and the Good Templars of Lynn considered her "smart but queer." Members of the Lodge who are still living say that she discussed Quimbyism whenever she found opportunity to do so, and, although they were considerably amused by her extravagant metaphors and could make nothing of her "philosophy," they had no doubt that it was very profound and recondite. It was when she was returning from one of these Good Templar meetings, February 1, 1866, that Mrs. Patterson had the fall, from the effects of which she says she was miraculously healed. She, with a party of fellow Templars, was passing the corner of Oxford and Market Streets, when she slipped upon the icy sidewalk and

Map showing the towns about Boston in which Mrs. Eddy lived or visited during her wander years, 1864-1870



MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY

From a tintype given to Lucy Wentworth in Stoughton, 1870

fell. She was carried into the house of Samuel Bubier, where Dr. Cushing attended her, and the next day, at her urgent request, she was moved to the house on the Swampscott Road, where she and her husband were then boarding. It was on the following day, according to Mrs. Eddy's account, that she received her revelation, and in this house Christian Science was born.* In the following spring the Pattersons took a room in the house of P. R. Russell, at the corner of Pearl and High Streets, Lynn. Here, after about two months, Dr. Patterson finally left his wife, and they never lived together after this time. In referring to her husband's desertion of her, Mrs. Eddy says:

*In 1862 my name was Patterson; my husband, Dr. Patterson, a distinguished dentist. After our marriage I was confined to my bed with a severe illness, and seldom left bed or room for seven years, when I was taken to Dr. Quimby, and partially restored. I returned home, hoping once more to make that home happy, but only returned to a new agony,—to find my husband had eloped with a married woman from one of the wealthy families of that city, leaving no trace save his last letter to us, wherein he wrote "I hope some time to be worthy of so good a wife."†

* For a detailed account of this accident, see McCLURE'S for March.

* Letter to the *Boston Post*, March 7, 1883.

† From Mrs. Eddy's vague statement it is impossible to tell whether by "that city" she means Sanbornton Bridge, where she returned after her first visit to Quimby, or Lynn, where she joined her husband after her second visit. Neither at Lynn nor

After leaving his wife, Dr. Patterson went to Littleton, New Hampshire, where he practised for some years. Afterward he led a roving life, wandering from town to town, until he at last went back to the home of his boyhood, at Saco, Maine, where he secluded himself and lived the life of a hermit until his death in 1896.

Troubles Which Culminated in the Separation of the Pattersons

From the traditions which abound in all the places where the Pattersons lived, it is evident that, from the beginning, their marriage was an unfortunate one. Although Dr. Patterson seems to have been untiring in service, and to have placed his robust physical strength very manfully at the will of his invalid wife, something in his rather coarse geniality must greatly have irritated the hysterical, self-centered woman, whose first demand was to be taken seriously. In North Groton, where they lived for seven years, there are many legends of Mrs. Patterson's impatient outbreaks against her husband and of her heavy demands upon him.

When the Pattersons were boarding with Mrs. John Herbert, at Rumney Station, Dr. Patterson usually carried his wife downstairs to her meals and then bore her up to her room again. When he was away from home, practising his profession in near-by towns, she was able to move about and wait upon herself; but, on the Doctor's return, she usually relapsed into utter helplessness.

Old inhabitants of Rumney and North Groton still remember the long ride which a neighbor made for Mrs. Patterson one stormy night. They were then living at North Groton, and the Doctor was away from home, attending to his practice in Franklin. One Sunday in March, Mrs. Patterson fell into a state of deep depression which ended in hysterics. She sent for a neighbor and, declaring that she would certainly die before morning, implored him to go for her husband. Franklin was thirty miles distant, and the roads, at that season of the year, were well-nigh impassable. The good man, however, moved by the entreaties of the dying wife, harnessed his horses and set out for Franklin. He drove late into the night, only stopping to change horses at Bristol, his own having become exhausted. When he returned next day, bringing Dr. Patterson with him, he found Mrs. Patterson sitting in her chair, serene and cheerful, having apparently forgotten her indisposition of the night before. Many years afterward, upon the occasion of

The house on the Swampscott Road, where Mrs. Patterson was boarding when she met with the accident from the effects of which she says she was miraculously healed. She was brought here the day after her fall. On the following day her revelation came to her, and in this house Christian Science was born

Sanbornton Bridge do the people who knew the Pattersons recall any such elopement on Dr. Patterson's part. P. R. Russell, in whose house the Pattersons were living when the Doctor deserted his wife, says in his affidavit:

"While they were living at my house, Dr. Patterson went away and did not return. I do not know the cause of his going. I never heard that he eloped with any woman, and I never heard Mrs. Patterson say that he had eloped with any woman. Mrs. Patterson never said anything whatever to me on the subject of her husband's departure. I never heard anything against Dr. Patterson's character either then or since."

MR. PHILAMON R. RUSSELL

Mrs. Eddy was rooming in Mr. Russell's house when her second husband, Dr. Patterson, deserted her

MRS. JULIA RUSSELL WALCOTT

Sister of P. R. Russell. Mrs. Walcott is now a resident of Cliftondale, Mass., and extracts from her affidavit are quoted in this article. — See page 613

the dedication of the Christian Science church in Concord, Hew Hampshire, July 16, 1904, a North Groton correspondent, under the head "Time Makes Changes," wrote in the Plymouth *Record:*

With the announcement of the dedication of the Christian Science Church at Concord, the gift of Mary Baker Glover Patterson Eddy, the thoughts of many of the older residents have turned back to the time when Mrs. Eddy, as the wife of Daniel Patterson, lived in this place. These people remember the woman at that time as one who carried herself above her fellows. With no stretch of the imagination they remember her ungovernable temper and hysterical ways, and particularly well do they remember the night ride of one of the citizens who went for her husband to calm her in one of her unreasonable moods. The Mrs. Eddy of to-day is not the Mrs. Patterson of then, for this is a sort of Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll case, and the woman is now credited with many charitable and kindly acts.

Unreasonable and irascible as she sometimes must have been, Mrs. Patterson was not incapable of gentler sentiments. When Dr. Patterson was captured by the Confederates, she wrote to Dr. Quimby that she was prostrated by the shock, and during his confinement in a Southern prison she published (June 20, 1862), the following poem, the last stanza of which is slightly reminiscent of certain lines in Lord Byron's poem to a more celebrated captive, the patriot Bonnivard:

TO A BIRD FLYING SOUTHWARD

By Mary A. Patterson

Alas! sweet bird, of fond ones reft,
Alone in Northern climes thus left,
To seek in vain through airy space
Some fellow-warbler's resting place;
And find upon the hoarse wind's song —
No welcome note is borne along.

Then wildly through the skies of blue,
To spread thy wings of dappled hue,
As if forsooth this frozen zone
Could yield one joy for bliss that's flown;
While sunward as thine eager flight,
That glance is fixed on visions bright.

And grief may nestle in that breast,
Some vulture may have robbed its rest,
But guileless as thou art, sweet thing,
With melting melody thou'lt sing;
The vulture's scream your nerves unstrung,
But, birdie, 'twas a *woman's tongue.*

I, too, would join thy sky-bound flight,
To orange groves and mellow light,
And soar from earth to loftier doom,
And light on flowers with sweet perfume,
And wake a genial, happy lay —
Where hearts are kind and earth so gay.

Oh! to the *captive's* cell I'd sing
A song of hope — and *freedom* bring —
An olive leaf I'd quick let fall,
And lift our country's blackened pall;
Then homeward seek my frigid zone,
More chilling to the heart *alone*.

* Lone as a solitary star,
Lone as a vacant sepulchre,
Yet not alone! my Father's call —
Who marks the sparrow in her fall —
Attunes my ear to joys elate,
The joys I'll sing at Heaven's gate.

Rumney, June 20, 1862.

Mrs. Patterson Faces the World Alone

Bitter experience awaited Mrs. Patterson after her husband's desertion. Although they had paid but $1.50 a week for their room in Mr. Russell's house, she was unable to pay even this small rental, and within a month after she was left alone, she was served with eviction papers and dispossessed of her room. Mr. Russell says that the matter of the rent was merely a pretext. He wished Mrs. Patterson to go because his wife, who had greatly admired her when she first came into the house, soon declared that she could not endure Mrs. Patterson's remaining there. His father, Rev. P. R. Russell, also strongly objected to Mrs. Patterson's presence.

The month of August, or a part of it, Mrs. Patterson spent with Mrs. Clark, in Summer Street, Lynn, and it was there that Dr. Cushing treated her for a severe cough. She next stayed with Mrs. Armenius Newhall, but soon afterward left the house, at Mrs. Newhall's request.

Mrs. James Wheeler of Swampscott, in her own town known as "Mother" Wheeler from her gentle qualities and her eagerness to help and comfort every one, then, although her family protested, offered Mrs. Patterson a shelter.

At the Wheelers', as elsewhere, Mrs. Patterson talked continually of Quimby and declared that it was the ambition of her life to publish his notes on mental healing. Mrs. Julia Russell Walcott, a sister of Mrs. Patterson's former landlord and an intimate friend of Mrs. Wheeler, says in her affidavit:

* Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," when relating how the bird perched and sang upon the grating of his donjon, exclaims:

"I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud. —" etc.

Mrs. Patterson was the means of creating discord in the Wheeler family. She was unkind in her language to and treatment of Mrs. James Wheeler, at the same time exacting extra personal service and attention to her daily wants.

One morning I sat in the parlor at the Wheeler house when Mrs. Patterson came down to breakfast. The family breakfast was over, but Mrs. Wheeler, according to her usual custom, had prepared a late breakfast for Mrs. Patterson. Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Patterson, and myself were alone in the house. I had come in late the previous evening and Mrs. Patterson did not know of my

MRS. JAMES WHEELER

Of Swampscott, Mass., in whose house Mrs. Edd, lived for some months

presence in the house. She entered the breakfast room from the hall, and began at once, and without any apparent cause, to talk to Mrs. Wheeler in a most abusive manner, using violent and insulting language.

I immediately went into the breakfast room and commanded her to stop, which she did at once. I indignantly rebuked Mrs. Patterson and informed her that I should tell Mrs. Wheeler's family of her conduct.

Mrs. Wheeler did not respond to Mrs. Patterson. To me she said, "Thank God, Julia, that you were here, this time. I have often borne this."

Mrs. Patterson was, soon after this, requested to leave the Wheeler house, and did so. Mrs. Wheeler received nothing in payment for Mrs. Patterson's board. When Mrs. Wheeler asked Mrs. Patterson for a settlement, Mrs. Patterson replied to the effect that she had "treated" a wounded finger for Mr. Wheeler and that this

service was equivalent to what she had received from Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler in board, lodging, etc.

Upon leaving the Wheelers Mrs. Patterson took refuge with the Ellis family. Mrs. Mary Ellis lived at Elm Cottage, Swampscott, with her unmarried son, Fred Ellis, master of a boys' school in Boston. Both she and her son were cultivated persons, and they felt a certain sympathy with Mrs. Patterson's literary labors, which never ceased. Wherever she went, Mrs. Patterson was preceded by the legend that she was writing a

TO THE SICK.

DR. H. S. CRAFTS,

Would say unhesitatingly, *I can cure you*, and have never failed to cure Consumption, Catarrh, Scrofula, Dyspepsia and Rheumatism, with many other forms of disease and weakness, in which I am especially successful. If you give me a fair trial and are not helped, I will refund your money.

The following certificate is from a lady in this city, Mrs. Raymond:—

H. S. CRAFTS, Office 80, Main street:

In giving to the public a statement of my peculiar case, I am actuated by a motive to point out the way to others of relief from their sufferings. About 12 years since I had an internal abscess, that not only threatened to destroy my life at that time, but which has ever since continued to affect me in some form or another internally, making life well nigh a burden to bear. I have consulted many physicians, all of whom have failed to relieve me of this suffering, and in this condition, while growing worse year by year, about three weeks ago I applied to Dr. H. S. Crafts, who, to my own, and the utter astonishment of my friends, has, in this incredibly short time, without medicines or painful applications, cured me of this chronic malady. In conclusion, I can only quote the words of a patient who was healed by his method of cure: "I am convinced he is a skillful Physician, whose cures are not the result of accident." I reside in Taunton, at Weir street Railroad Crossing.

ABIGAIL RAYMOND.

Taunton, May 13, 1867.—my14-dT&S&w1m

An advertisement of Hiram S. Crafts, which appeared in a Taunton newspaper, May 13, 1867. Mr. Crafts had moved from East Stoughton to Taunton, taking his wife and Mrs. Eddy with him

book. During the time which she spent with Mrs. Ellis, she remained in her room the greater part of each day, working upon the manuscript which eight years later was to be published under the title, "Science and Health." In the evening she often joined Mr. Ellis and his mother down-stairs and read them what she had written during the day, telling them of Dr. Quimby and his theories of mind and matter, and explaining how she meant to develop them.

Hiram Crafts Studies the Quimby Method Under Mrs. Patterson. Her First Pupil to go into Practice

In the winter of 1866-67 Mrs. Patterson met Hiram Crafts at a boarding-house in Lynn. Crafts was a shoe-worker of East Stoughton, who had come to Lynn to work in a shoe factory there for the winter. Mrs. Patterson tried to interest every one she met in Quimby's theories and saw in the serious shoemaker a prospective pupil. What she told Crafts of this new system of doctoring appealed to him strongly; he was a Spiritualist and was deeply interested in psychic phenomena. After he returned home, he sent for Mrs. Patterson to come to East Stoughton and teach him. She joined the Crafts, accordingly, in the early part of 1867 and lived for some months in their home at East Stoughton — now Avon — instructing Mr. Crafts in the Quimby method of healing. Early in the spring Crafts went to Taunton, taking his wife and Mrs. Patterson with him, and opened an office. He was the first of Mrs. Eddy's students to go into practice. His advertisement in a Taunton paper is reproduced herewith. Mrs. Patterson did not practise herself, but remained with the family to teach and advise Crafts. Concerning Mrs. Patterson and her relation to the Crafts, Ira Holmes, brother of Mrs. Crafts, makes the following affidavit:*

IRA HOLMES, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

"I am 76 years of age. I reside in Stoughton, Massachusetts. I first met Mrs. Mary Patterson, now known as Mary Baker G. Eddy, of Concord, New Hampshire, in the year 1867. She was then living at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram S. Crafts in East Stoughton, which is now called Avon. Mrs. Hiram S. Crafts is my sister, and Hiram S. Crafts is a brother of my wife, Mrs. Ira Holmes. The two families were, therefore, intimately connected, and I was acquainted with what occurred in the Crafts home.

"Hiram Crafts and his wife, Mary Crafts, told me that they first met Mary Patterson in a boarding house in Lynn, Mass., where Hiram and Mary Crafts lived temporarily while Hiram Crafts was working in a Lynn shoe manufactory. Mr. and Mrs. Crafts were Spiritualists, and they have told me that Mrs. Patterson represented to them that she had learned a 'science' that was a step in advance of Spiritualism. She wished to teach this science to Hiram Crafts, and after Mr. and Mrs. Crafts had returned from Lynn to their home in East Stoughton, Massachusetts, Mrs. Patterson came to their

[illegible] Crafts and [illegible] wife is now living with a [illegible] Boston, Mass.

home for the purpose of teaching this new science to Hiram Crafts. I have heard her say many times, while she was living at Crafts', that she learned this science from Doctor Quimby. I have heard her say these words: 'I learned this science from Dr Quimby, and I can impart it to but one person.' She always said this in a slow, impressive manner, pronouncing the word 'person' as if it were spelled 'pairson.'

"From my sister, Mary Crafts, and her husband, Hiram S. Crafts, I learned that Hiram Crafts had entered into an agreement with Mrs. Patterson to pay her a certain sum of money for instructing him in Quimby's science.

"After Hiram Crafts had learned it, he took some patients for treatment, in East Stoughton, but in a short time, he, with Mrs. Crafts and Mrs. Patterson, moved to Taunton, Mass., for the purpose of practising the healing system which Mrs. Patterson had taught him. I never knew of Mrs. Patterson treating, or attempting to treat, any sick person. I understood, from her and from Mr. and Mrs. Crafts, that she could not practise this science, but could teach it, and could teach it to only one person.

"While Mrs. Patterson lived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Crafts, she caused trouble in the household, and urged Mr. Crafts to get a bill of divorce from his wife, Mary Crafts. The reason Mrs. Patterson gave for urging Mr. Crafts to divorce his wife was, that Mrs. Crafts stood in the way of the success of Mr. Crafts and Mrs. Patterson in the healing business. Mrs. Crafts, my sister, was gentle, kind, and patient, and in no way merited Mrs. Patterson's dislike of her. Mrs. Crafts waited upon Mrs. Patterson, did the housework and marketing, and in every way sought to advance the interests of her husband, Hiram S. Crafts. When Mrs. Crafts discovered that Mrs. Patterson was attempting to influence Mr. Crafts to apply for a divorce, she, my sister, Mary Crafts, prepared to pack up her possessions and to leave her husband's house. The result of this was that Mr. Crafts would not consent to lose his wife, and as Mrs. Crafts would not remain unless Mrs. Patterson went away, Mrs. Patterson was obliged to leave the home of Mr. and Mrs. Crafts. This was while they were residing in Taunton, Mass. After Mrs. Patterson's departure, Mr. and Mrs. Crafts returned to East Stoughton to live, and Hiram S. Crafts no longer practised the healing system taught by Mrs. Patterson.

HIRAM S. CRAFTS

A shoe-worker of East Stoughton, who met Mrs. Eddy in Lynn, and was instructed by her in the Quimby method of healing. Crafts was the first of Mrs. Eddy's students to go into practice

"I make this statement of my own free will, solely in the interests of justice.

"IRA HOLMES

"Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Norfolk, ss.

"Stoughton, February 7, 1907.

"Then personally appeared the above named Ira Holmes and acknowledged the foregoing instrument by him subscribed, to be his free act and deed, before me

"GEO. O. WENTWORTH, *Notary Public.*"

1. The home of Mrs. Sally Wentworth at Stoughton, Mass. Mrs. Eddy lived here for two years and taught Mrs. Wentworth the Quimby method of healing.

2. The home of Hiram S. Crafts at East Stoughton, Mass., where Mrs. Eddy instructed Crafts in the Quimby method of treating disease.

3. The home of Captain Nathaniel Webster, which sheltered homeless mediums and clairvoyants. Mrs. Eddy is said to have been led to this house by a vision.

4. The home of Miss Sarah Bagley at Amesbury, Mass. Here Mrs. Eddy taught Miss Bagley to heal according to the Quimby method.

Many years afterward, when the Crafts were living in Hebron, New Hampshire, and Mr. Eddy had retired to Concord, New Hampshire, she sent for Mr. Crafts and paid his expenses to Pleasant View to deliver into her hands his copy of the manuscript which he had used in teaching him, probably a copy of the Quimby manuscript, which he did.

Mrs. Glover in Amesbury. Her Life and Activities with Spiritualists

After leaving the Crafts, Mrs. Patterson seems to have gone directly to Amesbury. She arrived in Amesbury a total stranger and went immediately to the home of Mrs. Mary Esther Carter, a well known Spiritualist.* Mrs. Patterson introduced herself as Mrs. Glover,† said she was a Spiritualist of advanced views, and told Mrs. Carter that she had been led to Amesbury by a vision, and that in her vision she had seen the house which was to shelter her. Mrs. Carter said with decision that she was very sure that her house was not the one of Mrs. Glover's vision, and Mrs. Glover departed at once. She next went to Mrs. Nathaniel Webster. Concerning Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Patterson's stay at her house, Mrs. Mary Ellis

* In Lynn, also, Mrs. Glover was much in the company of Spiritualists and often attended their circles.

† Although it was not until 1873 that the Court granted Mrs. Patterson a decree of divorce and the right to use her former name, Mary M. Glover, she was always known as Mrs. Glover during her residence in Amesbury and Stoughton.

Bartlett, a granddaughter of Mrs. Webster, makes the following affidavit:

MARY ELLIS BARTLETT being duly sworn, deposes and says:

"I am 55 years of age, and I am a citizen of Boston, Massachusetts. I am the daughter of William R. Ellis and Mary Jane Ellis, and the granddaughter of Captain Nathaniel Webster and Mary Webster, who for many years resided in Amesbury, Massachusetts. In the years between 1865 and 1870 my grandparents, Captain and Mrs. Webster, were living in Amesbury, Mass., at what is now No. 5 Merrimac Street. Captain Webster was a retired sea captain, and at that time was superintendent of cotton mills in Manchester, New Hampshire, of which E. A. Straw, his son-in-law, who was later Governor of New Hampshire, was agent for many years. My Grandmother Webster was a well-known Spiritualist. Grandfather Webster was away from home, attending to his business in Manchester, much of the time, returning home to Amesbury about once in two weeks, to remain over Sunday. My grandmother was, therefore, much alone, and because of this, and for the further reason that she was deeply interested in Spiritualism in all its forms, she had at her house constant visitors and charity patients who were Spiritualists. Invalids, cripples, and other unfortunate persons were made welcome, and my grandmother took care of them when they were ill and lodged and boarded them free of charge. She had, or believed she had, spiritual communications in regard to their various ailments, which she followed in prescribing for them and in her treatment of them. My grandmother was what was called a 'drawing medium' and a 'healing medium.' She drew strange pictures under the influence of the spirits. Many of these pictures are now in existence, and some of them are in my possession, having been given to me by my grandmother.

"Grandmother Webster had a room in her house which was used for spiritual séances, and for all grandmother's spiritistic work. This room was on the ground floor, situated in the rear of the front parlor. It was decorated in blue, according to the direction of grandmother's spirit control, — blue being a color favored by the spirits. The room was furnished with the usual chairs, tables, couch, etc., but this furniture was called by my grandmother and her Spiritualist friends, 'spiritual furniture,' because it was used only for spiritual purposes. There was a couch which grandmother called her 'spiritual couch.' She thought she could sleep upon it when she could not sleep elsewhere. Upon it she took her daytime naps, and sometimes during a restless night she was able to sleep if she lay upon this couch. There was a table in the room which was used for the laying on of hands by the Spiritualists at the séances held in the room, and there was an old chair which had belonged to Captain Webster's mother, in which grandmother always sat for her spirit communications. Above this room, which was known as the 'spiritual room,' was a bedroom.

"One night in the autumn of 1867, as nearly as I can fix the date, a woman, a stranger, came to my grandmother's door, and told her that she had been led by the spirits to come to her house, for the reason that it was 'a nice, harmonious home.' My grandmother, who was sympathetic and hospitable, and, above all, a devoted Spiritualist, who would never turn another Spiritualist away, upon hearing this, exclaimed, 'Glory to God! Come right in!' The woman thus admitted told my grandmother that she was Mrs. Mary Glover, a Spiritualist, and that she had been drawn as above described to my grandmother's house. Mrs. Glover did not explain further why she came and did not say from what place she had come. My grandmother gave her the use of the bedroom over the spiritual room, and also the use of the spiritual room. Here grandmother and Mrs. Glover continued to hold spiritualistic séances, in which Mrs. Glover took an active part, passing into the trance state and giving what grandmother believed to be communications from the spirits.

"Mrs. Glover became permanently settled at Grandmother Webster's house. She was treated as a guest, was waited upon, and was cared for in every respect. My Grandfather Webster, coming home and finding Mrs. Glover established in the house, was displeased because she was there. He told my grandmother that he did not want Mrs. Glover to remain. . . . But Mrs. Glover continued to live in the house, and after a few months, during which my grandmother's admiration for Mrs. Glover had begun to grow less, Mrs. Glover informed my grandmother that she had learned a new

science which she thought was something beyond Spiritualism. She said she had learned it from Dr. Quimby of Portland, Maine, and that she had brought copies of some of his manuscripts with her. She talked about it and read the manuscripts to my grandmother, who did not, however, believe that the 'science' was an improvement or a step beyond Spiritualism. From that time forward Mrs. Glover talked of Quimby's science. She was writing what she told grandmother was a revision of the Bible. She always sat in the spiritual chair at the spiritual table in grandmother's spiritual room to do her writing, and sometimes after she had written for hours, she would gather up all the pages she had filled with writing and tear them up, because she could not make them read as she wished.

MRS. NATHANIEL WEBSTER

Mrs. Webster was a prominent Spiritualist of Amesbury, Mass., who made her house a refuge for destitute mediums and clairvoyants. In this house Mrs. Eddy spent some months when she first went to Amesbury

"My father, William R. Ellis, was in 1867 living in New York, with his three children — myself, my sister, and my brother. My mother had died three or four years before. Our family had always spent the summer school vacation at my grandparents' home in Amesbury, Mass., and when it was time for us to leave New York, my father always went to Amesbury in advance of the rest of us, in order to clear my grandmother's house of broken-down Spiritualists and sick persons, so that we might have enough room in the house and because he thought the atmosphere of so much sickness and Spiritualism was unwholesome for young children.

"My father, upon first seeing Mrs. Glover in the house, had told my grandmother that she, Mrs. Glover, should not be permitted to remain. . . . . My grandmother, upon being urged by my father and grandfather to dismiss Mrs. Glover, at last told her that she was no longer welcome and asked her to go away. Mrs. Glover ignored my grandmother's request and continued to live in the house. . . . . .

"Failing to succeed in getting Mrs. Glover to leave the house, my grandmother sent for my father. He arrived in the early evening of the following Saturday. When grandmother had told him of the trouble and how Mrs. Glover refused to go away, she asked my father to see if he could not make Mrs. Glover leave the house. My father commanded Mrs. Glover to leave, and when she steadfastly refused to go, he had her trunk dragged from her room and set it outside the door, insisted upon her also going out the door, and when she was outside he closed the door and locked it. I have frequently heard my father describe this event in detail, and I have heard him say that he had never expected, in his whole life, to be obliged to put a woman into the street. It was dark at the time, and a heavy rain was falling. My grandparents and my father considered it absolutely necessary to take this step, harsh and disagreeable as it seemed to them.

"The above statement is made partly from my own personal knowledge, and partly from hearing it many, many times from my father, my grandmother, and my Grandfather Webster, who have related it to me and others of the family until it has come to be a well-known part of our family history.

"I make this statement of my own free will, solely in the interests of justice.

"MARY ELLIS BARTLETT

"State of Massachusetts,
Suffolk, ss.

"Personally appeared the above named Mary Ellis Bartlett, and made oath that the foregoing statements covering eleven sheets, each of which is subscribed by her, are true to the best of her knowledge and belief, this sixth day of February, 1907.

"HERBERT P. SHELDON, *Notary Public*"

When Mrs. Glover was thus left without a lodging-place for the night, Mrs. Richardson, another of Mrs. Webster's Spiritualist guests, who was in the house at the time, was moved to compassion and took Mrs. Glover down the street to the house of Miss Sarah Bagley, a dressmaker, who was a fellow Spiritualist.

Nearly all the people with whom Mrs. Glover lived in those days were Spiritualists; the Crafts, the Websters, Miss Bagley, and afterward the Wentworths. It was among Spiritualists, indeed, that the new doctrine found its first following.

Curious Impressions of Mrs. Glover and Her Science

Miss Bagley took the friendless woman into her home, and here, in addition to the small sum which she paid for her board, Mrs. Glover taught Miss Bagley the Quimby method of treating disease. Miss Bagley developed such powers as a healer that she soon abandoned her needle and began to practise "professionally." Mrs. Glover was generally known in Amesbury as a pupil of Dr. Quimby. Mrs. Timothy Bagley and Mr. William Dewhurst, both of Amesbury, remember the rumor which went about the village, that before Mrs. Glover was through with her "science" she was going to walk on the waters of the Merrimac. Two Amesbury girls were so interested in this report that, one afternoon when Mrs. Glover attended some merrymaking on the river bank, they went down and lingered on the bridge, hoping that she might be tempted to try her powers on that festal occasion.

To-day the Christian Scientists of Lynn draw a pathetic picture of the persecuted woman, driven from door to door, carrying her great truth in her bosom and finding no man ready to receive it. There was, indeed, a cruel hardness in Mrs. Glover's position. A proud, self-willed woman, imperious of temper, inordinately vain, and with an insatiable craving for admiration, she was forced to go from house to house and village to village, almost destitute, and dependent upon others.

Poverty and dependence she had known after the death of her first husband, but not in such bitter degree as she experienced them after the desertion of her second. Her father was now dead, and her sister, Mrs. Tilton, who had helped Mrs. Glover in her widowhood, had forever closed her door against her. Her only child, George Glover, at that time a man of twenty-four, she had sent away in his infancy. It is not to be wondered at that those who regard Mrs. Eddy as the recipient of God's most complete revelation, find here material for legend and liken her wanderings to those of the persecuted apostles.

A Professional Guest

There is no indication that these harsh experiences ever, in the least, subdued Mrs. Glover's proud spirit. Wherever she went, she took her place as the guest of honor, and she consistently assumed that she conferred favor by accepting hospitality. She did not hesitate to chide and reprimand members of the families she visited, to criticize and interfere with the administration of household affairs. She seems never to have known discouragement or to have felt apprehension for the future, but was content with dominating the house in which she happened to be and with striving to win a following among the friends of the family. While she certainly cherished a vague, half-formulated plan to go out into the world some day and teach the Quimby doctrine, her imperative need was to control the immediate situation; to be the commanding figure in the lodge, the sewing-circle, the family gathering. The one thing she could not endure was to be thought like other people. She must be something besides plain Mrs. Glover,—invalid, poetess, healer, propagandist, guest; she must be exceptional at any cost. Even while she was dependent upon precarious hospitality, Mrs. Glover managed to invest her person and her doings with a certain form and ceremony which was not without its effect. She spent much time in her room; was not always accessible; had her meals prepared at special hours; made calls

and received visitors with a certain stress of graciousness and condescension. She had the faculty of giving her every action and word the tone of importance. She was now a woman of forty-seven; her wardrobe was shabby and scant; she still rouged her cheeks; the brown hue of her hair was crudely artificial; her watch and chain and several gold

MR. FRED ELLIS

Mr. Ellis was the son of Mary Ellis and lived with his mother at Elm Cottage, Swampscott. Mr. Ellis was a schoolmaster, and when Mrs. Eddy visited his mother, she used to read her manuscripts aloud to him and ask for suggestions

trinkets were, with the Quimby manuscripts, her only treasures. Certainly, neither village gossips nor rustic humorists had spared her. But the stage did not exist that was so mean and poor, nor the audience so brutal and unsympathetic, that Mrs. Glover could not, unabashed, play out her part.

Mrs. Glover at Stoughton — Mrs. Wentworth Is Instructed in Quimbyism

When Mrs. Glover left Amesbury, she went to Stoughton, to the home of Mrs. Sally Wentworth, whom she had met when she was with Hiram Crafts. Mrs. Wentworth had a consumptive daughter whom she took to Hiram Crafts for treatment, and in his house she met Mrs. Glover and became much interested in her system of healing. Her curiosity about the Quimby mind cure was not surprising, as she was a practical nurse and had much to do with illness. She was frequently called upon to care for cases of illness in the neighborhood, and was locally famous for the comfort she could give the sick by rubbing their limbs and body. She was a Spiritualist and believed in the healing power of Spiritualism. "Old Ase Holbrook," a Spiritualist and clairvoyant "doctor," often asked Mrs. Wentworth to assist him in the care of his patients. In Mrs. Glover's system of healing she hoped to find something which she could put into beneficial practice in her work. Mrs. Glover went into Mrs. Wentworth's house to teach her the Quimby system for a consideration of three hundred dollars, which sum was to cover her board and lodging for a considerable period of time.

The Wentworth household then consisted of the parents and two children, Charles and Lucy, the daughter being about fourteen years of age. The married son, Horace T. Wentworth, often dropped in to see his mother, and Mrs. Wentworth's niece — a spirited girl, now Mrs. Catherine Isabel Clapp, — was in and out of the house continually. Mrs. Glover lived with the Wentworths for about two years, leaving them only to make occasional visits in the neighborhood or at Amesbury. At first all the family took great pleasure in her visit. Although Mrs. Glover seldom held her friends long, and although her friendships often terminated violently, when she exerted herself to charm, she seldom failed. Mrs. Wentworth used reproachfully to declare to her less impressionable niece, "If ever there was a saint upon this earth, it is that woman." Both the children were fond of Mrs. Glover, but Lucy abandoned herself to adoration. The child followed her about, waited upon her, and was eager to anticipate her every wish, even at the cost of displeasing her parents. She resented the slightest criticism of their guest and was deeply hurt by the jests which were passed in the village at Mrs. Glover's expense.

A Conspicuous Figure in New England Villages

Mrs. Glover's highly colored speech, her odd clothes and grand ways, her interest

in strange and mysterious subjects, her high mission to spread the truths of her dead master, made her an interesting figure in a humdrum New England village, and her very eccentricities and affectations varied the monotony of a quiet household. Her being "different" did, after all, result in material benefits to Mrs. Glover. All these people with whom she once stayed, love to talk of her, and most of them are glad to have known her,— even those who now say that the experience was a costly one. She was like a patch of color in those gray communities. She was never dull, her old hosts say, and never commonplace. She never laid aside her regal air; never entered a room or left it like other people. There was something about her that continually excited and stimulated, and she gave people the feeling that a great deal was happening.

Barring occasional angry outbursts, it was this engaging aspect of Mrs. Glover that, for many months, the Wentworths saw. She was tiresome only when she talked of Dr. Quimby, and then only because she discoursed upon him and his philosophy so often. Mrs. Clapp describes vividly how, after long dissertations on mind and matter, Mrs. Glover would fold her hands in her lap, tilt her head on one side, and gently nodding, would, in mincing tones, enunciate this sentence:

"I *learned* this from Dr. *Quimby*, and he made me *promise* to teach it to at least *two* persons before I *die*."

She confided this fact to every one, always in the same phrase, with the same emphasis and with the same sweetness, until it became a fashion for the village girls to mimic her.*

Estrangement Between Mrs. Glover and the Wentworths

The estrangement which resulted in Mrs. Glover's leaving the house began in a difficulty between her and Mr. Wentworth. Mr. Wentworth was indignant because Mrs. Glover had attempted to persuade his wife to leave him and to go away with her and practise the Quimby treatment. After this, Mrs. Glover's former kindly feeling toward the family seemed to disappear altogether. Mrs. Clapp remembers going to the house one day and being disturbed by the sound of violent pounding on the floor up-stairs. Her aunt, with some embarrassment, explained that Mr. Wentworth was sick in bed, and that Mrs. Glover had shut herself in her room and

MISS SARAH BAGLEY

A dressmaker of Amesbury, who was one of Mrs Eddy's early pupils and became a successful healer. It was to her house that Mrs. Eddy went when she was forced to leave Captain Webster's

was deliberately pounding on the floor above his head. With short intermissions, the hammering was kept up for a long time. Other things of a similar nature occurred, and Mrs. Wentworth was finally compelled to ask Mrs. Glover to leave the house as soon as she could find another place to stay. Horace T. Wentworth, in his affidavit, says:

"Mrs. Wentworth consulted a member of the family as to the best way to bring about Mrs. Glover's departure. By this time my mother was almost in a state of terror regarding Mrs. Glover. She was so afraid of her that she hardly dared to go to sleep at night. She had a lock put on the door of

* When Mrs. Clapp was recently asked if she had ever heard Mrs. Glover say that she learned her system from Dr. Quimby, she replied:

"Yes, and I am not likely to forget it. She repeated it so often that we girls got deadly tired of hearing it.

"She always tried to be very gracious to everybody, and she tried so hard, that it gave her graciousness a ridiculous touch. She would fold her hands softly in her lap, smile gently, nod her head slowly, at almost every word, and say in a sweet voice:

"'I *learned* this from Dr. *Quimby*, and he made me *promise* to teach it to at least *two* persons before I *die*.'"

her room so that Mrs. Glover could not get access to her, and ordered her to leave the house."

Mrs. Glover chose for her departure a day when all the members of the Wentworth family were away from home. She got together her few belongings and took the train for Amesbury, without a word of good-by

MRS. SALLY WENTWORTH

Of Stoughton, Mass., another of Mrs. Eddy's students. In her house Mrs. Eddy lived for two years, and with her she left a copy of Quimby's manuscript and written directions to aid Mrs. Wentworth in the practice of healing

to any one. When the Wentworths returned that night, they went to Mrs. Glover's room and knocked, but could get no reply. Horace, the son, suggested forcing the lock, but his mother would not permit it, saying that such a liberty might offend Mrs. Glover, who had probably gone to spend the night with one of the neighbors. The next day they inquired among their friends, but could get no news of their missing guest. Several days went by, and Mrs. Wentworth, becoming alarmed lest some mischance might have befallen Mrs. Glover, told her son it would perhaps be as well to force the door and see if any clue to her whereabouts could be found in her room.

Horace T. Wentworth, in his affidavit thus describes his entering the room:

A few days after Mrs. Glover left, I and my mother went into the room which she had occupied. We were the first persons to enter the room after Mrs. Glover's departure. We found every breadth of matting slashed up through the middle, apparently with some sharp instrument. We also found the feather-bed all cut to pieces. We opened the door of a closet. On the floor was a pile of newspapers almost entirely consumed. On top of these papers was a shovelful of dead coals. These had evidently been left upon the paper by the last occupant. The only reasons that they had not set the house on fire evidently were because the closet door had been shut, and the air of the closet so dead, and because the newspapers were piled flat and did not readily ignite — were folded so tight, in other words, that they would not blaze.

Mrs. Clapp, in her affidavit, substantiates this statement.

The Wentworths never saw or directly heard from Mrs. Glover again.

Mrs. Glover Still Loyal to Quimby

While Mrs. Glover was in Stoughton, she apparently had no ambition beyond expounding Quimby's philosophy and declaring herself his disciple. She made no claim to have originated anything she taught.

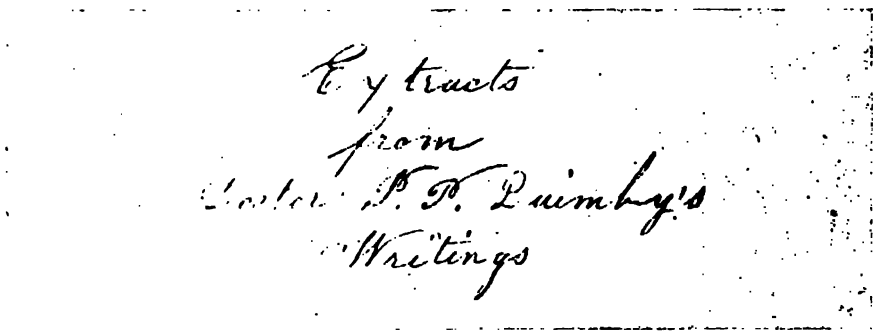
Although Mrs. Eddy now believes that she discovered the secret of health through divine revelation in 1866, she was often ill while in the Wentworth house, 1868–1870, and on several occasions was confined to her bed for considerable periods of time. During her illnesses Mrs. Wentworth nursed and cared for her, rubbing her and treating her after the Quimby method.

During her stay in Stoughton she made no claim to having received a divine revelation, or to having discovered any system of her own. She seldom associated her teachings with religion as such, and preached Quimbyism merely as an advanced system of treating disease. In instructing Mrs. Wentworth she used a manuscript, which, she always said, had been written by "Dr. Quimby of Portland, Maine." She held this document as her most precious possession. "One day when I was at the Wentworths'," recently said Mrs. Clapp, "Mrs. Wentworth was busy copying this manuscript. I went to the buttery to get what I wanted, but couldn't find it, and called Mrs. Wentworth. She got up to get it for me, but before doing so, she put the manuscript in the desk and locked it. I expressed surprise that she should take such pains when she was only stepping across the

room for a moment, and she said: 'Mrs. Glover made me promise never to leave this manuscript, even for a moment, without locking the desk.'"

Mrs. Wentworth's Copy of the Quimby Manuscript

Mr. Horace T. Wentworth of Stoughton now has his mother's manuscript. He has



Title-page of the manuscript which Mrs. Sally Wentworth copied from one in Mrs. Glover's possession. From this Mrs. Glover taught Mrs. Wentworth a system of mind healing which she ascribed to Dr. P. P. Quimby

made affidavit, reproduced herewith,* that this is the document copied by his mother from Mrs. Glover's, and that he has himself heard Mrs. Glover attribute the original to Dr. Quimby. His brother, Charles O. Wentworth, his sister, Mrs. Arthur L. Holmes (then Miss Lucy Wentworth), and his cousin, Mrs. Catherine Isabel Clapp, have made affidavits to the same effect. This includes all members of the Wentworth household now living.

The Wentworth manuscript itself powerfully supports these affidavits. Of chief interest are the title-page and the first two pages, reproduced in facsimile on this page and on pages 624 and 625. The title-page reads, "Extracts from Doctor P. P. Quimby's Writings." On the first page of the manuscript appears the title, "The Science of Man or the principle which controls all phenomena." Then follows a preface, signed "Mary M. Glover." Following this is a marginal note, "P. P. Q's Mss.," and at this point begins the Quimby paper. Others who have copies of this same document declare that Mrs. Glover taught from them and sold them as copies of Quimby's manuscript.

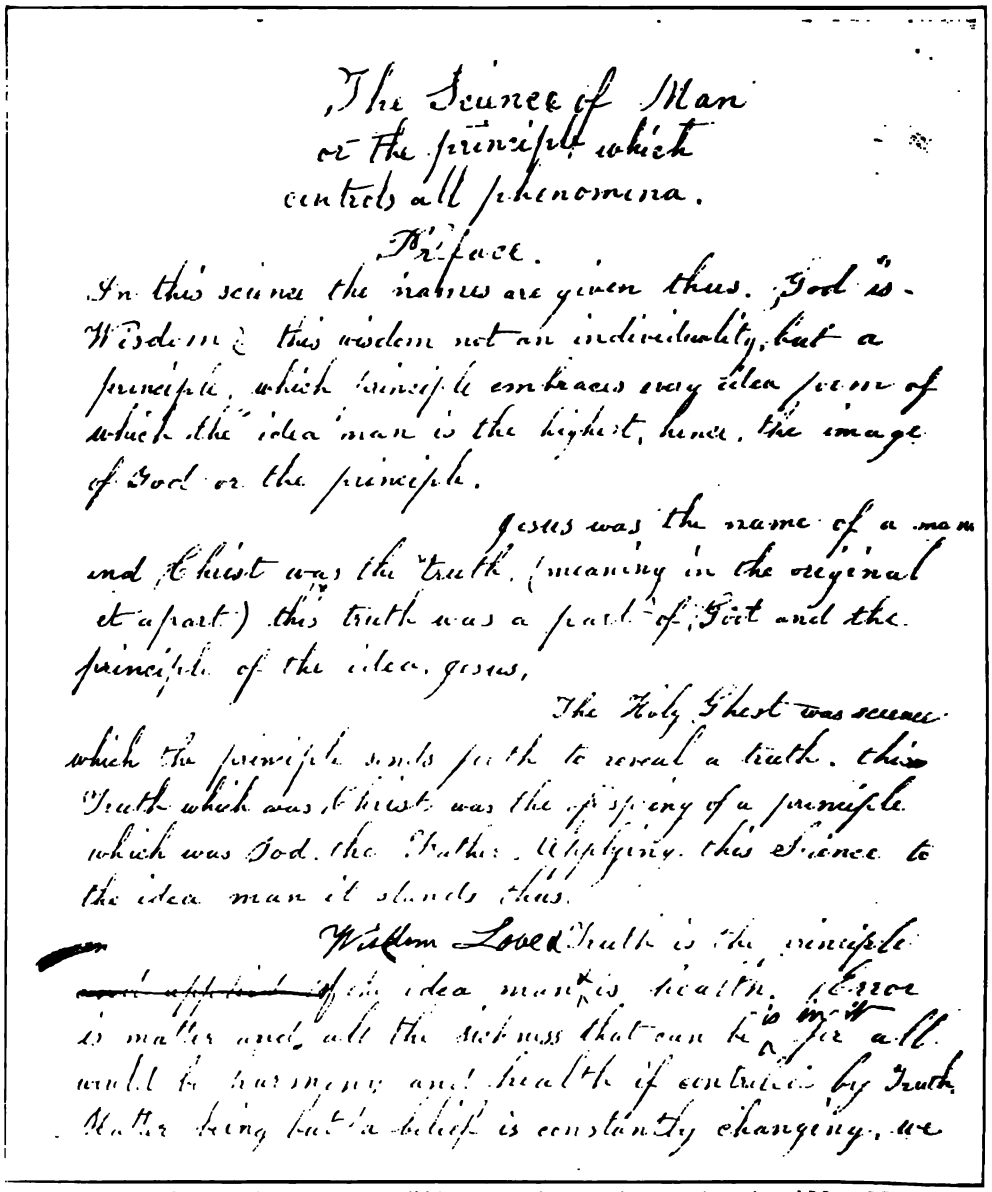
By examining the pages reproduced in facsimile, the reader will observe that someone has edited them, — that certain words are written in, not in the handwriting of Mrs. Wentworth. Beginning the fourth paragraph of the first page, are the words, "Wisdom Love &"; two lines below this are the words, "is in it"; on the second page, second line, again, "wisdom love &"; and on the eleventh line of the same page, "believe." Mrs. Catherine Isabel Clapp, who was familiar with Mrs. Glover's handwriting at the time, having copied many pages of her manuscript, takes oath that she believes these interlineations to be Mrs. Glover's. Mr. William G. Nixon, of Boston, who, as the publisher for several years of Mrs. Eddy's books, handled thousands of pages of her manuscript, also takes oath that in his opinion these words are in her handwriting. George A. Quimby, of Belfast, Maine, has lent to the writer one of his father's manuscripts, entitled, "Questions and Answers." This is in the handwriting of Mr. Quimby's mother, the wife of Phineas P. Quimby, and is dated, in Mrs. Quimby's handwriting, February, 1862,—nine months before Mrs. Eddy's first visit to Portland. For twenty closely written pages, Quimby's manuscript, "Questions and Answers," is word for word the same as Mrs. Glover's manuscript, "The Science of Man."*

Quimby's Manuscript and Christian Science

The relation of Quimby's "Questions and Answers" to the Christian Science doctrine will be discussed in a later article. The following quotations, taken at random, illustrate the fact that the Quimby manuscript

* See Appendix.

*The manuscript "Science of Man," from which Mrs. Glover taught, is not the same work as her printed pamphlet of that title.



The Science of Man
or the principle which
controls all phenomena.

Preface.

In this science the names are given thus. God is Wisdom & this wisdom not an individuality, but a principle, which principle embraces every idea some of which the idea man is the highest, hence, the image of God or the principle.

Jesus was the name of a man and Christ was the Truth, (meaning in the original set apart) this truth was a part of God and the principle of the idea, Jesus,

The Holy Ghost was science which the principle sends forth to reveal a truth. this Truth which was Christ was the offspring of a principle which was God. the Father. Applying this Science to the idea man it stands thus.

Wisdom Love Truth is the principle ~~which is~~ of the idea man is health. Error is matter and all the sickness that can be in the world will be harmony and health if controlled by Truth. Matter being but a belief is constantly changing, we

First page of the Wentworth manuscript. This manuscript contains a preface signed Mary M. Glover, and it is well established that the interlineations are in Mrs. Eddy's handwriting—See page 623

abounds in ideas and phrases familiar to every Christian Scientist.

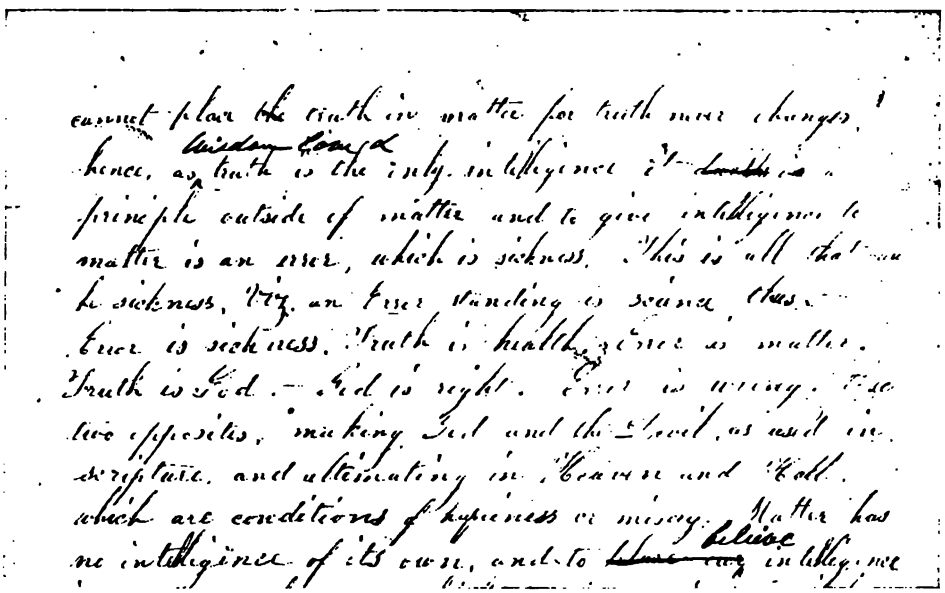
If I understand how disease originates in the mind and fully believe it, why cannot I cure myself?

Disease being made by our beliefs or by our parents' beliefs or by public opinion, there is no one formula of argument to be adopted, but every one must be fit in their particular case. Therefore it requires great shrewdness or wisdom to get the better of the error.

I know of no better counsel than Jesus gave to His Disciples when He sent them forth to cast out devils, and heal the sick, and thus in practice to preach the Truth "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Never get into a passion, but in patience possess ye your soul, and at length you weary out the discord and produce harmony by your Truth destroying error. Then it is you get the case. Now, if you are not afraid to face the error and argue it down, then you can heal the sick.

The patient's disease is in his belief.

Error is sickness. Truth is health.



Part of the second page of the Wentworth manuscript, showing interlineations which are said to be in Mrs. Eddy's handwriting — See page 623

In this science the names are given thus: God is Wisdom. This Wisdom is not an Individuality but a principle, embraces every idea form, of which the idea, man, is the highest — hence the image of God, or the Principle.

Understanding is God.

All sciences are part of God.

Truth is God.

There is no other Truth but God.

God is Wisdom. God is Principle.

Wisdom, Love, and Truth are the Principle.

Error is matter.

Matter has no intelligence.

To give intelligence to matter is an error which is sickness.

Matter has no intelligence of its own, and to believe intelligence is in matter is the error which produces pain and inharmony of all sorts; to hold ourselves we are a principle outside of matter, we would not be influenced by the opinions of man, but held to the workings only of a principle, Truth, in which there are no inharmonies of sickness, pain or sin.

For matter is an error, there being no substance, which is Truth, in a thing which changes and is only that which belief makes it.

Christ was the Wisdom that knew Truth dwelt not in opinion, and that matter was but opinion that could be formed into any shape which the belief gave to it, and that the life which moved it came not from it, but was outside of it.

How Mrs. Glover Taught from the Quimby Manuscript

In teaching Mrs. Wentworth, Mrs. Glover supplemented the Quimby manuscripts with oral instruction. She taught Mrs. Wentworth to rub her patient's head, precisely as did Quimby, and to say, as she did so: "It is not necessary for me to rub your head, but I do it to concentrate my thoughts." In addition she taught Mrs. Wentworth to lay her hands over the patient's stomach.

Mrs. Eddy left a few scraps of writing at the Wentworths', all connected with her teachings. Of especial interest are the instructions which she wrote out to direct Mrs. Wentworth in treating the sick. These Mr. Horace T. Wentworth has in her own handwriting. The first two pages of this manuscript read as follows: (The spelling, punctuation, etc., follow the original MS.)

An argument for the sick having what is termed fever chills and heat with sleepless nights, and called spinal inflammation.

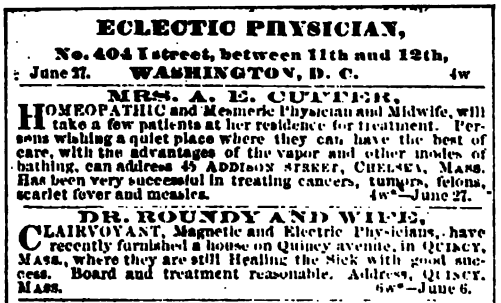
The patient has been doctoring the sick one patient is an opium eater, with catarrh, great fear of the air, etc. Another had inflammation of the joints or rheumatism, and liver complaint another scrofula and rheumatism, and another dyspepsia, all of them having the most intense fear.

First the fever is to be argued down. What is heat and chills we answer nothing but an effect produced upon the body by images of disease before the spiritual senses wherefore you must say of heat and chill you are not hot you are not cold you are only the effect of fright there is no such thing as heat and cold if there were you would not grow hot when angry or abashed or frightened and the temperature around not changed in the least.

Inflammation is not inflammation or redness and soreness of any part this is your belief only

and this belief is the red dragon the King of beasts which means this belief of inflammation is the leading lie out of which you get your fright that causes chills and heat. Now look it down cause your patient to look at this truth with you call upon their spiritual senses to look with your view which sees no such image and thus waken them out of their dream that is causing them so much suffering, etc.

In her autobiographical sketches, Mrs. Eddy does not mention the years she spent



ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,

No. 404 I street, between 11th and 12th,

June 27. **WASHINGTON, D. C.** 4w

MRS. A. E. CUTTER,

HOMEOPATHIC and Mesmeric Physician and Midwife, will take a few patients at her residence for treatment. Persons wishing a quiet place where they can have the best of care, with the advantages of the vapor and other modes of bathing, can address 45 ADDISON STREET, CHELSEA, MASS. Has been very successful in treating cancers, tumors, felons, scarlet fever and measles. 4w*—June 27.

DR. ROUNDY AND WIFE,

CLAIRVOYANT, Magnetic and Electric Physicians, have recently furnished a house on Quincy avenue, in QUINCY, MASS., where they are still Healing the Sick with good success. Board and treatment reasonable. Address, QUINCY, MASS. 6w*—June 6.

ANY PERSON desiring to learn how to heal the sick can receive of the undersigned instruction that will enable them to commence healing on a principle of science with a success far beyond any of the present modes. No medicine, electricity, physiology or hygiene required for unparalleled success in the most difficult cases. No pay is required unless this skill is obtained. Address, MRS. MARY B. GLOVER, Amesbury, Mass., Box 61. tf—June 20.

MRS. MARY LEWIS, by sending their autograph, or lock of hair, will give psychometrical delineations of character, answer questions, &c. Terms $1.00 and red stamp. Address, MARY LEWIS, Morrison, Whiteside Co., Ill. June 20.—20w*

MRS. M. SMITH, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, will prescribe and give advice by mail. Fee $1.00. Address, Box 1165, Aurora, Ill. 4w*—June 27.

The above advertisement, in which Mrs. Eddy offers to teach a new kind of healing based on a "principle of science," appeared July 4, 1868, in the *Banner of Light*, the official organ of New England Spiritualists. Mrs. Eddy was then living at the home of the Websters in Amesbury, and the number of Captain Webster's post-office box was 61

in Stoughton, Taunton, and Amesbury. In "Retrospection and Introspection," page 39, she says, after recounting the manner of her miraculous recovery and revelation in 1866:

> I then withdrew from society about three years, — to ponder my mission, to search the Scriptures, to find the Science of Mind, that should take the things of God and show them to the creature, and reveal the great curative Principle, — Deity.

Growth of the Quimby Idea in Mrs. Glover

The record of these wandering, vagarious years from 1864 to 1870 is far from being satisfactory biography; the number of houses in which she lived, her quarrels and eccentricities, by no means tell us the one thing which is of real importance: what, all this time, was going on in Mrs. Glover's own consciousness. Wherever she went, she taught, now a shoemaker, now a dressmaker, now a boy in the box factory; and wherever she went, she wrote. Her first book was not published until 1875, but for eight years before she was always writing; working upon articles and treatises which were eventually incorporated in this first edition of "Science and Health." As early as 1866, when she was in Lynn, she said that she was writing a Bible, and was almost through Genesis. Several years later, at the Wentworths', she pointed affectionately to a pile of note-paper tied up with a string, which lay on her desk, and told Mrs. Clapp that it was her Bible, and that she had completed the Book of Genesis. Mrs. Clapp at that time copied for Mrs. Glover a bulky manuscript, which she believes was one of the early drafts of "Science and Health." She recalls many passages, and remembers her amusement in copying the following passage, which now occurs on page 413 of "Science and Health":

> The daily ablutions of an infant are no more natural or necessary than would be the process of taking a fish out of water every day and covering it with dirt in order to make it thrive more vigorously thereafter in its native element.

After Mrs. Clapp had finished copying the manuscript, Mrs. Glover took it to Boston to find a publisher. Six hundred dollars, cash, in advance, was the only condition on which a publisher would undertake to get out the book, and Mrs. Glover returned to Stoughton and vainly besought Mrs. Wentworth to mortgage the farm to raise money.

Quimbyism Becomes Mrs. Eddy's Monomania

Mrs. Glover's persistence was all the more remarkable in that the trade of authorship presented peculiar difficulties for her. Although from her youth she had never lost an opportunity to write for the local papers, and although when she first went to Dr. Quimby she introduced herself to him as an "authoress," her contributions in the old files of the Lynn papers show that she had had no training in the elementary essentials of composition. The quoted extracts from her written instructions to Mrs. Wentworth are indicative of her difficulties with punctuation, which was always a laborious second thought with her. From her letters and early manuscripts it is evident that lucid,

clean-cut expression was almost impossible to Mrs. Glover; some of her first dissertations upon Quimbyism were so confused as to be almost unintelligible.* She had indeed to fashion her own tools in those years when she was carpentering away at her manuscript and struggling to get her mass of notes into some coherent form. Her mind was as untrained as her pen. Logical thought was not within her compass, and even her sporadic ideas were vague and befogged. Yet, strangely enough, her task was to present an abstract theory, and to present it largely in writing.

Everything depended upon her getting a hearing. In the first place, her doctrine was her only congenial means of making a living. In the second, it was the one thing about which she knew more than the people around her, and it gave her that distinction which was so necessary to her. Above all, she had a natural aptitude for the subject and absorbed it until it literally became a part of her. Mercenary motives were always strong with Mrs. Glover, but no mercenary motive seems adequately to explain her devotion to this idea. After Quimby's death in '66, his other pupils were silent; but Mrs. Glover, wandering about with no capital but her enthusiasm, was preaching still. Her fellow-students in Portland were people of wider experience than she, and had more than one interest; but only one idea had ever come very close to Mrs. Glover, and neither things present nor things to come could separate her from it. But Mrs. Glover had not the temperament of the dreamer and devotee. There was one thing in her stronger even than her monomania, and that was her masterfulness. Others of his pupils lost themselves in Quimby's philosophy, but Mrs. Glover lost Quimby in herself.

* See letters to the Portland *Courier*, in McCLURE'S for February.

APPENDIX

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

COUNTY OF NORFOLK, SS.

Horace T. Wentworth, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

I am sixty-four years of age, and reside in the Town of Stoughton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and have resided there for upwards of sixty-two years past. I am the son of Alanson C. and Sally Wentworth, and my mother resided in said town of Stoughton from her birth to the time of her death, in 1883.

I became acquainted with Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, now of Concord, New Hampshire, and known as the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, in the year 1868, when she was the wife of one Daniel Patterson, with whom she was not living, and was known by the name of a former husband, one George W. Glover, and called herself Mrs. Mary M. Glover.

In 1867, Mrs. Glover came to Stoughton, and took up her residence at the house of one Hiram Crafts in said Town of Stoughton, and in 1868, after leaving said Crafts, she went, upon the invitation of my mother, to the residence of said Mrs. Sally Wentworth, of said Stoughton, and there continuously resided until the spring of the year 1870. Very often during the years 1868, 1869 and 1870, I saw and talked with said Mrs. Glover at my mother's said residence. Mrs. Wentworth invited said Mrs. Glover to visit her for the express purpose of being taught, by said Mrs. Glover, a system of mental healing, which said Mrs. Glover said she had been taught by one Dr. Phineas P. Quimby, of Portland, Maine. Said Mrs. Glover often spoke to me of said system of mental healing and always ascribed its origin and discovery to said Quimby. Said Mrs. Glover was outspoken in her acknowledgement that she learned her mental healing system from said Quimby, and never, to my knowledge, while at my mother's house, made the slightest claim or pretensions to having discovered or originated it herself.

Said Mrs. Glover, upon coming to my mother's house, lent my mother her manuscript copy of what she, Mrs. Glover, said were writings of said Quimby, and permitted my mother to make a full manuscript copy thereof, and said manuscript copy of the writings of said Quimby, in my mother's handwriting, and with corrections and interlineations in the handwriting of Mrs. Glover, is now, and has been since my mother's death, in my possession.

On the outside, said copy is entitled "Extracts from Doctor P. P. Quimby's Writings," and at the head of the first page, on the inside, said copy is further entitled "The Science of Man, or the Principle which Controls all Phenomena." There is a preface of two pages with Mrs. Mary M. Glover's name signed at the end. The extracts are in the form of fifteen questions and answers and are labeled, "Questions by patients, Answers by Dr. Quimby." Annexed hereto, marked "Exhibit A," is a full and complete copy of my mother's said copy of Mrs. Glover's said copy of Dr. Quimby's writings. . . .

Annexed hereto and marked "Exhibit B" is a photograph of the first page of Mrs. Wentworth's manuscript plainly showing the additions made in a handwriting not my mother's. All of the said first page shown in Exhibit B is my mother's handwriting except the words "Wisdom Love &" added to the beginning of the fifteenth line, the word "of" and the symbol "&" added to the sixteenth line and the words "is in it" added to the seventeenth line, none of which additions is in my mother's handwriting.

Annexed hereto and marked "Exhibit C" is a photograph of the second page of said manuscript plainly showing further additions in a handwriting not my mother's. All of the said second page shown in Exhibit C is in my mother's handwriting except the words "wisdom love &" added to the second line, the word "believe" added to the eleventh line, none of which additions is in my mother's handwriting.

I am perfectly familiar with my mother's handwriting; but am not familiar enough with said Mrs. Glover's handwriting to state positively from my acquaintance with it, that the said added words are written by her. This manuscript, however, came directly into my hands from my mother's desk at the time of her death; the added words are not in the handwriting of any member of my family; they are, as will be seen, in the nature of corrections to my mother's writing of said Mrs. Glover's signed preface to Dr. Quimby's teachings, and, having compared them with unquestionable writing of said Mrs. Glover's, found with my mother's papers, and seen them to be strikingly similar, I am confidently of the opinion that they are the writing of the only person interested in the correction of said Mrs. Glover's preface to said Dr. Quimby's writings, to wit, said Mrs. Mary M. Glover — Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy — herself.

I have been often urged to make these facts known in the public interest, and have for years felt it to be my duty to tell the truth and the whole truth. . . .

HORACE T. WENTWORTH.

On this 9th day of February, 1907, at the Town of Stoughton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, personally appeared before me, Horace T. Wentworth, to me personally known, and made oath before me that he had read over the foregoing statement and knows the contents thereof, and that the same are true; and he, thereupon, in my presence, did sign his name at the end of said statement, and at the foot of the cover.

EDGAR F. LEONARD, *Justice of the Peace.*

And before me a Notary Public appeared Horace T. Wentworth and made oath to above statement.

HENRY W. BRITTON, *Notary Public.*

Stoughton, Mass.
Feb. 9th, 1907.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE MISTAKEN MAN

BY

VIOLA ROSEBORO'

AUTHOR OF "THE JOYOUS HEART," "ARCHIE'S BABY," ETC

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

THE small hours were near, a decent amount of Scotch had been drunk, the room was blue with smoke, and they were three old friends together, and still young men. They were discussing and questioning, as young men in such case should, the moral law and the ends of man. Thad Chittenden had been quoting Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, not as one committing himself to a disbelief in the distinction between Right and Wrong, but with the arrogance of a free lance who knew himself superior to the popular prejudices of mankind. As he strolled about the room, his carriage gave warning of concealed weapons ready for any one who thought his philosophers easy game. He was younger than the others. Before the grate fire Gordon, the lawyer, sat (on the small of his back) with his feet luxuriously resting in a pair of slippers nailed high against the wall, and in a shadowy corner, lounging among cushions, visible chiefly in the broad disk of his dress shirt, was Speke, who may be tagged as a member of the Stock Exchange, though it is a more inadequate description than is given by calling Gordon the lawyer; Gordon was more lawyer than anything else.

For moments no one rose to Chittenden's bait; then Gordon drew on his pipe and remarked that "that kind of drool" was good for them all once in a while.

"It's not likely to hurt Thad here to talk about trampling on the weak; just clears out his system. Only, Kid, you're off in putting forth the doctrines you're expounding as a phase of modernity. They've been quite otherwise characterized —

"'The good old rule, the ancient plan,
That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can.'"

Chittenden affirmed that the old way was a plan indeed, and a rule of action rather than a doctrine, that there was where a measure of modernity came in.

"That's so, that's a point," admitted the lawyer, "and that was just what I was coming to. Your fellows that preach like that will never practice what they preach extensively. And bull-necked men of action will take it all out in practise, they'll never really believe that the Universe is rotten. They're up against it too hard; they know too much about the way things work. It's just with them that each man for himself has a hankering after the good old rule, the ancient plan. That's why it's desirable for you and me, Speke, to whack up and find out what we think about it, for it's more or less our little game. Say — hold on," he bore Chittenden down with his big voice, "I'll tell you fellows something"; he extracted his feet from the stationary slippers, and wrapped his pipe on the mantel. Big of bone and brown, as fit as a fighter and all alive was Gordon. "I'll tell you something," he clanged, "it's not worth arguing about the right of the strong to hog everything; let the Dago-Dutchman spiel; we know, whatever words you string together, that that's foolishness. But then we're not trusting to our meekness either to get us the earth; we're not that far along, so right in there is where we want to stake our claims, and see where we're at. Your beautiful spontaneities can land you in hell-fire sometimes."

Chittenden sat tentatively on a table, and tentatively he grunted his contempt.

THE MISTAKEN MAN

Gordon straddled wider before the fire. "I'm not talking conventional morality, Boy, we understand that's barred where you are. I'm talking self-interest now as self-respectingly as a politician to his gang; a narrow self-interest and cold facts. And I'm going to tell you a story. It's about old Carson, who was president of the C. Q. & P. road, and some other people. Carson was a fine upstanding tower of a man when we lived next him when I was a boy. He didn't read your Dago-Dutchmen, but he practised the good old plan on occasion, like the rest of us. Not that he was a particularly ruthless party. He was just a fine flourishing male of parts that had downed the other bulls in the herd, and was joying in the lust of life; making money to beat the band, and hot with the game. He was like the burglar who, when he wasn't burgling, and the coster who, when he wasn't jumping on his mother, liked to lie basking in the sun as well as other men. He even liked to get other people around him to basking — used to give me passes to ride in the cab with the engineer when that was about the best thing life offered me. He didn't have any definite scheme for trampling on the weak, that only came in incidentally, but I guess he was all sound as to living his life and giving free play to his nature. But I tell you, and you might as well note it down, for it's one of the cold facts I promised you, that any man's nature is a pretty complex proposition. You've had a good many ancestors, and all of them haven't conscientiously given their minds to despising God and man. Like enough some of them have died at the stake for what they called principle — why not? There's been good and plenty of that kind along the road. And it's a dead sure thing that there've been whole strings of women among 'em that have slaved and toiled and bled and fought and died for their kids, from naked brats in the bush to the kind that couldn't go to school till copper-toed boots were bought and paid for with somebody's life-blood. It may be easy to look down on such weak-mindedness, but by Jove, it's not so easy to make sure you've got it all out of your blood, that some of those faithful cranks behind you that tried to do right won't get a grip on you when they're least wanted.

"Now in giving free play to his nature, Carson built a new branch road, and within twenty miles of our town that road crossed a fool creek that didn't know its own mind half of half the time as to whether it was a river or a brook. Carson had to have a big bridge there, and we knew the engineer that built it for him, too. He was a friend of my father, a quiet-spoken, able, authoritative civil engineer, all civil engineer — rather do his job than hold down a throne or even a multi-millionaire's office chair. Money couldn't fetch him anywhere he didn't want to go, but he did want to build that bridge — it was a bigger thing than he'd ever bossed before. He got the job, he built the bridge, only he didn't quite boss the business after all. He wanted caissons, and he got piles. President Carson couldn't wait for caissons, and piles would save money, too. The road wouldn't justify its creation, and particularly its creator, unless it were done on time and without 'wasting' money. He was going to have something to show for his dollars and his days, too, cars, road-bed, stations that would draw trade, not a lot of fool masonry underground that would never do any one any good.

"The engineer, Peyton was his name, talked about the row at first with my dad, said Carson's bridge might do, probably would, other engineers said so (when Carson paid them for an opinion), but he, Peyton, wanted to make the best kind of a sure thing of it. After a while he quit talking so much, just said when he was asked that they'd struck a compromise. The compromise, whatever it was, didn't include building those caissons. Peyton wanted that job mighty bad; the money wasn't the point, he wanted the work, and the other big things that would follow; there was a kind of secret sentiment, a kind of poetry stuff in the man; you strike it if you blast down into bedrock with such fellows pretty often. They like to think of a country full of their bridges and their tunnels, and gridironed with their railroads; and don't care a hang that presidents and directors and grafters generally get all there is in them, except a little credit in half a dozen grizzled heads at the engineers' club. Well, Peyton was so much like that that he had to mark the land with that particular bridge, whether he built it his way or a little off his way. He had to have the credit of bridging Tollytown Creek. Uph! I see the cat's out of the bag now; you know about the Tollytown disaster, though it's fifteen years old, and Lord knows you've supped on railroad horrors

enough since to put an earthquake's nose out of joint. Well, say, Peyton got the credit of that bridge all right, didn't he? In the little club up the street, and through every state and territory in the Union, and over a large part of Europe, and even in portions of Asia and Africa. You can get your prayers answered in this world to some mighty ironic tunes. He made a mark sure enough. But that was ten years after he'd done the deed; for ten years all was fair sailing, and Peyton engineered and married a wife and begot him sons and daughters like a character in the Old Testament, and prospered in his modest, high-toned civil engineer way, and was known for an honest man among his fellows, and that was what Peyton cared about. And Carson gathered in millions and roads and cut coupons and ran his wife's church, in a big, good-humored, unaffected way, as a sinner who was privileged to pay the bills, and was known as rather honester than the rest among his fellows, which was all a financier could hope for and quite enough for Carson. He grew grizzled, but he was handsomer and more like a tower four-square to the winds of heaven than ever.

"Then came the June day when old bills fell due; there had been a rainy spring, but Tollytown Creek was not as high as it had often been before. You remember, seeing you remember the thing at all, that the train was loaded with Sunday-school excursionists, a big union excursion, all the Sunday-schools in town, the children of a whole town; children — that was what made the Tollytown disaster cut so deep, that was why the whole world took notice. What with plagues and famine and war, and the old and young going to their death all the time, you'd think we'd get to the place where nothing like this could make us sit up; but no, the children, we never get over our illusions about them, that they must be happy. It goes deep, deeper than that, you can't get words for it — I'd like to see you! It's the bottom fact in the race, the foundation stone, that the children — there you are! That the children what? Well, you can't name the hope that goes without saying in all of us. We work, all of us, childless men like us here, and all, as blind unreasoning as bees in a honeycomb, for them. Tell us that there'll be no future for the human race, and your Dago-Dutchmen will get us all scrambling in the hog-pen quick as — no they won't, we wouldn't even take an interest in the swill. We couldn't eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow then would bring death sure enough. God! — a race consciousness is a deep down thing; put way down there so as to make it a sure business that no juggling with words can ever nick it. What I'm trying to show up is that we better each and individually look sharp lest when we are trying to have our own little individual way, that looks so beguilingly free of all entanglement with this racial consciousness, racial obligation, we better look sharp lest we trip our little individual selves up in other feelings, not so individual, not so clamorous, and that we'd forgotten were there; but that were the biggest part of us before we were conceived in our mothers' wombs. It's all the same for my purpose now, Chittenden, if you call it all racial delusion; there is something in us that works against the desire of each man to do what is right in his own eyes, and under any name you please your conscience is liable to trip you just the same. Facts are all the ammunition I'm using now.

"Here was Tollytown left all but childless, if you'll believe it; the most unnatural town on all the turning globe, and President Carson and Leland Peyton were up against it.

"Peyton settled his case or took it to a higher court, as you like, in short order. He was home in Tollytown just then, and was gardening a bit that day in his wife's flower-beds; he saw first one or two men running, then a woman rushing stumbling along with her face in her hands, crying; he crossed the little lawn to the sidewalk and stopped the next passer-by; he was a newspaper man who knew for sure, because he was hanging around the telegraph office when the word came. Now he was hustling to collect all the doctors in town to go down to the Creek. He told all he knew in one cursing blurt; he didn't know it was Peyton's funeral, he found that out a little later. He congratulated and damned Peyton in one sobbing breath when he saw the Peyton youngsters playing on the porch, and then he ran on. For Peyton's children, by some fluke at the last minute, had been kept at home. Peyton crossed the little lawn again and went out of the sunshine into the house. I've seen him doing it in my dreams.

"He said to his wife, 'Your children are safe,' and she didn't know what he meant, nor care. Of course their children were safe

"A NURSE GIRL . . . WITH A SLEEPING CHILD WRAPPED UP IN SOME LIGHT THING IN HER ARMS"

—she had strawberry jam on the fire. I reckon she didn't even look up. Then the quiet, competent, authoritative civil engineer went up-stairs and blew his brains out.

"Make of that what you can; you know as much about it now as anybody. Some people can get themselves up to sit in judgment on Peyton's suicide. I can't, I don't know what was in his soul, and it seems to me there are a lot of guesses coming to any one who tries to make that out. Maybe he sat in judgment on himself and did what his soul commanded. Yes, there were his wife and children; but they weren't any better than Anson Merriwether's kids next door, and Anson's children were burning up on the banks of Tollytown Creek, and their mother was a widow. Well, there are different ways of looking at it, but Peyton had taken himself out of our jurisdiction for sure, and I must say I always felt pretty cordial to him for his definite views on his case. He rather struck me as quiet, competent, and authoritative to the last.

"President Carson was another story, quite. The tower of a man, four squares to the winds, towered yet. He could stand a good deal, and he stood it. I only know one scene of his life that day, but that's enough for me; the whole town got onto that, and I had it first hand from a clerk on the spot, for this particular diversion took place at the office. Carson was there, bossing everything, full of resources, on to every detail, haggard — but all there. Others around weren't quite so fit, they were rattled. So when a lady turned up late in the day, composed and well-dressed, and was almighty firm about the necessity of seeing President Carson, it seemed she didn't have much trouble in getting in. Men didn't want to fight women in that town that day. She had a nurse-girl with her with a sleeping child wrapped up in some light thing in her arms; the girl looked queer and scared, the clerks remembered afterwards. Like enough; she'd have been conspicuous if she hadn't. The lady kept her at heel, but didn't seem to pay any attention to her, so neither did any one else. Women are sure in a class by themselves. They've got a set of powers and weaknesses of their own; or maybe it all comes to one thing, they're so supple, so supple you never know when you've got 'em anywhere. Turner, the clerk that told me, he swore she came into that private office full of men, with color in her cheeks. She wanted it there, so she drove blood up from her heart, and it went. She had some fine ideas of making herself felt, had that lady, and she must have been in that kind of exaltation which moves mountains. When they'd all kind of hushed up to give her a show, and to hear what she had to say themselves, she took that child from that scared nurse-girl, dropped the little cloak, and laid a dead baby, a dead, mangled baby on President Carson's desk. It was about two years old or so, and its blond fluffy hair was all in soft rings over its head. I don't care if you don't want to hear about it. Who are you that the world's got to be expurgated for you? By the Lord, the mother had to stand it, and it's good for your souls to get a far-off glimpse of some real things sometimes amidst all your foolishness — your books and theaters and deals and dividends. That curly-boo tot with his chest stove in was real that day on Carson's desk among the telegrams and orders. So was the rubber doll he clutched in one hand. The woman said never a word; neither did any one else for a minute; the woman, all white and ghastly now, bent over and took hold of the baby hand that held the rubber doll and squeezed it, and the rubber doll squeaked — you know those dolls. Everything was as still as the grave, and the rubber doll squeaked. They got her out without any trouble. She never made a sound herself after she'd bowed and asked President Carson if he were himself.

"President Carson left and went back to his house when she was gone. He said there was nothing more for him to do. He was looking pretty shattered by that time, and his figure sagged in his clothes. I saw him get out of his carriage and go up the walk to his door. But he wasn't going out of the sunlight forever, not by a long shot. He looked old, and he sagged as if maybe it was only his clothes that held him together and in shape, but there was plenty of fight left in him. Probably he proposed to himself to live it all down without and within. It's a sure thing he didn't go back on his general principle of living out his nature. His nature demanded just then that he protect himself at the expense of anybody handy, and he did it ably. He fought for whitewash, and whitewash he got, and the vitriol of public opinion was largely diverted to Peyton's grave. Oh, Carson was consistent. No conventional scruples for him. My dad split with Carson about Peyton, but none of

the Powers that dealt in whitewash bothered over that memory. You see, Peyton could not be defended, and counting shades of shame over a grave don't pay.

"So old Carson came out of the hullabaloo, old, if you like, at least a lot older, but he didn't sag in his clothes any more, and was a good imitation of the four-square tower again. They said he never got back his grip on business, but he tried to, and didn't show any signs of unbusinesslike reform; no change of heart in his! Wasn't he alive there to show that he didn't need it? That his heart had been the article he bargained for all along?

"But after three or four years he retired. He tried pleasure-hunting around and about one time and another, but mostly he was there at home, next door to us. My father didn't speak to him, but when I was cornered I lifted my hat. I was young, and he was old, getting to look really old now, and father would not stand for my being rude to my elders. Carson nodded to me sometimes, sometimes he'd make out he didn't see me; either way he was very large and preoccupied, and I was an incidental worm it was difficult to focus. Of course his women-folks wouldn't speak to any of us at all. His daughters were indignant and insolent and airy, and his wife was an unseeing sphinx so far as we were concerned, so far as all his relations to the Tollytown disaster were concerned. He was lucky enough not to have any son to size him up man-wise.

"I wonder which it irked him most to live with — those sassy, confident girls who knew their father was better than any one else's father, or that silent wife who made no sign? She had always been a good woman, and now as always she was a good wife, too. Yes, sir, I have reason to know it irked him to live with them, reason enough to know it irked him to live at all. He was getting to look dreadfully old — not like a really old man, either, but stricken, queer, bent and abstracted. You couldn't see him on the street, moving around the way he did, as if he didn't know he was on the street, without thinking that he was wrapt in visions, seeing the great Tollytown disaster; and Peyton putting the pistol to his able, dishonored head; seeing the dead baby on his desk and hearing that rubber doll squeak.

"I tell you, fellows, there are queer things in the way one mind affects another, you know that — you've had things come to you that the other man was thinking. Well, I swear that for years when I saw Carson I thought of the Tollytown disaster, yes; he'd got himself labeled so that was what men did think of when they saw him; but then it was a name, a vague general haze of calamity, calamity for other people; but there at the last when I saw him slouching along the pavement, or huddled in his carriage, I saw that welter of wreck and flames and children down there at the creek; I saw that economical bridge hanging loose-ended and gaping in the middle; I saw visions, too, and heard voices for a moment as if they hung around him like an aura, and were impressed on me when I got within the sphere of his influence. I got out of it pretty quick always. I didn't care about cultivating that kind of imagination. It was something baleful that came for a moment like a poisonous smell. He lived in the fumes — he looked it. But I didn't take up with that idea readily. I'd seen him tower and fight and lay his shame at better men's doors, and I said that he was too hardened to care. It's easy to say that getting too hardened to care is the worst punishment of all, and maybe that's so; I could mark out an argument on these lines, but it's a little subtle and unsatisfactory to the plain man when he's hot and wants to lay on with a big stick; and you can put money on it that Carson thought that was the best way out of it himself; he'd counted on being too hardened to care, and tried to tan his skin into indifference. He and I were both wrong; we didn't allow enough for the softnesses you can't help, for the way the kind hearts and honest deeds behind you get back at you when you betray them.

"One day father mentioned at dinner that old Carson had looked at him that day on the street as if he were going to speak to him. 'Looked as if he might say, "Peyton didn't have the worst of it,"' dad said. 'I don't know that he did,' he added. It was the nearest thing to pity for the sagging tower he'd ever expressed. I suppose that was in the back of my head somewhere when two days later I met Carson face to face in front of his own place. He came on looking at me with eyes I'm not going to forget soon. They were bigger and blacker, set back in his head the way they were now, than they used to be.

"They looked as if they'd burn the man up. Well, if I didn't find myself stepping up to

him with my hand out and getting off something about the weather or his health — I don't know what. His hand came into mine as if he didn't know it. 'I'm in hell,' said that specter standing there under the green maples; 'I'm in hell.'

"Fellow sinners, there didn't seem to be any small-talk answer to that in my repertoire. The kids he'd murdered had been peacefully buried these many years, and Tollytown had a new crop now, was alive with 'em, like any other town. And the mourners were comforted, all of them more or less, for that's the way the world's built. Only Herod couldn't taste his victuals and prowled the streets with burning eyes, and told chance enemies more than he'd ever meant to tell his own soul. I passed it up; I think I wrung his hand as if he were a suffering brother, and then tried to get out from under. He blocked me a minute, and began to say something. 'Tell your father —' Then he gave it up and went on. I can't prove it, but he was going to say, 'Tell your father Peyton's better off' — that's what he was going to say.

"This isn't a story of reform, of character building, the dead self a stepping-stone to higher things, and all that kind of cheerfulness. That's the right road, of course, but it didn't seem to be the point that interested Carson. He'd gotten knocked out beyond that. If he ever got a fresh start, it must have been in another world, for the next morning they found him dead — drowned, face down, in eight inches of water in his own bath-tub. It took a long time, but he'd come around to making a rhyme for Peyton's passing. It strikes me as a hard way to die, but it was considerate. The family could run a bluff about some kind of seizure. The doctors did not help them out much, but they had influence and money, and the papers let it go at that. So the girls could go on with their fool heads up, and their mother could continue to play the sphinx the way she'd been doing ever since disgrace first came upon her husband. She and Carson had married when they were poor and in love, and she must have thought then that he was a regular fortress of a man and a husband. Whatever she knew or didn't know about the railroad president, she'd seen the fake fortress crumble, had found out that it was a fake, sure; trust a life-long loving wife for knowing bottom facts about a man's character.

"She had a text put on his monument, just the name and date and this: 'Why hast thou not considered this thing that is to come, rather than that which is present.' That was all right enough for a tombstone, but it has a Delphic sound, too, above that last corpse of the great Tollytown disaster.

"Hand me a match. Doubtless there is a real moral moral to be drawn from this yarn, but I'm avoiding the conventional. All I say is that staking too much on the stability of your own wickedness may be taking long odds in a mighty wild game."

A MOUNTAIN VIGIL

BY

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

THE birds are hushed in the tree-tops,
The firelight falls to gray,
And the tents gleam white in the pale starlight
As I wait for thee and the day.

Thou wilt come with the flush of the morning,
The woods shall stir and wake,
And the daystar rise to greet thine eyes,
And the thrush her silence break.

O, dark are the hills, my sweetheart,
They are dreaming of dawn and thee;
And the tall pines sleep in the stillness deep,
None watch but the stars and me.

"HIS WHOLE ASPECT WAS OF ONE ABSORBED TO THE POINT OF OBLIVION REGARDING ALL OTHER OBJECTS"

A BROTHER IN ARMS

BY

GRACE S. RICHMOND

AUTHOR OF "KILBRETH OF BALLYRAGGAN," "BILLY'S ORGY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"HUD —" said Julius, looking in at the nursery door. He spoke so gently and with hesitation so unusual that his sister turned to glance at him. He came in slowly, with his eyes on the floor.

"Could I bother you a few minutes?" he asked in a half-whisper.

"Of course," said Mrs. Jack cordially. "Come and sit here by me in the window. Only don't talk loud, or Billy may waken. I want him to sleep an hour at least."

Julius flung two pillows from the couch to the floor at Mrs. Jack's feet and made as if to cast himself upon them. Then he looked about him, selected a small, straight chair, and pulled it to face her. "Guess I can begin better here," he said solemnly. "I'll reserve the pillows for the moment when I need to throw myself at your feet."

Mrs. Jack looked at him suspiciously, holding her needle suspended above the tear she was mending in one of Billy's skirts.

"No — it's not money," said the Yale sophomore. "I told you I'd make what father let me have at Christmas last till June. I'm not going to howl for more now at Easter."

His face wore a virtuous expression which Mrs. Jack vaguely distrusted. But at the next instant the virtuous look had changed to one which denoted extreme admiration for Mrs. Jack herself.

"Say, but you look foxy this morning," he declared. "Where did you get that blouse? It's a stunner."

Mrs. Jack turned to her sewing. "I see," she said. "It's something you want of me."

"I never can disguise my feelings," murmured Julius. "I admit that I do. But the blouse took me off my feet, by the way. I didn't start out to jolly you — but you looked so awfully pretty I had to turn aside to tell you so."

Mrs. Jack smiled in spite of herself: Julius' tone was the essence of sincerity. "It is a beauty," she owned. "I know that myself. But this is the third time I've worn it since you've been here."

Julius ignored the implication. "When you come up next year to Junior prom," he said, "if you leave Jack and Billy at home and let me introduce you as Miss Broughton, you'll have a gang around you so thick you can't be found."

Mrs. Jack leaned forward and tapped his head with her thimble. "That's enough," she said. "What is it you are after? Must I entertain for you?"

Julius looked at her with an air of relief. "Would you do it?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, I suppose so," agreed Mrs. Jack, with an indulgent smile. "Whom do you want? Every Yale man who is home, of course, and enough girls to go round?"

"That's just awfully good of you," declared Julius gratefully. "But — er — if I let you off from something that would be so much trouble as that, perhaps you wouldn't mind doing a much simpler thing."

He had such a guileless air that Mrs. Jack at once put up her guard.

"That depends on what you call a simpler thing. Your ideas and mine ——"

"This isn't much," explained Julius modestly. "It's just — you see — a girl I know in New Haven is starting West to be gone some time. She's going through town, and she'd have just about time to come out here for — that is — for luncheon. If you would meet her ——"

"Julius! — who is she?"

"She's a dream," said Julius.

"I suppose so. The last one always is. But why in the world do you want her to come out here for luncheon?"

"She's a mighty nice girl, and you'd like her. I want her to know you. I've told her a lot about you, and she's crazy to meet you."

"But coming here to luncheon would look — and my meeting her and all — would certainly look ——"

Julius left the chair for the pillows at his sister's feet. He lifted a pair of exceedingly fine brown eyes. They were his best feature, — a fact of which he was not unaware. He laid both arms on her lap, entangling himself with Billy's skirt. "How would it look?" he inquired deferentially.

"Why — you know perfectly well. There's no reason for my needing to know her or to show her any such attention unless you — Julius — you're a mere boy ——"

"I weigh one-seventy-eight — stripped," said Julius pensively. "She's a little thing. I have to stoop to ——"

"To what?" Mrs. Jack sat up alertly.

"To — tie her Oxford," breathed Julius softly. "She wears a two-and-a-half. It broke me all up when I saw it first."

Mrs. Jack began to sew very fast on the ripped place in Billy's skirt. "I don't think I shall do any such thing as this," she said severely. "If you've been at any nonsense with this girl, it's time it was ended. I know just how you act — you make them all think you care a great deal about them — and sometimes you get them to care about you — or think they do. Just remember how you made that little Saunders girl pine for you. They had to take her to Colorado."

Julius groaned. "Oh, say,— if you're going to hold a fellow accountable for a kid affair like that. She was nothing but a baby — She had no — If you merely looked at her she went all to squash. She ——"

"And this is probably another," said Mrs. Jack. "No — I shall not ask her here. It would be absurd. She would be drawing conclusions she would have no right to make."

"The trouble is," said Julius slowly, looking very grave and sad, "I've already ——"

"Julius Broughton!"

"I thought you'd be glad to do such a little thing," said he, in an aggrieved tone. "I've always bragged about you a lot. She knows I think you're the greatest sister a fellow ever had ——"

Mrs. Jack laid down her work. "Am I to understand," said she distinctly, "that you are in love with this girl?"

Julius looked up piteously. Then he slowly drew from his breast pocket a small photograph, gazed pensively at it, and surrendered it to his sister. She stared at it in dismay.

"Julius Broughton!"

"Isn't she a dream?" demanded the Yale sophomore, anxiously studying the expression on Mrs. Jack's face.

"She's fairly pretty," admitted Mrs. Jack, with reluctance. "But she — Julius, look at that hat!"

"It's awfully becoming. The way she glances out at you from under it ——"

"It's too wide — it's an exaggeration. And her hair — she shouldn't wear it like that ——"

"All the girls do ——"

"That's a very strange thing she has on her neck."

"Now, see here," said Julius, sitting up suddenly, "what's that got to do with it? Do you want some other woman to judge whether you're a desirable wife for Jack Elliot by the width of your hat-brim? I tell you, that girl's a peach. Ask Sam Underwood. Ask Walter Caruthers. Ask Pierce Gibson. The fellow that gets that girl is mighty lucky. And if you won't meet her at the eleven-ten to-morrow, I will — and take her to Chesterfield's for luncheon ——"

"Julius ——"

"I will. I counted on you to do me a little stunt like this, and I didn't think you'd fail me because Juno Jardis' hair fluffs all over her head. I'll bet you'd give your spring clothes for such hair."

"I will meet her," said Mrs. Jack coldly, "if you will go with me, and if you will promise ——"

"Promise nothing. I'm not going with you. I want you to meet her alone."

"Why, Julius, how absurd. I shouldn't know her ——"

"Yes, you will. She'll be wearing a bunch of sweet peas ——"

"'Juno Jardis'— what a very extraordinary name! It doesn't sound — Julius — it doesn't sound ——"

"It's not particularly appropriate, if that's what you mean — and that's all you'd better mean ——"

"Why, Julius, what a tone you take! I ——"

"I won't hear anybody run down Miss Jardis," declared the Yale sophomore, getting to his feet. "She's all right. I'm awfully obliged to you," he acknowledged stiffly, and walked out of the room.

Mrs. Jack looked after him anxiously. It did look serious. She was used to Julius' ravings over one girl after another, but this insistency and this readiness to take offense, — they were new and to be reckoned with. He was a mere boy, it was true,— but mere boys often did crazy things; and if the affair had come to anything resembling an engagement, it was her duty to be as alert and as discreet as it is possible for a youthful married sister to be.

For the next twenty-four hours Julius' manner could have been described only by the term "fussy." He took it upon himself to question his sister regarding what she intended to serve at the luncheon in question; overruled more than one of her selections; and put in so importunate a plea for certain others of his own that he nearly drove her to distraction. He ordered flowers enough to decorate the entire house; he fidgeted about the various rooms, rearranging pictures and furniture after ideas of his own, and with a resultant effect which nearly upset his sister. On the morning of the fateful day he came down to breakfast looking nervous and worried, and immediately thereafter repaired to his own room, where he achieved, by slow and apparently painful degrees, a toilet which seemed not to satisfy him. Mrs. Jack, passing his door, found herself hailed and invited to criticize the result of his efforts.

"Er — do you think this cravat looks as well as the all-black one?" he demanded anxiously.

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Jack, without show of interest, and would have walked out again. But Julius detained her.

"It doesn't seem to me that Hopkinson has got just the right fit over that left shoulder-blade," he said, twisting himself about at impossible angles before his mirror.

"Of course not, when you distort yourself that way."

"But do you think it's all right?"

"I see nothing the matter."

"Hold on — just give a fellow a little help, will you? Haven't I got my hair parted a shade too far to the left?"

"No."

"I can't find one of my monogram handkerchiefs," complained Julius bitterly. "Would you mind lending me one of Jack's?"

"He doesn't have monogramed handkerchiefs," said Mrs. Jack frigidly, and escaped. If she had not been so anxious, she would have laughed, but it did not seem like a laughing matter. These evidences of extreme concern over so simple an affair as the entertainment of a girl at luncheon, in one whose manner was ordinarily distinguished for its nonchalance, were not to be regarded lightly — of that she was growing more and more certain.

She went to meet the eleven-ten train in a most unenviable frame of mind. For some reason uncomprehended by herself, she had spent rather careful thought upon her own toilet, and the figure which waited by the exit for the incoming rush of passengers from the eleven-ten was one with which no fault could have been found. Mrs. Jack had arrayed herself precisely as she would require any girl whom she could imagine acceptable as Julius' wife to be arrayed, and she was not prepared to lower her standard.

When she caught sight of Julius' sweet peas, she drew a surprised breath. They were pinned upon the breast of a most unexceptionable tailored gown of gray, and the face above them, shadowed by the wide hat, — wide, truly, yet not beyond the bounds of correct picturesqueness,— was one of extreme and striking beauty.

"Too pretty," was the instant verdict of the critic at the gateway. At the next moment she was extending a cordial hand, smiling, and saying, "Miss Jardis?"

"Mrs. Elliot?" replied a soft contralto voice, and the meeting of the enemy was accomplished. But whether she was theirs, or they were hers, Mrs. Jack was not able to determine.

She was at hand when Julius appeared. That young man waited until his sister and her guest were comfortably established in the library, and then he strolled in. There was rather more than a hint of a flush on his usually even-tinted face, and his manner was distinctly agitated. Mrs. Jack, watching him with the eyes of a mother-hawk, noted that he laughed much more than usual, that he kept his eyes on Miss Juno Jardis' face incessantly, that he sat very close to her upon the divan, and that his whole aspect was of one absorbed to the point of oblivion regarding all other objects.

All through luncheon it was the same. Jack Elliot was never at home for luncheon, so

that function was enjoyed solely by the two young people and their hostess. Julius ate almost nothing,— a symptom which of itself was to his sister sufficient to confirm her worst fears. He devoted himself to the guest every second of the time. The young woman herself received this excessive tribute as one familiar with it. She gave Mrs. Jack precisely enough attention to conform to the necessities of such an occasion, and no more. No fault could have been found with her manner — it was that of a girl who had been much courted and was accustomed to receiving masculine devotion, but it did not forget the proprieties.

Julius accompanied his sister and their guest to the train which bore Miss Jardis away toward the West. Mrs. Jack watched him take leave of her and read in his lingering farewell and in his intent eyes, fixed until the last upon the face under the wide hat, that if Julius did not marry this girl in the middle of his college course, it would be only because he was restrained by brute force.

She said not a word to him all the way home. The moment that the house was reached, Julius took himself off, and she did not see him alone again until evening. She was beginning to think that he intended to avoid a discussion with her, when he lounged into the library where she sat trying to read.

He sat down in a very stiff way, looked at his sister, and inquired, "Well?"

Mrs. Jack lifted a face which betrayed her suspense. "I suppose you wish me to tell you what I thought of Miss Jardis."

"I should be glad to know," said he.

"She was very pretty," said Mrs. Jack. She had made up her mind that she would begin, as Jack always did in an argument, by admitting all that she possibly could on the opposite side of the question. "And very well dressed. And as well-bred as the average girl ——"

"Only that?" inquired Julius, with eyes on her face.

"She behaved perfectly well — only that she — allowed you to monopolize her."

"It didn't occur to me that there was anybody else to do it."

"There wasn't, of course. Only, if you young people would occasionally give your elders a shade more attention than is actually called for, it would be refreshing. But —" Mrs. Jack recollected that she had meant to keep away from any suggestion of acerbity, and she strove now to retain the sweetness in her tone — "I liked Miss Jardis very much," she said, with an inward prayer to heaven to forgive her. She had, of course, hated Miss Jardis with an intense and unreasoning hatred from the moment she had heard of her existence. "I can quite see how you should have — been attracted by her. She — she is, of course, older than you ——"

"Three days," said Julius promptly.

"I should have said at least three years," said Mrs. Jack very gently. "And, of course, a girl of twenty-one is much older for her years than a bo — man. Have you known her long?"

"Since September."

Mrs. Jack looked at him. Suddenly her policy of calm self-control deserted her; she could not lay hands upon it. She got up and ran over to Julius' chair and gripped his shoulders.

"Oh, tell me," she cried, "are you going to be so silly as to ask that girl to marry you — you, a mere boy, in college, with only your allowance to live on, and nothing in the world in the way of a vocation? Julius — tell me, quick ——"

"Suppose I should say yes?" Julius looked dogged.

Then Mrs. Jack gave caution to the winds. "She's not the girl for you. And if she were — you're altogether too young to think of an engagement. Oh — Julius — *dear* ——"

She burst into tears. Julius got up and marched over to the window and stood there with his back to the room. There ensued a strained silence broken only by the faint sounds of Mrs. Jack's sorrow and the indications of her efforts to subdue it. She peered at her brother's back presently, from behind her handkerchief, and could determine nothing from the view. She remained staring at the broad young shoulders and the thrown-back head, with its heavy brown thatch, noted the desperate way in which the youngster's hands were plunged deep down into his pockets, and trembled for his next words.

Suddenly Julius turned aside from the window, dropped into a chair beside a small table, laid his head down on his folded arms, and passed into a state of uncontrollable emotion. Mrs. Jack watched him for a moment in alarm, then got up and went hesitatingly toward him. She was about to lay an affectionate, deprecating hand upon his shoulders when she was undeceived as to the seriousness of the situation by a stifled

sound which burst from the region of the folded arms. It was unmistakably the result of excessive mirth. She backed away instantly, her cheeks turning very red, and, at the same moment, Julius rolled over so that his face became visible.

"Oh, *wow!*" he shouted.

Mrs. Jack grew rigid. She opened her mouth to speak, but indignation stopped her breath.

"This has been the richest — most soul-satisfying — twenty-four hours — of my life," gasped the Yale sophomore. "To see you — nothing on the boards ever approached it. Oh — say, but you're easy!"

"If this has been one of your jokes —" began Mrs. Jack — and words again failed her.

"Oh, it's been no joke — to you," he gurgled. "Jove — but you've suffered. Look here ——"

He drew from his pocket a large white envelop, took therefrom a folded sheet of heavy paper of the sort which usually means a certain thing, and held it out. Mrs. Jack took it with haughty fingers.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins Jardis request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter

Juno

to ——

The succeeding name was not Julius'.

"She's to be married next week, and I'm to be best man. Wasn't it only natural for me to show her a little attention — since the lucky fellow is Pierce Gibson, one of my great friends?"

Mrs. Jack walked away toward the crib where Billy was squirming himself awake. "It was a very pretty joke," she said coldly. "I advise you to explain it at once to Sally Meredith."

"Sally Meredith! — Why — she doesn't know ——"

"I thought best to tell her, when I saw her yesterday — since you seemed to be playing fast and loose with so many girls — and I think too much of Sally to let her ——"

"The — saints and all you did!" Julius sprang to his feet. "Say, I'll thank you to ——"

"I told her I never saw you so out of your head about any girl," went on Mrs. Jack maliciously.

Julius was making for the door.

"She's out of town to-day. She won't be back till Saturday."

Julius paused and regarded his sister with a darkening eye. "Would you mind saying what else you told her?"

"She came in just as you had finished with the flowers and gone up-stairs to dress. I showed her about. Of course, she carried it off well — but nobody as quick-witted as Sally could see the way you had upset the house for that girl, and not draw her own inference. It was after she had looked at everything, that she told me she should be out of town for a few days."

Julius groaned. "Look here," he said, "I didn't think you would just deliberately *try* to be mean. It's taken me two straight years to get where I am now with Sally Meredith — and the ground isn't sound under my feet yet, by any means. Now I'm probably at the bottom of an extinct volcano crater as far as she is concerned, and all because a woman can't take a joke. I can show her that wedding invitation and talk till I'm dumb, and it won't make a particle of difference — she'll remember your face and be persuaded that I'm at least Juno Jardis' rejected lover."

He strode back to the window again and stood looking gloomily out. Mrs. Jack sat down by the fire with Billy on her lap. Her face had regained its customary unlined prettiness, and she looked rather well pleased. A stormy sigh from the window caused a covert smile to dimple about the lips of Billy's mother.

"Well — I suppose I've got to call it square —" came gloomily from the victim. "But I'll just tell you that monkeying with a fellow's girl friends isn't a straight deal. It ——"

He paused — bent forward and scrutinized a passing trap-load intently. The next instant he had thrown up the window and was waving an ecstatic arm, while his face beamed.

"Close the window — this instant! Billy will ——"

Julius closed the window and turned around. He glanced at his sister as he passed her on his hurried way to the door.

"Trust a woman to get even somehow," he growled, suppressing a relieved grin.

"Julius —" called Mrs. Jack.

He turned on his heel in the doorway.

"'*Oh, say — but you're easy!*'" she quoted gently.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

INTRODUCTION AT THE SPANISH COURT—HOSTILE INFLUENCES ABROAD—SCHURZ' WARNING—"WAR AGAINST THE WORLD"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

I STOPPED in London long enough to call upon the American Minister, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, for the purpose of obtaining from him the latest information about the attitude of European powers concerning the United States. I had never seen Mr. Adams before. The appearance of the little bald-headed gentleman with the clean-cut features and blue eyes, to whom I introduced myself with some diffidence as a colleague, reminded me strongly of the portraits I had seen of President John Quincy Adams, his father. What I had read of the habitual frigidity of the demeanor of the father served me to interpret rightly the manner in which the son received me. He said that he was very glad to see me, in a tone which, no doubt, was intended for kindness. It was certainly courteous. But there was a lack of warmth and a stiffness about it, which, as I afterwards told one of Mr. Adams' sons, to his great amusement, caused, in my feeling, the temperature of the room to drop several degrees. Of course, Mr. Adams could have no reason for desiring to chill me, and I concluded that this prim frigidity was purely temperamental and normal: When we began to talk about public business, he did, indeed, not exactly "warm up," but he spoke to me with a communicativeness which touched me as confidential and therefore complimentary. He told me very minutely the story of the "precipitate" proclamation of neutrality by the British Government and of the "unofficial" reception of the "Confederate Commissioners," and described to me, in a manner which betrayed grave apprehensions on his part, the unfriendly, if not positively hostile, influences he had to contend with,— influences the strength of which depended in a great measure upon the wide-spread belief that the existence of slavery was not involved in our home struggle.

Impressions of Charles Francis Adams

I left Mr. Adams with the highest impression of his patriotism, of the clearness and exactness of his mind, of the breadth of his knowledge, and his efficiencies as a diplomat. History has since pronounced its judgment on his services. He was in the best sense of the term a serious and sober man. He indeed lacked some of the social qualities which it may be desirable that a diplomat should possess. Although he kept up in London an establishment fitting the dignity of his position as the representative of a great republic and performed his social duties with punctilious care, he was not a pleasing after-dinner speaker, nor a shining figure on festive occasions. He lacked the gifts of personal magnetism or sympathetic charm that would draw men to him. Neither had he that vivacity of mind and that race combativeness which made his father, John Quincy Adams, so formidable a fighter. But his whole mental and moral being commanded so high a respect that every word he uttered had extraordinary weight, and his antagonists, in his diplomatic encounters, not only feared the reach and exactness of his knowledge and the solidity of his reasoning, but were also anxious to keep his good opinion of them. He would not trifle

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with anything, and nobody would trifle with him. His watchfulness was incessant and penetrating without becoming offensive through demonstrative suspiciousness, and his remonstrances commanded the most serious attention without being couched in language of boast or menace. The dignity of his country was well embodied in his own. It is doubtful whether a fitter man could have been found to represent this Republic during the great crisis in its history, near a government the attitude of which was to us of such vital importance.

In Paris I saw our Minister, Mr. Dayton, whose account of the uncertainty of the French Emperor's policy with regard to the United States was still more disquieting. My wife wished to pay a visit to our relatives at Hamburg, and it was thought best that she should remain there with our children until the autumn, when the summer heat at Madrid would be over. I therefore set out for Spain alone.

Arrival at Madrid

At Madrid I was received by Mr. Perry, the secretary of legation, a gentleman five years older than I, of very prepossessing appearance and pleasant address. My arrival relieved him of considerable anxiety. He informed me that Queen Isabella was on the point of leaving Madrid for Santander, a seaside place, and that if I had not arrived before her departure, my official reception would have had to be delayed for several weeks. He had conferred upon this matter with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Don Saturnino Calderon Collantes, and the Queen had consented to receive me at the royal palace the next evening at half-past nine o'clock. Mr. Perry impressed upon me that this arrangement was to be accepted by me as a great favor. He had secured quarters for me at the hotel "de los Embajadores." After my instalment there we went together to the office of the American Legation, which was situated at some distance in the Calle de Alcala. I sat down to compose the little speech with which I was to present my "letter of credence," addressed by the President to the Queen of Spain. This done, I put some official papers which I had brought with me into the desk assigned to me. Mr. Perry then took me to the foreign office for my first official call, and then to the hotel where I was to rest while he communicated my speech to the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

On the way to the hotel Mr. Perry remarked something about the official dress in which we were to appear that evening. It being at that time still the rule that the ministers of the United States should wear a certain uniform at foreign courts, — a richly embroidered dress-coat with correspondingly ornamental trousers, a cocked hat, and a court-sword, — I had ordered those articles at the establishment of a tailor at Paris who seemed to have the custom of American diplomacy, but they were not ready when I left Paris for Madrid. They would be sent after me in a few days. I could, therefore, appear before the Queen only in an ordinary gentleman's evening attire.

Mr. Perry seemed to be much disturbed by this revelation. He did not know how the "Introductor de los Embajadores," a high court-official who had to supervise the ceremonial of such state functions, would like it. He feared that there would be difficulty. However, he would lay the state of things before that dignitary and do his best to arrange matters. An hour or two later Mr. Perry returned with the report that the Introductor de los Embajadores, a very solemn and punctilious grandee, had at first grown pale at the idea of a foreign minister being received in plain evening clothes by her Majesty. He doubted whether such a thing had ever happened in the history of the Spanish monarchy, and whether it was compatible with the dignity of the Spanish throne. Mr. Perry then hurried to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who succeeded in persuading the Introductor de los Embajadores that the exigencies of the situation would justify a departure from ever so solemn a rule, but that official still insisting that he would not permit such a departure without special permission from her Majesty, the matter was hurriedly submitted by the Minister to the Queen, who graciously consented. This crisis being happily passed, I was to rest in peace until nine in the evening, when Mr. Perry was to call for me with a carriage to take me to the palace.

Reception by Queen Isabella — The Affair of the Credentials

At the appointed hour Mr. Perry arrived and found me in blameless evening attire, ready for action. I had only to put the "letter of credence," to be presented to the Queen, in my pocket. But — good heavens! — where was that letter of credence? Not

to be found! Could it have been among the papers which I had locked up in my desk at the office of the Legation? It must have been so. But what was now to be done? To drive to the Legation and from there to the palace was impossible. We should not have arrived at the palace until half an hour after the time appointed by the Queen. That the Queen should be made to wait for a foreign gentleman in plain evening clothes could not be thought of. Only a bold stroke could save the situation; and such a stroke I resolved upon. I took a newspaper and put it carefully folded into a large envelop of the official size, which I inscribed to "Doña Isabella, Queen of Spain." This envelop I would hand to her Majesty at the ceremonial, and I asked Mr. Perry to have a short aside with the Minister of Foreign Affairs for the purpose of informing him of what had happened, of excusing me as best he could, and of requesting him not to open the envelop in her Majesty's presence after she had handed it to him. The real letter of credence would surely be presented to him the next morning. Fortunately Mr. Perry, who had a Spanish wife and spoke the language perfectly, was well acquainted with Don Saturnino, and so we hoped that this new crisis would be safely passed, too.

Thus armed and equipped we drove to the palace. At the foot of the great staircase stood two halberdiers in gorgeous medieval costume, to guard the passage to the room of state. When they saw me in plain evening dress, the dignity of the Spanish throne must have occurred to them, too, for they crossed their halberds and refused to let us ascend. Mr. Perry wore the uniform of a Secretary of Legation, but this did not satisfy the halberdiers, who looked at me with evident disapproval and suspicion. Mr. Perry, putting on a proud and indignant mien and assuming a tone of command, called upon one of the flunkies who stood on the stairs instantly to run up and report to the Introductor de los Embajadores the outrage that had been inflicted on the Minister of the United States. The Introductor came rushing down with an expression of consternation on his face, threw apart the crossed halberds with his own hands, poured forth a torrent of Spanish words which obviously were meant for apologies, and we ascended the great staircase in triumph.

In the hall of state we found Sir John Crumpton, the new British minister, with his staff, who was also to present his credentials. As he had called at the foreign office a little earlier than I, he was entitled to precedence. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was also on hand; and, as we were waiting for the Queen, Mr. Perry had time to communicate to him in a few hurried words our embarrassment concerning the letter of credence and the expedient I had resorted to. The Minister looked grave, but nodded. A door was flung open, a gorgeously attired official shouted something into the hall, and the Queen appeared, a portly dame with a fat and unhandsome but good-natured looking face. Sir John Crumpton went through the ceremony, and as I looked on I could study his performance as a model for what I had to do. When my turn came, I made as good a bow as Sir John had made, delivered my little speech in English, of which the Queen did not understand a word, and presented the envelop containing a newspaper to the Queen, who held the precious object in her hand while she delivered a little speech in Spanish to me, of which I did not understand a word; whereupon, with a grand swing, she turned the envelop, unopened, over to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He took it, bowing profoundly. While he did so, I caught Don Saturnino's eye and saw a knowing smile flitting across his features. Then, according to custom, the Queen spoke to me conversationally in French, expressing the hope that I was well and would be pleased with Spain, and I said something polite in response. Then another bow, and the ceremony was over.

The King, A Pitiful Figure

But I was told that I was to present myself, also, to the King, Don Francisco de Assisi. He was, in fact, only the "Prince Consort" to the Queen, but had, by an arrangement of courtesy, received the title of "King" and "his Majesty," on the occasion of his marriage to the Queen. His only political function consisted in presenting himself to the world as the official father of Isabella's children. The affair of Isabella's marriage had in the early 40's created great excitement in Europe, owing to the anxiety of some powers, lest some other power gain in advantage by a family alliance with the Spanish dynasty. It was at last thought safest that Isabella marry a Spanish Bourbon, and Don Francisco appeared to be the only available candidate, although

From the New York Court Circular & Upper Ten Thousand Gazette.
Yesterday His Excellency Mr. Schurtz was received by the Queen a King
and [illegible] his Credentials as Minister from the United States. His Excellency
wore a [illegible] uniform embroidered with the colours of his native land.
His train was carried by his son Master Dicky whose artless loveliness
won general admiration.
Captain C D Gills and Hon.ble Washington Mangle accompany his
Excellency.

A facsimile of a cartoon and note by Thackeray, made by him at the time of Mr. Schurz' presentation at the Spanish Court, reproduced here through the courtesy of the owner, Mr. Brander Matthews

he was a very disagreeable person to Isabella herself. Thus the ill-sorted couple were united in wedlock for so-called "state reasons."

The "King" was not present in the great hall where the foreign ministers were received by the Queen, and I was conducted through long corridors to his apartments. Suddenly a door was opened, and I almost stumbled over a very little man standing on the threshold of a small, dimly-lighted room. I was greatly surprised, on being presented, to hear this little person addressed as "his Majesty, the King." The conversation that followed, carried on in French, was simple in the extreme. The King spoke in a cracked soprano voice, somewhat like the scream of a young hen. He said that he

was very glad to see me, that he hoped my long journey all the way from America to Spain had been a pleasant one, and especially that I had not been very seasick. Did I ever get very seasick? I was happy to assure his Majesty that my journey had been throughout a pleasant one and that I had not been at all seasick, and that I hoped his Majesty was in good health. His Majesty replied that he was entirely well, but he thought never to get seasick was a rare thing. It was a great gift of nature,— a very valuable gift indeed. After this utterance, our theme seemed to be exhausted, and I was permitted to withdraw. When thinking over the events of the day, before falling asleep, my introduction into diplomatic life in Madrid appeared to me very much like an act in an opera bouffe,— a comical prelude to serious business.

The following day I delivered the genuine letter of credence to Don Saturnino Calderon Collantes. . . .

Schurz Argues the Northern Cause

It was my business to place the situation of my country in the most favorable light in the eyes of the government to which I was accredited. In Spain I could, of course, not appeal to any anti-slavery feeling, because at that time slavery still existed in the Spanish colonies. But as the friendship and good-will of the United States was a matter of great importance to Spain on account of the proximity to our shores of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies, I sought to impress Don Saturnino with the immense superiority of the resources of the North to those of the South, which made the eventual suppression of the rebellion inevitable, whereupon the Republic would be more powerful and its friendship more important to its neighbors than ever before. Nor did I forget to mention that the desire to annex Cuba existed hardly at all in the North, but almost exclusively in the South, and that if, by a wonder, the Southern Confederacy should succeed in establishing its independence, it would certainly strive to strengthen itself territorially, and would turn its eyes toward Cuba at once. Don Saturnino recognized this as probable, although he was proudly confident that Spain would always be powerful enough to hold her own.

But as to the superiority of our North to the Southern insurgents, he had his doubts. The North being a manufacturing country and the South an agricultural country, the North thus depending upon the South for bread-stuffs and other agricultural products, he could not see how the North could carry on a war against the South for any length of time without exposing itself to great distress. Don Saturnino seemed greatly surprised when I explained to him that the North was by no means an exclusively manufacturing country; that, on the contrary, agriculture was the greatest source of Northern wealth; that instead of the North depending upon the South for breadstuffs, the South depended in a large measure upon the North; and that, in fact, the North exported a considerable quantity of breadstuffs to European countries, and even to the Spanish colonies that needed them. This seemed to be to Don Saturnino an entirely new view of the case, and he expressed his evident surprise by an occasional ejaculation of "Ah! ah!"

Whether I convinced him or not, I did not know, but he assured me that it was the settled policy of his government to maintain the strictest neutrality between the two belligerent parties, and that this policy would be adhered to in absolute good faith. To impress me, I suppose, with the importance to the United States of such a resolution on the part of such a power as Spain, Don Saturnino told me much of the successes recently achieved by Spain over the Moors in Africa, of the great victory at Tetuan, and of the old and new glories of Spanish arms; and he actually stated in the course of his remarks, as a universally known fact, about which there could be no reasonable dispute, that Spain was not only the most civilized, but also the most powerful country in Europe. In saying this with a face that could not have been more serious, he was, no doubt, perfectly sincere.

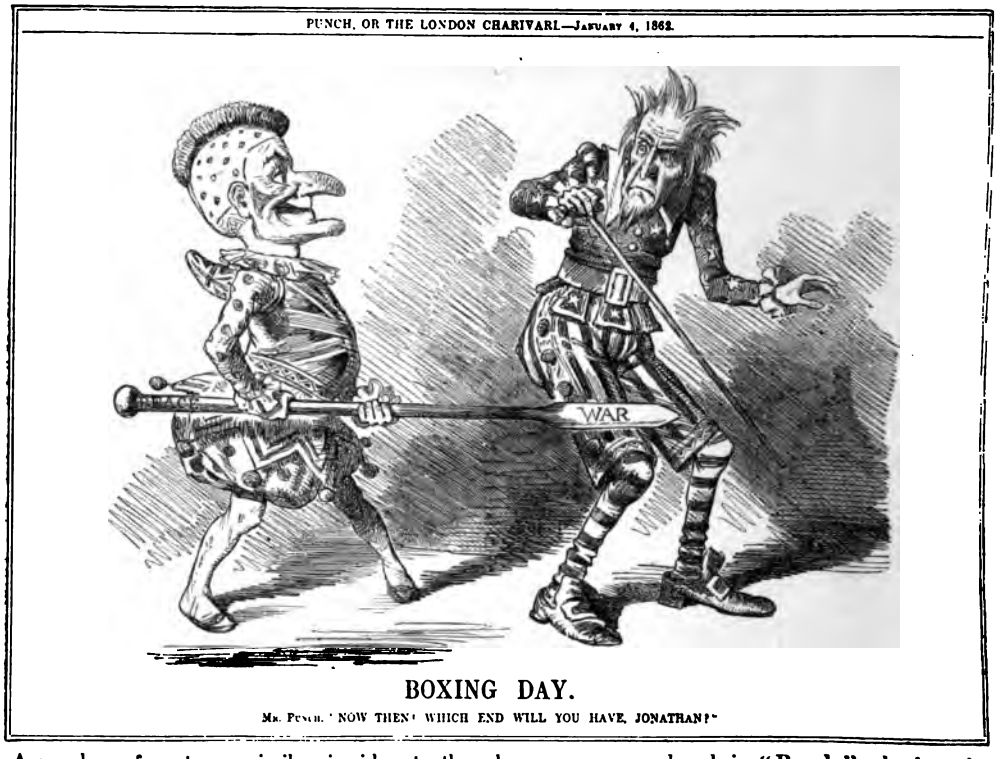
A veritable treasure I found in my Secretary of Legation, Mr. Horatio I. Perry. He was a native of New Hampshire, a graduate of Harvard, and a remarkably handsome man. He had come to Spain in 1849 as Secretary of the American Legation under the administration of President Taylor, married a Spanish lady, Doña Carolina Coronado, and, after having ceased to be connected with the diplomatic service, remained in Spain on account of his wife, who could not make up her mind to migrate to the far-away United States. I have reason

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN AND THE PRINCE CONSOR

for believing that although his social position in Madrid was very agreeable, he never ceased to pine for his native land, and when the news of the great conflict in America came, he eagerly longed for an opportunity to make himself useful in the service of his Government. It was sometimes pathetic to observe how the yearning created by his long involuntary separation from his country inflamed his desire to serve it in its hour of peril. Not many years later it was Mr. Perry's sad fate to die in Spain without having seen his native country again,— one of the truest and most enthusiastic of Americans sleeping in foreign soil.

The Perry family had rented a house and garden in the outskirts of Madrid, called "La Quinta," "the country house," because it was the only place of the kind in the immediate vicinity of the capital city. The quaint old house, which had belonged to the famous Queen Christina and had been occasionally inhabited by her, was large beyond the needs of the Perrys, and pleased me so much that I took a suitable part of it, containing a spacious salon with antechamber, dining-room, library, and several bed-chambers, off their hands, to establish there my own quarters.

For a little while I tried to keep house for myself in my part of the Quinta. I had my majordomo and other servants in customary style. But soon I discovered that I was being robbed most mercilessly. I had not only to pay incredible prices for everything that was bought for me, but also my small belongings, such as shirts, neckties, handkerchiefs, and similar things disappeared with amazing rapidity. It was a great relief to me when the Perrys offered to take charge of my domestic affairs, and the arrangement worked well beyond my anticipation.



A number of cartoons, similar in idea to the above, were reproduced in "Punch" during the early stages of the Civil War. They were occasioned by the Trent Affair

Friendly Attitude of Count Galen, the Prussian Minister

The social intercourse which my diplomatic position opened to me was agreeable but not extraordinarily interesting. Most of my colleagues were serious and well-informed men,—not, indeed, statesmen of the highest order, but attentive observers and good reasoners, from whom one could learn something. The minister with whom my relations became most agreeable was Count Galen, remarkable to tell,—the representative of the Prussian Government, which only a few years before had prosecuted me as a revolutionary offender, a state criminal. Count Galen, a Westphalian, was a kinsman of the Count Wolf-Metternich, whose tenant my grandfather had been, and in whose castle I was born. Count Galen had, as a young man, been a visitor in the Gracht, the "Burg" of Liblar, and he remembered very well my grandfather, the "Burghalfen." That I, the grandson of that "Burghalfen," should now turn up at the Spanish court as the diplomatic colleague of Count Wolf-Metternich's kinsman, seemed to us a fantastic, but also a propitious, whim of fortune, and our common memories of the "Burg" at Liblar and its inhabitants formed the subject of many a pleasant talk. Count Galen took a lively interest in American affairs, and from his utterances I could form an intelligent conclusion as to the true nature of the attitude of the Prussian Government with regard to our internal conflict. A considerable portion of the Prussian nobility, as well as many officers of the army, hating democracy and wishing that the Republic of the United States, as the greatest and most attractive example of democracy, should fail, and also believing that our slave-holders as a class corresponded most nearly with the aristocracy in European countries, instinctively sympathized with the insurgent Southern Confederacy. But all the rest of the Prussian people, that is, an overwhelming majority of them, comprising the most intelligent, active, and progressive elements, were decidedly and vigorously in sympathy with the North and the Union. Moreover, the traditional policy of Prussia was to cultivate

the most friendly relations with the United States. The Government and the people at large were thus united in this sentiment. The attitude of the Prussian Government was, therefore, not only one of neutrality, but one of distinctly amicable, well-wishing neutrality. And this friendly feeling Count Galen seemed heartily to share. . . .

The Queen's Pilgrimage to the Escorial

According to custom, the diplomatic corps followed the court to the Queen's summer residence, La Granja, at San Ildelonso, and thence to the Escorial, where the Queen was to stop a few days for the purpose of visiting the tombs of her ancestors and "doing penance." Of the "opera bouffe" part of my diplomatic life in Spain, those days formed the climax. Here was the Escorial palace, looking like a huge penitentiary, in somber gray stone, surmounted by a majestic church cupola,— the whole edifice breathing the atmosphere of the gloomy and terrible Philip II., the devout and bloody executioner of the Inquisition. In it was a little balcony, overlooking the interior of the church, itself looking like a dungeon-cell, in which Philip used to sit hearing mass. And deep down, surrounded by high and dark stone walls like an airshaft, was a little courtyard, damp and chill, into which no sunbeam could ever penetrate, but which was said to have been Philip's favorite place for "taking a walk," like a bear or a tiger in a pit. And then the crypt with the tombs of Philip and the other Spanish royalties. And there "doing penance" in these surroundings was the gay Isabella, the dissoluteness of whose life was so universally admitted that it may be said to have been accepted history. But the circumstances under which the gay Isabella was then "doing penance" were more than ordinarily peculiar. There was a story running from mouth to mouth, which nobody contradicted, and which, as far as I was aware, "everybody" believed. It was to this effect:— that right then and there, while doing penance, Queen Isabella had experienced a change of heart,— that is, not that she had turned to sackcloth and ashes in repenting of her sins, but that she had changed her heart from her old lover to a new one. Her recognized favorite for some time had been Don Juan Tenorio, her private secretary. Desiring to rid herself of him, Queen Isabella offered him the embassy to the Papal Court at Rome. But Don Juan, of whom it was said that he was really attached to the Queen with a sentimental affection and that he was now consumed by jealousy, declined the offer and simply retired to some solitude in which to nurse the agonies of jilted love.

Whether the story of the burlesque enacted at the Escorial ever got into the newspapers or otherwise became known to the great public in Spain, I cannot say. But although

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

United States Minister to England 1861-1868. "The dignity of his country was well-embodied in his own"

that Spanish public was not unaccustomed to court scandals, Isabella managed to sink so low in the estimation of the best part of the Spanish people, that when some years later she was swept from the throne, the absolute lack of respect for her no doubt made the work of the revolutionary movement against her very much easier than it otherwise would have been. While I am writing this, Isabella is said still to enjoy in Paris the life of a Queen in exile. Poor "King" Don Francisco, who in Madrid hung about the Court somewhat like a charity boarder with a title, has recently

NAPOLEON III.

died a quiet death without leaving a void.

Embarrassment After Bull Run

It is impossible to describe the gloom cast upon our legation by the news of the disastrous battle of Bull Run. I could not see a Spaniard smile without suspecting that he was laughing at our rout. I noticed that my colleagues of the diplomatic corps, who would have more or less freely, and perhaps even sympathetically, talked with me about an ordinary national misfortune, refrained from mentioning the battle of Bull Run in my presence, as people will refrain from mentioning a family disgrace in the presence of the husband or father concerned. The only one who visited me and made inquiries about the event in a tone of a frank and sympathetic friend was the Prussian Minister, Count Galen. I could not tell him more than he already knew from the public prints, except that I was confident the American Government and people would rise with undaunted determination to the duty of the hour, and thus repair the disaster.

The agitation for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy proceeded rather more vigorously than before; and it was not unreasonable to predict that such a recognition would soon be followed by a concerted effort of foreign powers to break up our blockade of the Southern ports and by other acts of interference highly dangerous to the

Union cause. There was, indeed, no reason to fear that Spain would, of her own initiative, launch out in such a policy. She was restrained, not, perhaps, by any love for the United States, but by her weakness in point of military and naval resources and by the exposed situation of her colonial possessions in the West Indies. She had, at that period, more to fear from the aggressiveness and land greed of an independent slave-holding Confederacy, than from a Union in which the slave-holding element was held in check by more potent influences. It was, therefore, the manifest interest of Spain to remain on good terms with the Union; and when the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs assured me of the friendly sentiments of his Government, he was, no doubt, sincere. It would have required a very strong impulse from France and England to push Spain into a change of her attitude. The important question, therefore, was what France and England would do.

Hostile Influences in England and France

As I could gather from the newspapers, as well as from my correspondence, there were several influences pressing for action unfavorable to our cause: — the anti-democratic element, naturally sympathizing with anything that promised to demonstrate the failure of the great democratic experiment in the New World; business interests in France and England, depending upon the regular supply of raw cotton, which was interrupted by our blockade of the Southern ports; the displeasure created by our new tariff on imports, the so-called Morrill Tariff, which disturbed the commerce between European countries and the United States, while the Confederate Government was profuse in its free-trade professions; and finally the wide-spread belief that the breaking up of the Union was an established and irreversible fact, and that the task the Government of the United States had assumed, of subjugating so large an extent of country, defended by a united and warlike population, was a hopeless undertaking, involving absolutely useless shedding of blood and destruction of property. It was even thought that it would be rendering a service to humanity to stop such a war, which was denounced as almost criminal because of its evident futility. Views not unlike these were entertained and expressed even by such a Liberal as Gladstone.

In France, the decision as to the action of the Government depended in a great measure upon the view the Emperor Louis Napoleon took of his personal or dynastic advantage. His sympathies were instinctively with the Southern Confederacy. He harbored in his mind vague schemes of aggrandizement, the execution of which would have been much facilitated by the dismemberment of the United States. He would, therefore, have been glad to break our blockade of the Southern ports and even to interfere directly in our struggle in favor of the Southern Confederacy, could he have done so without running against a strong public opinion in his own country, and also without the risk of entangling himself single-handed in a conflict of such magnitude that it might compromise the position of France among the powers of Europe. For this reason he was anxious to obtain the coöperation of Great Britain in the enterprise. He sought that coöperation with great solicitude. With England, therefore, the decision rested.

In England, the Government depended upon public opinion in a far greater measure than in France. If public opinion in England distinctly demanded the recognition of the Southern Confederacy and active interference in its behalf, those things would certainly come. If public opinion distinctly forbade them, they would certainly not come.

The question now was, What arguments could be brought forth in our favor to overcome those that were so assiduously and so effectively marshaled against it? The answer to that question, as I conceived it, was simply that we should tell the world the plain truth about the real nature of our struggle, and upon that statement appeal to the moral sense and the enlightened judgment of civilized mankind.

In this respect the attitude of our Government appeared unhappily ambiguous. The home situation was prolific of complicated embarrassments. Although every clear-minded person recognized that the war was bound to result ultimately in the total destruction of slavery, the spirit of abundant caution in the Administration insisted upon keeping the anti-slavery tendency of the conflict in the background in order to spare the sensitiveness of the Union men in the border states and of the war Democrats who would protest against the "war for the Union" being turned into an "abolition

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD AND HIS DAUGHTER FANNY

From a photograph made about 1861

war." But whether that caution was demanded or even justified by the home situation, certain it is that it grievously impaired the moral strength which our cause would otherwise naturally have had in the world abroad. Hardly anything would in this respect have been more important than the official interpretation of the national aspirations, given by our Secretary of State, who was charged with the duty of speaking for us to the outside world.

Seward's Plan of "War Against the World"

In fact, the operations of Seward's mind at this period may be ranked among the most curious puzzles of history. Having been regarded as one of the most radical anti-slavery men before Lincoln's election, he became, after that event, apparently at least, one of the most timid. As appears from his private correspondence, since

published, he regarded himself as appointed by Providence, as well as by the tacit consent of both political parties, to "compose" the trouble created by the secession movement. He seemed to believe that this composition could be effected by mutual concessions, by compromise with regard to slavery. But when the question, What concession would he offer? arose, it turned out that he could offer only the advice to let the slavery question alone, and to think and talk of something else. He incurred the displeasure of the anti-slavery men by assuming the attitude of a compromiser, and the displeasure of the real compromisers by having no substantial compromise to offer. What he had in his mind, as subsequently revealed by Nicolay and Hay's account of his memorandum of April 1st, was a plan to pull the seceders back into the Union,— a plan so amazing in its fatuity, that nobody would believe its conception possible, were it not on undeniable record.

In that paper, addressed by Seward to President Lincoln, he proposed that the slavery question be put out of sight, and that categorical inquiries be thrust at France, Great Britain, Russia, and Spain, such as ordinarily are followed by a declaration of war,— his idea being that conflicts with foreign powers would serve to excite an enthusiastic national outburst of an America-against-the-world furor, in the South as well as the North, sufficiently strong to make the Southern people forget their quarrel with the North and to range them and the Northern brethren side by side in a common fight against the foreigner. And this at the moment when nothing would have delighted the Southern Secessionists more than to see the Union entangled in a conflict with a strong foreign power, which foreign power would then have been the natural ally of the Confederacy. How any one could hope that under such circumstances an actual conflict between those powers and the United States, the very thing our Secessionists ardently desired, would reunite the South and the North in a common national enthusiasm, passes understanding.

When Lincoln had buried in discreet and generous silence Seward's policy of war against the world, Seward contented himself with making foreign governments understand that they could not recognize the Southern Confederacy as an independent nation without incurring the active resentment of the United States. He did this in language which was always earnest and eloquent, and sometimes even rose to oratorical fervor. This was well as far as it went, and no doubt had the effect of convincing the French Emperor and the leading statesmen of Great Britain that they could not defy the United States without running the risk of complications which might become very serious to them for the time being, however disastrous they would be in the end to us. He probably deterred the French Emperor from taking any offensive steps without the consent and coöperation of Great Britain. But the greatness of the risk to them involved in such complications would depend upon the ability of the United States to hold the field against European enemies and against the Southern Confederacy at the same time, and this ability would in its turn depend upon the fortunes of war in our civil conflict. Unless we gained advantages in that conflict great enough to give us a decided superiority in our own country, Seward's bold words, sometimes bordering upon actual menace, would lose their impressive force and finally sound only like hollow thunder. And there was the danger — a danger which was visibly increasing after our defeat at Bull Run and several other mishaps on the field of military operations soon following. It may have been ever so true that, as Seward said, the people of the North would not have given up their cause, even if foreign powers had intervened in favor of the Southern Confederacy. But it must have been clear to every sober mind, that against the combination of European powers and the Southern Confederacy, the chances of the Union would have been desperate almost to hopelessness.

Schurz' Impressive Warning

Under these circumstances, I thought it my duty to communicate to my Government the result of my inquiries and my reflections thereon, and as the despatch I wrote has been noticed in historical works as "the first impressive warning of this danger," I may be pardoned for quoting here the principal part of it:

> It is my conviction, and I consider it a duty to communicate it to you, that the sympathies of the liberal masses in Europe are not as unconditionally in our favor as might be desired, and

that unless the war ends soon, or something be done to give our cause a stronger foothold in the popular heart, they will, in the end, not be decided and powerful enough to control the actions of those governments whose good-will or neutrality is to us of the greatest importance. When the struggle about the slavery question in the United States assumed the form of an armed conflict, it was generally supposed in Europe that the destruction of slavery was to be the avowed object of the policy of the government, and that the war would, in fact, be nothing less than a grand uprising of the popular conscience in favor of a great humanitarian principle. If this opinion had been confirmed by the evidence of facts, the attitude of Europe, as determined by popular sentiment, could not have been doubtful a single moment. But it was remarked, not without a feeling of surprise and disappointment, that the federal government, in its public declaration, cautiously avoided the mentioning of the slavery question as the cause and origin of the conflict; that its acts, at the beginning of the war, at least, were marked by a strikingly scrupulous respect for the sanctity of slave property; and that the ultimate extinction of an institution so hateful to European minds was most emphatically denied to be one of the objects of the war. I do not mean to question the wisdom of the government under circumstances so difficult and perplexing, but I am bearing witness to the effect its attitude produced upon public opinion in Europe. It is exceedingly difficult to make Europeans understand, not only why the free and prosperous North should fight morally for the privilege of being reassociated with the imperious and troublesome slave States, but also why the principle, by virtue of which a population, sufficiently strong for establishing and maintaining an independent national existence, possesses the right to have a government and institutions of its own choice, should not be recognized in monarchical Europe. I have had to discuss this point with men whose sympathies were most sincerely on our side, and all my constitutional arguments failed to convince them that such a right can be consistently denied, unless our cause was based upon principles of a higher nature. I know that journalists, who, in their papers, work for us to the best of their ability, are secretly troubled with serious scruples on that point. The agents of the South, whose footprints are frequently visible in the public press, are availing themselves of this state of things with great adroitness. While they carefully abstain from alluding to the rights of slavery, they speak of free trade and cotton to the merchant and the manufacturer, and of the right of self-government to the liberal. They keep it well before the people that the same means of repression which are of so beneficial a memory to most European nations, — the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, arbitrary imprisonments, the confiscation of newspapers, the use of armed force,— are not found necessary to prop the federal government; and that the latter, in its effort to crush the independent spirit of eight millions of people, is, with rapid strides, approaching the line which separates democratic government from the attributes of an arbitrary despotism. The incidents of war, so unfavorable to our arms, could not fail to give weight and color to these representations. . . . And if opinions like these could gain ground among our natural friends, what have we to expect of those who secretly desire a permanent disruption of the Union? . . . And what will the federal government have to oppose to this plausible reasoning? A rupture of relations which would undoubtedly be more disagreeable to us than to them? Fleets and armies, which so far have been hardly able to close some Southern ports and to protect the President from capture in his capital? The resentment of the American people, which has ceased to be formidable? There are, in my opinion, but two ways in which the overwhelming perplexities can be averted which a rupture with foreign powers, added to our troubles at home, would inevitably bring upon us. The one consists in great and decisive military success speedily accomplished; and the other in such measures and manifestations on the part of the government as will place the war against the rebellious slave States upon a higher moral basis and therefore give us the control of public opinion in Europe. . . . It is my profound conviction that as soon as the war becomes distinctly one for and against slavery, public opinion will be so strongly, so overwhelmingly in our favor, that in spite of commercial interests or secret spites, no European government will dare to place itself, by declaration or act, upon the side of an universally condemned institution. Our enemies know that well, and we may learn from them. While their agents carefully conceal from the eyes of Europeans their only weak point, their attachment to slavery, ought we to aid them in hiding with equal care our only strong point, our opposition to slavery? While they, well knowing how repugnant slavery is to the European way of feeling, do all to make Europeans forget that they fight for it, ought we, who are equally-well acquainted with European sentiment, to abstain from making Europeans remember that we fight against it? In not availing ourselves of our advantages, we relieve the enemy of the odium attached to his cause. It is, therefore, my opinion that every step done by the government toward the abolition of slavery is, as to our standing in Europe, equal to a victory in the field. . . .

The fundamental idea of my despatch was, not that an anti-slavery demonstration in the conduct of our Government would convert our enemies in Europe, but that it would start a current of public opinion in our favor strong enough to balk their schemes, especially in England. And if it did this in England, the matter was decided, for the French Emperor would not venture upon the risky task of actively interfering with our home concerns without Great Britain's consent and support. Subsequent events have proved this expectation to have been well founded.

The anxiously awaited answer of Mr. Seward to my despatch was characteristic of his command of vague and sonorous

language when he wished to talk around the subject instead of directly at and upon it.

He wrote that he could well conceive that if slavery were made the paramount issue, the Government would win more friends abroad, "in the first emergency." But on the other hand it was never to be forgotten that foreign sympathy never created a state, and that love of national life must be the most energetic principle to preserve a nation. For his own part, Seward said, he thought that there was no nation on earth which would not be the worse for the dissolution of the American Union, and that if that consideration should not prove sufficient to prevent unjust intervention, then the intervention must come "as a natural incident in our domestic strife," and he himself entertained, "no fears that we shall not be able to maintain ourselves against all who shall combine against us." . . .

I thought I detected in the letter a symptom of that sort of petulance which is so apt to warp a man's judgment. I apprehended that if Mr. Seward had shown that letter to Mr. Lincoln before sending it off, Mr. Lincoln would not have permitted its expressions to pass in the form in which they stood. It occurred to me that Mr. Seward might even have failed to submit my despatch of September 14th, which went so straight against his policy, to Mr. Lincoln at all. I consulted Mr. Perry upon that point, and he was troubled by the same doubt. I concluded that it was my duty to lay the contents of that despatch, with such enlargements as the progress of events might suggest, before Mr. Lincoln personally.

I therefore addressed to him a letter in which I said that the main object for which I had been sent to Madrid, namely, to secure the friendliest possible relations between Spain and the United States, had been accomplished; that, so far as I could see, no question was likely to arise that might make the uninterrupted presence of a plenipotentiary of the first rank indispensable; that I was troubled by grave doubts as to the general drift of our affairs; that to have these doubts solved, I urgently wished to return to the United States; and that to this end I asked him for a leave of absence from my post, or if this could, for any reason, not be granted, for the acceptance of my resignation.

As a matter of loyalty to my immediate chief, I sent this letter to Mr. Seward, with the request that he present it to the President.

Across the Prussian Frontier

I could not repress a shout of joy when at last an answer came from the President and the State Department, granting my request for leave of absence. My preparations for departure were soon made. My family being at Hamburg, I wished to join them there and to take them with me on a Hamburg steamer to America. To this end I had to cross Prussian territory. I called upon Count Galen, the Prussian Minister, to acquaint him with my desire to join my family at Hamburg, and to ask him whether he thought I could pass through Prussian territory without being noticed. He had no doubt of it, but to satisfy me he would inquire of his Government. The answer came promptly that instructions would at once be given to the officers concerned to extend to me every accommodation I might desire on my way. I so arranged my journey as to cross the Prussian frontier after dark, to pass over the Rhine at Cologne during the night, and to reach Hamburg the next forenoon. When I touched the Prussian frontier, a customs officer above the lower grade presented himself to me, ordered my luggage to pass unexamined, and asked for my wishes. My fellow travelers seemed surprised at the official attention I received and were evidently anxious to know what distinguished person it was they had the honor to travel with. I did not gratify their curiosity. Thus my reappearance in the Fatherland was exceedingly modest and untriumphant. But I was wide awake when my railroad train stopped in the station at Cologne, and I listened to the sound, so familiar from my boyhood days, of the church clocks striking the hour, and when crossing the dear old Rhine, I heard the rushing of his waters in the darkness.

Early in January I embarked with my family for America on the Hamburg steamship "Bavaria."

From New York I hurried at once to Washington, where I first reported to Mr. Seward at the State Department. Owing to the presence of some foreign diplomats waiting upon the Secretary, we cut our conversation short with the understanding that we would discuss matters more fully at a more convenient time. I then went to call

upon Mr. Lincoln at the White House. He received me with the old cordiality.

Lincoln's Views on an "Abolition War"

After the first words of welcome the conversation turned upon the real reasons for my return to the United States. I repeated to Mr. Lincoln substantially the contents of my despatch of September 18th. I did not deem it proper to ask him whether he had ever seen that despatch, and he did not tell me that he had. But he listened to me very attentively, even eagerly, as I thought, without interrupting me. I was still speaking when the door of the room was opened, and the head of Mr. Seward appeared. "Excuse me, Seward," said Mr. Lincoln, "excuse me for a moment. I have something to talk over with this gentleman." Seward withdrew without saying a word. I remember the scene distinctly.

After the short interruption I continued my talk for a while, and when I stopped, Mr. Lincoln sat for a minute silently musing. At last he said:

"You may be right. Probably you are. I have been thinking so myself. I cannot imagine that any European power would dare to recognize and aid the Southern Confederacy if it becomes clear that the Confederacy stands for slavery, and the Union for freedom."

Then he explained to me that, while a distinct anti-slavery policy would remove the foreign danger and would thus work for the preservation of the Union; while, indeed, it might in this respect be necessary for the preservation of the Union; and while he thought that it would soon appear and be recognized to be in every respect necessary: he was in doubt as to whether public opinion at home was sufficiently prepared for it. He was anxious to unite, and to keep united, all the forces of Northern society and of the Union element in the South, especially the border states, in the war for the Union. Would not the cry of "abolition war," such as might be occasioned by a distinct anti-slavery policy, tend to disunite those forces and thus weaken the Union cause? This was the doubt that troubled him, and it troubled him very much. He wished me to look around a little, and in a few days to come back to him and tell him of the impressions I might have gathered. Then he told me how he had enjoyed some of my despatches about Spanish conditions and public men, and how glad he had been to hear from Seward that I was getting on so nicely with the "Dons." So we parted. . . .

Among the members of Congress with whom I had an opportunity for conversing, I found the Republicans mostly in favor of the adoption by the Government of a stronger and more openly pronounced anti-slavery policy. There were exceptions, however,—men who thought their constituents were not quite ready yet to make the "war for the Union" an "abolition war." In some cases these cautious politicians, as happens frequently, were more timid than the state of public sentiment among their people warranted. I went to New York for the purpose of examining the field outside of the reach of the official atmosphere. The impression I received was that party spirit had not remained as silent as it was during the days of the great uprising before my departure for Spain. Some of the Democratic leaders had resumed their old vocabulary in criticizing the "abolitionists" in power. But many of the Democrats who had risen up for the defense of the Union in obedience to their patriotic impulse, had gradually freed themselves of the ties of their old party allegiance and heartily agreed that slavery, being the guilty cause of the whole mischief, must pay the due penalty and perish in the collision. This sentiment had become quite general outside of the circles of hidebound Democratic partizanship, and, among the friends whose advice I sought, it was agreed that the time had come for an open movement in outspoken advocacy of emancipation. To start this movement, we organized an "Emancipation Society" and arranged to hold a public meeting on the sixth of March, in the great hall of the Cooper Institute.

I returned to Washington and at once called upon Mr. Lincoln to report to him what I had seen and heard and what our friends proposed to do.

"Good!" said he. "Very good. And at that meeting you are going to make a speech?"

"Yes."

"Well, now go home and sketch that speech. Do it as quickly as you can. Then come and show me your arguments, and we will talk it over."

Dramatic Climax to Cooper Union Meeting

This draft of my speech, which in the published edition has the title, "Reconciliation by Emancipation," I took to Mr. Lincoln, and he asked me to read it to him. When I had finished, he said: "Now you go and deliver that speech at your meeting on the sixth of March. And maybe you will hear something from me on the same day."

Our meeting at the Cooper Institute was an imposing demonstration. The great hall was crowded to overflowing with an audience representative of all social classes. Every allusion to the abolition of slavery as a necessity for the preservation of the Union, and as a moral deliverance and a consummation devoutly to be wished and sure to come, called forth outbursts of genuine enthusiasm. There was something like religious fervor in the proceedings. While the speaking was going on, the arrival of a despatch from Washington was announced — if I remember rightly, by Horace Greeley, — with the remark that it "would greatly interest this audience." The despatch informed us that President Lincoln had on that day sent a special message to Congress, asking for the adoption of a joint resolution substantially to this effect: "That the United States ought to coöperate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to each State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system."

The announcement was received by the whole assemblage with transports of joy. Everybody felt that, although the resolution proposed was in a high degree cautious and conservative, yet it indicated the true relation between the Civil War and slavery. Here the abolishment of slavery with compensation was distinctly pointed out as a measure of peace and reunion. If the slave States rejected it, they would have to bear the consequences. . . .

Congress adopted the resolution, but not one of the slave-holding States responded. Thus their last opportunity for securing a gradual abolishment of slavery, with compensation to the owners, was lost. Before the end of April, Congress enacted a law prohibiting slavery in the District of Columbia. The practice of surrendering to their owners slaves who had come into the lines of our armies,— a practice which had long been kept up by some military commanders, — ceased altogether.

Emancipation Decree Stirs England

The prediction that the adoption of a policy stamping the war for the Union distinctly as a war against slavery, would remove all danger of foreign interference in favor of those fighting for slavery, was amply fulfilled. It did, indeed, not convert those who for commercial or political reasons desired the disruption of the American Union. But it stripped their schemes and efforts of their chance of success, in spite of the repeated and discouraging reverses still suffered by the arms of the Union,— reverses which at times made the Union cause look almost hopeless. In vain did a large part of the aristocracy and of the rich middle class in England continue to vent their dislike and jealousy of the great American Republic in sneers and jibes; in vain did statesmen — even Mr. Gladstone — proclaim their belief that the Union would never overcome the rebellion, and that the war was only useless and wanton bloodshed; in vain did the London *Times* and a host of other newspapers in its wake deride the logic of President Lincoln's emancipation decree and denounce it as a devilish provocation of servile war. The great masses of the English people, moved by their instinctive love of liberty, awoke to the true nature of our struggle, and they had spokesmen of profound moral enthusiasm. "Exeter Hall" thundered forth mighty appeals for the American North fighting against slavery. Scores and hundreds of public meetings were held all over Great Britain, giving emphasis to the great upheaval of conscience for human freedom. As if to shame Mr. Seward's prophecy that emancipation would bring on European intervention against us, on account of the prolongation of the cotton famine, thousands of the suffering workingmen of Lancashire met and adopted an address to President Lincoln, expressing profound sympathy with the Union cause and thanking the President for what he had done and was doing for the cause of human freedom. From that time on, the anti-slavery spirit of the British people was never silent, and it expressed itself on every occasion with such moral power as not only to exasperate but to overawe the most zealous friends of the Southern Confederacy.

THE HASTE OF JOE SAVARIN

BY

W. A. FRASER

AUTHOR OF "THOROUGHBREDS," "THE EYE OF A GOD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

THIS is a story of how, on the 13th of August, a White Man does not know everything.

It was all in that land of spruce forest and moss-covered muskeg, ribboned by rivers that rush many miles an hour over cataract beds, and jewel-set with sapphire lakes, and lakes sometimes of emerald; and of its animate life, the patrician Cree Indian and the conglomerate Breed harassed forever and ever the trumpet-voiced moose and the velvet-coated bear and the caribou — the wood-caribou whose head is rigged like a ship, all spars and yards; even his snow-shovel in front being like the bowsprit of a delicate yacht.

In this wondrous land, even ten times more wondrous than the quick memory of this little story, was the happening to the wise White Man.

A thousand and three hundred miles toward the Arctic from Winnipeg, the Athabasca River meets the Pelican, and the two have a little trouble over the matter. They bubble and boil among the boulders that once were shirt studs in the bosom of some glacier or iceberg; and the disturbance is called Pelican Rapid.

Here also is Lake Wapiscaw Portage, which has nothing whatever to do with this story, except that I was there with three adherents when Louis Larue came drifting down the jade-green bosom of old Athabasca.

The atmospheric illusions of a northern river are not for the mastering of a White Man. It is a simple science of twenty years' tuition to know, half-a-mile away, whether a log or a large York boat comes one's way.

That day of Larue's coming, the afternoon sun smote something that rested on the river's breast two points up.

"It's a York boat," I promptly exclaimed. "It will be the Hudson Bay outfit for Fort Wapiscaw."

Sutherland, who was all Indian but his name, answered: "By goss! dat's funny York boat; she's birch bark."

"Dat's Peterborough canoe," declared Lemoine.

Then the optical sleight-of-hand proceeded. It was as though I looked through a reversed telescope. As the something came nearer, it grew smaller; until, touching the bank at my tent, it was a Peterborough canoe, in which sat Louis Larue, Joe Savarin, an Indian, and one of my men from the Saskatchewan.

The tale was soon told. On the Saskatchewan was dire trouble; I was needed with excessive promptitude. John, the man in charge there, had things at sixes and sevens, which make up the bad luck number of thirteen.

My man had come across country to Lac la Biche; there hiring Larue to bring him down in the canoe.

But also was I needed just where I was for a few days; so I told the canoe men to eat, drink, and rest.

Now, there is nobody in the world so difficult to understand as a half-breed — not even a zebra is more incomprehensible. To be told to rest a couple of days, under full pay, in the usual order of things should have been like a gift from the gods; but Joe Savarin's square black face grew sullen with discontent.

Louis was steersman, which is being captain, and the converse was with him. They must go back at once, he said.

I intimated that what they must do, and what they would do, would be affairs of

divers results, — they would camp there till I was ready to go. This ultimatum was really somewhat tentative, for if they had pulled out for Lac la Biche, I might have failed in detaining them.

An Indian or a Breed is not much given to words, except when he is making a speech at a tea dance, or is very drunk; so Louis shrugged his shoulders, in tribute to his French ancestry, and in his dark face hung a heavy scowl that was altogether of his Indian extraction.

Having practically locked them up, out of diplomacy I was kind to the prisoners. Fat pork and bannock were ever at their elbow, to the end that they might forget their discontent. They were made to smoke and drink tea until their eyesight failed; but still, once an hour, Larue came to me with questions of the start. Each time he brought a different tale of the wherefore of their haste — the water was falling; La Biche River was running dry — they would never get back; his nets were in the water at Lac la Biche and would rot. Memory fails to chronicle the arguments he invented with recurrent versatility. I think Savarin helped him.

Had he but told the true reason, it might have been different; but, in equity, a Breed can no more understand a White Man than a White Man understands a Breed.

I started with them in two days, leaving the man who had come from Saskatchewan.

Once under way, they were no more desirous of speed than was I; a man who is needed in two places at once loves not the midway.

Savarin and the Indian leapt to the collars of the tracking-line as greyhounds might have cast from the leash with eyes enamored of a flitting hare.

The Athabasca was low, long points of rock-cobbled bottom running out far from shore. In the stern, Larue, paddle in hand, sweeping the canoe the full length of the tracking-line out to the proper depth, ate into our progress. It was slow going; much strain for the headway gained.

I had seen canoe trackers race against each other, but never had I been in at such eagerness. Savarin was tireless,— a wolf that tracked hour after hour a wounded buck. When he should have eaten, he lighted a pipe and, holding it between his strong teeth, pushed on; when he *must* eat, because even determined energy must have food, there was a quick frying of pork, a minute for a smoke, the tea-pail emptied in great draughts, and then on again.

Crouched in the canoe, I cared not; it was his energy, his muscles, his way of going. Larue sat silent and heavy-faced, his fierce black eyes watching every rock, every eddy, every treacherous pool.

At Red Stone Rapid he passed the paddle to me and, leaping to the bank, put his broad, massive shoulder to the tracking-line.

How the canoe quivered like something that struggled for life, as the many thousand tons of water clutched at its tissue sides and reared an angry mane at its smiting prow! Demons of great strength grasped my paddle, twisting until tense muscles tore apart in many places.

Sometimes the mastery was with the flood, and the men on the bank, hanging in the leather collars, were pulled in their footing; then the tried craft, swept back from the greater velocity, would ease a little, and the trackers would regain the inches they had lost.

Three times we battled with the narrow gate that was the point of struggle. The third time, inch by inch, we crept through the blue stream that was a wedge between the rock points. And when we had passed, the thin-shelled craft floated in serene content in a bend of quiescent water, as though there were nothing in all that land but peace.

Somehow I had an abnegating thought of incompetence as Larue crept back to the canoe. Perhaps the three silent, coffee-colored men were accrediting the two failures to the inexperience of the *moneas;* the very term "*moneas,*" applied to the Whites, meant, literally, "greenhorns."

All day, through the vast solitude, tabulating our progress by river points, we struggled. The sun sank behind the terraced shale-bank of the river, fluttering ribbons of gold from between giant spruce and poplar as it fled. A chill rose up from the mountain water until I shivered; but still Savarin, head down, tireless-legged, swung on in the leading collar of the tracking-line.

At last, when the night gloom hung over our shoulders like the black cloth of a camera, Larue cried: "Ho, boy! *Chasqua! Campez ici!*" The collar slipped from Savarin's shoulder, and Buckshot, the Indian, reached the canoe to shore, hand over hand on the line. Larue had given his brief order

in three languages — English, Cree, and French.

Soon we basked in a luxurious prodigality of blazing dry poplar. This and a blanket were all that distinguished us from the forest animals. I slept. In three minutes, it may have been less, Larue touched me on the shoulder, saying: "Grub pile ready, sir."

By a necromancy of time, it was five in the morning.

Savarin, insatiable of exertion, was assimilating large quantities of pork and bannock. He was touched with a devil of attainment: but for Larue and the darkness, I fancy he would have gone on tracking all the previous night.

Again we took up the warfare with old Athabasca. The victory of the previous day had been thirty-five miles; now again the fight was on.

How deceptive the slope of graveled points! Time and again I marveled at the useless wide detour of Larue's sweep, but always to be rebroken of my vain conceit. Sometimes from the canoe I saw the narrow margin of an inch between us and the rock; sometimes we touched the underlying bar; but always onward.

The second day was a replica of the first. But we camped in an earthy night-dream of the Happy Hunting Ground. Under three giant spruces, whose dropping needles had cushioned the earth till it was a gentle bed of silk-like wire, we spread our blankets. Then we ate. It was not an evening meal, it was simply a matter of needed food. And after, almost in silence, there was a pipe.

I watched Savarin curiously as I smoked. Apart from the camp-fire he crouched, like a large wolf, looking into the southern sky. Along his gaze, high hung, was a bright star.

Questioning Larue with my eyes, I nodded toward the man of silent meditation.

Louis swept at the star beacon with his full hand and whispered: "Lac la Biche." I understood — indeed, I had surmised it. Just beneath the twinkling mark lay the home of Savarin; and in his face was the dull hunger of unconquerable longing. What was it? Which one of the many tales had a birthright of truth? In my own mind had been evolved a solution born of knowledge of these forest dwellers. In all the world there is not their equal for gambling. Probably some other, favored of the chance-god, had stripped Savarin at the guessing game; now, with the trip-wage, he would retrieve his lost fortune. It must be that.

The pipe emptied, drugged by the balsam breath of the guardian spruce, I attained to Nirvana. It was a night of oblivion, a brief, sweet resting in the toilless Paradise of the Buddhists.

There was a faint gray light when Larue's voice, soft in its Cree schooling, summoned me back from Nirvana.

From the river a chill mist-cloud crept up the bank, rendering the hot tea a vintage of delight.

"Marse!" and forward to the making of La Biche River that day.

At the first spell, I spoke of two conditions which should be reversed. Savarin was most undoubtedly close to shatterment — the pace was a killer of high degree; while I, pinned between the thwarts of the cedar craft, was like unto a bird-cage in a coat pocket. To say that I was cramped was like speaking of a luxurious relaxation of muscle. I had lockjaw — paralysis; even my eyes were weary, gazing over the sun-mirrored water.

So I begged Larue to entice Savarin into the canoe; I would play train-dog on the tracking-line.

He was horrified. An Ogama, also a government official, could not track with a Nichie; besides, they were in a hurry.

His look — and a Breed has a supercilious stare down to a fine art — plainly intimated that it was no time for amateurish experiments.

Perhaps I was unwise in referring to Savarin's palpable condition; it may be that, out of revenge, he said something to Buckshot.

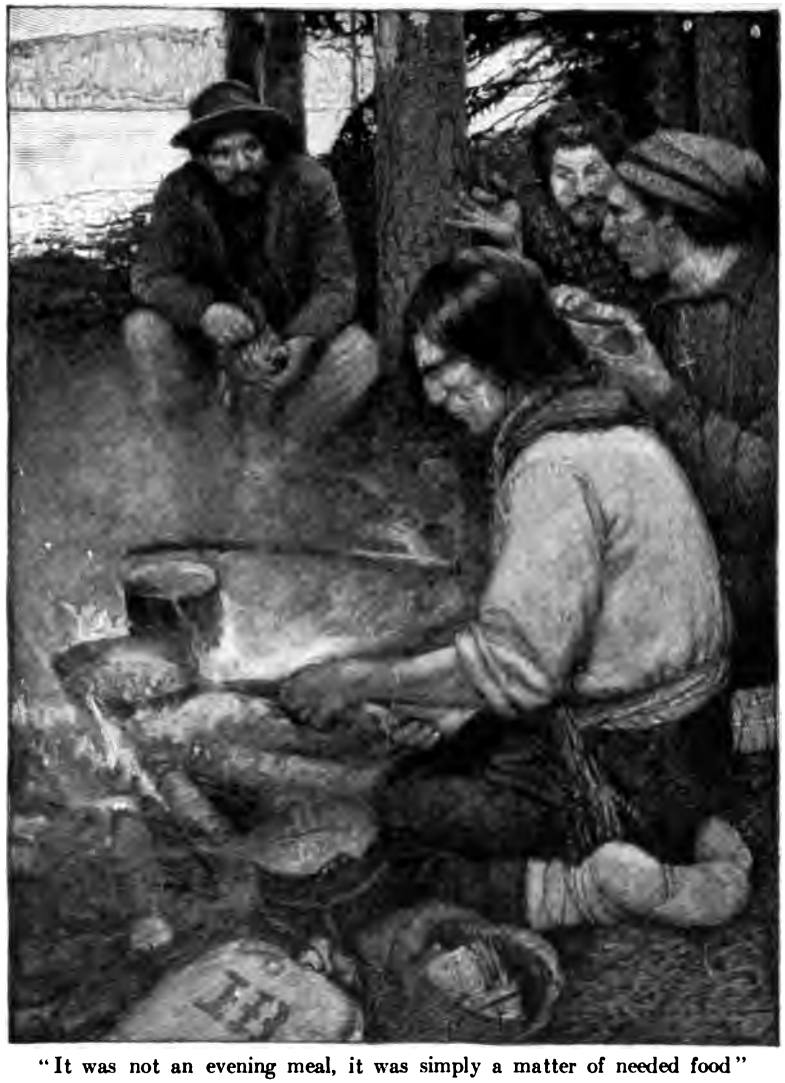
At any rate, I achieved to the collar, with the Indian in lead on the line.

Gaily enough we essayed the upward way of the seven-mile current — perhaps in the rapids it ran a hundred; I think it did.

Buckshot had a new motive in life. Next to unlimited firewater, there is nothing so great in delight to an Indian as the "doing up" of a paleface.

Buckshot had the stride of a giraffe. He seemed to rest in the collar; when it was smooth going, I verily believe he slept as we traveled. But the two days' strain of Savarin's fierce striving handicapped him almost back to my class.

After a time we came to a long reach of red willows. Perhaps there was a tracking path



"It was not an evening meal, it was simply a matter of needed food"

through this on the eyebrows of the river bank — I even think that at times my feet did strike it; but for the most part I was skidded over the shrubbery like a trailed coat by the taut line that came to me from the Indian's shoulders.

If Buckshot knew that he was toting anything but the canoe, he gave no sign; head down, the gable of his shoulders thrown forward, and long arms pendulous in their swing, he strode. When the willows were too thick for traverse, he walked in the water. So did I. I would have given dollars for the lead, but pride of race forbade me remonstrance.

Savarin had relapsed into somewhat of content. We were still making good time, which was everything.

Once, as we circled a quick sweep of bank wherein there was quiet water, the line was slack to our going; it sizz-zipped through the waters as though we pulled a net of many fishes. Buckshot, perhaps, had an eye in the back of his head; certainly he did not turn his face half an inch to accomplish the vile trick which he put upon me.

Softly going till a strain reached into his leather collar, he suddenly raced forward, and the tracking-line, snapping taut to the

canoe like a fiddle-string, yanked me from the river bank as though I had been a trout on a fish-hook. But Buckshot's onward course dragged me from the water as easily as it had pulled me in; and as we were in a great hurry, I said nothing about this little side issue.

The Indian did not even smile, which was aggravating; his heavy face suffered a transient expression of hurt surprise to pass over it, as though he disapproved of my delaying the progress.

At four o'clock we were opposite La Biche River. We had made ninety miles in three days against the impetuous river.

Crossing over, the gods of fate threw the dice once in my favor. A twist in the wind clutched Buckshot's hat and, flaunting it for a hundred yards, threw it to the swift waters of the Athabasca. I laughed; even Savarin, I fancy, smiled; for Buckshot gave a wolflike howl of dismay. However, we were in a hurry, and the hat could keep right on to Grand Rapids for all we cared.

At the mouth of La Biche, Larue's son was waiting with a wagon. Larue *père* had arranged this transport when leaving home, owing to the low water in La Biche River. He had said nothing of it to me; an Indian loves the extra card up his sleeve. The boy was barren of food. He had expected his father back two days before and, in the waiting, having nothing else to do, had eaten everything. There was a family of Indians camped there; of course, they had helped him. A marked peculiarity of a small Indian party is, that they never have anything to eat in the tepee.

Also, our commissariat was depleted. Larue had provisioned us to the making of La Biche River, expecting supplies there.

However, the main thing was to press forward, because of the fifty-seven reasons Larue had given me at Pelican. So the canoe was loaded upside down on the wagon, and, marshaled like a body-guard to it, we started.

I have noticed this in the Northland, that it always rains when one has nothing to eat; the hungrier one is, the harder it rains. Of course, in winter this is changed to snow.

Larue's son wasn't hungry at all, therefore he was voluble. Perhaps he thought I needed cheering up. At any rate, he turned the driving reins over to his father and strode at my side.

If a Breed discourses of civilization, his tale is garnished with graphic recitals of wild drinking bouts; of fights with the town dwellers; of feminine conquests; that's the limit. Young Larue had wandered far in these many fields of adventure, and nothing on earth except a shot-gun would have checked his narrative.

We traveled fair into the black wall of the night. At times it seemed as though we swam through the atmosphere, it rained so. But traveling with a canoe diagonally across a wagon, through a spruce forest, in the night, has its eventual limitation; otherwise I fancy we should have kept right on until Lac la Biche, fifty miles away, was reached.

We lay down under the rain and let it rain. What mattered it? it couldn't wet us; we were living rivers — little lakes on foot. In candor I may admit that I did crawl under the wagon with its canoe roof.

Toward morning the rain ceased, but it was only a trick of the elements; they knew what they were about. As we proceeded, the trees, the bushes, the grass, were watering cans; at each tap of the wagon wheel, at each brush of the canoe, at every breath of wind, the water splashed on us joyously, eagerly.

The onward progress would have proved monotonous had it not been for a smiling bit of muskeg we essayed. It lay so smooth and fair, that I believe Larue, with all his forest knowledge, went at it too eagerly — it was something to be clear of the forever-and-ever trees. At any rate, half way across, the wagon commenced to disappear; the horses were swimming in black mud. The extrication, in brief, was a matter of strategy. The ever-present rope and chain were in the wagon — Larue *fils* had not been able to eat them. The vehicle salvaged from the Slough of Despond, we took up our pilgrimage.

Toward evening we swung out to an open prairie — an outspread Gobelin tapestry of illimitability, flower-spangled till it was a field of cloth of gold.

As I rode beside Larue the driver, a strange figure came undulatingly across the scarlet vista. Like a Castilian don he was, sitting his high-spirited horse like a statue.

"It's Ladouceur, the free-trader," volunteered Larue.

The horseman reined in his steed beside our wagon; through his stirrups peeped moccasins of exquisite workmanship.

That night we camped with him. His hospitality was large; and his little French

"A STRAGGLING LINE OF BREEDS AND INDIANS TOILING WITH BOWED HEADS UP THE HILL"

wife, Marie, had the glory of cleanliness in her soul. The genial grace of her sweet smile claimed us as brothers.

When we left in the morning, I had acquired the moccasins.

It was sixteen miles to Lac la Biche. A mile short of the Post, Savarin, who had been riding, for the road was good now, dropped to earth and, jumping a fence, started at a lope across the fields.

Larue, nodding his head sideways, volunteered an explanation: "Joe, he's live for dat house. S'pose me he's for big hurry see hees leetle boy, he's plenty silk."

We were rising a hill. At the top, looking down over a prairie valley, I saw an emerald-bordered jewel of blue, — Lac la Biche.

Nestling on its southern side, the Hudson Bay Fort gleamed white in the strong sunlight like a thing of marble.

To the right, high on the hill, was a huge Catholic mission.

Suddenly a wail, like the night cry of a she-wolf, came up the winding trail. Next, we could see a straggling line of Breeds and Indians toiling with bowed heads up the hill.

"What is it?" I asked Larue, as we met them.

"Dat's Joe Savarin's old wife," he answered. "Hees little boy he's die for sure two days. Dese fell's dey's bury him. By Goss! I'se sorry for poor Joe. He's fond for dat leetle boy. By Goss! I'se sorry."

He turned his massive head away from me toward the horses. It dropped. And we went down the hill to the little white fort that rested beside the sapphire lake.

That was why Savarin had thrust so eagerly at the river trail; while I, not understanding, had judged him as white men are prone to judge the Indian.

For always will the memory of the haste of Savarin linger as a rebuke.

THE DIARY OF AN AMATEUR WAITRESS

AN INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM FROM THE WORKER'S POINT OF VIEW

BY

MAUD YOUNGER

III

NEW YORK, MAY 15TH

THIS was the worst day I have had. The morning was very warm. I hated to go to work. I loathed it. The head-waitress hardly motioned with her eyebrows when I asked her if I should wash the same tables as I had on Saturday. It was an hour after I had finished the cleaning before people began to come in. I thought that hour would never pass. I am always kept at the back of the room, because I am inexperienced. It was hot and noisy back there, because of the heaters which keep the food warm, and the machines which turn the electric fans. I stood leaning against the wall, watching the clock. The time we spend cleaning always goes quickly, but it seems as if the time we stand about waiting for customers would never pass. It would not be so bad if we could sit down, but we are not allowed to sit down during hours. It seems to me, now, that I took thousands of orders to-day. I grew so very tired with the artificial light and noise and heat, that I wondered several times if I should get through the day. It was like a benediction when the head-waitress said, "Go to the front, dear."

It was a day of various mishaps. Once, I dropped a ham sandwich on the floor, right before the head-waitress. I looked up at her questioningly, because I had never seen an incident of this kind, and I was not perfectly certain of the accepted policy in such a case. "Change it," she said quickly. She knew I would not change it, and I knew that she knew I would not. But I took it all up, went to the counter, and said to the man there, "Change it." He looked at me and then at the sandwich and back again at me. Then he rearranged the same ham on the same bread, and I sallied forth a second time to present the reconstructed sandwich to my customer. It was interesting to observe her eating it with relish. Another time, as I was flying about, I backed into Number 27 and knocked two of her fried oysters on the floor. "Damn you!" she said. I knew she only meant, "Oh, dear." Somehow, I did not feel in the least deprecatory. I picked them up, for her arms were full. Later, when we were standing at the counter together, she said, "I hope you don't mind what I said to you. I didn't mean it."

Human nature, as considered in customers, seems to present considerable variety. I spilled a little coffee on the floor, near a lady in a gray summer silk and a hat with pink roses. Only two drops spa
on her dress, but she was very cross. If
had met at an afternoon tea, I know
would have smiled and said, "Why, t s
of no consequence." She was of the kind t
has adaptable manners. This was the
time a customer had l cross ab
mishap. I observe t m t of t
who come in here are t c
earns its own living, and that with
exception they are kind
when they can. A little after the
with the summer-silk lady, I spi
milk on the dress of a sweet gi it
was a very pretty dress
best. It looked like "my
But she only said, "
Every one makes n ak
she left, she called to
stains had disappeared.

upon Mr. Lincoln at the White House. He received me with the old cordiality.

Lincoln's Views on an "Abolition War"

After the first words of welcome the conversation turned upon the real reasons for my return to the United States. I repeated to Mr. Lincoln substantially the contents of my despatch of September 18th. I did not deem it proper to ask him whether he had ever seen that despatch, and he did not tell me that he had. But he listened to me very attentively, even eagerly, as I thought, without interrupting me. I was still speaking when the door of the room was opened, and the head of Mr. Seward appeared. "Excuse me, Seward," said Mr. Lincoln, "excuse me for a moment. I have something to talk over with this gentleman." Seward withdrew without saying a word. I remember the scene distinctly.

After the short interruption I continued my talk for a while, and when I stopped, Mr. Lincoln sat for a minute silently musing. At last he said:

"You may be right. Probably you are. I have been thinking so myself. I cannot imagine that any European power would dare to recognize and aid the Southern Confederacy if it becomes clear that the Confederacy stands for slavery, and the Union for freedom."

Then he explained to me that, while a distinct anti-slavery policy would remove the foreign danger and would thus work for the preservation of the Union; while, indeed, it might in this respect be necessary for the preservation of the Union; and while he thought that it would soon appear and be recognized to be in every respect necessary: he was in doubt as to whether public opinion at home was sufficiently prepared for it. He was anxious to unite, and to keep united, all the forces of Northern society and of the Union element in the South, especially the border states, in the war for the Union. Would not the cry of "abolition war," such as might be occasioned by a distinct anti-slavery policy, tend to disunite those forces and thus weaken the Union cause? This was the doubt that troubled him, and it troubled him very much. He wished me to look around a little, and in a few days to come back to him and tell him of the impressions I might have gathered. Then he told me how he had enjoyed some of my despatches about Spanish conditions and public men, and how glad he had been to hear from Seward that I was getting on so nicely with the "Dons." So we parted. . . .

Among the members of Congress with whom I had an opportunity for conversing, I found the Republicans mostly in favor of the adoption by the Government of a stronger and more openly pronounced anti-slavery policy. There were exceptions, however,—men who thought their constituents were not quite ready yet to make the "war for the Union" an "abolition war." In some cases these cautious politicians, as happens frequently, were more timid than the state of public sentiment among their people warranted. I went to New York for the purpose of examining the field outside of the reach of the official atmosphere. The impression I received was that party spirit had not remained as silent as it was during the days of the great uprising before my departure for Spain. Some of the Democratic leaders had resumed their old vocabulary in criticizing the "abolitionists" in power. But many of the Democrats who had risen up for the defense of the Union in obedience to their patriotic impulse, had gradually freed themselves of the ties of their old party allegiance and heartily agreed that slavery, being the guilty cause of the whole mischief, must pay the due penalty and perish in the collision. This sentiment had become quite general outside of the circles of hidebound Democratic partizanship, and, among the friends whose advice I sought, it was agreed that the time had come for an open movement in outspoken advocacy of emancipation. To start this movement, we organized an "Emancipation Society" and arranged to hold a public meeting on the sixth of March, in the great hall of the Cooper Institute.

I returned to Washington and at once called upon Mr. Lincoln to report to him what I had seen and heard and what our friends proposed to do.

"Good!" said he. "Very good. And at that meeting you are going to make a speech?"

"Yes."

"Well, now go home and sketch that speech. Do it as quickly as you can. Then come and show me your arguments, and we will talk it over."

Dramatic Climax to Cooper Union Meeting

This draft of my speech, which in the published edition has the title, "Reconciliation by Emancipation," I took to Mr. Lincoln, and he asked me to read it to him. When I had finished, he said: "Now you go and deliver that speech at your meeting on the sixth of March. And maybe you will hear something from me on the same day."

Our meeting at the Cooper Institute was an imposing demonstration. The great hall was crowded to overflowing with an audience representative of all social classes. Every allusion to the abolition of slavery as a necessity for the preservation of the Union, and as a moral deliverance and a consummation devoutly to be wished and sure to come, called forth outbursts of genuine enthusiasm. There was something like religious fervor in the proceedings. While the speaking was going on, the arrival of a despatch from Washington was announced — if I remember rightly, by Horace Greeley, — with the remark that it "would greatly interest this audience." The despatch informed us that President Lincoln had on that day sent a special message to Congress, asking for the adoption of a joint resolution substantially to this effect: "That the United States ought to coöperate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to each State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system."

The announcement was received by the whole assemblage with transports of joy. Everybody felt that, although the resolution proposed was in a high degree cautious and conservative, yet it indicated the true relation between the Civil War and slavery. Here the abolishment of slavery with compensation was distinctly pointed out as a measure of peace and reunion. If the slave States rejected it, they would have to bear the consequences. . . .

Congress adopted the resolution, but not one of the slave-holding States responded. Thus their last opportunity for securing a gradual abolishment of slavery, with compensation to the owners, was lost. Before the end of April, Congress enacted a law prohibiting slavery in the District of Columbia. The practice of surrendering to their owners slaves who had come into the lines of our armies,— a practice which had long been kept up by some military commanders, — ceased altogether.

Emancipation Decree Stirs England

The prediction that the adoption of a policy stamping the war for the Union distinctly as a war against slavery, would remove all danger of foreign interference in favor of those fighting for slavery, was amply fulfilled. It did, indeed, not convert those who for commercial or political reasons desired the disruption of the American Union. But it stripped their schemes and efforts of their chance of success, in spite of the repeated and discouraging reverses still suffered by the arms of the Union,— reverses which at times made the Union cause look almost hopeless. In vain did a large part of the aristocracy and of the rich middle class in England continue to vent their dislike and jealousy of the great American Republic in sneers and jibes; in vain did statesmen — even Mr. Gladstone — proclaim their belief that the Union would never overcome the rebellion, and that the war was only useless and wanton bloodshed; in vain did the London *Times* and a host of other newspapers in its wake deride the logic of President Lincoln's emancipation decree and denounce it as a devilish provocation of servile war. The great masses of the English people, moved by their instinctive love of liberty, awoke to the true nature of our struggle, and they had spokesmen of profound moral enthusiasm. "Exeter Hall" thundered forth mighty appeals for the American North fighting against slavery. Scores and hundreds of public meetings were held all over Great Britain, giving emphasis to the great upheaval of conscience for human freedom. As if to shame Mr. Seward's prophecy that emancipation would bring on European intervention against us, on account of the prolongation of the cotton famine, thousands of the suffering workingmen of Lancashire met and adopted an address to President Lincoln, expressing profound sympathy with the Union cause and thanking the President for what he had done and was doing for the cause of human freedom. From that time on, the anti-slavery spirit of the British people was never silent, and it expressed itself on every occasion with such moral power as not only to exasperate but to overawe the most zealous friends of the Southern Confederacy.

"Well, seeing that it's the unions that has raised the conditions to what they are, I don't see as any one ought to take advantage of those conditions without contributing to them. We've given our money, and we've gone cold and hungry for them. Why should a man who's never done anything for us get the good of our sacrifices?"

"But, of course, you don't believe in violence, do you?" I asked feebly.

Her answer came with quick vehemence. "I understand it," she said. "You read as how congressmen use their fists, and Southern gentlemen their shot-guns; and I can understand much better how a workingman can throw a brick at a scab in a strike, because he's fighting for his life and his family and the future of the working class, and it's the scab that keeps him from winning."

We had reached the corner, but I said I should like to ask one more question if she didn't mind. Maggie answered for her with an Irish grin. "Shure, there's nothing Katie loikes better thin to talk about unions whin that Irish blood of hers is up."

"Well, then," I asked, "why don't the waitresses have a union, if unions are so desirable?"

"They have," said Katie, with her blue eyes measuring me, "but I suppose you've never heard of it. It's been a peaceable union. It's only them that causes trouble that gets in the papers. Then people read the articles and say what terrible things them labor unions are. But you never hear them say that insurance companies are terrible, just because a few of them are run by grafters. Well, so long," and she and Maggie left me abruptly and turned the corner of Broadway.

I wish I could write things down just as she says them. She has an air of conviction that makes you sure at the time that she is right. I always think of her as a kind of Joan of Arc, leading on the army of workers to battle. She is such a strange mixture, with her fine, tender mouth, that clear Irish skin, the deep blue eyes that sometimes flash and sometimes melt, and the soft bronze hair that flies in little rings all about her head, - such a strange mixture of the sweet, blooming woman and of the enthusiast for an abstract ideal which turns flesh and blood into steel.

NEW YORK, MAY 18TH

After roll-call this morning, as I was getting a bowl of water to wash the tables, the head-waitress called me aside and said: "The manager says he don't think you'll do for a waitress, so I thought I better tell you, dear."

"Why does he think I won't do?" I asked.

"I don't know," and she looked puzzled. "He didn't give any reason; but why don't you go to Childs', around the corner?"

Now the standard of work at Childs' is higher, so I pondered deeply, and then I remembered my lost pocket-book.

"Well, it can't be helped, but I'm sorry," I said; "good-by."

Up in the dressing-room two belated girls were getting into their clothes.

"Going to leave?" they asked.

"Yes, they won't take me on."

"Why don't you wait a day or two, girlie, and you'll get a station sure. You're doing fine. Why, one of the girls was saying only yesterday how quick you learned."

"They don't pay the girls here until they have to," said the other one, "but you'll get paid sure in a day or two. You'd better wait."

"I'm pretty sure they aren't going to take me on," I said. "I'd better try some other place."

They looked dubious. It was plain that they thought my judgment bad.

I went down, and out into the street. What a sense of freedom to be in the fresh air and able to do as I pleased again! What a glorious morning! What air! What sunlight! What exhilaration in the spacious swarming streets! Above all, what intoxication in the liberty of commanding your own time. As I ate my luncheon, I watched the waiter with interest. I believe I could have done as well myself. Still he had an air, with his napkin over his arm, that gave me a pang of professional jealousy. I wish that we could have carried napkins over our arms, too. Ours were pinned to our aprons.

IV

NEW YORK, JUNE 8TH

I worked in a bakery this week. It was a large, high-ceiled place, with flowery red paper and mirrors ranging along the walls. In spite of its cheerful decorations, the room was neither pleasant nor attractive.

When I was ready the first morning, I went to the head-waiter and found him distributing cash-books and pencils. I don't

like pencils. They are not half so much fun as punching checks. The books are kept in the bibs of the girls' aprons, and the pencils back of the ear. The latter practice gave me an ill-balanced feeling, as if I knew more on one side of my head than on the other.

A pretty, plump girl with dull brown hair motioned me to sit down at a table beside her and pick strawberries.

"Put the spoiled ones over there for pies," she said, suiting actions to words.

We talked while picking, and, of course, began on the all-important question of wages.

"The half-time girls, from ten to three, get three dollars and fifty cents a week," she said, in answer to my question. "The three-quarter time — six to three — get five dollars; and the full time — six in the morning till seven-thirty at night — get six dollars. Full times don't get any tips, because they're behind the counter."

It fell upon my mind like a blow. For a moment I did not hear what she was saying. To stand behind a counter from six in the morning until seven-thirty at night, thirteen and a half hours, almost three times as long as I had been working, for one dollar a day!

"You don't get much on the side here," I heard her say next, "till the customers know you by name. I made almost two dollars last week, but then I've been here three years. That little one," and she nodded toward a little blonde, "has got a good station, and she makes lots of money, sometimes a dollar a day; but it ain't fair to base wages on tips, 'cause some girls don't get any. That's the boss at the first table. He's so mean. That's 'Missus' at the desk. The head-waiter's nice. His name's Harry."

I looked across at the boss, a tall man in a long linen duster, bowing amiably to a nonchalant customer. He looked very far from mean. I saw later that his manners were a business asset, like our uniforms. He put them on for business hours, as we put on our aprons, and when the customers left, he laid them aside.

"Missus," his wife, was a placid German woman, who sat behind the desk. All week I never saw her doing anything else. She is one of those women who are born to sit, just simply sit behind a desk and hold something down.

The other individual of consular rank was Harry, the head-waiter, a man of one characteristic — a harassed air.

When we had finished the strawberries, I put them in the saucers and took them to the front window, where a waiter spread them out alluringly. We filled half a dozen tarts, and those, also, I took forward. The other girls were cutting strawberry shortcake and putting it on plates. Various kinds of pies and tarts — huckleberry, apple, and cherry — were being cut and carried to the racks and shelves from which they were to be served. I found, not without a flush of pride, that I could carry seven plates of pie on my left arm.

During one of my trips to the counter, Harry gathered in two new waiters, and, adding me to the party, took us on an expedition to the different counters. He spoke very rapidly:

"Penny apiece, five cents apiece, two cents each, two for five," he would say, waving his hand; "three cents each, two for six; strawberry shortcake, ten cents. Pour cream over and put a plate under it. Serve with a spoon. Huckleberry-pie with cheese, ten cents. Huckleberry tart, five," he rattled on, as we moved from counter to counter.

I looked at the waiters. They looked serious and comprehending, so I looked serious and comprehending, but I never felt more bewildered and more irresponsible in my life. My head was in a whirl. When we had finished this little comedy, Harry escorted me to the back of the room and presented me with two tables and ten chairs. One of the girls advised me to put a glass of water at each place beforehand.

"Don't give them napkins unless they ask. It's fierce at twelve o'clock," she explained. "And take care about the butter. They'll cheat you if they see you're green, and make you serve butter with orders that don't get any."

Everybody in the place seemed to be getting ready for a forced march.

Since the waiters were temporary, and I was new, our stations were together at the undesirable back of the room. In this place the men wait at the tables. In the other places they have been only behind the counters or on the floor as "buses." My station was next to theirs, and I would stand first at one corner and talk to the waiter nearest that, and then, after a little, as everything must keep moving here, I would stroll to the other corner and chat with the other man.

"I've worked in other places," said the little one, after the rush hour, "but this is a mad-house. I just come here when I'm out of work. We only get fifty cents for three hours. The girls get fifty-nine cents for five hours, and the boss 'ud rather have girls."

I strolled to the other corner and began: "What station have you?"

"I don't know. I hope this one next to you," he said, with gallantry.

"I've got ten chairs at my station to-day," I sighed. "I hope I can manage them all."

"Never mind, sis," he said, "I'll help you." And he did.

"How're you making out?" he said once, as he went back to the counter with his arm full of dishes.

"First rate," I said, "but I haven't many customers yet."

"Oh, you must jolly your customers along," said a girl who overheard this. "You've got to build up a little trade for yourself. Now, if a man says to me, 'Is that order coming?' I say something funny. Sometimes I say, 'Yes, so's Christmas.' Sometimes I give him a whack. The boss likes us to be fresh with the customers."

I fell into meditation, my mind fixed upon the vision of thus building up trade for myself.

Just then the boss came by. "Youse'd better find out the prices of things," he fairly shouted in our ears, "instead of waiting and asking when everybody's busy."

"The head-waiter told us," I said pertly; but the waiter needed his fifty cents, so he picked up the bill-of-fare and began to study it diligently. The boss glared at me a moment, and then he looked around undecidedly.

"Take those glasses off that table!" he shouted suddenly, pointing at a corner near us. "For God's sake, get busy."

A girl had just carefully placed the glasses there, but I just as carefully removed them, since his object was to keep me in motion. He stood by watching me.

"See if there are any more chairs," he said, with a snarl, when I had finished.

I found two in the dressing-room, and he began to shove the other chairs at the table violently, to make room for the two extra.

"Crowd in as many as you can!" he roared.

He shoved the chairs, and I shoved the chairs, and so long as he was there I kept on shoving, and when he went away I stopped. It was the sort of thing for which one might punish a child.

I went back to my station and found a man who said he wanted coffee and horns.

"Coffee and horns?" I repeated questioningly.

"Yes, coffee and horns," he said, as if a rock could be shaken from its firm base as soon as he.

I made my accustomed dive after a girl who knew something about the business.

"A man over there wants something that sounds like coffee and horns," I said to her.

"There they are," she said, and pointed to some crescent rolls, "five with an order."

I returned with the "horns," and found ten men waiting to be served. A feeling of helpless desperation came over me, as they all clamored at once for their lunches. The rush hour was indeed "fierce." Before I had served my ten men, there were others standing in line waiting for seats. As soon as one man finished, another took his place. They shoved back the dishes in front of them and ate on top of the debris. Once, the situation grew desperate, each one wanting to be served first, all giving their orders at once, so that I could not extricate anything from the jumble. It was so absolutely petrifying that I could not do anything. I just stood still and laughed. The smile went around the table, and they subsided and let me take one order at a time. No one was cross when I gave him the wrong thing. They were mostly ten cent customers, one dish five, and a drink five; all men, and they wore their hats.

One man spoke very broken English,—in fact, his order was in fragments. All I could make out of it was coffee, so I brought him the most accessible food, which happened to be strawberry-pie. I do not approve of strawberry-pie as the pièce de résistance of a luncheon, but I put it down with an air of command. He looked up at me meekly and ate it without a word. It was rather fortunate that he was so docile. If he had demurred, I think I should have sunk upon the floor and wept.

The rush ended as suddenly as it began, and I leaned against a pillar, mopping my forehead. But the sight of the boss coming in my direction goaded me to action, and I hastened to clear and wipe my tables. A few customers still straggled in, but no more came to the back of the room. As they

grew fewer in number, one table after another was put out of commission, the chairs were put on top of them, and the dirt swept up from under. I was moved forward to serve the late comers.

I thought the afternoon never would pass, but, after what seemed six or eight hours, the minute hand reached three o'clock. At last it was time for our luncheon.

"Can we order what we like?" I asked.

"Say, chef, she says, can she order what she likes," said the pretty golden-haired girl, who made a dollar a day on tips; and a shout of laughter went up from four girls sitting at a table near.

"I guess you'll take what you get," said the chef, handing out a bowl of dark soup. It looked as unappetizing as a mud bath. Hungry as I was, I could not eat it. I took a glass of milk and hurried home.

The second day I picked strawberries again with the same girl. Annie (such is her alluring name) has the kind of amiability which comes from being sluggish, the kind which never in any extremity becomes hilarity.

"Oh, dear, I'm so tired," she said. "I was off on a racket last night on the New York Roof Garden."

Just then a girl they call Red Hair came up to get some strawberries for an early customer. Another came hurrying after.

"Give him big ones and wash them good," she said; "he's good for a nickel."

"Do you ever write to Beatrice Fairfax?" said Annie, when they had gone.

"Why, no," I said, with a gasp; "do you?"

"Yes," said Annie, "about every month, under a different name. I ain't got no parents living. Yes," she said, rising and gathering up the bad berries for the pies, "there's lots of girls that she's helped."

When the strawberries were finished, the boss appeared.

"Fold some napkins!" he roared. He never, as a matter of fact, merely says anything. He always issues manifestos.

I found the napkins in the dressing-room under our clothes (good place for napkins) and brought them out to a table under an electric fan. First one girl joined me, then another. It was nice easy work, and we chatted pleasantly.

"Do you live with your folks?" said the pretty little blonde, turning toward me her white-lidded, darkly shaded eyes.

"No, with friends."

"I'm trying to find some girl to go to Brooklyn with me and take up some rooms there," and she looked at me enticingly. "I could get three rooms cheap."

I devoted my attention to folding napkins. Annie spoke up:

"Now, if you was to say Chicago, I'd go with you." She heaved a sigh. "It's sorry I am that I ever left there. We used to have it nice in Chicago."

"It is better for a waitress there, isn't it?" I said.

"Yes, if you get in a union house," she answered, slowly adding one napkin after another to the pile, "the bosses treat you right, and they stick to what they say."

"Is that because of the union?" I asked.

"Sure," she said. "They dassent go back on it."

"I belonged to a union once," said another. "Before I was married, I used to work on gents' neckwear, and my, but there was a difference if you didn't work in a union shop. The boss could curse you and shove you around, and the forelady'd make you sit all day when you was working on piece work, and not give you anything to do if she didn't like you. In a union shop they dassent do that."

"They have sociables in the unions," said Annie. "Sometimes they have lectures with magic-lantern pictures, and it gives a girl somewhere to go evenings."

"Then why don't all girls belong to unions?" I asked, feeling very much an outsider; but she of the gents' neckwear replied:

"Well, there's some that thinks it ain't fashionable; there's some that thinks it ain't no use, and there's some that never thinks at all. And there's some as is afraid of strikes and ain't willing to give up their wages."

"And then, besides," interjected the girl from Chicago, "a girl counts on gettin' married some day and givin' up work."

"There's some girls," broke in another, "as is afraid of losin' their jobs if the boss knew they belonged to a union."

Red Hair, who had been going back and forth between our table and one of the counters, joined us at this point.

"Keep cool. Glass of milk and dairy dish, ten cents," said she irrelevantly, with an air of saying something of great importance. Her look was fixed. We followed the direction of her glance and saw the

boss printing this sign on a blackboard a few feet away. One employee always warns another of the approach of the boss in this place, I notice. Conversation ceased conspicuously, and we devoted ourselves to the napkins.

After a moment, Harry came up.

"That's enough," he said.

The boss moved on, and after a little conversation I remarked, "Why, we're still folding napkins."

"Harry just said that to make the boss think we had something else to do. You've got to make him think you're rushing all the time," explained the blonde.

Soon the room filled up, the people standing against the walls and crowding the aisles. I do not believe that any one who has not been behind the scenes can realize what that rush hour means to the waitresses. It is like a panic in the theater. People come in from the neighboring shops for sandwiches and pails of coffee. They all come at the same time. Sometimes there are boys and girls who have come to take back coffee and milk for a crowd of people at the shop. They block up the counter so that the waitresses cannot get near enough to fill orders. Sometimes there would be such a crush about the counters that no one could do anything. There would be some strong talk. "I've worked in lots of places," a girl said one day, "but *this is hell.*" When it was over, some of the girls would be almost shivering with fatigue. I would feel as though all the starch were out of me. It was on such an occasion that a new sun dawned upon my horizon, in all the majesty of a spotless white jacket. He was making straight toward me, a tall, healthy-looking blond, with that sentimental German eye that sees stars in a woman's glance and angels where she walks.

"Come, sis," he said, "help me dry these dishes." He set up a screen behind a table and handed me a dish towel. "Say," he said after a little, "s'pose you and me was to go somewhere this afternoon and get a nice cool glass o' beer."

"I haven't any time to-day," I said, without any extenuating explanation.

"I was at Coney, Sunday," he said invitingly; "perhaps I'll go again next Sunday. I made four dollars and fifty cents," he went on, "and so I didn't work yesterday."

"Blow it all in?" I asked, rising to the occasion, to the full extent of my vocabulary.

"Yes," smilingly, as if I had done something very discriminating in making such a guess, "that's just what I did."

The boss came by, and I took my knee off the chair where I had been resting it, and stood erect. When he passed on, I put my knee up again. The waiter had been looking at me with a melting eye.

"Say," he said, "I wonder how it would be if I was to get married?"

"Oh, your troubles would just begin," I suggested.

"Perhaps," without a hint of a smile, "but we can always hope for the best." And he wiped a dish, considering it thoughtfully.

At this dangerous juncture a man came down the room and took a seat at a table near by. I seized the opportunity of relieving a perilous situation and went over to serve him.

"Have you been waited on?" I asked politely.

"He's the baker!" laughed Jennie, at the next table.

Harry appeared at my elbow. "Here, Miss," he said, as several other men came in, "you wait on the bakers."

They were five.

"Beefsteak or ice-cream?" I asked gaily, for they have no choice, any more than we have.

"Soup!" said one.

"Bread!" said another pompously.

"Soup for the bakers," I shouted over the counter, and brought it back to them with my most experienced manner.

"Where are all those tips?" I asked, when they went out. It seemed an opportunity to practice on getting trade.

"They're coming later," said one.

"So is Christmas," I called after them, and the girl who had taught me laughed. After that I served them every day. They never ate much, I noticed. The rest of us were always hungry.

It was Tuesday afternoon, just after I had served the bakers, that I had a scene with the boss. This is the worst experience I have had. I had been meandering about the room after the rush hour, trying to keep out of his range. His linen duster was admirably reflected from the many mirrors. But he spied me from a distance and beckoned me over to him.

"Wipe that table!" he commanded.

The table was as liberally spattered with catsup as the sandwiches of the customers

had been. I hate to clear catsup dishes. However, I picked up a soiled napkin and began.

"Use your towel!" he roared. "What do you think it's for? For ornament?" He snatched at it and tried to pull it off, but the pins held it fast. For a moment my heart beat thickly, then I removed the pins and wiped the tables as quickly as I could. He stood by until I had finished, glaring at me menacingly.

On Wednesday the boss did not come until two o'clock, which was very nice of him. We all worked and helped each other. I grew to feel very much at home. It was as though we were all one large family, bound to one another by a common interest. All day the sentimental waiter stood around gazing at me with his dreamy, blue eyes. When he passed, he would say, "Here's the little girl who helped me wipe dishes yesterday." Once, when I thought he was going to speak to me, I began to talk to another waiter, which made him full of palpable wrath, for he is as simple as a child. I began to feel as if I were in a play. A little later, when I saw him near the counter, I strolled over and said, "What are the names of all these cakes and things? I can't remember any of them."

He scowled and turned away, then he smiled like a July sun coming out from a cloud all in a second.

"This afternoon when work is over," he said, looking down at me tenderly, "I'll take the bill-of-fare, and we'll study it together."

The tempo of the thing was terrifying; He was as sudden as an Austrian officer.

Again, when the rush was over, he put a screen before his table and brought some dishes from the kitchen for us to dry, of which I was glad enough, because it gave me a chance to rest my knee on a chair. When we were well started, he said, "It rained awful yesterday, I was a-thinkin' there's no beer for us to-day. What did you do when you got home?"

Now, this was rather a startling question, and a limping waiter who appeared beyond the edge of the screen saved me from answering.

"Is he lame?" I asked.

"Aw," said my "friend" angrily, "he ain't nothing."

I was drying the dishes quickly.

"Don't work so hard," said my companion coaxingly; "don't hurry. How about that glass of beer this afternoon?"

"I must go to the dressmaker's," I answered, drying two dishes rapidly.

"What are you getting?"

"Oh, a fine new dress — to wear to Coney," I could not help adding, he looked so crestfallen. He beamed. I began to wipe vigorously. Only the thickness of the china saved it from destruction.

The dishes were getting low, and the job would soon be over. Some one brought another lot.

"Oh," said my friend, smiling at him gratefully, "that's good."

Harry's head appeared around the edge of the screen.

"Say, what's your name?" he asked. "Annie says it's Johnson. There was a customer down front thought he knew you, but it was another name. I'll show him to you to-morrow."

I went home, rejoicing in the name of Johnson, but it seemed best that there should not be any to-morrow. I wrote a note to Harry to say that I would not come back, and when the sun is shining high in the heavens, and I am peacefully oblivious of care, Harry will be rushing about distractedly, minus one waitress; Annie will be picking strawberries in silence; the boss will be rejoicing in my wages forfeited; and those eyes, those fervent, blue eyes, will be gazing just as fervently, perhaps, at Red Hair.

V

NEW YORK, JUNE 14TH

Some one remarked to-day that I seem always to be looking for work — and I really believe that I have spent more time looking, than in actual service. This morning I went to only one house, but I waited two hours. With its branches, it is the desideratum of the waitress. There were thirteen of us in the line. I knew the second girl ahead of me. She worked once where I did.

"Well, have you lost your job?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said she, screwing around between her neighbors, "but they pay so much more here and treat you so much better. I'll stay here till ten, and if I don't get anything, I'll go back. I keep trying it." At ten she was still far from the top, and she went off regretfully.

It was very tiresome standing, and there were seats for only three. I leaned against the wall, my gaze wandering to the mural decorations on the ceiling, where Napoleonic

wreaths and flambeaux crowned an unrelated scene. They stirred the memory and imagination, if one had time to look so high. But who had time, in that busy scene below of feeding and being fed? My gaze fell, and I began to talk to the girl ahead of me.

"I used to work in the Eighth Street Store till six weeks ago," she said. "Then my husband took sick, and I had to take care of him. With both of us working, we made nice money. But we're up against it now," and she sighed.

"Sure, we all have it hard at times," said the next girl. "I only made five dollars a week the first year I came to New York. Every week I had forty cents left. I paid two dollars for a room, a dollar insurance, a dollar laundry, and sixty cents car-fare. I couldn't go out all winter; I didn't have any clothes. I couldn't afford to anyhow. And I used to sit in my room all alone there and think of all the girls in New York City that was just the same. I'd think as I didn't blame them for doing things they do. I couldn't have stood it more than one winter. Lucky I got a good place."

"You were there," said another girl, "when my sister died. She was the only one of my family living," she went on to the rest of us, "and we lived together. I worked up to three o'clock the afternoon of her funeral. Then one girl said she'd take my place for the last half hour. I just had time to rush out to my room and change my clothes to go out with her body to the cemetery."

"Wouldn't the manager let you off that day?" I asked dully.

"Yes, but I couldn't afford to lose the money," she said. "After that terrible rush at the waiting, I'll never forget how peaceful the cemetery was." Her face contracted. "It was one of the most beautiful days of my life."

The superintendent came up then from the back of the store and began to walk down the line. Conversation ceased. He surveyed us all with a businesslike, comprehensive glance. We were all his suppliants. Our fates were in his hands. He called one girl over to him and questioned her. She might wait, he said. Then he motioned to the next, and so on until my turn came. My heart was in my mouth. It was like examination day at school. Suppose I should not pass!

"Ever work here?" he asked, his keen eye raking me like a search-light.

"No," and I mentioned my last place.

"How long?"

"One week. I just got on the floor, but I want to work here."

"You may wait," he said, after a pause, and I retired.

He went on down the line, the girls moving up as in a box-office line. Some he told to wait, and some he told to go.

A waiter passed by. "Ain't it a shame, so many nice girls out of work?" He smiled at each of us and put one foot up into the window. One girl's back was turned, and her hands were behind her; he slapped them gently with a pancake turner. She wheeled about and smiled.

"Been here long?" she asked.

"Yep, and I expect to spend the rest of my life here." He climbed into the window. "My! It's the deuce to be poor. That's what it is," he commented, moving some plates. And he began to arrange a beautiful large heart of red strawberries pierced by a strawberry arrow. He moved around in the window to get a better view of it, being careful not to step on the saucers of berries, apples, and other dainties set out to attract the passing eye. The arrow seemed to be jointed, for it did not emerge in the direction from which one would have expected of a well-ordered arrow which had entered at the angle this one had.

"That's wrong," he said critically, with his head on one side, and redirected the point.

Twice, as we stood waiting, the telephone rang, and there was a call from another branch for girls. The first two girls were sent off, and the rest of us sat and listened for the telephone to ring again. I stood for three-quarters of an hour before I had a seat on the bench, and then I sat for an hour waiting. I left at eleven, and there were three girls still sitting and hoping on. All the others had dropped out.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29TH

Well, at last I am at Childs', the much desired, seemingly unattainable Childs'; that Childs' where it is the ambition of half the waitresses in New York to be, and from which it is the ambition of every restaurant manager in New York to get his girls. I have even had a manager tell me to go to Childs' and get training and then come back

to him and he would take me on. And now I am of the élite. Many a time have I applied at the various branches, only to be met with the dictum: "If you've never worked for Childs', you can't work for Childs'." It seemed so cruel thus to be punished because my previous education had been neglected. Katie Martin, who is working here now, told me to try this branch. She works in different places to talk unions. They took me on, but I soon found there was nothing new to learn — I know it all — I have mastered the trade. Of course, I try not to be conceited about it, but I am now an experienced waitress. I can go to work anywhere. The store is of the tile type, familiar to the quick-luncher. "Yes, it's nice to look at," said one of the girls when I remarked about it, "and it's easy to keep clean. But it's awful hard on your feet. You'd better wear rubber heels," she added.

The uniform here is again of a variety different from that of any other restaurant in which I have worked. If all girls changed places as frequently as I have done, it would take all their wages to pay for their uniforms. Here, the girls have to buy their own waists from the firm.

We wear embroidery collars and cuffs,— beading with black ribbon run through it. I chose a broad band for mine, and I had just finished my breakfast the first morning, when I observed that my neck was the point of attraction for two girls who were standing near me. They eyed the collar, and they eyed me, and then they talked. Finally one of them called over to me and said:

"Say, lend her your collar to-day, and you take hers."

"I've burnt my neck," said the other. "Your collar's higher and will cover the burn."

"Yes, let her have it" said the first girl. "She works down front where the men are. There are only women back here, and so it don't matter."

It is needless to say that I understood the force of the argument and proceeded to make the exchange.

I was delighted, when I went to the head-waitress, to have her say, "Pick strawberries." I hope the strawberry season will last as long as I am a waitress. Strawberries mean sitting down and interesting conversations, and then, in the end, they mean strawberry shortcake. Here we are allowed to eat what we like — beefsteak once a week, ice-cream twice, and strawberry shortcake every day!

There were three girls picking strawberries when I went over to the table in the corner. They made room for me and then went on talking.

A girl with an air of knowing her own mind was saying:

"Once, when I was working in another house, I wanted to go to the races, an' the manager wouldn't let me off, so I put on my things and started."

"'So that's the way yer goin',' sez he.

"'Yes,' sez I. 'That's the way I'm goin',' an' I looked him straight in the eye.

"'Will yer be back to-morrow?' sez he.

"'I don't know,' sez I. An' I didn't come back for two days."

"Did he take you back?" I asked.

"Sure! If a girl's smart enough to look out fer herself, she's smart enough fer a manager to keep."

"What are the wages here?" I asked, after a time.

"Five dollars for five hours; seven dollars and seventy cents for eight hours; ten dollars for twelve hours. It's the same in all the Childs' houses."

She spoke of the standard of Childs' as though it were the standard of the community. I began to have a feeling that I had to live up to Childs'.

"We used to get only four dollars and a half for five hours," she went on, surveying her strawberry-stained hands reminis ently. "But one day we saw a sign in the dressing-room saying the four-and-a-half girls would get five. All of us got raised, and there wasn't to be any more night work. Well, weren't we surprised?"

Every one about the table smiled as if remembering an especially large and savory plum pudding.

"An' there's Katie saying we ought to have a union," as Katie joined us.

"If you've got a guarantee that Mr. Childs will live forever, perhaps you don't need a union *here*," said Katie. "But you can't tell when conditions may change. I appreciate what he's doing just as much as anybody, but if he's done so much for us, what about the other girls that ain't so well off? We could do something for them if we'd all work together. There's thousands in New York as don't get paid enough to call it living."

"You'll get into trouble yet with your union talk," said Number 1, who had just come up. (Number 1 is the head-waitress.) Katie turned toward her and flourished the rags with which she had just washed the tables.

"Here, get to work and stop your talking," said Number 1 pleasantly, for we had finished the strawberries. We cleared the table, and the girl at whose station we were set it in order.

The head-waitress told me to go over and help Number 2. Number 2 looked entirely capable of doing without my help. From her red hair, flowing in an exuberant wave, to her ample foot, she expressed absolute self-sufficiency. I found her sitting on a window ledge. "Are we allowed to sit down here?" I asked.

She complacently folded one strong hand over the other. "Oh, yes, we can sit down whenever we're not busy."

I find that this privilege means about an hour a day less of being on one's feet. "Do all the Childs' places have the same rules?" I asked.

"That depends on the manager," she answered coolly. "I could work for this man all my life."

I have heard other girls make the same remark, and it seems to me that justice is as much appreciated by working-girls as by other classes of people I have known."

One day I was standing near her at the counter, waiting for a kitchen order, when I heard the chef say: "Nothing doing?"

He gave me my order, and I rushed off. But later I said to her, "What did he mean?"

"Mean!" she said; "he wants a tip."

"A tip," I said in some surprise.

"Yes," she said. "You'll soon find out about it when you get a good station. All the waitresses that makes tips has got to tip the chef, and it ain't only the chef, but it's all the other men that fills your orders."

"Why do you do it?" said I, with some lack of acuteness.

"If we didn't," she said, still fuming, "he'd give us a bad piece of meat or keep the order late, and then we wouldn't get the tip ourselves. And it ain't once a week that you've got to tip them, but it's every day for a girl that gets lots of tips herself," and she seemed to have argued herself into a degree of resignation.

Everything is very systematic here. The head-waitress took my name and address when I entered upon the work. This has never been done before. I had to sign a contract that I would work for nothing. No girl is paid while in training. The work here is done, too, with more attention to the details of cleanliness and nicety. Every night before we go home, oil-cloth is spread over the end of each table. All the bottles of vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, etc. are collected, the contents of each are emptied into a pitcher and strained through cheese-cloth, and the bottles are washed with a brush and soap, rinsed in clean water, dried, refilled, and taken back to the table. Mustard, catsup, and horse-radish are not put back into the bottles until morning.

The work is apportioned among the girls. The completeness of the system gives one a sense of satisfaction like the working of a giant combined harvester, which starts across a field of growing wheat and leaves in its wake the bags of grain ready for market. I was standing one day by the window, thinking how interesting it was to be part of a big machine and to watch its effectual working, when Number 2 went by with her hat and coat on. "Are you ill?" I asked, seeing that the clock pointed only to 3:25. Without stopping, she turned her unmoved gaze upon me, and I realized that I was asking questions again. Number 2 herself accepts life without question. A pretty little blonde who came by answered for her. "Why, you can go, too, honey, if you're through," she said. "The girls are free as soon as the work's done." And she put her arm about me. We walked over to the counter together for our dinner.

"Draw one," I said proudly.

"Oh, you mustn't say that, girlie," she cautioned. "They don't allow slang here."

"Can't we even say 'three off,' or 'brown the wheats,' or 'fish off the iron'?" I cried despairingly. I could not relinquish my new acquisition, of which I had been as proud as if ordering a bath in Hungarian or giving a toast in Swedish.

"There seems to be a better class of girls here than in the other places where I have worked," I remarked, as we sat at the table.

"Sure," she said, buttering an English muffin. "They treat the girls best, and so they get the pick of the city."

I walked along with Katie this afternoon and told her I was going to give up the job.

"There's nothing new to learn — I feel so very experienced," I explained.

"Sure," she said, with a twinkle in her eye. "You're eligible to the union now."

"But, Katie —" I hesitated — "I do not stand for the way unions break their contracts."

"Unions don't stand for that, either," she said, "though it's sometimes done, and it's sometimes excusable. Those that talk loudest about unions breaking contracts are the worst themselves about breaking the laws."

"But don't you think the union keeps the efficient man down?"

"We can't all be generals," she flashed. "Where there's one that can get to the top, there's thousands must stay below, and I'm working for the thousands — and we can't choose who those thousands are, either. We've got to take them as we find them — sometimes they're rough, and sometimes they're dull, but it's our duty to get in and organize them and help them along."

Katie stood still on the corner to deliver herself of this speech. Her eyes flashed, and she tossed her head. Every one else dragged along one foot after the other, drooping in the hot, murky afternoon of a midsummer day in New York.

"I used to be prejudiced against unions, Katie," I said, "but, do you know ——"

I hesitated, and she looked at me a moment silently. Then she held out her hand, for we had come to the parting of our ways. "I knew you'd come round," she said.

I watched her mount the elevated steps, then turned and walked home quickly, hugging my apron and a new resolution — I want to be a walking delegate like Katie!

MY BASEBALL DÉBUT

BY

L. CONSTANS

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY ROLLIN GEORGE KIRBY

WHY it is that an urbanite who invades a rural district for the express purpose of obtaining rest immediately sets himself to the task of discovering excitement, I know not. Nor do I know why, to one under such circumstances of enforced enervation, the vivacity and buoyancy of youth appeal with so much power. I simply know that it was a conjunction of these two cogent forces that incited me, after several days of rustication in the little village of Trent, to follow the sound of boyish voices that reached me in loud altercation. Mounting the [illegible] road way, I came into full view of the seat of trouble,— a smooth, level stretch of ground, upon which a crowd of boys were noisily engaged in a game of baseball.

Their brag and bluster acted like a tonic on my quiet-sa[illegible]d nerves; and, subtly, as the moth to the flame, I was drawn toward this source of life effervescent.

As an entity, my position was unique. I was the only person not an active participant in the proceedings. But I was not long to hold this distinction.

During one of the many arguments that arose as regularly as a batter was declared "out," in which arguments the merits of the case were discussed with much vehemence between the batter and the other players, there came a small, insistent cry of: "Let's choose up sides! Choose up!" and the cry was picked up, echoed, and reëchoed lustily, as each boy scrambled for the possession of a bat.

Each insisted upon being one of the choosers, but might makes right in the child world, and the two largest boys, heedless of the angry glances and direful mutterings of the discontented rabble promptly arrogated that much-mooted privilege. "Tommy the

"Both claimed victory"

Twister," a sobriquet, I afterward learned, born from the ability of the gentleman to make a ball defy all the known laws of projection and trajection, was one of the two; the other, a lad named "Billy." Billy bore no titular honors, but subsequent events proved him worthy of the command he had assumed.

A bat, after a bloodless but fierce struggle, was wrested from one of the former aspirants for premiership, and this Tommy pitched to Billy, who cleverly caught it amidway. Above Billy's hand Tommy now clasped his, and above that came Billy's other hand, and so on they alternated as they climbed quickly toward the top. Both claimed victory, Tommy by right of grasp, and Billy by right of foul, the latter protesting loudly that his opponent's hand was a "foot" — to translate him literally — above the top of the bat.

"Where's a stone? Gimme a brick!" was the general demand, and I expected to see the two dictators slain forthwith, but in this I was unlearned. Justice was to be invoked, the principle thereof being that, if the stone pounded upon the top of the bat did not harm the upper hand, it was prima facie evidence that such hand was within fair bounds.

A dozen judges surrounded the belligerents, each with the official requisite of office, in the shape of a stone or a brick, in his hand; and each putting forth loud argument to convince that certain qualities of his stone or brick made it superior to all others for the purpose at issue.

The trial was a triumph for Tommy, but only a temporary one, for Billy immediately filed a second demurrer, claiming a miscarriage of justice; and in support of this claim he cleverly pointed out that the stone, being round, did not cover the entire top of the bat on a flat plane.

This esoteric argument was greeted with mingled cries of approval and disapproval from partizans in the crowd, but Billy was obdurate. With Rhadamanthine severity he demanded a knife, contending that if the blade, held flat on the top of the bat, should pass over the hand of the other, then the proof would be positive. Again "the Twister" was triumphant, and Billy now bowed to the result, though by divers remarks still insinuating unfairness,—that the knife-blade in all probability had not been held down flatly, and that his opponent had "scrunched."

"The Twister," however, paid small heed to these aspersions upon his honor, exercising immediately his right to first choice by picking out a scraggly-looking, red-haired nondescript, whom he familiarly designated as "Sorrel-top." Billy, evidently not intending to be overmatched by capillary characteristics, promptly chose "Towhead" Quigley, an appellative that pointed the bearer without need of further distinction. And so they chose, alternately, the last choice, which fell upon the smallest boy in the crowd, being reluctantly made by Tommy.

And now a serious obstacle to further procedure presented itself — there was no one to complete Billy's quota of base-ballists. This discovery led to a debate that was fast approaching a deadlock, when Billy hit upon a happy solution.

"Hey, mister! Want uh play?" he inquired, raising his hand in an upward wave to supplement the direction of his query.

Although my knowledge of the game was very rudimentary, the spirit of sport had been running riot in my veins from the moment I had seen the boys at play — I longed to rear and tear around as I saw them doing — so I nodded an assent.

The nod of Jove never created greater consternation. "Aw, git out — you're a man." "What d' yu take us fer — he's got whiskers!" and like protests were hurled at me and the reckless one who had taken the initiative.

How my "whiskers" — in the shape of a mustache only, by the way,— gave any indication as to my ability baseballically, was beyond my comprehension. However, "Sorrel-top" and "Towhead" had been the first chosen, so I sagely held silence. Hair probably had more to do with the matter than a layman might suspect. Billy, however, rose easily to the occasion — he would drop me as soon as some "other kid" came. This compromise being acceptable to the other side, friendly relations were again established.

The next preliminary was the tossing of a coin for position.

A careful inventory failing to locate the requisite coin among my seventeen fellow-players, Billy graciously condescended to use the quarter which I proffered. This event we won, and immediately chose "outs."

In the elation of this victory, Billy absent-mindedly confiscated my quarter; but, as the tenure of my position was very doubtful, and its continuance rested entirely with him, I discreetly overlooked the little incident.

"'Sorrel-top'"

In the placing of his men I, being an unknown quantity, was naturally a source of great perplexity to my captain; but a hasty consultation with a couple of self-constituted aides soon decided my position as second base, the information being volunteered that I was put there on account of my superior height, this minimizing the possibility of the catcher's "gittin' 'em over" the second baseman's head in "throwin' 'em down." As Billy designated my position by a wave of the hand, I was, fortunately, not forced to inquire as to its location, a procedure that would, I am certain, in the light of subsequently-acquired knowledge, have meant my instant release from service. I took my place where I had seen the boys stand while I was watching the former play, and the game started.

For five minutes everything ran smoothly, and I was enjoying to the fullest extent the exhilaration of my first game of baseball. With two out and a man only on first base, there was no question as to the advantage of our position, if the opinion of our leader, who was playing "first," could be relied upon.

"There's nothin' tu it!" he assured loudly.

"Git 'em down to second now. Yu can't git 'em too high!" he admonished and coached the catcher, and then winked knowingly at me,— an act which I, not comprehending its full import, returned in kind. The next instant I was in a whirlwind of excitement.

As the ball shot from pitcher to catcher, there was a loud cry of, "Watch 'im there, mister!" from Billy, and then a confused mass of arms and legs flashed by me on the way to second base. The catcher, with arm drawn back, ball clutched tightly for a throw, stood nonplussed. For a moment there was a painful silence — the calm that precedes a storm — then mutterings of disapproval came from every quarter. Not loud, but ominous.

"What's the matter — yu nailed there?" inquired my superior, in disgust.

I stammered pitifully and tried to excuse my misplay, or rather non-play, by explaining that I had forgotten there was a "man" on first base, but the attempt, under the gaze of those scowling eyes, was a poor one; and I saw clearly that I had sowed the first seed of distrust in the heart of my doughty captain.

A "foul, out" relieved the situation somewhat, my mistake being partly condoned by the fact that the runner had not been able to score.

It was now our "ins," and what we were going to do was "a plenty," as Billy succinctly put it.

In the interim, while our catcher and pitcher batted, Billy patronizingly vouchsafed to me, for my future welfare, information as to the wonderful "in" and "out" curves of the terrible "Twister," as well as of the "up shoots" and "down drops" that he "worked" now and then for variety. All of which was evidently intended to allay any misgivings I might have entertained as to facing the terrible Tommy. But so fraught with fearful eyes and awful nods was the description, that it had quite the opposite effect; and by the time it came my turn to bat, the former frowsy-headed little lad had assumed proportions monstrous.

Fearfully I advanced to the plate as the cry of, "It's the man's bat," smote upon my ears. Our catcher and short-stop had made outs — the pitcher and Billy were on base, the former on third, and the latter on first.

"Line 'er out, old man!" was Billy's enthusiastic injunction; but his ardor quickly cooled as I struck wildly at the first two balls pitched.

"Git a board!" he now advised sarcastically, while the man on third suggested a "shovel" as probably more effective; but the advice came too late, as I had already used the bat in a futile attempt to hit the third pitch.

The jeers this unfortunate event elicited from my companions discouraged me so visibly, that even the unresponsive heart of my captain was touched by pity, for he tried hard to smile — the attempt could scarcely have been considered a success — as we took our positions, and offered as consolation a cheery — "That's all right, old man,— yu ain't got yer eye yit."

The next few innings, however, left little time for brooding, as they were full of action; two things of great import to me happening:— one, a hit for two bases which I made, calling forth many encomiums from the lips of my astute manager and raising me to the highest pinnacle I attained in my brief baseball career; the other — truth demands that I chronicle it — dragging me from that great eminence and terminating in my being publicly disgraced.

"Tommy the Twister" had reached first. I, determined not to repeat my former mistake, waited close to my base, in order to be there when the runner arrived. I had not

"'What d' yu take us fer — he's got whiskers!'"

long to wait. Almost immediately Tommy and the ball were coming toward me from different angles, at about the same rate of speed. Soon it became a serious question in my mind as to which would arrive first. On came "the Twister" as if endowed with wings, while the ball seemed to pause and hover in mid-air between the catcher and myself.

Dear reader, you must imagine, I cannot describe, the perplexities of that awful moment. What eye could judge, what mind decide, the outcome of such a race?

Add to these perplexities the fear that at the crucial moment you might not properly perform your duty, and to all superadd a deep consciousness of being on trial before eight cold-blooded critics who would measure your performance without due regard to mitigating circumstances, and you may realize faintly, in proportion as the contemplative is ever less vivid than the active mood, the terrible strain under which I labored. Is it to be wondered at that under such circumstances my nerves trembled, twisted, and utterly collapsed; and that in the excitement I put out my foot, instead of my hand, to catch the ball? I think not! No! No one but a man blinded by a passion for victory could think otherwise. Unfortunately, my superior was such a man.

As the ball caromed off my ankle, far out into the field, he, regardless of the suffering I exhibited by hopping wildly about on one foot while I clasped the other tightly between my hands, strode out before me in a fury. A run had been scored; that was sufficient. To him victory was everything; the loss of a limb, or a life, nothing.

"Cut out dat minyuet!" he ordered. I complied.

"What uh yu take dis fer?" he now demanded, referring to my recent exploit. "A football game?"

I tried to plead my case, but he would have none of it. "Hey, Spider!" he cut in abruptly, addressing himself to the lad on third base, "play second an' let de old man play third — they won't so many git 'round tu him there."

Ye gods! the cruelty of this last cut! As if, already, the punishment did not far outweigh the crime!

But if the conduct of my superior was heartless, that of my associates was doubly so. Without a care as to how deeply this degradation would sink into a high-strung, sensitive soul such as mine, they hooted and scoffed unrestrainedly as I limped to my new position.

But time in its flight works wonderful changes, and when, next inning, I again faced "the Twister," all former animosities, in the face of a common foe, were forgotten; and my brother players were shouting loud encouragements to me.

The game now stood twelve to fifteen against us.

"Watch 'er!" admonished Billy, who was perched on first base. "Don't let 'im fool

"'What's the matter—yu nailed there?' inquired my superior, in disgust"

you with a drop, old man!" Billy had familiarly dubbed me "the old man." "Yah! Yah! Watch out — watch out!"

This supplementary outburst was brought forth by the unsportsmanlike conduct of "the Twister" in delivering the ball while I was attending the remarks of my superior. I swung desperately, but too late. However, I evened up on the next pitch by striking too soon; but Billy, with the eyes of a ball player only, naturally saw none of the beauties of this mathematical equation. To him the only problem was, how to get me to first base. A quick summing up evidently convinced him there was but one way.

"Let him hit yu!" he finally decided.

My blood rose at the heartless suggestion. As if censure and reproof were not enough to bear! My teeth clenched in rebellion. Never! I — the next moment I was bending and twisting into every conceivable shape in a frenzied effort to dodge the oncoming

messenger of retribution. My mental insurrection was bringing quick rebuke. Finally, in a last paroxysm of hope, I threw myself flat upon my face. But why wrestle with fate? Better for me had I met the inevitable calmly, standing. The ball then would probably have struck me on the foot. As it was, it crashed into my ribs, and with a force that made me writhe in agony.

However, when I struggled dizzily to my feet, I was the recipient of hearty congratulations from my team-mates, who deemed the incident a most rare bit of good luck for me.

But the other side denounced the affair unqualifiedly. "He jumped right intu it!" "He tried tu git hit!" they charged hotly, and "the Twister" unhesitatingly stamped the occurrence as "the baby act."

As soon as I could breathe without bending double and pounding myself on the back, the reason for all this clamor was made clear to me. For having been hit by the pitcher, or rather by the ball he had pitched, I was privileged to go to first base.

This I should have considered a small recompense, indeed, for my sufferings, had it not been that there I learned the true cause of the catastrophe. Fate had nothing to do with it. "The Twister's" remark to the first baseman explained it all upon purely natural grounds. I had simply "run into" one of his "in shoots."

As the inning ended with the score eighteen to fifteen in our favor, we were highly jubilant; but our joy was momentary, as soon again our opponents were forging slowly to the front.

It was at this critical juncture of the game, when all might be won or lost on a single play, that the ball was hit swiftly past me, and the batter started on a wild circle of the bases, followed by cries of "foul ball" from our side and counter cries of "fair ball" from the other side. I remained neutral, the situation being too intricate for my comprehension.

As usual, Tommy, Billy, and the umpire gravitated to the center of the diamond for the customary bout of polemics. The display this time, however, was particularly lurid, fists being shaken more vigorously and threats of bodily harm indulged in more frequently than theretofore. I was congratulating myself upon not being involved in this especially bitter controversy, when the umpire, probably driven to accepting discretion as the better part of valor, decided to inaugurate a court of inquiry.

"We'll leave it to the old man — he saw it!" I heard him declare; and the next moment the mighty triumvirate were headed my way.

The move sent a shiver of apprehension through me, as my ignorance of the fine points of the game made it impossible for me to show any partiality for my captain.

A casuist may hold that none should have been shown, but such a one never served under a leader like Billy. For my part I was, and shall continue to be, ready to lie,

"'Line 'er out, old man!'"

"a hit for two bases which I made"

cheat, or steal, if by so doing I can escape the caustic rebukes of such a man.

"Where'd that ball go?" demanded the terrible "Twister" gloweringly, and then, without waiting for me, supplying the answer himself. "It hit right there!" he asserted, indicating, with a savage kick, a spot several feet inside the base-line.

"Aw haw — you're crazy!" stoutly retorted our champion. "It didn't either!"

This prelude gave me a vague idea of the situation in general, although the particular point at issue was still obscure. However, it was plain "the Twister" wished to make it appear that the ball had gone far inside the base-line. With this realization came confidence, and with confidence came the noble impulse to help my captain establish his claim.

"No, it didn't go there!" I boldly asserted against "the Twister," pointing to the spot he had indicated.

"There, I told you so!" interrupted Billy triumphantly — "An' the old man wouldn't lie about it," he added, giving me a radiant smile of approbation.

If "the Twister" believed my veracity above reproach, his looks certainly belied his belief. However, I cared little as to that. The sweet of approval from my superior tasted far better than anything the enemy might offer, so I determined upon a coup d'état that I felt sure would carry me in peace, and may be in glory, through the remainder of the game.

"No!" I reiterated, while Billy smiled approvingly, as one who sees his position doubly fortified. "It didn't go there. It hit right here!"

My first inclination had been to make the mark far beyond the base-line, but a nature subtly cunning had taught me that to lend the color of truth to a statement one should appear somewhat conservative, so I indicated a point midway between "the Twister's" mark and the base-line.

A mighty shout rent the air, but — horrible! — it came from Tommy and his followers. I turned to Billy anxiously. The sight froze me. There he stood, motionless, speechless,— spellbound with wrath; and I prayed that he might ever remain so, but he didn't. With a sputter that clearly indicated the fire raging within, he recovered his voice, and then and there he pronounced an anathema upon me that, had it been potent, would have consumed me on the spot. Thanks to the divine grace, however, that makes a man's power weaker than his will, beyond a slight curling of the hair and a parched throat, the blast left me unharmed.

Wherein I had erred, I knew not, nor was I able at the moment to ascertain, for immediately all social relations between myself and my comrades were severed. Later I learned that to have upheld our contention I should have marked the ball as having gone entirely outside the base-line. Good intentions went for naught. I had failed in the deed and was condemned forthwith, thanks to the narrow wisdom of youth.

From now on until the end of the game my relations were those of a pariah — neither noticing nor being noticed. Not until Dame Fortune had actually bestowed the game upon us by a score of twenty-eight to twenty-three did my fellow-players relent and take me again into their good graces. No doubt, the fact that I could no longer jeopardize their chance of winning had much to do with this.

But withal, outside of a few what Billy designated "yellow" plays — and his glance in my direction spoke eloquently — the game, according to his estimate, was a good one. The low score and its closeness attested to that.

On our way back to town Billy grew somewhat remorseful, and he assured me that if I could "ketch" and "hit" good, and could "run" a little faster, I would be all right. All of which raised my spirits a great deal, particularly as he invited me back to play again. "Come down agin," he said cordially. "You kin play with the other side next time."

This magnanimity I repaid by purchasing, from a passing countryman, a couple of watermelons, which I begged them to accept with my compliments; and thus having cemented the ties of reconciliation, I bade them good-by, the total of my worth, in their estimation, being fully summed up in a terse expression of Billy's that, unintentionally, was wafted to my ears as I departed: "The old man's all right," said he, "but he can't play ball."

"'Come down agin,' he said cordially. 'You kin play with the other side next time'"

EDITORIAL

CHICAGO AND GALVESTON

A VITAL QUESTION OF CIVILIZATION

HOW DESTRUCTIVE FORCES GAIN CONTROL OF A CONVENTIONAL CITY ORGANIZATION — PRESIDENT ELIOT OF HARVARD ON THE "PURE BUSINESS" OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

THE first article in this magazine is a study of the trade of dissipation in Chicago — its amazing revenues, its power, and the simple and unavoidable steps through which it moves to atrophy government and break down our civilization. Conditions similar in principle — though not, of course, identical in every detail of arrangement — exist in all great American cities. Generally the forces concerned work in the dark. Occasionally — as in Minneapolis and San Francisco — they appear at the surface in some violent and scandalous outbreak which startles the continent. Then they are forgotten. But they never cease their operation.

It must never be forgotten, in the discussion of bad politics, that its motives and impulses are purely financial. It is a matter of business; and this fact furnishes the one clear clue which leads throughout its many and complicated transactions. Now, there are obviously just two ways of making illegitimate money out of a city: by robbery — either direct, or indirect, through criminal conspiracy in the sale of franchises; or by trading in the profitable right to break the law.

Mr. Turner makes no attempt whatever in his article on Chicago to treat either the robbery of the city by corrupt officials, or the operations of the evil financial interests engaged in stealing franchises. He turns his entire attention to the older, greater, and more dangerous interests which lie at the foundation of the ugly structure of bad politics. These interests of dissipation keep alive continually the working organization — a matter which no other interest could afford to undertake. The organization furnishes exactly the kind of officials who rob cities; it furnishes exactly the kind of accomplices that the franchise stealer must have inside of the city government, to carry out his plans of robbery.

Together, all these interests form one great association of the exploiters of communities. There are bankers and lawyers and great corporation managers in this, as well as gamblers and brothel keepers and thieves. Many of the members of the more respectable class probably never admit to themselves the position in which they really are. But the impelling motive of all is the same,— the desire to make an illegitimate profit at the expense of the people. And the alliances and methods necessary to secure their aim bind all together in one body of people, who may be called the sellers of civilization.

Why has this great business of confederation been continuously successful in American cities? Because it has been able to organize in their political machinery a perfectly businesslike and direct way of obtaining its ends. It has reached straight through ward and city politics to its object. The people, in the meanwhile, working indirectly through a complex and irresponsible governmental machine, have been unable to make their will effective. They have had a less immediate control of their own government than their exploiters.

In the October number of McCLURE's, Mr. Turner told the story of Galveston, Texas, a city which had framed a form of government, through which the will of the people could be directly expressed. This month, in his story of Chicago, he gives a picture of the old form of government,— the organization by wards,— grown to an evil maturity. The contrast points out graphically the greatest political question before the country to-day: Shall city government be simplified, clarified, made at once intelligible and responsible to the people; or shall it be left in a form which gives the exploiters of the public a more direct hold upon its functions than the public themselves? This question — as Mr. Turner's article shows — strikes deeper than the mere administration

of a city's financial affairs. It concerns the very existence of our civilization.

Any portrayal of the individual tragedies resulting from the conditions in Chicago would obviously be impossible within the limits of a magazine's space. That they exist by tens of thousands will be recognized at once by every reader of Mr. Turner's story. The huge machine for the consumption of young flesh — for the conversion of boys into vagrants and thieves, and girls into prostitutes — grinds on continually; and each person fed into it has an individual story of horror and disgust. But the entire effort in this article has been to produce a clear and simple statement of fact and to let this statement make its own arraignment.

It is interesting in this connection to chronicle the further growth in favor of the Galveston idea throughout the United States. The Texas cities — at the time of the writing of this — are pushing their bills for commission government through their legislature. In the Kansas and Wisconsin legislatures measures have been introduced providing for the government of cities of a certain size by commissions like that of Galveston; and a large number of individual cities throughout the country are considering charters for themselves along the line of the Galveston idea. Memphis, which for twenty-five years prospered under a form of commission government, but which lost it two years ago through political influence, has a bill in the Tennessee legislature to adopt the Galveston plan, with every chance of passing. The people of Memphis expressed their preference for a return to commission government last fall by a majority of three to one.

Public discussions of this form of government are going on through the entire country — especial interest being shown in the cities of New England. No more illuminating treatment of the subject of city government has been given in this country than that of President Charles Eliot of Harvard University, when he spoke in approval of the Galveston idea, before a meeting of the Economic Club of Boston, held to discuss that subject last January. Sections of this remarkable speech follow:

I am sure that if you have not read it you will be interested in reading in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE an article by Mr. Turner on "City Government by Commission in Galveston." He suggested the preparation of that article himself and wrote it. I feel personally indebted to him and to the magazine for giving me an excellent picture of that very remarkable experiment in municipal government. . . . We have an advantage in New England. We have seen and known for centuries an almost perfect form of municipal government, — the town government. Cannot we get back to that with modifications? I should prefer to call what we seek "government by selectmen." That is exactly what we want. How many selectmen are there in a good Massachusetts town to-day? Three. Now, the city is larger than the town; we might ask for seven selectmen to govern, if you please, the City of Boston. . . .

Municipal government is pure business and nothing else — absolutely nothing else. To the performance of business functions in an intelligent and honest manner, the notion of representation by districts of population has no application, no sensible application. Therefore, the whole structure of our municipal governments in two representative chambers, the Senate and the House of Representatives, is entirely false in theory. It always has been, and its dead failure is the result of the fact that it had no sound theoretical basis. There is no representation of that sort needed, and the ward basis or the basis of the geographical lines of these thirty municipalities within ten miles of our State House, such bases as those have no intelligent foundation, even from the point of view of representation. We imagine a citizen of a Boston ward having some particular interest in the condition of the street in front of his house, and he needs to have a representative to urge those interests; but, gentlemen, the interest of that citizen in the condition of the street in front of his house is as nothing compared to his interest in all the highways of the entire Metropolitan district, his means of getting about, himself, and his means of getting his freight about the entire body of roads or area of roads, highways, bridges, etc., in that district swept by the ten-mile radius from the State House. Even if his interest is to be represented, it is really an interest in the whole thing, not in a little bit of it.

Now, how are we going to get business men of capacity and honesty to transact this pure business of a city? We have got to have but few of them, to begin with, so that they can be held responsible, just as we have got now a school commission of five in the City of Boston, and we know what kind of work they are doing, and we know who is responsible for it. We have got to have men who know enough to put all the business of the city in the hands of experts. That is the very first sign of intelligence in a business man, nowadays, that he puts all his executive work into the hands of experts, and we shall never get good results in our cities until that principle absolutely prevails in the conduct of all city business. . . .

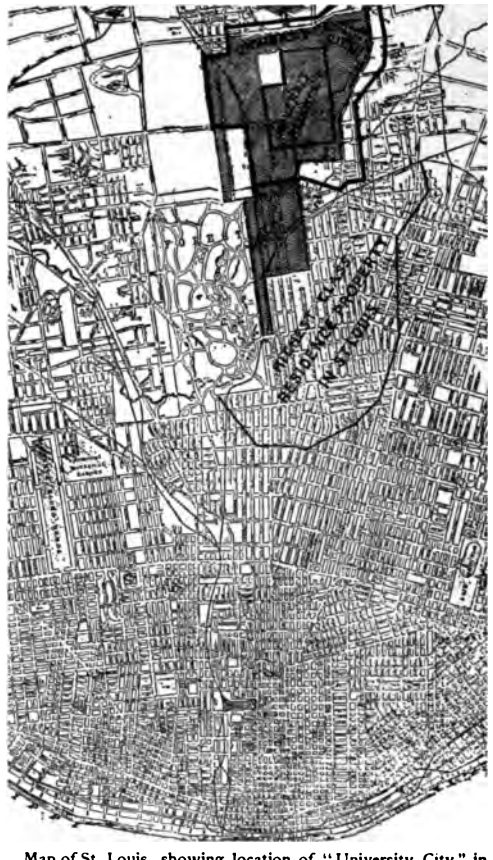
I think we see a brighter day dawning. We have got down very low in regard to our municipal governments, and we have got dark days here now, but we can see a light breaking, and one of the lights broke in Galveston. . . . What it needs, that the light may grow and get to full noon, is that the people, the great body of the people, should be convinced that municipal government means nothing but good, intelligent conduct of business.

THE UNIVERSITY CITY PLAN

By E. G. LEWIS, Mayor of University City, Missouri.

The great awakening that has come in the municipal life of America bids fair to provide, where it has come in time, a new order of things for the rising generation. This awakening of civic pride, of thought for the beautifying of our great cities, of PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE, has been crystalized in St. Louis through a remarkable combination of circumstances, into what promises to culminate in the most beautiful residence section of any city in the world; a little city restricted to private homes, colleges, schools, churches and great institutions of public benefit, nearly three square miles in extent, separate and distinct from St. Louis itself, both in government and taxation, a city within a city. It is believed that no parallel exists to the peculiar combinations that made possible this climax, and certainly the plan under which it is being carried to completion is unique in almost all its features. The city of St. Louis, Mo., the fifth city in the Union, richer than any city of its size in the world, with a vast territory whose wealth is but just beginning to be developed, tributary to it, is essentially a city of homes. More people own their own homes in St. Louis than in any other city in America in proportion to its population. Its great west end residence district is built up with miles of beautiful boulevards and costly homes. Towards the west alone can this superb residence section expand. In the past few years almost every available foot of land within the ancient western city limits has been taken up by fine private homes, while over the city line remained the highest and most desirable residence property of all, principally held in old family estates.

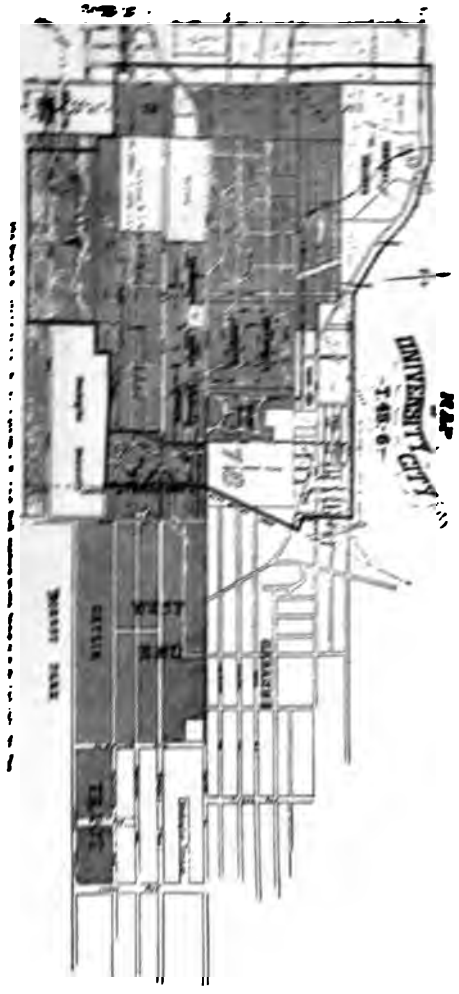
St. Louis is not in any county, having separated from the county many years ago, its boundaries being arbitrarily fixed at what was supposed to be the limits of its future growth. Little did our forefathers realize of the present size and growth of St. Louis, and these ancient bounds were long ago passed by the irresistible development of the present great city. Unlike other cities, it can not expand its borders at will to embrace new territory, for it is separate from the county. St. Louis lies in a horseshoe curve of the Mississippi river. From the river front the city stretches westward over a series of constantly rising hills, until at the center of its western boundary line an elevation of approximately 200 feet above the river is reached. The growth of the city has been principally westward, its fashionable residence section moving constantly westward as encroached upon by the business section, until after passing from the crest of one rise to the next in its westward growth, the very finest residence section of the city has settled and developed, crowding far over the western boundary line of the city into St. Louis county onto the highest and most desirable property in the West End. Owing to the location and growth, this section is now practically the only remaining high-class residence section. Here are located, beautiful Forest Park, with its million-dollar art museum; Washington University, with its stately buildings, newly erected,



Map of St. Louis, showing location of "University City" in the heart of the finest residence district. The shaded portion, part in St. Louis and part in University City, shows in general outline the immense tract of nearly three square miles embraced in the "University City Plan." The white spot is Washington University and its beautiful grounds, while facing the property embraced in the plan, for most of its length on one side, is Forest Park. Crowded about the eastern end and the other side of these properties is the present solidly built-up high-class residence district of St. Louis. University City is a city within a city, but with separate government and taxation, the tax rate being about one-fifth that of St. Louis. It is a city almost entirely restricted to single private homes.

and splendid grounds; the magnificent buildings of The Lewis Publishing Company; beautiful churches; our leading hospitals, and the finest and most costly residences of St. Louis, partly in St. Louis and partly over the line. Although St. Louis had many years ago outgrown its boundary lines, these lines could not be enlarged without a constitutional amendment, requiring two years' preliminary notice and a majority vote of the city, county and state. As the county is free of indebtedness and its tax rate less than 50 cents, while that of St. Louis is approximately $2.50, such an amendment would be almost sure of defeat.

In the meantime, not alone such institutions as Washington University had moved over the line into



Map of University City and the properties partly in it and partly in St. Louis embraced in the "University City Plan." The white spot is Washington University.

the county, and the finest residence section of St. Louis itself been built up solid up to and over the city line, but hundreds of the leading citizens were rapidly building their homes in the beautiful property beyond the old city lines, the highest land in the West End. On the south side lay Forest Park, the beautiful city park of St. Louis, and the magnificent buildings and grounds of Washington University; on the east the solidly built up private residence section of the city, with its private residences places; on the north, a district of light manufacturing and modest homes had developed, precluding further growth of high-class residence districts in that section; while in the center like a great island, three square miles in extent, lay the highest and most desirable residence property of St. Louis, but over the city line, and not under the control of the city, its police, street and building commissioners. This vast property consists of two great parallel ridges rising westward, on one of which, at its eastern end, is Washington University; on the other the great private residence park of University Heights, with the buildings of The Lewis Publishing Company at its eastern end. The land was principally owned in large tracts by but families some of it having been held for seventy years by the same families. Their old homesteads still remained intact and, regardless of the fact that these tracts now comprise practically all that remains of the finest available property of St. Louis, they were being held unimproved with few exceptions.

Several of the larger properties were, during the past three years, laid out into magnificent residence parks, with great boulevards and the highest class of improvements but without any combined and general scheme. Being beyond the control of the city, each of the great property owners was laying out his property and making his boulevards and improvements as suited him best, without regard to those of the neighboring property, and the grandest residence district of St. Louis was fair to be irredeemably ruined for lack of a general control and a harmonious plan. Another danger threatened. Beyond the power of the city police, there rapidly sprung up in the very heart of this district a number of objectionable dives and resorts. This threatened quick ruin of the most valuable residence section of St. Louis and the destruction of what was rapidly becoming the most beautiful and desirable part of the city. This situation was taken in hand by the writer last summer, owing to our own large property holdings here and the desire to preserve to St. Louis its most beautiful and only available future residence section. A number of the leading citizens of St. Louis who had already built their beautiful homes here joined in the movement, and a charter was obtained incorporating this whole section, beginning with the old western limits of St. Louis, into a separate city under the name of University City. Mr. Jackson Johnson, president of Roberts, Johnson, Rand Shoe Co., director of Mechanics-Am. National Bank, St. Louis; Mr. Jas. F. Coyle, of Coyle & Sargent, director of Missouri-Lincoln Trust Co., St. Louis; Mr. F. J. Cabot, secretary of Lewis Publishing Company; Mr. Nicholas Lamb and Mr. John Gruenninger being made the board of aldermen, while the writer was made mayor. Thus, at one stroke, the future of this great section was assured, conditions brought under proper control, the dives and objectional resorts closing and moving away.

Main building of Washington University.

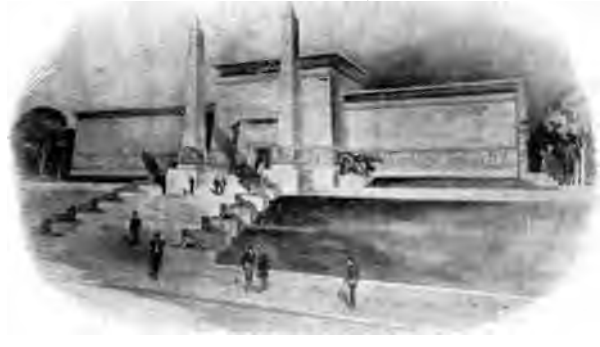
Having made this great step forward, a broader and higher plan, long in contemplation, was undertaken. The owners of the great properties composing approximately 85 per cent of the new city's area, were called together and the following proposition presented to them, and, after careful deliberation, assisted by the arousing of public sentiment of St. Louis, supported by the leading newspapers and great interests of St. Louis,

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Million-dollar Art Museum in Forest Park, overlooking University City and fronting the property embraced in the "Plan."

the preliminary trust agreement was signed November 1 by the large property owners, embodying what is believed to be the greatest step forward in municipal improvement ever taken in America. Under the terms of this agreement, each of these vast properties was to be surrendered to the ownership and control of a central holding organization chartered by the state; each of the owners of these great tracts of land, some already highly improved, others unimproved, to be paid the exact original cost of his property, plus the actual cost of the permanent improvements he had already made thereon, plus 5 per cent per annum interest and his taxes for the time he had held it (some of the property purchased some seventy years ago at $10 per acre is now worth from $10,000 to $15,000 per acre); real-estate certificates to be issued to an amount not to exceed the cost of the lands, plus $10 per front foot for the improvement thereof where unimproved, and $3 per front foot for entrance ways, fountains, parks, etc.; these certificates to be for a term of ten years, to bear 5 per cent per annum cumulative interest and to receive one-half the total profits made in the development and sale of the entire combined properties during the ten years; the other half of the profits to go to the original owners of the lands. As the properties were sold for residence purposes, the funds, both principal and profits, must be paid out in dividends, one-half to the certificate holders, the other half to the original property owners, unless reloaned. Any part of the funds (principal and profits) derived from the sale of the properties not paid out in dividends from year to year, could not be loaned or invested in any other way than on first-mortgage building loans on real estate inside the limits of the properties themselves and for a not longer time than the unexpired term of the certificates, so that all such funds so loaned must be liquidated by the tenth year, for payment in additional dividends to the certificate holders and original property owners in cash.

A board of trustees, or managers, to be selected by mutual consent of the original owners from the leading citizens of St. Louis, to be organized, and this board should issue the real-estate certificates under proper restrictions, regulations and registration; should receive a reasonable and fixed compensation (having no interest in the profits); should examine into the costs and titles of the properties, take them over and hold them clear and free of all encumbrance for the protection of the certificate holders as the certificates are issued; should handle and be responsible for all funds of the trusteeship; should have entire control and management of the combined properties, laying them out under one great general and harmonious engineering plan, with a beautiful system of boulevards, parks, entrance ways, and the highest class of improvements, into the most beautiful residence district of any city in the world, restricting its use for all future time as a private residence district; and having complete power and control over its improvement, development and sale; acting as the trustees of both the certificate holders and the original property owners, but holding the title to the lands free of encumbrance for the protection of the certificate holders. Such a plan manifestly held out so many advantages, insuring one great general, harmonious development of nearly three square miles of the highest class residence property of St. Louis, reducing the cost of the improvements to approximately one-half what they could be made for by the individual property owners, while doubling the value of all the properties by restricting the entire territory embraced to private residence purposes and insuring its future



One of the great buildings of The Lewis Publishing Company in University City; 200 feet long by 85 feet wide, faced with polished white marble. The Woman's National Daily is published in this building.

Corridor of the Executive Building of Lewis Publishing Company in University City, known as The Woman's Magazine Building

A corner of University Heights, in University City, looking from the residence of "Alderman" Jackson Johnson, on Delmar Boulevard. Many additional homes are how being erected here. This property is part of that embraced in the "Plan." Residence of "Alderman" Jas. F. Coyle in the center.

against the objectionable features that have heretofore crept into and destroyed resi ence sections.

The nearest to a parallel of the situation in University City would be the having turned over, a few years ago, at their original cost, three square miles of the old estates which formerly composed what is now Brookline, Boston, or the Bronx, or Riverside, in New York, into a central holding company, with a board of trustees composed of the leading citizens of Boston or New York in control for ten years, they holding a clear title to the property as such, and the issuing of real-estate certificates limited to the cost of these estates, plus the actual cost of the permanent improvements (streets, sidewalks, sewers, etc.) to be made on them; then, as trustees, equally dividing the enormous increment in values and profits made from the development and improvement of these properties in residence lots, between the original owners and the investors in the certificates. Had such a plan been carried out, it is safe to say that even the enormous profits realized in those properties would have been greatly increased by the laying out of so large a tract under one harmonious plan and permanently restricting it as private residence property.

Residence of Jackson Johnson in University Heights section of the "Plan." Mr. Johnson is a member of the board of aldermen of University City.

The properties embraced in the University City Plan are taken over at from 40 to 60 per cent of their PRESENT value, while what their values under this plan will be no one can foresee. They comprise nearly all that remains of the available high-class residence district of St. Louis. An equal area of residence property in St. Louis, directly to the east of and adjoining University City, has increased in assessable value in

Residence of E. G. Lewis, Mayor of University City, President Lewis Publishing Company.

the past ten years over thirty million dollars, and now that these remaining properties have been incorporated under a city charter an equal increase, if not a greater one, can be reasonably expected for them in the future. Only the imaginary line of the city limits separates the two cities, street car lines, water mains, sewers, etc., passing from one city to the other without discrimination. It is a city within a city, but a city of homes, governed by representative business men of St. Louis having their homes in University City and co-operating with the board of trustees in the vast plan of improvements being carried out, the municipal offices being a matter of civic pride. The only salaried officials are the marshal and his deputies, consequently the rate of taxation is only about one-fifth that of St. Louis, while it enjoys all the comforts and conveniences of St. Louis.

On November 1 the preliminary trust agreement was signed by the property owners placing their great individual holdings in the common plan.

The effect on the properties involved was instantaneous. Over a hundred handsome additional private residences, to cost from $8,000 to $20,000 each, were contracted for by representative people of St. Louis in the short space of two weeks alone. After many conferences, the following well-known citizens of St. Louis were selected, with a view to securing the services of men representative of the best citizenship and leading interests of St. Louis, as the first board of trustees, or managers, and accepted the heavy responsibilities and duties, solely in a spirit of public duty to the best interests of St. Louis:

Washington Terrace, one of the private streets at the eastern end of the University City Plan. These beautiful private streets are a feature of the University City Plan.

Hon. Lon V. Stephens,
Ex-Gov., Ex-Treas., of State of Missouri.

Theo. F. Meyer,
Pres. Meyer Bros, Drug Co., (Wholesale Druggists).

Hon. C. P. Walbridge,
Ex-Mayor St. Louis; Prest. Bell Telephone Co. of Missouri.

Louis B. Tebbetts,
Director National Bank of Commerce. L. B. Tebbetts & Sons Co.

Executive Building of the Lewis Publishing Company, University City, one of the most beautiful buildings in the world (135 feet in height). The mayor of the city and the aldermen have their offices here. The Lewis Publishing Company has 500 employes, a capital of three and a half million dollars, three of the largest publishing plants in the world, and publishes 8,000,000 copies of its publications for women each month.

Hon. Nathan Frank,
Member of Executive Board World's Fair; Ex-U. S. Congressman; Part owner St. Louis Star-Chronicle.

Thos. H. Wagner,
V - Prest. Missouri - Lincoln Trust Co. and Lincoln Trust and Title Co.

Walter B. Stevens,
Sect. La. Purchase Expo. Co. (World's Fair).

E. G. Lewis,
Mayor University City.

View of the most fashionable and beautiful residence part of St. Louis, the West End. The (X) mark shows the location of University City; the properties embraced in the "Plan" begin at the last house to the left, facing Forest Park, directly under the star.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

While the "Million Club" of St. Louis is exerting every effort to double the population of the city, yet it is a fact that less than six thousand additional average families in the high-class West End section would require every remaining building lot, including every foot of the property embraced in the University City Plan. The enormously rapid present growth of the city makes it an assured fact that these vast properties can scarcely be gotten ready, even under this great plan, as fast as they will be required for building purposes. The united efforts of the Million Club, the Business Men's League and other civic organizations are being ably assisted in bringing desirable residents, as well as foreign capital, to St. Louis by the board of managers of the University City Plan.

The real-estate certificates are being issued in denominations of $25, $50, $100, $500 and $1,000 so as to create the widest possible interest, not alone in St. Louis, but throughout the country, in this new plan of municipal improvement by offering this remarkable investment in such form as to be available to those of moderate means. Protected by the finest residence property of a great city held free of encumbrance, sharing in its increase in value for ten years under the management of a board of its most responsible and able business men; convertible at a premium of 50 per cent over par, at any time, for the real estate itself, these certificates offer an unusual opportunity for the safe and profitable investment of the funds of those who can not themselves carry out large real estate operations, but who, united under a common trusteeship, make possible the greatest plan of municipal improvement ever undertaken. A ready and constant cash market is provided for those who, during the ten years, might be compelled through necessity to realize on their investment in these certificates, by making them acceptable as cash at 50 per cent over par for any of the residence property as placed on the market at the public cash prices. While it is hardly probable that the holders of these certificates would care to surrender their investments, with the possibilities of profit, during the ten years, even at 50 per cent above par, unless forced to do so by circumstances, yet this provision is expected to provide a constant demand during the ten years for such of the certificates as the investors therein may be obliged to sell, at a high premium, owing to their purchasing power of 150. People of St. Louis desiring to purchase residence property for homes would constantly seek to buy up outstanding certificates at any margin under 150. On this account, although a large proportion of the total issue of certificates, which is now estimated at twelve million dollars, was underwritten in advance by people in St. Louis, it has been thought best, as a matter of policy, to limit the individual subscription in St. Louis to $10,000 maximum, and to allot in St. Louis only such part of the certificates as could not be placed elsewhere. A high premium is already

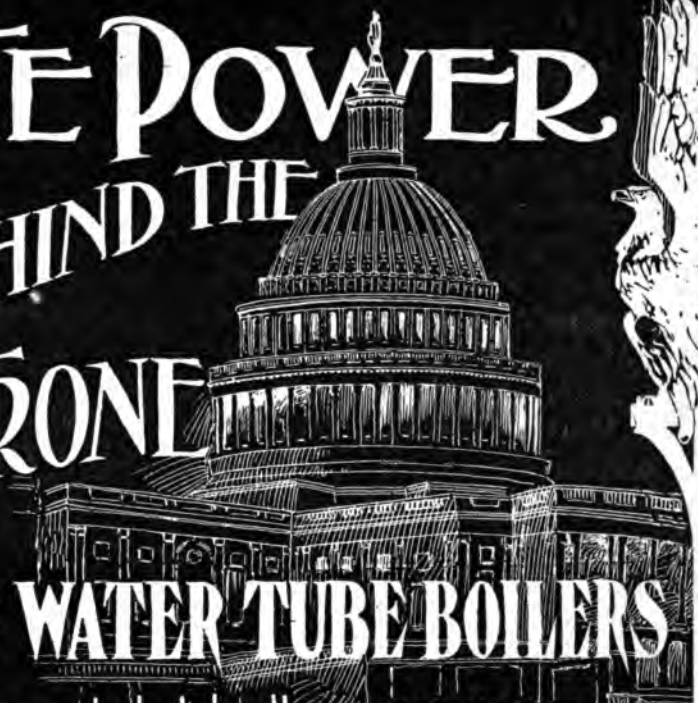
Bell Terrace, one of the private residence streets at the east end of the property embraced in the "Plan."

offered for subscription rights, and believing that an unusual opportunity is offered to those having moderate sums for investment, a reasonable sum has been set aside for making the plan nationally public, an additional advantage being gained by drawing to St. Louis for investment foreign capital. Direct receipts are issued for each investment by the Missouri-Lincoln Trust Co. (capital, surplus and deposits, $15,000,000), each certificate registered by the St. Louis County Land Title Company, and twice each year a sworn statement made by public accountants, also sworn to by three members of the board of trustees, or managers. Full particulars, together with a handsomely illustrated book, showing the great progress already made in the building of the most beautiful little city in the world, its great institutions, handsome residences and its plan of conduct, will be sent on request by addressing

WALTER B. STEVENS, Secty.,
University City, St. Louis, Mo.
Dept. A.

Bird's-eye view of the Berideth tract, in University City, part of the "Plan." On the right is Washington University. The city line of St. Louis crosses this tract just the other side of the residences shown in the center. View taken from Lewis Publishing Company Building

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE



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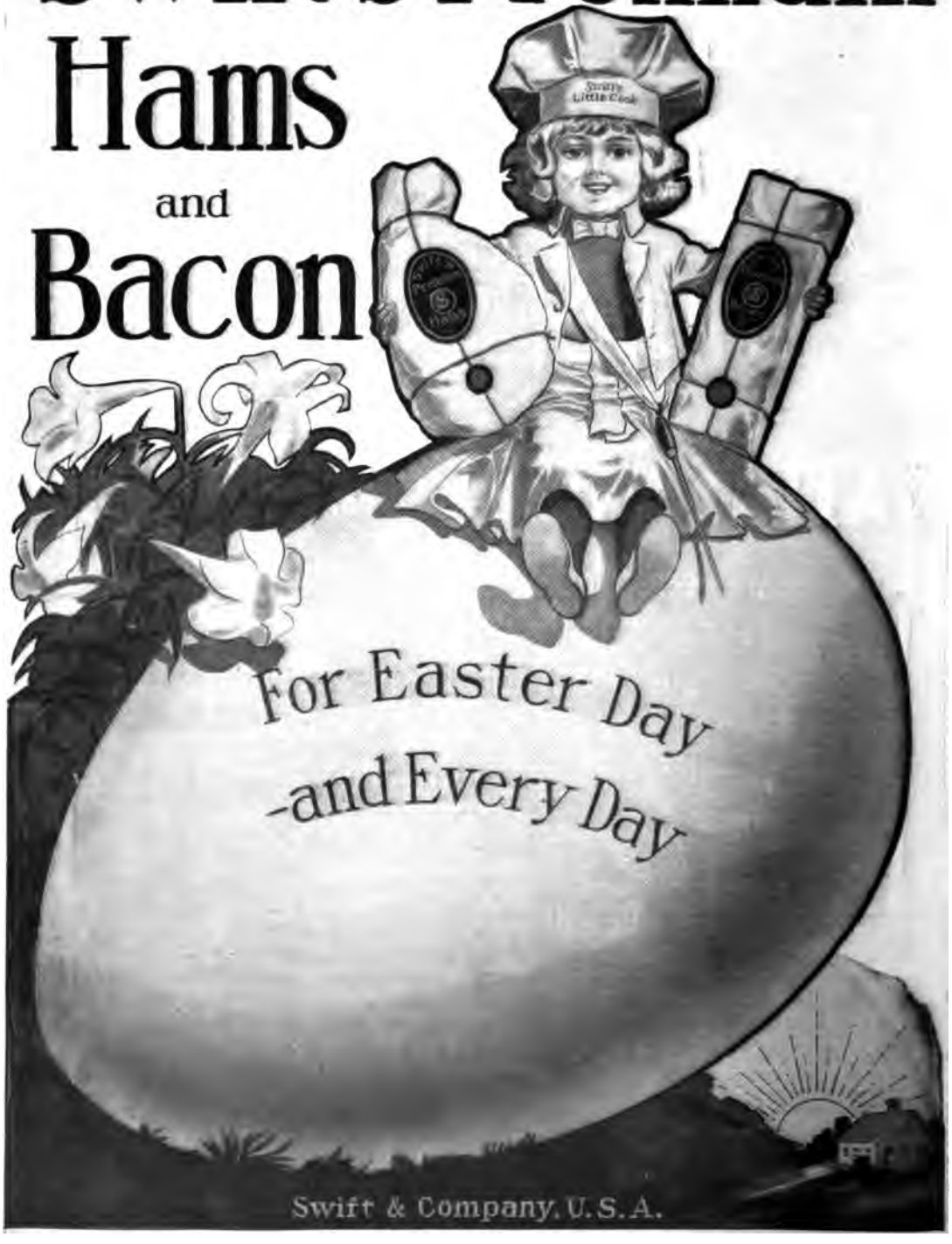

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FOR APRIL 1907

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Chicago and Galveston
A vital question of civilization

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What Pittsburg employer is said to be the first person to have employed Chinese labor in the United States?

How many million dollars' worth of silk is imported into the United States annually?

How old is George Bernard Shaw?

How many kinds of block signals are there in modern railroad practice, and what are they?

Which of Verdi's operas are greatest? How do they differ from his popular "Il Trovatore"?

What are the causes of appendicitis? Between what ages are persons most liable to attack?

What country has recently surpassed the United States in the production of petroleum?

How was the title of "Pitchfork Tillman" acquired?

About what percentage of wage-earners were organized in 1903?

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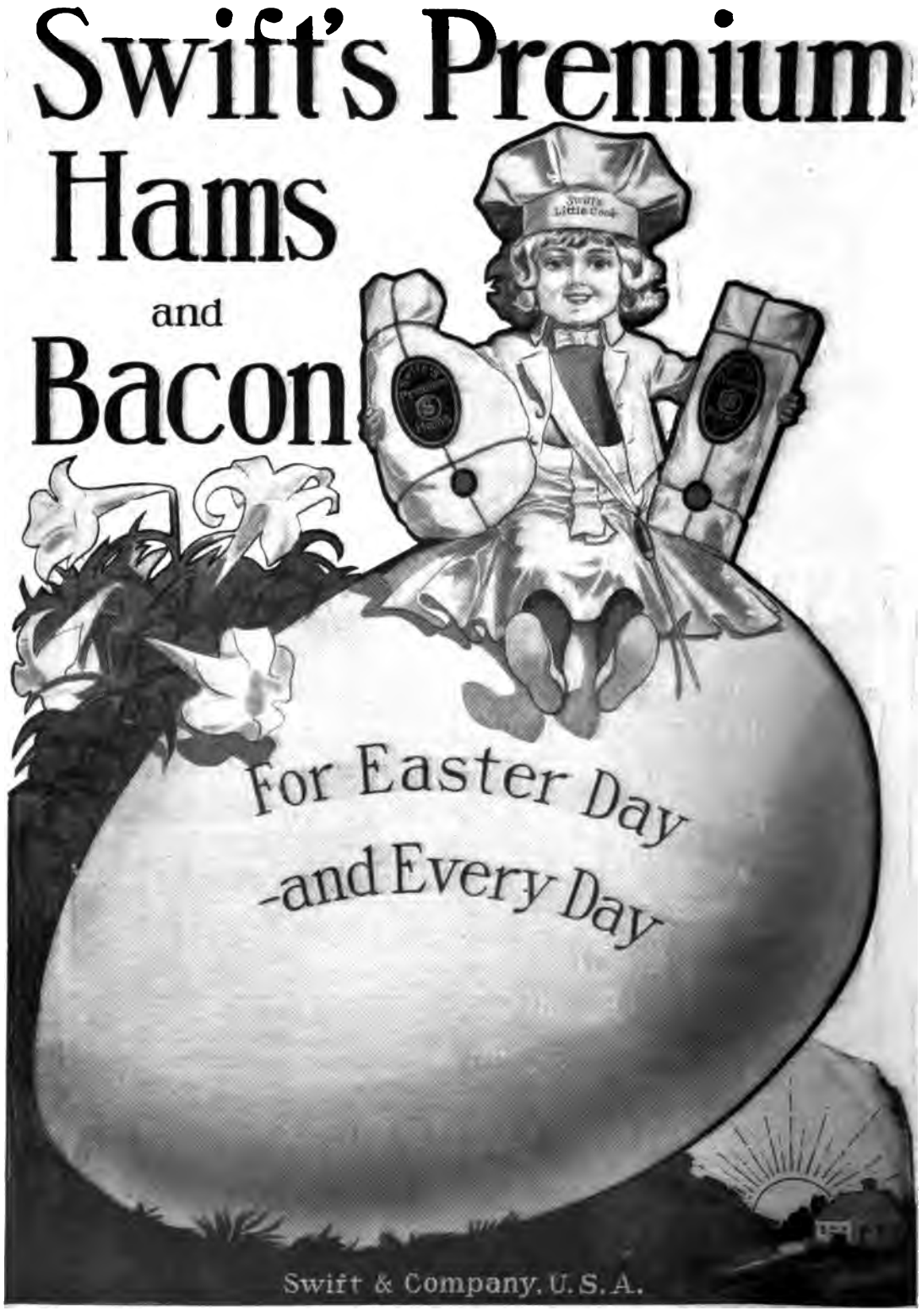

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR APRIL 1907

COVER DESIGN BY SIGISMOND de IVANOWSKI

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A vital question of civilization

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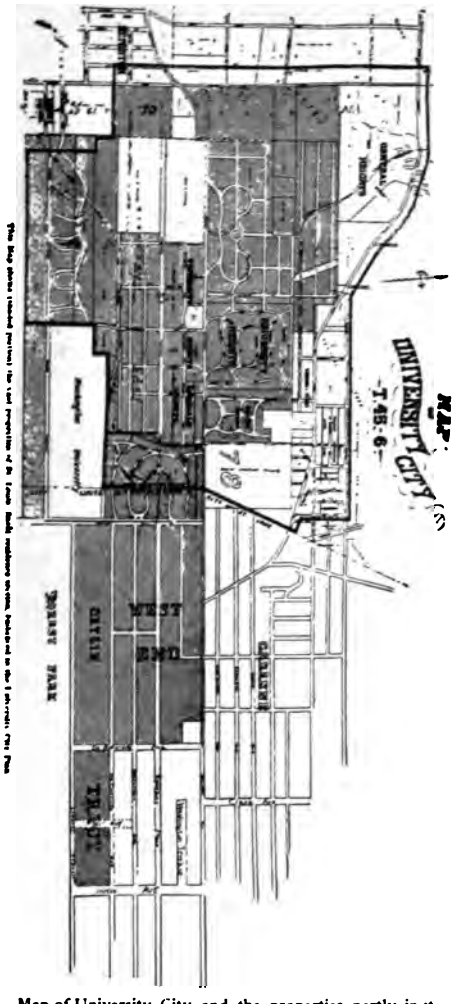


Map of University City and the properties partly in it and partly in St. Louis embraced in the "University City Plan." The white spot is Washington University.

the county; and the finest residence section of St. Louis itself been built up solid up to and over the city line, but hundreds of the leading citizens were rapidly building their homes in the beautiful property beyond the old city lines, the highest land in the West End. On the south side lay Forest Park, the beautiful city park of St. Louis, and the magnificent buildings and grounds of Washington University; on the east the solidly built up private residence section of the city, with its private residences places; on the north, a district of light manufacturing and modest homes had developed, precluding further growth of high-class residence districts in that section; while in the center like a great island, three square miles in extent, lay the highest and most desirable residence property of St. Louis, but over the city line, and not under the control of the city, its police, street and building commissioners. This vast property consists of two great parallel ridges rising westward, on one of which, at its eastern end, is Washington University; on the other the great private residence park of University Heights, with the buildings of The Lewis Publishing Company at its eastern end. The land was principally owned in large tracts by old families, some of it having been held for seventy years by the same families. Their old homesteads had remained intact, and, regardless of the fact that these tracts now comprise practically all that remains of the finest available property of St. Louis, they were being held unimproved with few exceptions.

Several of the larger properties were, during the past three years, laid out into magnificent residence parks, with great boulevards and the highest class of improvements, but without any combined and general scheme. Being beyond the control of the city, each of the great property owners was laying out his property and making his boulevards and improvements as suited him best, without regard to those of the neighboring property, and the grandest residence district of St. Louis bid fair to be irredeemably ruined for lack of a general control and a harmonious plan. Another danger threatened. Beyond the power of the city police, there rapidly sprung up in the very heart of this district a number of objectionable dives and resorts. This threatened quick ruin of the most valuable residence section of St. Louis and the destruction of what was rapidly becoming the most beautiful and desirable part of the city. This situation was taken in hand by the writer last summer, owing to our own large property holdings here and the desire to preserve to St. Louis its most beautiful and only available future residence section. A number of the leading citizens of St. Louis who had already built their beautiful homes here joined in the movement, and a charter was obtained incorporating this whole section, beginning with the old western limits of St. Louis, into a separate city under the name of University City. Mr. Jackson Johnson, president of Roberts, Johnson, Rand Shoe Co., director of Mechanics-Am. National Bank, St. Louis; Mr. Jas. F. Coyle, of Coyle & Sargent, director of Missouri-Lincoln Trust Co., St. Louis; Mr. F. J. Cabot, secretary of Lewis Publishing Company; Mr. Nicholas Lamb and Mr. John Gruenninger being made the board of aldermen, while the writer was made mayor. Thus, at one stroke, the future of this great section was assured, conditions brought under proper control, the dives and objectional resorts closing and moving away.

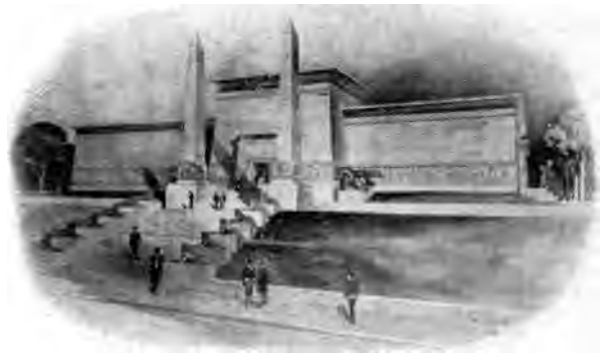
Main building of Washington University.

Having made this great step forward, a broader and higher plan, long in contemplation, was undertaken. The owners of the great properties composing approximately 85 per cent of the new city's area, were called together and the following proposition presented to them, and, after careful deliberation, assisted by the arousing of public sentiment of St. Louis, supported by the leading newspapers and great interests of St. Louis

Million-dollar Art Museum in Forest Park, overlooking University City and fronting the property embraced in the "Plan."

the preliminary trust agreement was signed November 1 by the large property owners, embodying what is believed to be the greatest step forward in municipal improvement ever taken in America. Under the terms of this agreement, each of these vast properties was to be surrendered to the ownership and control of a central holding organization chartered by the state; each of the owners of these great tracts of land, some already highly improved, others unimproved, to be paid the exact original cost of his property, plus the actual cost of the permanent improvements he had already made thereon, plus 5 per cent per annum interest and his taxes for the time he had held it (some of the property purchased some seventy years ago at $10 per acre is now worth from $10,000 to $15,000 per acre); real-estate certificates to be issued to an amount not to exceed the cost of the lands, plus $10 per front foot for the improvement thereof where unimproved, and $3 per front foot for entrance ways, fountains, parks, etc.; these certificates to be for a term of ten years, to bear 5 per cent per annum cumulative interest and to receive one-half the total profits made in the development and sale of the entire combined properties during the ten years; the other half of the profits to go to the original owners of the lands. As the properties were sold for residence purposes, the funds, both principal and profits, must be paid out in dividends, one-half to the certificate holders, the other half to the original property owners, unless reloaned. Any part of the funds (principal and profits) derived from the sale of the properties not paid out in dividends from year to year, could not be loaned or invested in any other way than on first-mortgage building loans on real estate inside the limits of the properties themselves and for a not longer time than the unexpired term of the certificates, so that all such funds so loaned must be liquidated by the tenth year, for payment in additional dividends to the certificate holders and original property owners in cash.

A board of trustees, or managers, to be selected by mutual consent of the original owners from the leading citizens of St. Louis, to be organized, and this board should issue the real-estate certificates under proper restrictions, regulations and registration; should receive a reasonable and fixed compensation (having no interest in the profits); should examine into the costs and titles of the properties, take them over and hold them clear and free of all encumbrance for the protection of the certificate holders as the certificates are issued; should handle and be responsible for all funds of the trusteeship; should have entire control and management of the combined properties, laying them out under one great general and harmonious engineering plan, with a beautiful system of boulevards, parks, entrance ways, and the highest class of improvements, into the most beautiful residence district of any city in the world, restricting its use for all future time as a private residence district; and having complete power and control over its improvement, development and sale; acting as the trustees of both the certificate holders and the original property owners, but holding the title to the lands free of encumbrance for the protection of the certificate holders. Such a plan manifestly held out so many advantages, insuring one great general, harmonious development of nearly three square miles of the highest class residence property of St. Louis, reducing the cost of the improvements to approximately one-half what they could be made for by the individual property owners, while doubling the value of all the properties by restricting the entire territory embraced to private residence purposes and insuring its future



One of the great buildings of The Lewis Publishing Company in University City: 200 feet long by 85 feet wide, faced with polished white marble. The Woman's National Daily is published in this building.

Corridor of the Executive Building of Lewis Publishing Company in University City, known as The Woman's Magazine Building.

A corner of University Heights, in University City, looking from the residence of "Alderman" Jackson Johnson, on Delmar Boulevard. Many additional homes are how being erected here. This property is part of that embraced in the "Plan." Residence of "Alderman" Jas. F. Coyle in the center.

against the objectionable features that have heretofore crept into and destroyed resi ence sections.

The nearest to a parallel of the situation in University City would be the having turned over, a few years ago, at their original cost, three square miles of the old estates which formerly composed what is now Brookline, Boston, or the Bronx, or Riverside, in New York, into a central holding company, with a board of trustees composed of the leading citizens of Boston or New York in control for ten years, they holding a clear title to the property as such, and the issuing of real-estate certificates limited to the cost of these estates, plus the actual cost of the permanent improvements (streets, sidewalks, sewers, etc.) to be made on them; then, as trustees, equally dividing the enormous increment in values and profits made from the development and improvement of these properties in residence lots, between the original owners and the investors in the certificates. Had such a plan been carried out, it is safe to say that even the enormous profits realized in those properties would have been greatly increased by the laying out of so large a tract under one harmonious plan and permanently restricting it as private residence property.

The properties embraced in the University City Plan are taken over at from 40 to 60 per cent of their PRESENT value, while what their values under this plan will be no one can foresee. They comprise nearly all that remains of the available high-class residence district of St. Louis. An equal area of residence property in St. Louis, directly to the east of and adjoining University City, has increased in assessable value

Residence of E. G. Lewis, Mayor of University City, President Lewis Publishing Company.

Residence of Jackson Johnson in University Heights section of the "Plan." Mr. Johnson is a member of the board of aldermen of University City.

the past ten years over thirty million dollars, and now that these remaining properties have been incorporated under a city charter an equal increase, if not a greater one, can be reasonably expected for them in the future. Only the imaginary line of the city limits separates the two cities, street car lines, water mains, sewers, etc., passing from one city to the other without discrimination. It is a city within a city, but a city of homes, governed by representative business men of St. Louis having their homes in University City and co-operating with the board of trustees in the vast plan of improvements being carried out, the municipal offices being a matter of civic pride. The only salaried officials are the marshal and his deputies, consequently the rate of taxation is only about one-fifth that of St. Louis, while it enjoys all the comforts and conveniences of St. Louis.

On November 1 the preliminary trust agreement was gned by the property owners placing their great in- ividual holdings in the common plan.

The effect on the properties involved was instan- aneous. Over a hundred handsome additional private sidences, to cost from $8,000 to $20,000 each, were ontracted for by representative people of St. Louis in ie short space of two weeks alone. After many con- rences, the following well-known citizens of St. Louis ere selected, with a view to securing the services of ien representative of the best citizenship and leading terests of St. Louis, as the first board of trustees, or anagers, and accepted the heavy responsibilities and uties, solely in a spirit of public duty to the best in- rests of St. Louis:

Washington Terrace, one of the private streets at the eastern end of the University City Plan. These beautiful private streets are a feature of the University City Plan.

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Ex-Gov., Ex-Treas., of State of Missouri.

Theo. F. Meyer,
Pres. Meyer Bros, Drug Co., (Wholesale Druggists).

Hon. C. P. Walbridge,
Ex-Mayor St. Louis; Prest. Bell Telephone Co. of Missouri.

Louis B. Tebbetts,
Director National Bank of Commerce. L. B. Tebbetts & Sons Co.

Executive Building of the Lewis Publishing Company, University City, one of the most beautiful buildings in the world (135 feet in height). The mayor of the city and the aldermen have their offices here. The Lewis Publishing Company has 500 employes, a capital of three and a half million dollars, three of the largest publishing plants in the world, and publishes 8,000,000 copies of its publications for women each month.

Hon. Nathan Frank,
Member of Executive Board World's Fair; Ex-U. S. Congressman; Part owner St. Louis Star-Chronicle.

Thos. H. Wagner,
V-Prest. Missouri-Lincoln Trust Co. and Lincoln Trust and Title Co.

Walter B. Stevens,
Sect. La. Purchase Expo. Co. (World's Fair).

E. G. Lewis,
Mayor University City.

View of the most fashionable and beautiful residence part of St. Louis, the West End. The (X) mark shows the location of University City; the properties embraced in the "Plan" begin at the last house to the left, facing Forest Park, directly under the star.

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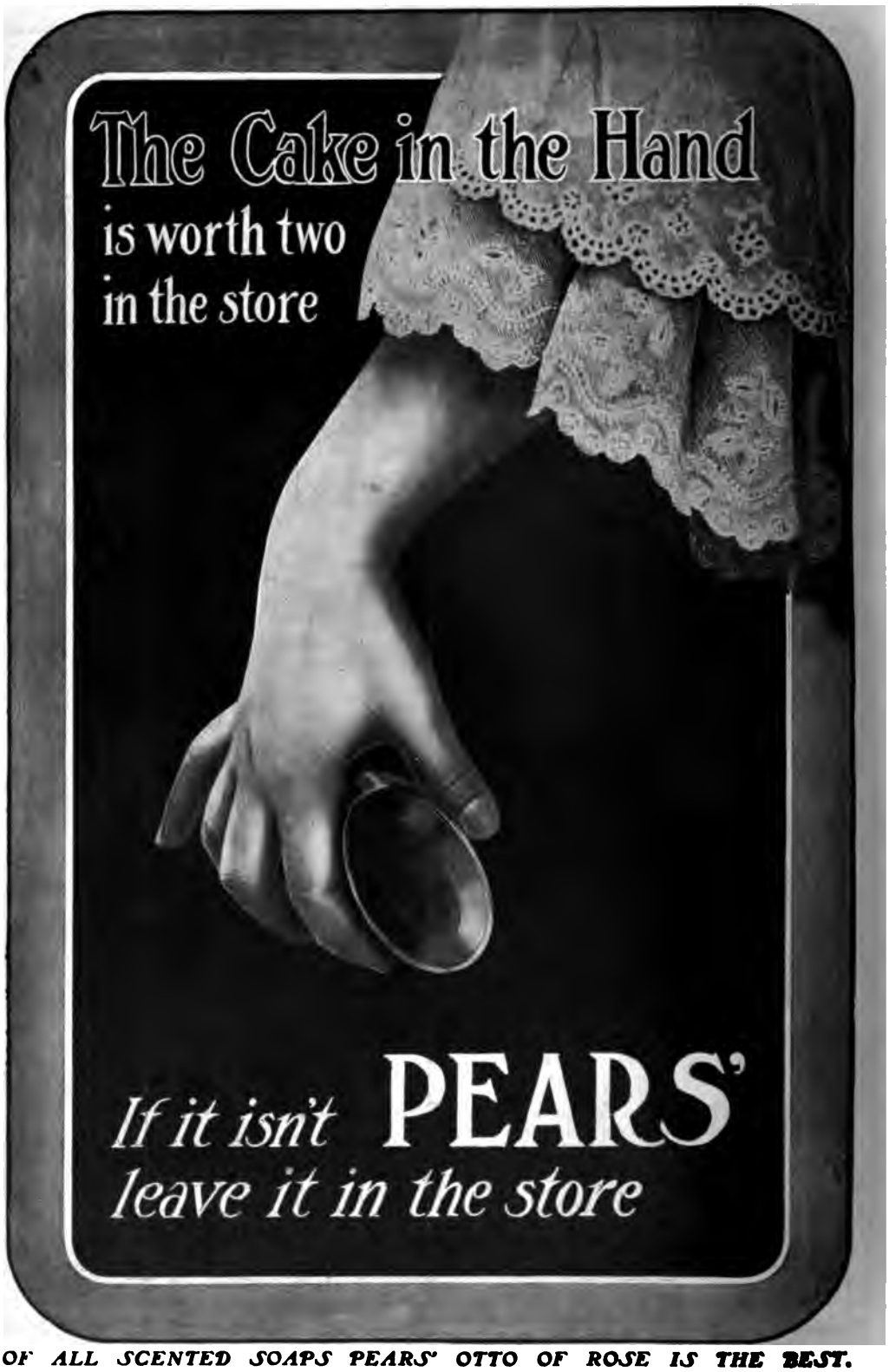

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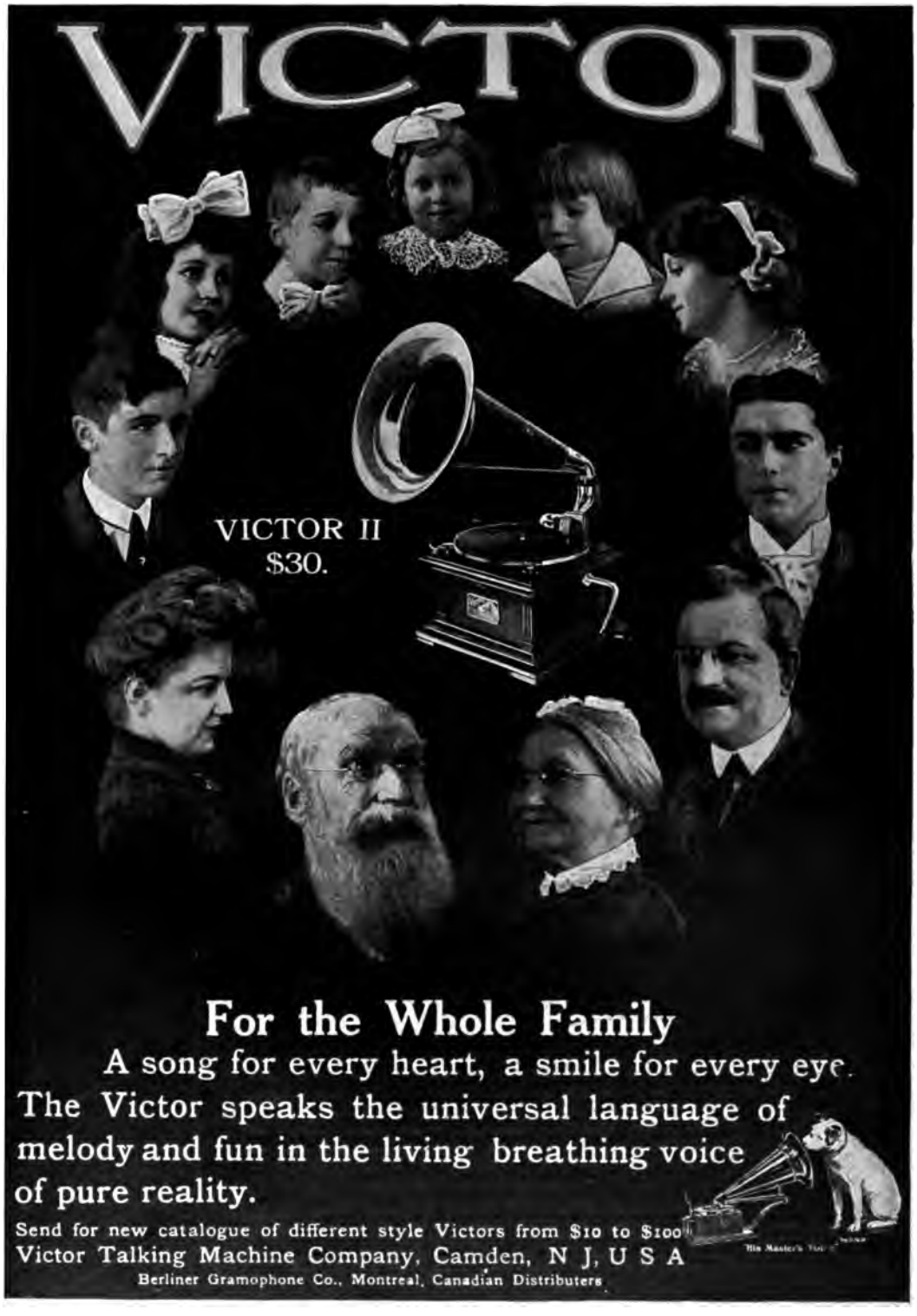
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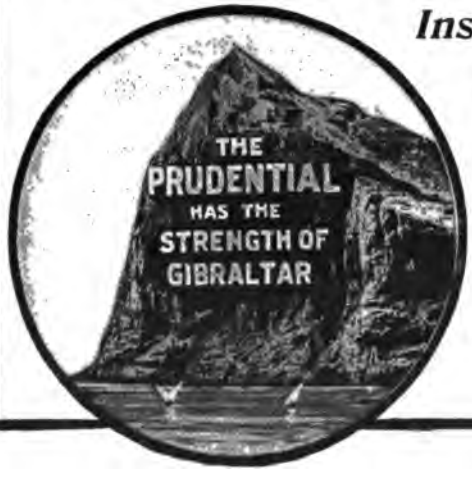
The ticking of the seconds should remind you that procrastination is the thief, not only of time, but of money, opportunity and family happiness. Delay in Life Insurance may deprive your family of their future support, comfort and education. A Life Insurance policy in

The Prudential

is the husband and father's greatest and most practical evidence of his affection for "the woman in the case."

Insure Now for Her Benefit



Write To-day for Information showing what One Dollar a Week invested in Life Insurance Will Do. Dept. 32.

The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

Home Office:
NEWARK, N. J.

TIFFANY & CO.

Fifth Avenue and 37th Street, New York

Gifts for Children

In addition to the following, many other suitable articles are described on pages 136 to 142 of the Tiffany 1907 Blue Book—copy sent upon request. Correspondence solicited

Pearls for Birthday Strings

Fine Oriental pearls for addition to birthday strings
Single pearls - - - - - - $25, 40, 75, 100 upward

Beads, Rings, Bracelets, Bib Pins, Etc.

Gold bead neck chains - - $9, 11, 13.50, 16.50, 21, 25
Amber bead neck chains - - - - - - $4 and 5
Spanish Coral bead chains - - - $6, 10, 15, 20, 25 upward
Gold rings with turquoise, pearl, opal, sapphire, ruby, emerald or other stones - - - - - $1.75, 2.25, 3.75, 4.50, 6.50
Gold rings with small solitaire diamond - - $4.50 and 8.50
Gold rings with pearl, ruby, sapphire or other precious stone in center and two diamonds - - - - - - $20 upward
Gold bib pins with pearls or diamonds - - $4, 7, 8.50 upward
Gold bangles, plain - - - - - - - - each $10
Chain bracelets with turquoise or pearls - - $7.50, 8, 9

Children's Bowls, Cups, Etc.

Photographs and further information sent upon request

Silver cups - - - - $7.50, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 upward
Silver porringers - - - $14, 15, 17, 19, 20, 24 "
Silver knife, fork and spoon in case - sets $9, 10.75, 13 "
Silver bowl and saucer - - - sets $14, 17, 19, 25 "

Children's Silver Toilet Sets

Hair brush, comb and powder box, in case, sets $19, 26, 28 upward

Fifth Avenue New York

Tiffany & Co. always welcome a comparison of prices

THE HAM OF QUALITY

—Have a taste of the quality of our "Star" Hams—that we may convince your appetite and reason both. These hams cost more than ordinary hams. They are selected hams—selected according to a standard so stringent as to make it difficult to supply the demand. All good hams are not "Star" Hams. Armour's "Star" brand is reserved for hams of extra quality. It distinguishes the best of the good hams.

¶ The average is about one best ham among fifteen good hams. That one wins the "Star" brand. Hogs whose hams reach this honor must be aristocrats of their kind. They must be young, but matured. They must be corn fed. They must be firm-fleshed and only moderately fat. They must be "barrow" hogs. And their hams must weigh not less than eight nor more than twenty pounds.

¶ The hams of these porcine aristocrats then receive special curing and are branded with the "Star," as best among hams—"The Ham What Am."

Armour's

THE BEST EXTRACT OF THE BEST BEEF

¶ A kitchen without Armour's Extract of Beef is like soup without salt; it lacks savor. A jar of extract (if it's Armour's) will double the resources of the housewife who likes to "have things taste good." Armour's Extract is a concentration of the rich, meaty flavors of choice roast beef—the best extract of the best beef. It gives life and zest to soups, entrees, roasts or vegetables.

¶ "Culinary Wrinkles," a little cook book written by Ida M. Palmer, tells of more than one hundred ways of using Armour's Extract of Beef to advantage. It will be sent on request.

¶ FREE. American Girl Series Post Cards; reproductions from the popular Armour Calendar subjects. Howard Chandler Christy Girl; Henry Hutt Girl; C. Allan Gilbert Girl; Harrison Fisher Girl; Thomas Mitchell Pierce Girl and Karl Anderson Girl. The complete set of six will be mailed for 25c. or for metal cap (accompanied by 2c. return postage) from jar Armour's Extract of Beef. Address, Armour & Company, Chicago.

¶ Time plays no favor—a common quality ever—the Armour Products Top Notch Quality—they have stood the

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

¶ To be sure, use "simon pure." Sure of what? Sure of the best lard on earth; the shortening that goes farthest for the money; the cleanest, sweetest, easiest-to-digest shortening; the lard that delights the user every time it's used—Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. Even competitors acknowledge it to be "practically the only pure leaf lard." And you know there's no cooking fat equal to Pure Leaf Lard. Therefore, "to be sure, use 'Simon Pure.'"

¶ Note the label. It means exactly what it says—"simon-pure" leaf lard, in the pail, without an ounce of other fat in it. Moreover, it is the lard of selected leaf, refined by the best process yet invented—an absolutely pure, "dry" perfect product—the very cream of lard. And the government seal—that strip of tin across the top, bearing the "U. S. Inspected and passed" stamp. There's Uncle Sam's guaranty that this lard is pure leaf,—the best of all shortening. "To be sure use 'Simon Pure.'"

THE CREAM OF LARD

Our's

ites—things that have quickly seek their kind enjoy the distinction of the time enduring kind test of forty years.

¶ The bacon that cooks crisp without scorching—Armour's "Star" Sliced Bacon (in tins or glass jars). For breakfast, it wakes up the appetite and stimulates digestion, as well as nourishes. It is "Star" bacon in the first place, a selected, special-cure bacon. Then, for putting into jars or tins, choice strips of "Star" quality are chosen and sliced to uniform thinness. These slices are again sorted and carefully packed by light fingered girls and then sealed in air-tight tins or jars. You thus get the very choicest bits of bacon from the largest bacon producing establishment in the world. Armour's "Veribest" Sliced Dried Beef (in glass jars or tins) are produced by a similar system of selecting, sorting and packing.

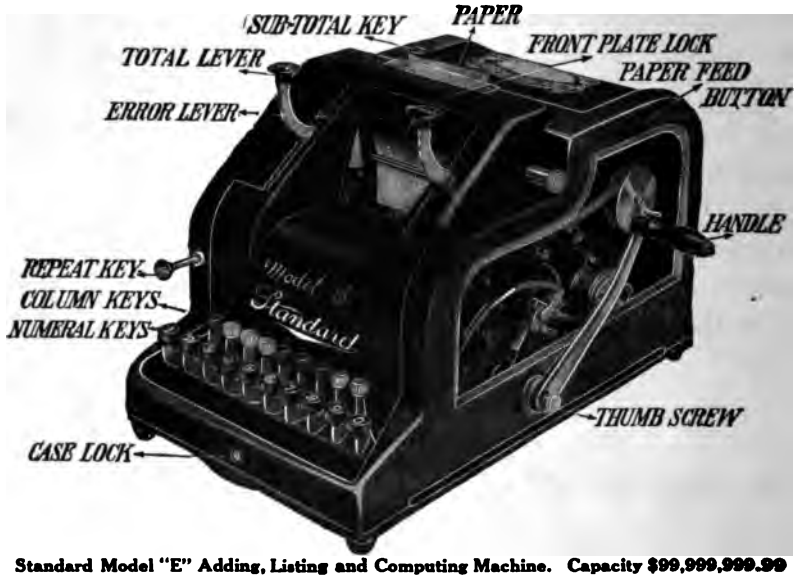
THE BACON FOR AN EPICURE

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Speed Up Your Business

with the Quick and Sure

Standard Adding Machine



Standard Model "E" Adding, Listing and Computing Machine. Capacity $99,999,999.99

The Most Wonderful Accounting Device that the World Has Ever Known. Accurately Adds, Subtracts, Multiplies, Divides and Performs Extended Calculations with Lightning Rapidity

Here's the machine that reigns supreme in the dizzy realm of figures.

—A marvelous piece of **infallible** "mental machinery"—**steel brains,** if you please.

The Standard Adding Machine will put your Accounting Department on a basis of **high efficiency** such as is entirely unattainable without its aid. It will give you **figures** instead of "excuses" when Trial Balances, Inventory Totals, Statements, etc., are due.

This counting-room wizard will work for you year in and year out without adding a penny to the Pay Roll. Its use, in fact, will relieve you from the necessity of increasing your force of bookkeepers.

It will eliminate errors—prevent delays—**keep things moving on the double quick!**

It will give you a firmer, surer grip on the basic facts of your business.

King of All Adding Machines

The Standard excels at every point all other adding machines.

Has 1500 **less parts** than are used **on other adding** machines. How's that for **simplicity? Has** 19 keys, as against the old-style **81-key adding** machines.

It is the only machine on the market that can be operated by the Touch System.

Its capacity is $90,000,000.00 **GREATER** than any other adding machine on earth.

It is absolutely **accurate. Does visible work.** Has unlimited **speed capacity. Makes a permanent** record of **each operation. Its mechanism is all enclosed.** It is **light** and **portable.**

Easy to learn—easy to operate—**easy to buy,** for the price is right. Pays enormous **dividends** on a very modest investment.

Test the Standard in Your Office We Take the Risk

That's the way we sell **Standards—on the** "Show Me" plan. Don't buy **unless the test proves** all and more than we claim. **Write for Free** Book, or if your books are **tangled, wire for an** emergency test at our expense and **risk.**

STANDARD ADDING MACHINE CO., 103 Spring Ave. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Copyright 1907 B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

YOUR standing in business and your social position are in a measure reflected by your appearance—principally by the clothes you wear. Mirror them advantageously by wearing Kuppenheimer Garments.

In practically every city and town where there is a good clothier—a particular merchant—you'll be able to secure Kuppenheimer Clothes. We shall be pleased to send you a book of authoritative styles for men, merely for the asking.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

A man gets an estimate written on cheap paper; says to himself: "If this man skimps so on letter paper, he is apt to skimp on my work."

Using poor paper is poor business, however you look at it, because the paper represents you, and you cannot prevent it.

The safe thing is to use paper so good that you are willing to have your work or your goods judged by it.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for the Water Mark"

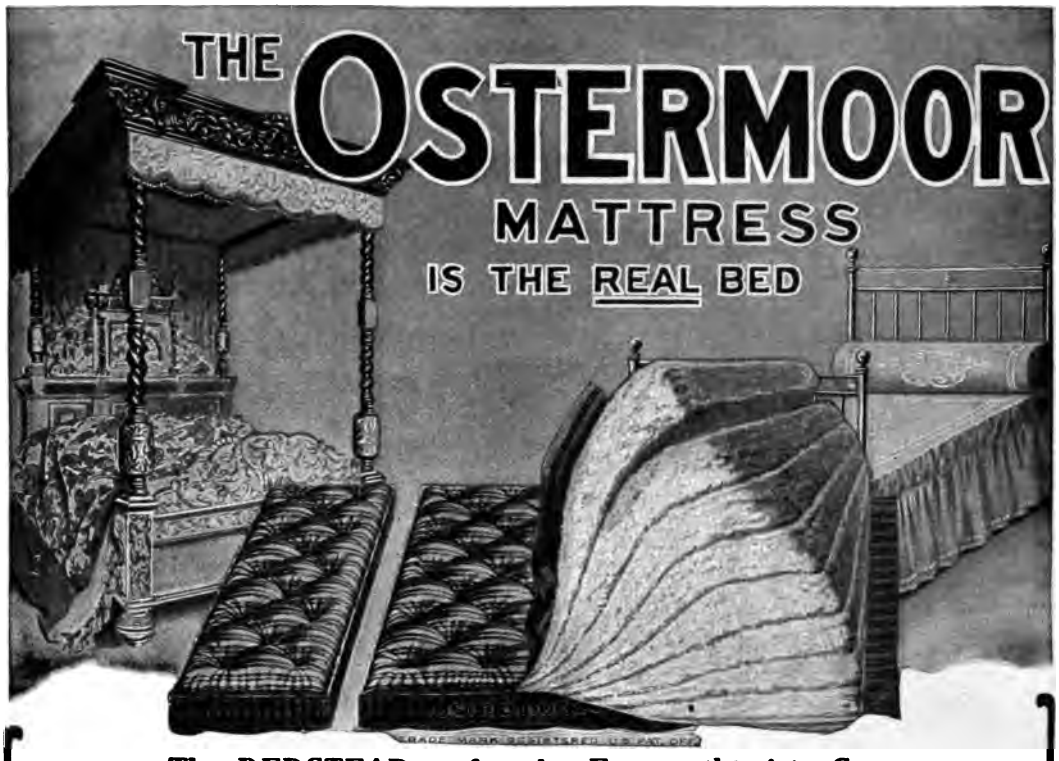
is made "a little better than seems necessary" and is used to carry earnest, sincere messages from men who take pride in themselves and their business. A handsome specimen book showing the paper may be had by writing us on your letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.



The BEDSTEAD is for the Eye—a thing to See
The MATTRESS is for the Body—a thing to Feel

Use any bedstead you like—ornate or plain—in a palace or cottage, but the mattress must be *right* or the sleeping goes *wrong*. The Ostermoor is clean and comfortable—all that a mattress can be and *more than any other mattress ever will be.*

Our 144-Page Book, "The Test of Time" and Samples of Ticking Sent Free

The book tells all about the Ostermoor, and explains why it fulfills these conditions. It contains facts of vital importance to any one who values health and long life, and the restful sleep that insures both. Your name and address on a postal will do.

Try an Ostermoor for thirty nights free. If it fails to satisfy in any particular, we will refund your money immediately and without question.

We Sell By Mail, or Through 2500 Ostermoor Dealers

Regular Sizes and Prices	
2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$8.35
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.,	10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.,	13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15.00

All 6 feet 3 inches long.
Express Charges Prepaid.
In two parts, 50 cents extra.
Special sizes, special prices.

Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere—that is our aim; the highest grade merchant in every place. We were compelled to this move by the necessity of protecting the public against a deluge of worthless imitations. Ask us for the name of the Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity—he will show you a mattress with the *Ostermoor name and label.* That alone stands for mattress excellence the world over. *Be sure to look for our name and trade-mark sewn on the end.* Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

Ostermoor & Co., 112 Elizabeth St., New York
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Every Dealer Sells the

Bohn Syphon Refrigerator

America's Favorite Home Refrigerator
On the Home Test Plan

The Home Test Plan

EVERY dealer has our authority to deliver a Bohn Syphon Refrigerator to your home for a 10 days' trial. *This Home Test must prove the truth* of all the following claims or the refrigerator may be returned and full purchase price will be refunded.

Celery, muskmelons, onions—any vegetable or fruit will **not taint milk,** butter, and the like (*in open vessels*), in the same Bohn Syphon Refrigerator food compartment. *Proving absence of dead air.*

Milk will remain fresh, sweet and of perfect nourishing quality for at least 72 hours in the Bohn, *proving absence of germ life.*

Matches will light freely after a day or more in the Bohn food compartment—the *supreme test* of *dryness.*

A given quantity of ice will keep the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator 6 to 15 degrees colder than any other of equal size, and the ice lasts longer. *Proving economy.*

The food compartment of the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator is as large as that of any refrigerator for size.

A lighted match will almost flicker out in the active current of live air from the base of the ice chamber, *proving perfect circulation.*

Remember—You prove these statements in your home

There is no refrigerator so beautiful in finish, symmetrical lines, interior spotlessness and daintiness, as the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator.

Officially Tested—Then Adopted by all American Railroads

Tests for economy, for preservation, for dryness, for temperature, were conducted individually by all the American Railroads, and without exception they adopted the Bohn System. Think of that! *Every Bohn Syphon Refrigerator* is equipped with our patented Syphon System of *live-dry-air, germ-killing* circulation.

You get exactly the same construction and refrigerator perfection at your dealer's at a reasonable price, that has given us the immense dining and refrigerator car business

Order by Mail where we have no Dealer. Where we have no dealer, order by mail, and we will send the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator with return privilege. We pay the freight and guarantee fullest satisfaction.

Our Book on Refrigeration FREE. Tells many startling truths about the relation of poor ice boxes to typhoid, epidemics, cholera. It tells the truth about refrigeration and why the Bohn is SAFE. How to care for a refrigerator, etc. FREE. You will appreciate it. It fully catalogs the BOHN REFRIGERATORS.

White Enamel Refrigerator Co., 1516 University St., St. Paul, Minn.

Retailed in the best stores of Canada also.

KRANICH & BACH

We are prepared to prove that it costs more for material and workmanship to build a KRANICH & BACH than any other piano made in the world.

This would justify us in charging more for our pianos than is charged for any other make, but the fact is that no other instrument of high grade manufacture is sold for so reasonable a price and upon such favorable terms.

Send for handsome new catalog and name of nearest agency

PIANOS

233-45 East Twenty-third St. New York

ETHRIDGE

"WASHINGTON NAVY SERGE"

"THE SERGE THAT SATISFIES"

is made by the largest manufacturers of wool and worsted cloths in the world. The modern facilities afforded by the twenty-nine plants of the American Woolen Company are not elsewhere duplicated.

This trade-mark means "cloth" satisfaction.

Ask your tailor to show you American Woolen Company goods.

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY

Wm. M. Wood, President

Boston, Mass.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask f

Copyright 1911 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

ANY man, in any circumstances, may be glad of a chance to wear such clothes as we make. The styles are correct; the fabrics all-wool; the tailoring exactly right.

Send six cents for our new Style Book, and see how clothes ought to look.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

RICE & HUTCHINS

WORLD SHOEMAKERS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Men's All America Patent Colt Blucher Oxford. A new and dressy spring style **$4.00** a pair

From our seven large factories Rice & Hutchins Shoes for Men, Women and Children go forth to every corner of the civilized world. For over forty years that name has guaranteed a full, honest shoe value—exclusive styles, natural, comfort-yeilding fit and a shape-retaining durability which gives Every Dollar's Worth of Service for Which You Pay.

Write to-day for our "Family Footwear Catalog." It illustrates hundreds of correct styles for every member of the family. Please mention the name of your dealer.

Ask your Dealer for Rice & Hutchins Shoes

If he cannot supply you, send your order to us, adding 25 cents for delivery charges.

All America Shoes

"A treat for the feet"

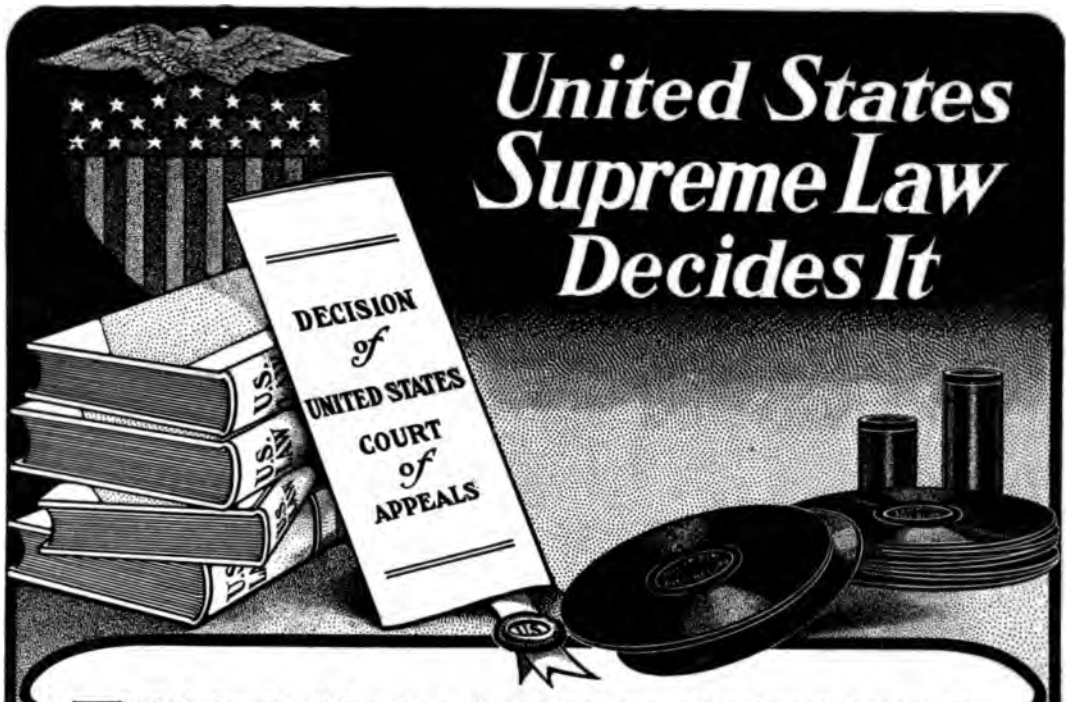
$4.00 and $3.50 per pair

Rice & Hutchins Inc.

5 HIGH ST.

BOSTON, - - - MASS.

"Wearers of Rice & Hutchins Shoes are comfortably, tastefully and economically shod."



United States Supreme Law Decides It

THE Columbia Wins its suits against record makers whose imitations of Columbia Records were declared infringements of the **patented** Columbia Record Making Process by **The U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals.** It is the **Superior Record Making Process** that results in the Superiority of

Columbia Records

Superior in **durability:** they last longer than any other records.

Superior in **tone production:** absolutely free from imperfections and the scratchy sounds that mar the music made by other records.

Superior in perfect reproduction of vocal and instrumental sounds: Every word perfect in **enunciation** — Every note **liquid** and **distinct.**

Superior in every way: No other records are as good **at any price.**

Columbia Records fit all makes of Talking Machines.

Columbia Records sound best on Columbia Graphophones; but if yours is another make, Columbia Records will greatly improve the tone quality of your machine

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Gen'l.
353 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

88 Wabash Ave., Chicago. **526 McAllister St., San Francisco.**

Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904
Stores in all Principal Cities

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE

Grand Prix, Paris, 1900 Grand Prize, Milan, 1906
Dealers Everywhere

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

The Safest Way to Carry Funds When Abroad—

This Most Modern Form of Carrying Funds

was originated by the American Express Company in 1891.

Full Information may be had at any of the Company's Agencies, or by addressing its

Travelers Cheque Department

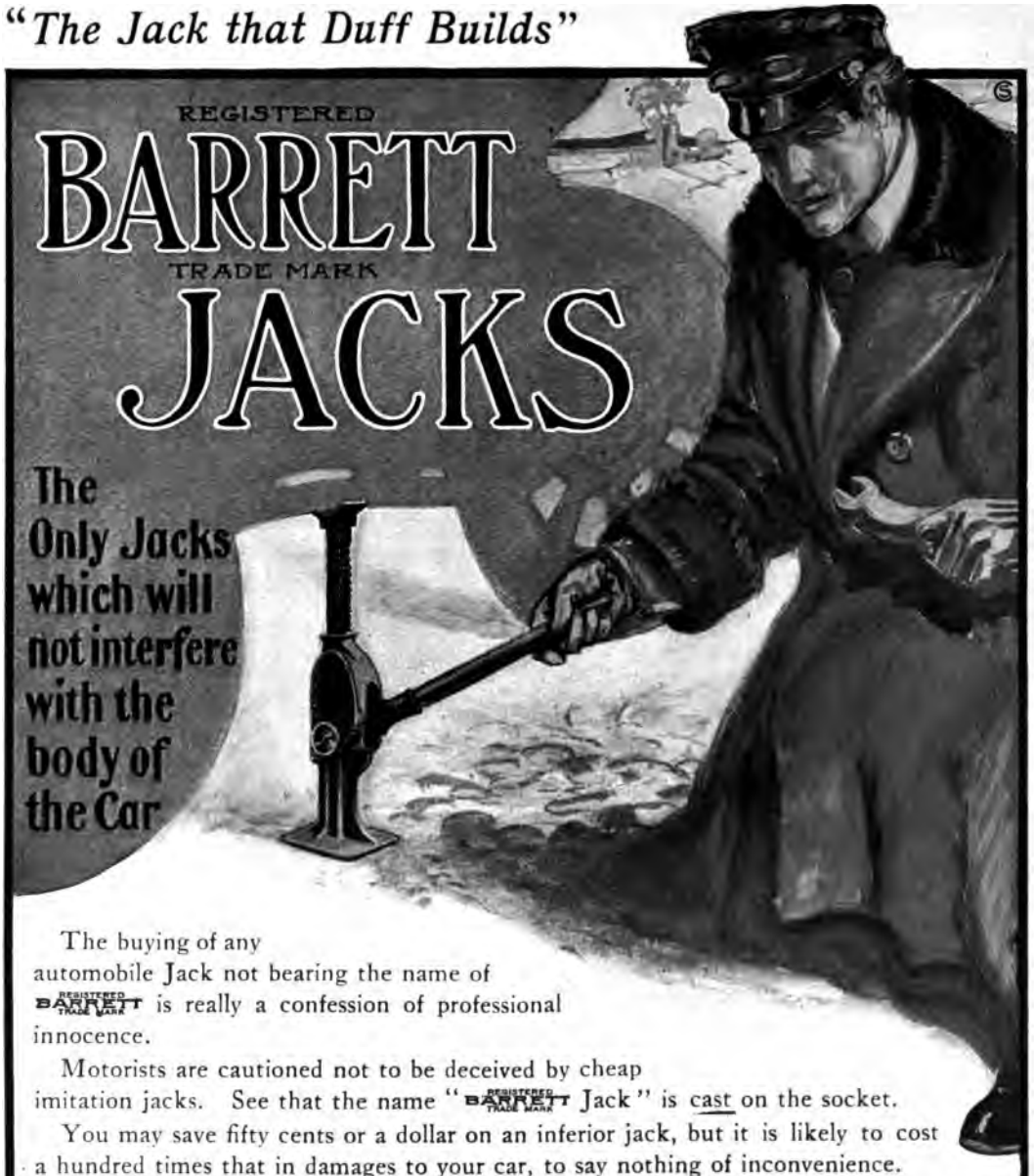
CHICAGO
[illegible] Monroe Street

NEW YORK
65 Broadway

BOSTON
43 Franklin Street

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

"The Jack that Duff Builds"



The buying of any automobile Jack not bearing the name of REGISTERED BARRETT TRADE MARK is really a confession of professional innocence.

Motorists are cautioned not to be deceived by cheap imitation jacks. See that the name "REGISTERED BARRETT TRADE MARK Jack" is cast on the socket.

You may save fifty cents or a dollar on an inferior jack, but it is likely to cost a hundred times that in damages to your car, to say nothing of inconvenience.

Should your dealer attempt to sell you any other than a REGISTERED BARRETT TRADE MARK Jack, write to us direct and you will be supplied promptly. Catalog free on request.

THE DUFF MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

(Established 1883)

Exclusive Makers of REGISTERED BARRETT TRADE MARK Jacks.

Allegheny, Pa.

26 Cortlandt St., New York. PITTSBURG, PA.

Paris London Antwerp Montreal

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Every Dealer Sells the

Bohn Syphon Refrigerator

America's Favorite Home Refrigerator On the Home Test Plan

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This would justify us in charging more for our pianos than is charged for any other make, but the fact is that no other instrument of high grade manufacture is sold for so reasonable a price and upon such favorable terms.

Send for handsome new catalog and name of nearest agency

PIANOS

233-45 East Twenty-third St. New York

THE TIFFANY STVDIOS

AS INTERIOR DECORATORS

THE art of interior decoration — practised by many — is mastered by few. It is seldom that within the scope of one organization are found all of those facilities which the thorough execution of an elaborate decorative plan demands.

The Tiffany Stvdios form a complete center of the interior decorative art. Whether they be looked to for the initial conception of a plan of decorative treatment, or to execute the details of an architect's specifications, their organization contains the artist and the artisan trained in intellect and ability to conceive and carry out each step.

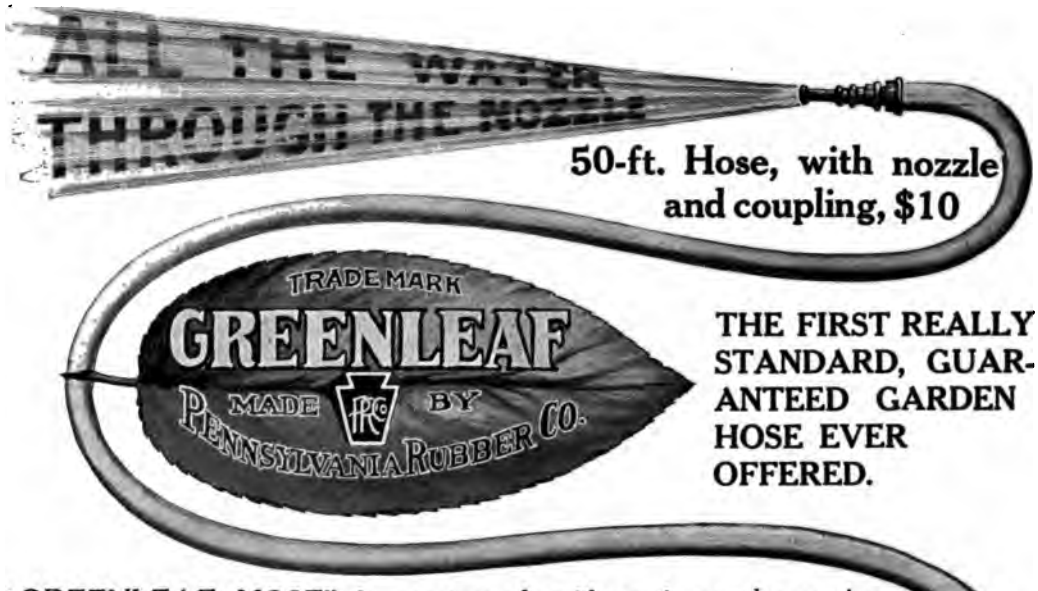
These steps comprise planning the scheme of treatment as a whole, also the working out of its details, which include cabinet trim, wall and ceiling decoration, stone and metal ornamentation, leaded glass windows, floor coverings, tapestries, hangings and furniture.

The many successes the Tiffany Stvdios have achieved in the decoration of churches, houses and public buildings, testify to the extensiveness of their activities.

Correspondence is invited relative to suggestions, preliminary sketches and estimates.

TIFFANY STVDIOS
MADISON AVENUE & 45TH STREET
NEW YORK

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.



"GREENLEAF HOSE" is constructed with an inner-tube section of the very strongest pure rubber, wrapped in four-ply, tightly-woven fabric, which will not expand nor develop leaks under high water pressure. The outer casing is of extremely tough, elastic rubber, so that it will stand any amount of dragging around without injury. It is by far the most durable, serviceable garden hose ever made, very different from the kinds that peel and leak after a few months use.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $10.00 to us—by registered mail, P. O. or Express Money Order, or certified check,—and we will at once express, prepaid, 50 feet of "GREENLEAF" Garden Hose—complete with standard nozzle and coupling. You have never before had an opportunity of buying such a light, strong, flexible, long-lived hose as this, and if you don't find this absolutely true, we will buy back the hose without argument.

Address the Home Office or the nearest Branch

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

JEANNETTE, PA.

New York, 1741 Broadway
Chicago, 1241 Michigan Avenue
Philadelphia, 615 North Broad Street
Atlanta, Ga., 102 North Prior Street
Boston, 20 Park Square

Buffalo, 717 Main Street
Detroit, 237 Jefferson Avenue
Cleveland, 2134-6 East Ninth Street
London, 26 City Road

Interesting booklet, telling WHY the "GREENLEAF" is the ONLY standard garden hose, mailed free on request. GET IT.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

HARDWARE.
ATKINS SAWS
WE SELL
ATKINS
TRADE
SILVER-STEEL
MARK
SAWS
"A wise merchant!
"If the rest of the tools he sells are as good as the Atkins Saw, his store is all right. I've used one for years and I know!"
Atkins saws are made of Silver Steel, the finest saw steel the world has known, made exclusively for this Company on its own formula.
The blades are gas-tempered by the famous Atkins secret process. They take a sharp, clean-cutting edge and hold it longer than any other. Do not kink when bent by a crooked thrust, but spring back true. Taper ground from tooth-edge to back, giving leeway for easy running.
The Perfection Handle makes the saw hang just right in the hand — no humping over nor cramping of the wrist. (The old style, straight handle, if you prefer it.)
If you'll send us the name of a dealer who does not sell Atkins Saws, we'll send you a handsome tie-pin.
No saw is an Atkins that has not the name etched on the blade. Insist on getting the genuine Atkins brand and get your money's worth.
E. C. ATKINS & CO., Inc.
"The Silver-Steel Saw People"
Home Office and Factory - Indianapolis, U. S. A.
Branches carrying complete stock for immediate delivery—Atlanta, Chicago, Memphis, New Orleans, Minneapolis, New York, Portland, Ore. San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Can.
English Agents—John Shaw & Sons, Wolverhampton, Ltd., Wolverhampton, Eng.

A FAVORITE INVESTMENT

Head office of
Title Guarantee and Trust Company,
176 Broadway, New York,
a ten story building owned and occupied exclusively by us.

TO enable the small investor to obtain a security which heretofore could only be purchased in the amounts of the individual mortgages, the Title Guarantee and Trust Company is now offering

Guaranteed Mortgage Certificates

of the New York Investors Corporation

In Amounts of $500 and $1000 to net 4 1-2%

These Certificates are shares in groups of Mortgages covering New York City real estate, all of which have the payment of principal and interest absolutely guaranteed by the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company. This investment is in the most convenient form—A Registered Certificate, transferable by indorsement. The interest is paid semi-annually.

These Certificates are rendered safe and care free by a combined capital and surplus amounting to over $17,000,000 and the services of a force of seventeen hundred persons. Each of the Companies fulfills the purpose of its organization and bears its share of the responsibility.

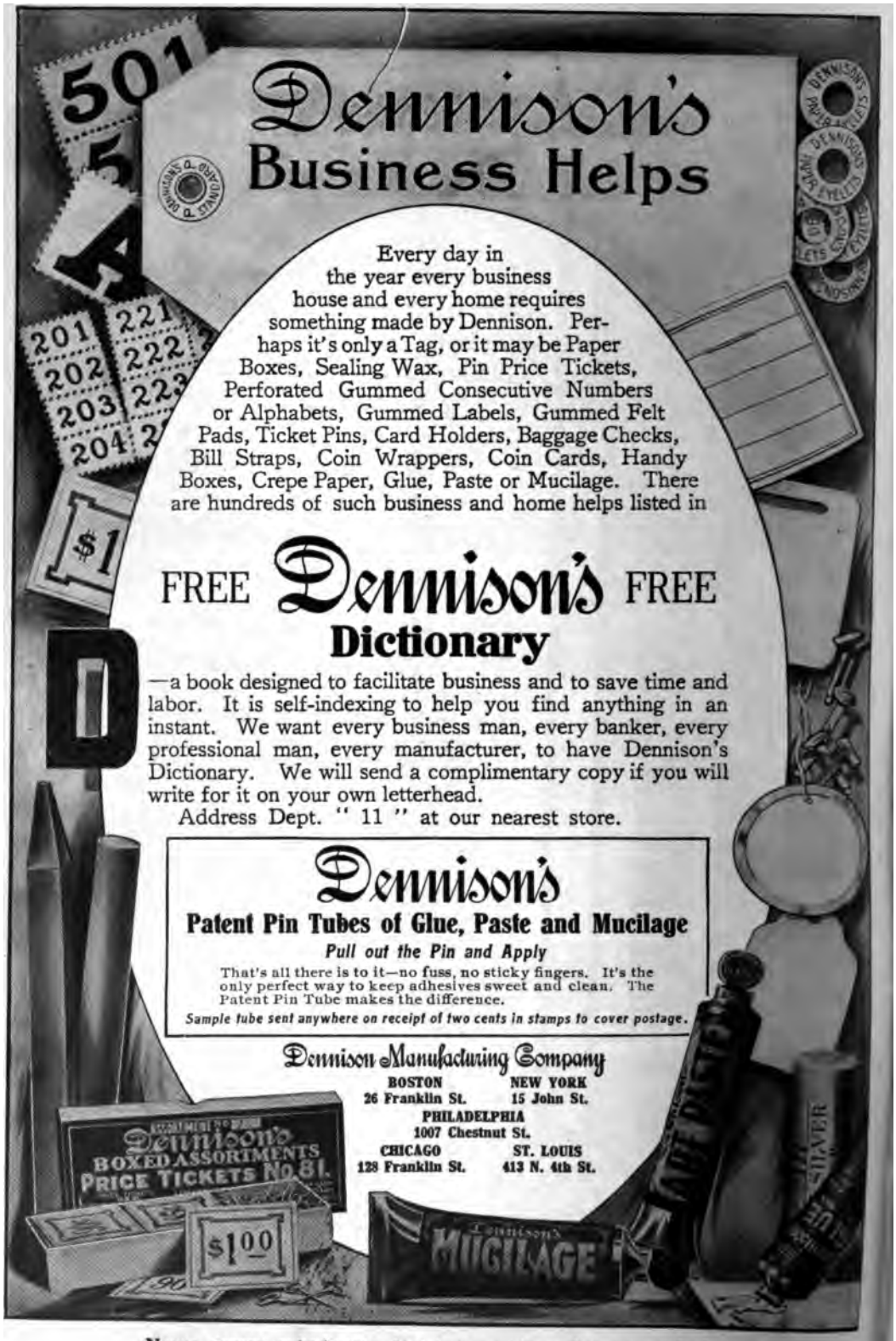
If you are interested and would like to secure a non-fluctuating, tax exempt investment, yielding the **best** return consistent with **absolute** safety, write us for full particulars.

Address Investors Department

TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO

176 Broadway, Manhattan, or 175 Remsen Street, New York City. Brooklyn.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.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Pull out the Pin and Apply
That's all there is to it—no fuss, no sticky fingers. It's the only perfect way to keep adhesives sweet and clean. The Patent Pin Tube makes the difference.
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Five-passenger Touring-car. 4 cylinders, 24-28 horse-power. Full elliptic springs, with shock-absorbing heads.

PREMIER

(Water-cooled)

Such impressive style, thoroughly finished mechanism and big practical working power demonstrated in action, was never before combined at anywhere near the price.

The lines are graceful. The car is roomy. The appointments are complete, and the finish superb.

Look into the chassis, and you find not only the most substantial construction, but the utmost refinement and finish in every detail. The springs with Premier shock-absorbing heads make the car peculiarly easy-riding. And the unusual things the car has accomplished show the genuine actuality of its power.

In the New York Motor Club's three-day endurance run, the Premier not only climbed Jacob's Ladder through the blizzard in the Berkshires, and was one of the only two cars out of seven that came through, but was the only one that didn't need a single adjustment or repair.

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This exceptional combination of style and power — of both inside and outside quality — puts the Premier on a pedestal of its own that no other car can occupy.

Write for catalogue of this through-and-through Quality Car.

R. M. Owen & Co., 36-40 West Sixtieth St., New York

Manufactured by Premier Motor Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Four cars all built on one idea that makes them supremely able—free power.

Free from the over-heating and compression-leak that sap engine-power at its very source.

Free from freezing and other foolish troubles. Free from heavy water-apparatus and other useless weight that retards speed; increases awkardness and danger; and almost doubles the cost of maintenance.

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Plentiful power that you can freely use and enjoy—that is the Franklin idea.

Write for Whitman's account of his great run "Across America in a Franklin," and for the latest edition of the 1907 Franklin Catalogue.

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.,
Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

Type D $2800

4 cylinders. 105-inch wheel base. 1900 pounds. 45 miles an hour.

Made also as a Runabout, $2800, or Landaulet, $4000.

This Type D does more with five people than any car at any price except a Franklin—carries them farther in a day; with more safety, ease, more independence of bother and of roads; more real enjoyment. And all at far less cost.

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FRANKLIN

Type G Runabout $1800

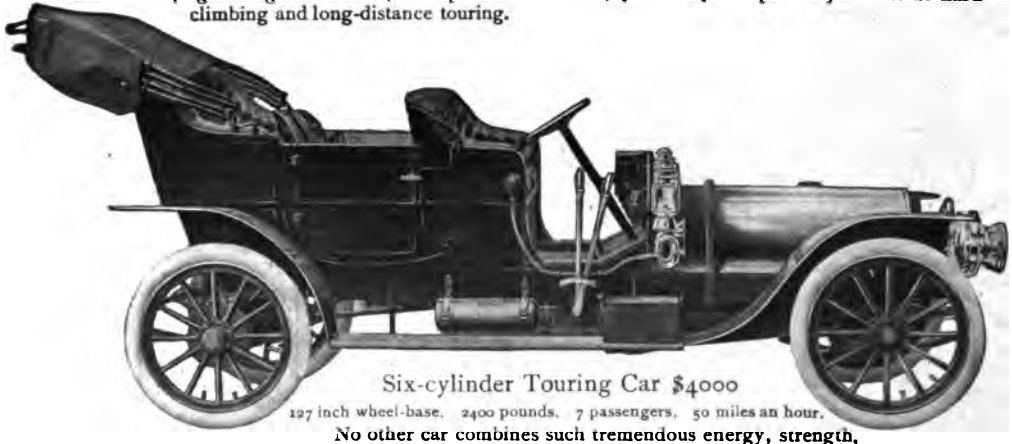
A swift, strong, stylish, light runabout.

4-cylinders. Shaft drive. 90 inch wheel-base. 1250 pounds. 40 miles an hour.

Type G Light Touring Car $1850

4-cylinders. 90 inch wheel-base. 1450 pounds. 35 miles an hour

Small, light-weight and handy—adapted to town use; yet roomy and perfectly able to do hard climbing and long-distance touring.



Six-cylinder Touring Car $4000

127 inch wheel-base. 2400 pounds. 7 passengers. 50 miles an hour.

No other car combines such tremendous energy, strength, light-weight, flexibility of control and absolutely easy riding on all roads. Made also as a runabout, $4000; and as a limousine, $5200.

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Supreme Among Small Cars

Model M Victoria Body $950

Model M Coupe $1,200

Doesn't the fact that last year the sale of Cadillacs of the 10 horse power type exceeded the combined sale of *any three* models of other makes carry a pretty strong conviction of superiority?

This record is a result of the wonderful efficiency of the Cadillac single-cylinder engine—a bit of mechanism so perfect in construction that it has successfully withstood the test of five years of severe service in thousands of cars. Thus while others were experimenting and changing, we stuck to time-tried principles we *knew* were correct, until to-day there is absolutely no question as to the supremacy of the

Single-Cylinder

CADILLAC

Model M Straight Line Body $950

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It is the favorite among owners of large touring cars who want a thoroughly dependable small car for general utility purposes. It is the choice of those who know motor quality. Every day adds to its prestige and every day more forcibly proves that the Single-Cylinder Cadillac is THE IDEAL CAR for those who desire a motor vehicle which will afford the maximum of pleasure and service with the minimum of expense, the car which affords all there is in motoring—except the troubles.

Your dealer will give you a demonstration that will reveal some interesting facts.

Model M—10 h. p. 4-passenger Car (Straight Line or Victoria Body); $950 (Catalog M AG)
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Model G—20 h. p. 4-Cylinder Touring Car; $2,000 (Catalog G AG)
Model H—30 h. p. 4-Cylinder Touring Car; $2,500 (Catalog H AG)

Prices F. O. B. Detroit; lamps not included.

Send for Special Catalog of car in which you are interested, as above designated.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR [illegible]roit, Mich.
Member Asso. Licensed [illegible] Mfrs.

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Why the Haynes is First.

The Haynes factory was the first automobile factory to be built in America (1893).
The Haynes was the first to adopt low tension make-and-break ignition (1895).
The Haynes was the first to use nickel steel and aluminum alloy in a car.
The Haynes was the first to adopt side entrance bodies and large wheels.
The Haynes *is* first to adopt the roller pinion and bevelled sprocket direct drive, making possible the combination of shaft drive and high power.

The progressiveness of the Haynes made possible a stock car such as was seen in the Vanderbilt Cup Race. Against foreign and American cars of twice its horse power the Haynes made a record for speed, regularity and reliability that was remarkable.

These same qualities characterize every Haynes Model.

The Haynes Standard 50 H. P. Touring Car for 1907, Model "T," the highest powered shaft driven car built. Price $3,500
35 H. P. Model Haynes, $2,500

Send at once for full information and specifications. Address, Desk R. 2

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO., Kokomo, Ind.

Oldest Automobile Manufacturers in America. Members A. L. A. M.

New York—1715 Broadway Chicago—1420 Michigan Avenue

HAYNES

Model H
30-35 H. P. Price $3700 to $5000, according to body

Studebaker

"The automobile with a reputation behind it"

Simplicity, Strength, Service

MR. HARRY B. HAINES in his article in the January issue of Review of Reviews, must have had the Studebaker in mind when he wrote: "As much judgment should be displayed in selecting your manufacturer as in selecting your car."

"Hundreds of people are led away by the idea that the car that will do the most spectacular thing is the car for them to buy."

"Get a simple car, the fewer parts the better."

The Studebaker reputation for quality and honesty of construction is proverbial. We have not expended our time and skill in trying to break records, but have devoted our entire attention to perfecting our cars for every-day service.

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Electric Stanhope Model 22 B

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REO 4-Seat Runabout

This car doesn't have to make promises because it has made good.

Among hundreds of notable performances in a consistent 3-years' record, it carried 4 people 682 miles for $3.38 per passenger — winning the gold medal from all $1500 cars in the New York Motor Club's great six-day run. A performance never duplicated by any other car before or since.

Again this runabout carried 4 people from Chicago to Cedar Lake, 57 miles on 1¾ gallons of gasoline.

Such a combination of runabout simplicity and handiness with almost touring-car ability and enduring strength, was never found in any other car.

The one that makes good

Write for the handsome 1907 catalogue which describes it in detail. Also the REO 5-passenger touring-car $1250. Top extra.

REO 5-passenger Touring-car **$1250**

R. M. Owen & Co.,
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General Sales Agents

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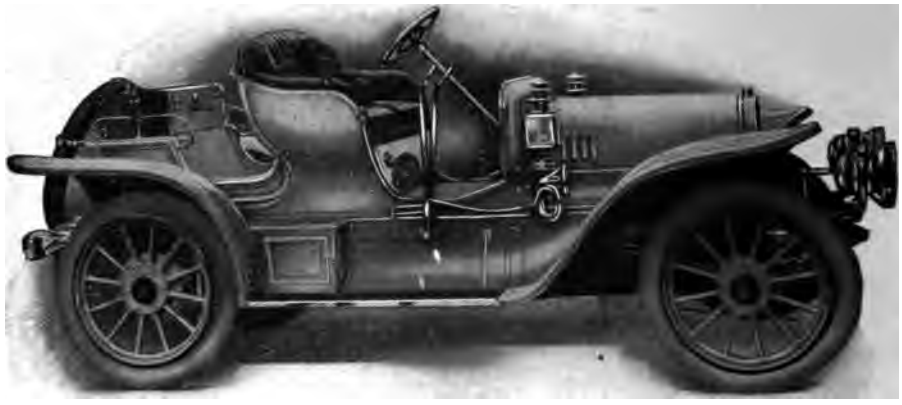
WINTON

A Runabout—NOT an Imitation Racer



THIS is a Runabout that a gentleman may drive without being classed as an imitation racer. Gracefully beautiful in its lines, and as comfortable in its seating and operating arrangements as the most luxurious touring car.

Body mounted on our Type X-I-V chassis, similar (except for refinements) to our 1906 Model K, which was the BIG SUCCESS of last year. Had a wider sale and use than any other touring car in the world. One owner, Mr. J. H. White, of Meriden, Conn., who makes "Angelus" piano players, used his Model K 6000 miles at a total repair expense of 90 cents. That's *Economy of Up-Keep*. Pays to buy a good car—keeps down repair bills.

* * *

Type X-I-V will do anything that any other 30 H. P. or $2500 car will do, and more. Offset Cylinders and our New-Idea Carburetor make the difference.

Offset Cylinders turn 50 per cent of the cylinder wall-thrust (power wasted in friction) into driving power. Wouldn't surprise us if all high-grade cars had offset cylinders next year, but, if you don't want to wait a year, you can get this advantage right now in the Winton.

Carburetors have been a great bugbear. Not so now. We tried carburetors without number; finally had to make one ourselves, on a new principle. Now we're using it, and it is a marvelous power-producer.

We prove these facts every day at our own branch houses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, Detroit and London, and at 100 other salesrooms in prominent cities. Let us send you a letter of introduction to our nearest headquarters.

* * *

Next time you come to Cleveland, drop in and see the world's greatest automobile factory. Latchstring always on the outside. Nothing is so convincing of Winton merit as a personal inspection of our equipment and methods. Some of our tests would put ordinary automobiles on the scrap heap.

* * *

Deliveries? Yes, we are in good shape. Big facilities enable us to make shipment promptly on promised date; any body you select—runabout, touring car or limousine.

* * *

If you are really interested in the mechanics of fine motor cars, let us send you a Diagram Book, showing all our working parts. Edition is limited, and will not be advertised again. Send for one today.

The Winton Motor Carriage Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.
Member A. L. A. M.

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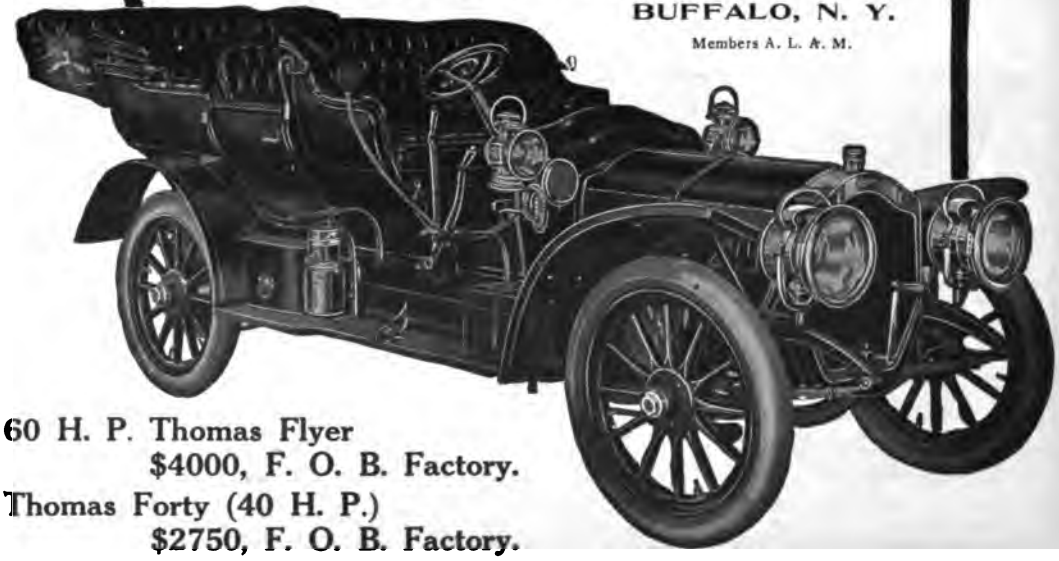
THE SATISFACTION OF ALWAYS BEING FIRST.

To feel in the company of other cars that yours is the first, the foremost, most reliable car—to feel that you cannot and will not encounter a superior, no matter where you go—that is one of the joys of Thomas ownership—whether your Thomas be the Flyer or the Forty.

To give you this sense of security on country road, or crowded city street, we have constructed the costliest chassis made; supplemented our own superb engineering staff with the services of the most expert engineers in Europe; and by data gathered from the every-day experiences of more than a thousand owners, eliminated every possible defect.

E. R. THOMAS MOTOR CO.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Members A. L. A. M.



60 H. P. Thomas Flyer
$4000, F. O. B. Factory.

Thomas Forty (40 H. P.)
$2750, F. O. B. Factory.

The Car that has No Valves

Continuous power—that's the key-note of Elmore construction, as the picture shows—the tremendous advantage it alone possesses in imparting an absolutely smooth, gliding motion. No idle stroke; no eccentric valve-action; no valves, cams, springs or levers at all. An elementally simple car which you can operate at once without mechanical knowledge. A self-starting car and a car of superb appearance, ease and comfort.

Three cylinder two-cycle Elmore, $1750.00
Four cylinder two-cycle Elmore, $2500.00

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CLYDE, OHIO.
Members A. L. A. M.

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Locomobile

FOR TOURING AT HOME AND ABROAD

"I have just returned from a tour of practically 3,000 miles through France, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

I took over with me, as you know, my 30-35 H. P. Locomobile, and it gives me pleasure to state that the car ran perfectly during the entire trip. The car took the steep grades in Scotland with our load of six people and heavy baggage, without the least effort, and behaved so admirably under all conditions that the pleasure of our trip was unmarred."—F. P.

(Owner of car shown above. Photograph made at Alnwick, England.)

Such thorough tests prove the Locomobile to be

THE MOST RELIABLE AMERICAN CAR

$2800 and Upwards

TYPE E, STANDARD, $2800. Seats five, make-and-break, magneto. 96 inch wheel base.
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$800.
(Complete)

THE JEWEL

Wherever it is shown, this stately car instantly wins the highest praise, both for its splendid performance and its captivating appearance.

It is flawless in workmanship, design and equipment, and being the simplest gasoline car yet produced, is unsurpassed for ease of control.

The Jewel Stanhope is fitted with a perfect two-cycle engine, rated at 8 H. P. (but really developing 25% more), gives 4 to 30 miles an hour on the high gear, and has two speeds forward and reverse.

Do you know why our two-cycle engine is superior to the ordinary, complicated four-cycle? Do you realize that it is not only more simple and more economical, but has twice the power strokes possible with a four-cycle cylinder?

Let us send you our new booklet telling you all about this handsome **Jewel Stanhope** at $800, and our **Jewel Runabout** for $600.

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Easily attached without removing Tire from Rim. Prevents Skidding, makes the course of the Car controllable, protects the Tire against Puncture, rough roads, and hard usage and makes it last two or three times longer; saves more than half the Tire bill, makes Automobiling safer, more comfortable and less expensive; protects the Car against accidents, damage and prehaps demolition, and its occupants against dangerous if not fatal injuries. Write for Booklet, "*Safe and Sane Automobiling.*"

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25-30 H. P. PRICE, FULLY EQUIPPED, $2750.
(EXTENSION TOP, $150 EXTRA.)

A phenomenal hill climber of unusual reserve power, with a quiet and true running, four cylinder, water cooled motor, already tested by use on thousands of miles of our country roads.

MOTOR is equipped with mechanical valves and jump spark ignition with provision for magneto. Sliding GEAR transmission, three speeds forward and reverse. Thorough LUBRICATION system. Especially efficient BRAKES operated by foot pedals and side lever. Perfection of CONTROL by levers on steering wheel but not revolving with it. All parts easily ACCESSIBLE. EVERY DETAIL of construction and equipment up-to-date.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO., Hartford, Conn.

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

POPE Hartford AUTOMOBILES

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POPE Hartford AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILES

KNOX

TRY the horsepower on the hills, and you will admit the Model "H" has more of it than any car of its size and price ($2500) you ever saw. With the tonneau removed it is the snappiest runabout of the year; it weighs only 2250 pounds; has 25-30 brake horsepower; 102" wheelbase; 32" x 4" wheels; three-point suspension, rendering any disalignment impossible; three speed selective transmission;

KNOX WATERLESS

direct system of cooling; straight line shaft drive, a feature possessed by no other car in America; ball and roller bearings throughout. You can have our 1907 illustrated booklet by writing for it; it goes into details fully.

KNOX AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,

Member of
Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

TO the seeker after a car that is absolutely dependable at all times the WAYNE must appeal. Easy to operate, silent, strong, run at a low cost, its extreme simplicity giving assurance of immunity from trouble and a minimum expenditure for maintenance, it is essentially a machine for general service.

All the strong points making the WAYNE famous in the past have been retained, and improvements conducive to comfort and stability, whose merits were determined beyond a question of doubt before a single car was put on the market, have been incorporated. As a refinement of all that is best in automobile construction it stands in the forefront.

Wayne

No other car on the market contains more features that commend themselves to the discriminating purchaser, none so well equipped to give unfailing satisfaction.

The 1907 WAYNE challenges comparison with any other automobile made, either American or foreign, and stands ready to prove the claim that it is *the greatest value ever offered for the money.*

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Model R,	*50 h. p., 7 passenger,*	*3,500*
Model K,	*35 h. p., 5 passenger,*	*2,500*

Descriptive catalogue sent for the asking.

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Dept. N, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Greatest Sensation of all the Great Automobile Shows

The 1907 models are veritable triumphs. Chaste — dignified — refined — an alway evident superiority. A demonstration of engineering skill and manufacture that differentiates between Carriages made to serve and things made to sell.

An analytical examination of Baker construction reveals mineralogical science in the selection of materials used in various parts; and a comprehensive classifying according to use and wear — the greatest of all guarantees for service.

BAKER ELECTRICS

have attained an eminence in the craft that others have found impossible to reach. The Baker Carriage at all the shows has fairly monopolized attention and admiration. There were more Bakers sold at the shows than of any other Electric Carriage.

There *must* be a reason for this.

It is found in the easily demonstrated superiority of the Baker — durability — finish — and riding qualities.

Better motor, better controller, better service of the battery.

Read the catalog as to mileage. We will not over-rate or over-state.

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4—80th Street, N. W.
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WATCH FOR THE ROUND RADIATOR

Runabouts, Touring Cars, and Limousines

WATCH FOR THE ROUND RADIATOR

The NATIONAL is always popular because it gives perfect satisfaction IN THE HANDS OF THE OWNER.

National Engines have Ball-Bearing Crank-Shafts and Cam-Shafts.
Hence, their wonderful power.

Model F, 4 cyl., 40 H. P. Model H, 4 cyl., 50 H. P. Model L, 6 cyl., 75 H. P.

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NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE CO., 1012 E. 22nd St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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For comradeship; for the good of the game; for the general advancement of the industry; one enthusiastic, buoyant, getting-all-that's-best-out-of-it sort of an automobilist is worth a half dozen of the apprehensive, looking-for-trouble kind.

It's the difference between Security and Doubt and certain it is that on the tires depend which it shall be.

Back of the manufacture of every

GOODRICH

Quick Detachable Tire and Rim is the firm belief that in helping others you help yourself.

A GOODRICH FEATURE MUST BE A HELPING FEATURE.

So it is the Goodrich Integral Construction for strength; the Goodrich Tough Tread for durability and the Goodrich Quick Detachable Rim for safety and convenience, and all three for *Security*.

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Puts an end to friction troubles. Fills up the microscopic irregularities existing in the very finest bearings, builds up a smooth, frictionless surface, reduces wear, increases speed, power, endurance.

Write for booklet that tells why Dixon's Motor Graphite is a perfect lubricator. Address Dept. AV

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No other machine can do it successfully for lack of original patents owned by us. No twist motion in our drive. No belt or switch necessary. No batteries whatever, for make and break or jump spark. Water and dust-proof. Fully guaranteed.

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The car for hills, sand roads and speed.

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are as movable as a tent, as comfortable as a house; Water Tight Roof and Dry Matched Pine Floor. Light and Fresh Air in abundance. Enclose 2c stamp for handsome Illustrated Catalogue of our **M. & M. Portable Houses, Summer Cottages, Automobile Houses, etc.**

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Guaranteed superior to all others for Safety, Comfort, Durability and Speed. Substantially constructed on most modern lines. Noiseless and powerful. Improved Pierce Motor. Stock sizes 16 to 25 feet. Motors only 1½ to 15 H. P.— single and twin cylinders. Write for catalog.

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"Bristol" Steel—the gamest fish submit. Nothing else for 'em to do. "BRISTOL" Rods are light, pliant, graceful; yet strong and dependable. The "BRISTOL" is the standard steel rod—the original steel rod.

Twenty years of rod-building experience enter into "BRISTOL" products.

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Two new sizes for 1907 give our customers the choice of 18, 20 and 22 ft. boats on the water line.

The under-water lines are different from other launches, giving greatest speed per horse power of any motor launch on the market.

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Send for catalog of boats and motors.

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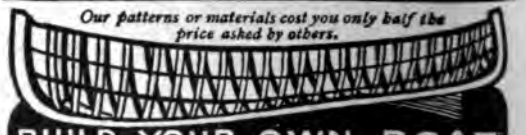

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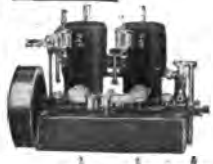
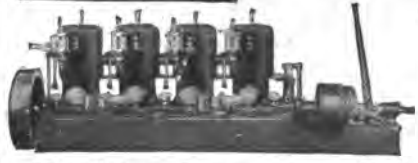
A WONDERFUL BOAT MOTOR

6 H. P. COMPLETE $97.50

Engine and Boat outfit including everything but tank and piping, all ready to put into your boat (not bare)

The High-grade Engine at a Low Price.





Made in 1, 2, 3 and 4 cylinder sizes, 2½ to 40 Horse Power.

Built in the most modern and up-to-date plant in the world, devoted exclusively to the building of 2-cycle Marine Engines and guaranteed by a responsible firm.

Write for prices and description of our 2½ h. p. Motor, the lowest priced Boat Motor ever sold;

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Elevated timer. Timer gears encased. Float Feed carburetor. Long bearings. Engine is reversible and runs in either direction. Counter-balanced cranks. *Starts without cranking.* Positive oiling device for crank pins. Drop-forged crank and connecting rod. Hand-hole plate in base for quick examination of connecting rod bearings. Ball-bearing thrust.

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Before you buy **any** boat, built by **any** manufacturer, selling at **any** price, ask the following questions:—

First—Is your hull guaranteed against puncture, and will you pay for repairing it if it **should be punctured?**

Second—Is your hull guaranteed against leaking, water-logging, opening seams, and the **necessity of calking?**

Third—Is your hull equipped with air-tight compartments, and guaranteed as safe as a life-boat?

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Mullins Pressed Steel Boats

Are Sold Under the Above Absolute Guarantee

They are built of smooth, pressed steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a life boat. The smooth, steel hull has handsome lines, and glides through the water with the least possible resistance—they are faster, more durable, and safer—they don't crack, leak, dry out or sink—are elegant in design and finish.

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Rushton Canoes are built right and guaranteed.

Lengths 15, 16, 17, & 18 ft. Weight 56 to 80 lbs.

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FREE our interesting catalogue (illustrated) of pleasure craft, sailing, paddling and cruising canoes, paddles, oars, sails and fittings.

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16 Ft. Steel Launch with 2 H.P. Engine complete $96

18-21-25 foot launches at proportionate prices. All launches fitted with two cycle reversing engines with speed controlling lever; simplest engine made; starts without cranking, has only 3 moving parts. Steel rowboats, $20.00. All boats fitted with water-tight compartments; cannot sink, need no boat house

We are the largest manufacturers of pleasure boats in the world. Orders filled day they are received. We sell direct to user, cutting out all middlemen's profits. Free catalogue.

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Best grade of Cedar Canoe for $20.00. We sell direct, saving you $20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened.

We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalogue giving prices with retailers' profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

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Get a Pioneer Perfect Boat Frame *now* with a little payment down. *Then* pay the rest while you are finishing your boat. Boat built and paid for by the time the season opens. That's the fair way—the square way—the Pioneer way. We have so much confidence in you and your ability to successfully finish your own boat with Pioneer Perfect Frames that we make this unparalleled offer.

We *know* that Pioneer Perfect Frames are honestly made, that they alone supply the "hard part"—finished complete and off your mind—that they save you two-thirds the boat-builders' prices and nine-tenths the freight charges—but—you don't know it—although you are entitled to—so—

We meet you more than half way—we send you the frames for only part of the price—that is your guarantee that

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Now, here's another proposition:—If you want to spend a little more time and a little less money just build your boat from

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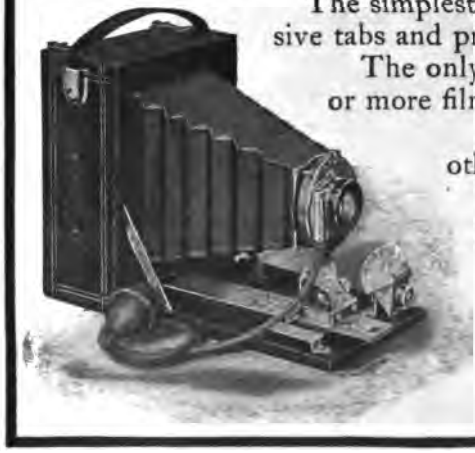
Pioneer Boat & Pattern Company, Wharf 65, Bay City, Michigan

Pertinent Facts Concerning

Film Premo No. 1

It is a daylight loading film camera, the easiest to load in the world. A door is opened, the Premo Film Pack dropped in place—the door closed and all is ready.



The simplest to manipulate—merely pull out successive tabs and press the bulb for each exposure.

The only system that permits the removal of one or more film exposures for development at any time.

Lighter and more compact than any other camera for corresponding size pictures.

Has improved automatic shutter and fine double rapid rectilinear lens.

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Launch Photographs Tell the Story

THESE big photographs will give you an intimate knowledge of how Truscott Launches are made and finished—seating arrangement—lines of hull—the wonderful Truscott motor—all the things you would inquire about and examine and look into if you had the actual boat before your eyes.

All catalogs may look alike and "read" alike to you.

All builders may seem to make the same general claims. Conflicting claims have confused you—you are undecided—but—

These Actual Photographs Do Not Lie.

They are too expensive to be sent broadcast, but if you intend to buy a boat they are yours for the asking.

We want you to use them for comparisons, because in side by side competition at motor boat shows the Truscott boats have always had the largest sales of any line exhibited.

Just tell us what you are considering—cruiser, family launch, semi-racer, speed boat—and we will gladly enter into correspondence with you.

If photograph is wanted for decorative purpose, send $1.00 with your request. In the meantime, send stamps for our splendid 80-page catalog, illustrated by over 300 photographic illustrations of actual Truscott boats, the finest launches made.

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We furnish an exact size pattern of every part and illustrated instructions covering each step of the work. No tool experience necessary — with the Brooks System you cannot go wrong.

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Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building.
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and hosiery with the Racine Heel Protector. **Guaranteed** to prevent slipping of heels in Oxfords and Pumps. **Makes walking, dancing and athletics easier. Easily attached; directions** accompany. Made in black, tan and white and natural color for high shoes. State kind of shoe for which wanted. Inquire of your shoe dealer. If he hasn't it, order direct. **25 cents prepaid.** Address

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H & R AUTOMATIC DOUBLE ACTION REVOLVER

IN QUALITY AND FINISH superior to any other make revolver sold at the same price. In EFFICIENCY, for home or pocket use, equals any high priced revolver. WORKS VERY SMOOTHLY—shells automatically ejected.

ABSOLUTE SAFETY—cylinder can be locked by turning it so that hammer point comes between cartridges. You might then break the hammer by hitting it with a sledge, but you could not discharge the revolver. Pull the trigger, that's the only way to fire it.

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Iver Johnson
Truss Bridge
Racer $50
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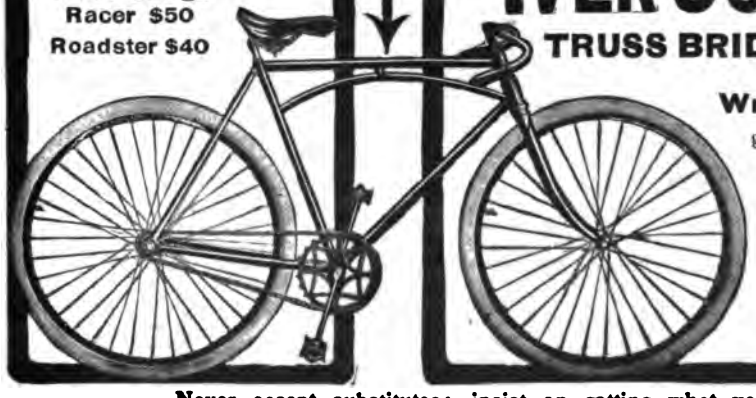

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These buildings of concrete, reinforced by the Kahn Trussed Bar, are as substantial as though carved out of solid stone, are monolithic in type, fireproof, and have the granite-like qualities of concrete united with the elasticity of steel.

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North Cape, Round World, Japan, Etc.
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Jobbers, investors, and home-seekers, to take advantage of the opportunity that the wonderful growth and development of Western Canada makes possible. The population of Winnipeg in 1906 was 101,057, an increase of 60,000 over the population in 1898. New buildings amounting to $12,760,450 erected in 1906. The bank clearings for the past year amounted to $604,000,000.

LET US SEND YOU FULL INFORMATION

giving statistics on the rapid growth of Winnipeg as the manufacturing and commercial metropolis of Western Canada, and the opportunities now open.

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Are lighter and more durable than wood. Puncture-proof; non-sinkable; cannot tip over. A revelation in boat construction. Can be carried anywhere by hand, on bicycle or in buggy, or checked as baggage. When not in use, FOLD UP INTO A PACKAGE. Handsome catalog 6c. in stamps. **KING FOLDING BOAT CO., 680 North Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.**

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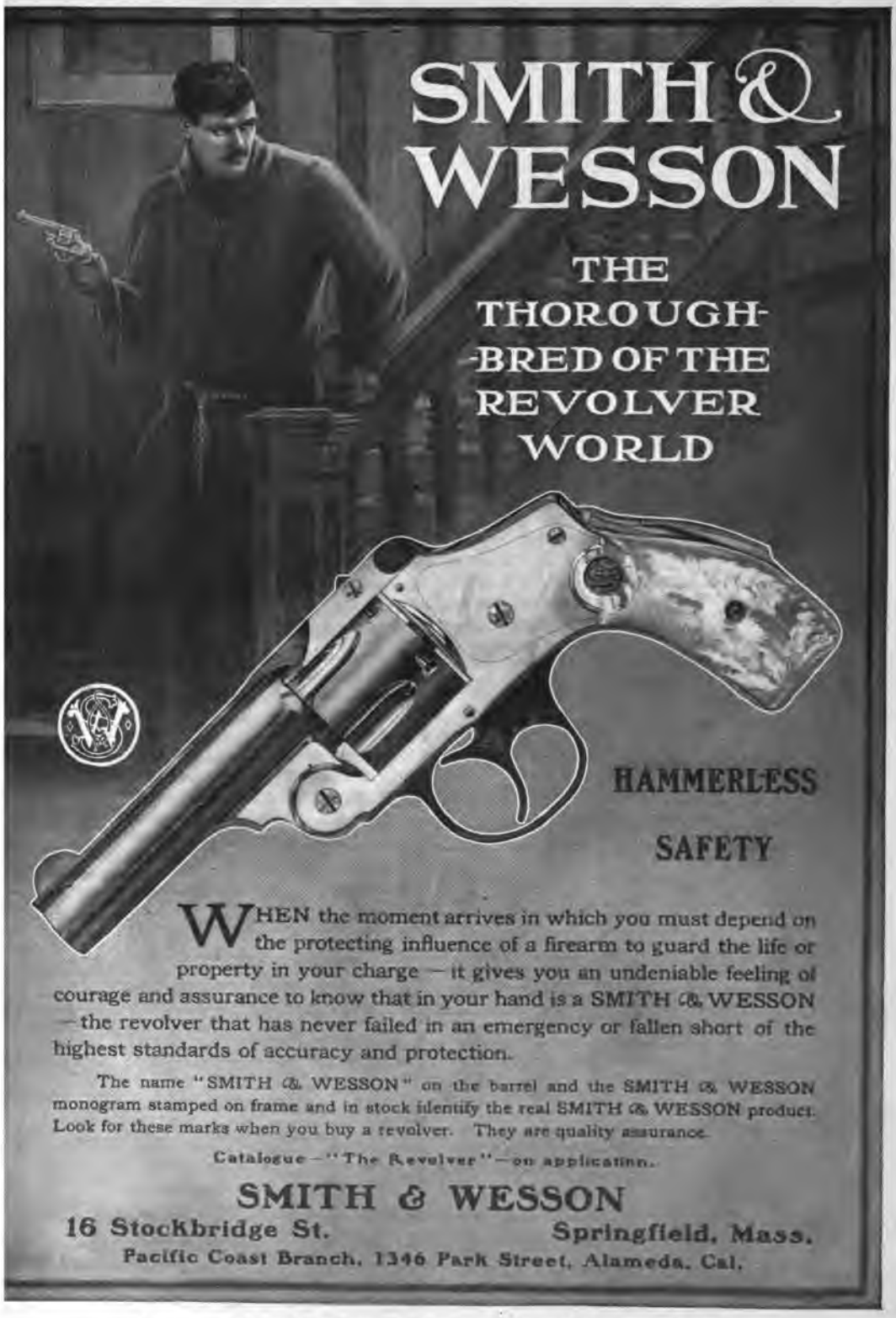
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THE THOROUGH-BRED OF THE REVOLVER WORLD
HAMMERLESS
SAFETY
WHEN the moment arrives in which you must depend on the protecting influence of a firearm to guard the life or property in your charge — it gives you an undeniable feeling of courage and assurance to know that in your hand is a SMITH & WESSON — the revolver that has never failed in an emergency or fallen short of the highest standards of accuracy and protection.
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Catalogue — "The Revolver" — on application.
SMITH & WESSON
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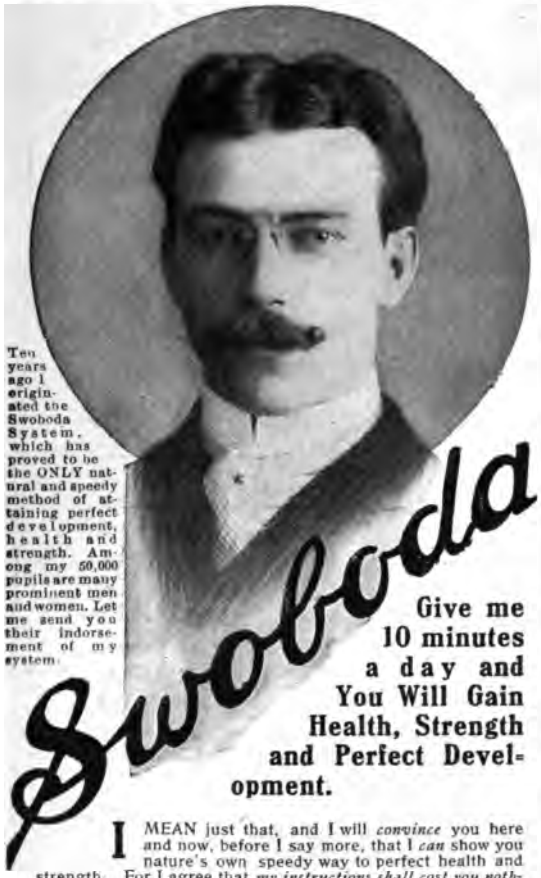
Pacific Coast Branch, 1346 Park Street, Alameda, Cal.

"Great human achievement rests on perfect health."— EMERSON



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Swoboda

Give me 10 minutes a day and You Will Gain Health, Strength and Perfect Development.

I MEAN just that, and I will *convince* you here and now, before I say more, that I *can* show you nature's own speedy way to perfect health and strength. For I agree that *my instructions shall cost you nothing* if you follow them and fail to gain all I promise. Of course, I could not afford to do this if I could not accomplish all I claim.

My system is different from all others. *It is the only system which does not overtax the heart.* I do not offer you drugs nor apparatus. I have no books nor charts to sell. I do not prescribe gymnastics nor strict dieting. I do not ask you to do anything in the least inconvenient or tiresome. I *do* show you how to live as you live now and do the things you like to do — *in the way nature intended you should*, so that they bring you benefit instead of harm. I show you how to gain firm flesh if you are too thin — how to reduce your weight if you are too stout — how to fully develop and strengthen any underdeveloped parts of your body — how to gain health if you are ill — how to retain health if you are well.

You cannot achieve real success and happiness — no man can command position and riches — no one can gain the full measure of success, without the foundation of health and strength.

If you are a man, I will show you how to gain the mental and physical force — the presence — the bearing which commands respect — the clear brain, looking upon the world through clear eyes — the self-confidence and understanding which *compels* success.

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Alois P. Swoboda

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Under the Overshirt

It gathers the shirt and fastens to trouser button

Crown Lake

"COATLESS" SUSPENDER

(Patented July 4th, 1905.)

The only practical summer suspender. Easy to put on and take off. Always invisible. Are **double adjustable** and may be **tightened** or **loosened** in **front** or **back** to suit wearer's fancy. Fastens at each hip button of the trousers and supports them perfectly. **Cool, comfortable, and neglige.**

For sale at all good shops or sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

Beware of imitations—The genuine are stamped "Coatless," patented July 4th, 1905.

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Makers of SUSPENDERS, BELTS and GARTERS.

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A new paper with all the Velox simplicity but coated on a mellow toned stock that adds breadth and softness to the picture.

When sepia toned, with Velox Re-Developer, Royal Velox has the delicacy and charm of an old etching.

At all Kodak Dealers.

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EASTMAN KODAK CO.

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Century Cameras

win the admiration of those who are interested in what is best in photography, because they represent the best there is in Cameras.

No detail in their construction has been overlooked.
Quality, Design, and General all-around-satisfaction are all in evidence in the Century.

Centurys from $10.50 to $150.00.

1907 Catalogue at the dealers, or

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10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We **ship on approval,** without a cent deposit, **freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT** if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle or a pair of tires* from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our latest **art catalogs** illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous new offers.*

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you **free postpaid** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do not wait,** write it **now.**

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All the medicine in the world won't do it,—what they need is a health building, fun making

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The car that makes and keeps the boys and girls bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked. "Geared" for speed. Safe, simple, rubber-tired, easy running, look for the name "Irish Mail" on the seat.

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The pictures are 4¼ x 6½ inches.

No. 4 A FOLDING KODAK

A grown-up pocket Kodak. Retains the features that make for simplicity and convenience, but takes large pictures.

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Rochester, N. Y.

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Shades that give

just the light you want

and won't 'crack'

Shadow seen on a holland shade

An opaque shade mussed and "cracked" after a few months' wear

A Brenlin shade—gives complete privacy and won't "crack"

How often have you been annoyed by the early morning "glare" let in by holland shades! How many times have you seen the appearance of a room spoiled by "cracked" opaque shades!

Brenlin, the new shade material, overcomes the defects of *both*.

The reason Holland shades let in too much light and show shadows is because they *haven't body*. Opaque shades "crack" because they are made of *muslin* filled with *chalk* to *keep out the light;* as the shades are handled this chalk *breaks*.

Brenlin

The New Window-Shade Material

gives you just the light you want; it *doesn't show shadows* and it *won't "crack."* Brenlin is a fine, closely-woven material *without filling of any kind* and with a *natural body* that makes it hang straight and smooth. It has a soft, dull finish; water *won't spot* it; it *won't fade*.

In the delicate colors—ivory-white, cream and ecru—it softens the light to an even, mellow glow; in green, etc., it is possible to shut it out entirely.

Look for BRENLIN in the margin

Don't be deceived by window-shade materials that look like Brenlin when *new*, but *don't wear*. Every yard of Brenlin is marked like this BRENLIN Look for this mark when your shades are *delivered*.

If your dealer hasn't Brenlin send us his name and we shall see that you get it without delay. Write for samples in colors and our book **"The Treatment of Windows"** full of practical suggestions by leading authorities.

Chas. W. Breneman & Co.
2048-2058 Reading Road, Cincinnati.

VOSE PIANOS

This Vose Piano, known as the "Library Model," is cased in a unique art setting that is as distinctive in its beauty as is the Vose Tone in its artistic quality.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISONS

During fifty-six years the Vose Piano has been purchased for use in nearly 60,000 homes and its popularity is attested by the continually increasing demand for home use.

By our plan of convenient payments we put the Vose Piano within the reach of those whose refined taste leads them to desire an artistic instrument. We make a liberal allowance for your old instrument and deliver piano at your home.

Send for our beautifully illustrated catalogue.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.,
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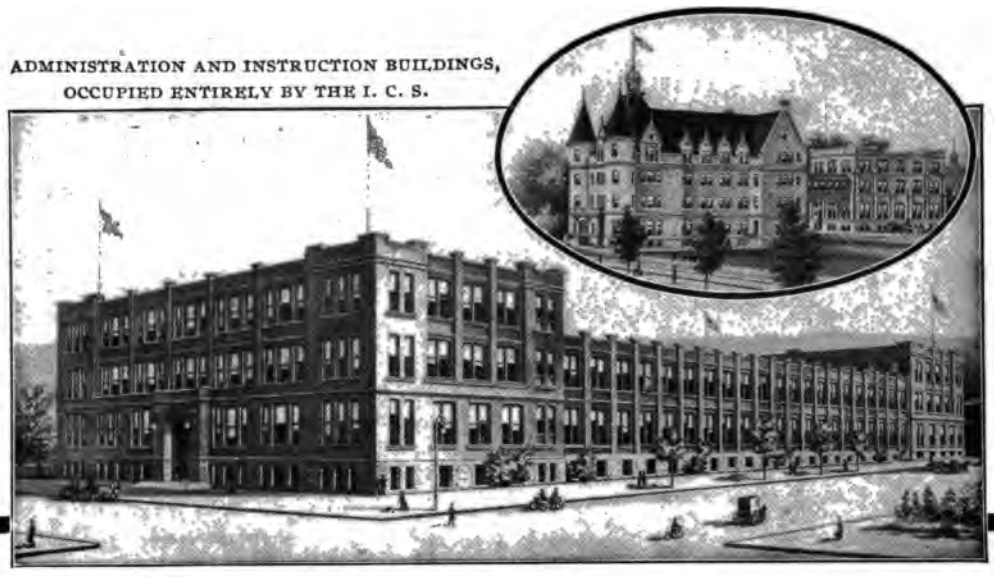
OCCUPIED ENTIRELY BY THE I. C. S.



The Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries

That sounds queer, doesn't it? And yet there is such a place in reality—**The International Correspondence Schools, of Scranton, Pa.**, an institution the entire business of which is to raise, not merely salaries—but *your salary*.

To achieve that purpose the **I. C. S.** has a working capital of many millions of dollars, owns and occupies three large buildings, covering seven acres of floor space, and employs 2700 trained people, all of whom have one object in view—to make it easy for you and all poorly-paid men to earn more. Truly then—*the business of this place is to raise salaries.*

Every month an average of 300 **I. C. S.** students *voluntarily* report increased salaries. In 1906, **3376** students so reported. These students live in every section. Right in their own homes, at their present work, the **I. C. S.** *goes to them*, trains them to advance in their chosen line, or to profitably change to a more congenial occupation.

The same opportunity now knocks at your door. What are you going to do with it? Are you going to lock the door in its face and lag along at the same old wages, or are you going to open the door and give the **I. C. S.** a chance to show you? Perhaps you don't see how, but the **I. C. S.** does. That is its business—*to raise your salary.*

Here is all you have to do. From this list select the position you prefer and notify the **I. C. S.** by postal or letter. It costs you nothing but the stamp to learn how the **I. C. S.** can raise **your** salary.

For a Good Salary

Here is a list of good positions. Select the one you prefer, write a postal to **The International Correspondence Schools, Box 814, Scranton, Pa.**, and ask how you can qualify to fill it at a good salary.

Be sure to mention the position you prefer.

Bookkeeper	Telephone Engineer
Stenographer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Advertisement Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Show Card Writer	Surveyor
Window Trimmer	Stationary Engineer
Commercial Law	Civil Engineer
Illustrator	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Architect'l Draftsman
Chemist	Architect
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Electrician	Bridge Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Mechanical Draftsman

Residence of Col. E. H. Utley, Pittsburgh, Pa. Rutan & Russell, Architects.

HIGGIN SCREENS are made *entirely of metal.* The frames are made of steel or copper, the netting of solid bronze wire.

Weather has no effect upon them. They

Won't warp, crack nor rot —won't rust

They work up and down in their metal channels year after year as smoothly as the day they are put up.

They are not painted and never need painting. The netting has the natural dull bronze finish. The frames are either dull antique or are finished in enamel.

HIGGIN SCREENS have an inconspicuous beauty and trimness impossible to obtain with wide, thick wooden frames, and they *last a lifetime.*

HIGGIN SCREENS are being specified for the best houses everywhere. We take measurements and make estimates without charge. Agencies in all principal cities. If we have no agency in your city, we shall arrange for taking measurements, deliver and fit screens, wherever you live, guaranteeing satisfaction.

Our catalogue shows HIGGIN SCREENS for every style of window and door—for old as well as new buildings.

Write for it to-day. Orders should be placed now to insure delivery when screens are wanted.

THE HIGGIN MFG. CO.

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A Well-Ordered Order System

Never causes friction between the *Accounting* and *Order Departments.*

Permits direct reference to any order without interrupting the Bookkeeper—Always ready for the "same as last" customer.

Furnishes analyses by Sales, Territory or Salesmen, and convenient statistics for figuring profits.

Gives book-keeper a better posting medium.

Lessens work of Claim Department.

May We Suggest an Order System for You?

Write for information.

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? How So Complete For The Cost, $2400 ?

Answer: Simplicity and Economy of Structual Detail.

Our latest books of plans giving views, sizes, costs, etc., are:

78	Cottages less than $800	.50	194	Costing $2000 to $2500	$1.00
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136	" $1200 to $1600	$1.00	189	" $3000 to $4000	1.00
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but you get a roof that lasts a lifetime.

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People who distinguish between the artistic and the artificial always choose Tobey Handmade Furniture. They know it is genuine—honest in material, honest in construction and honest in conception. There is no better furniture produced anywhere.

If you are interested in elegant furniture, we shall be pleased to mail our book, "About Tobey Handmade Furniture" on request. Illustrated with photographs of the cabinet-makers at work, pieces of the furniture, bits of hand carving, etc.

Every piece of Tobey Handmade Furniture bears this stamp in copper

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No thought is so revolting as that of a loved one's body lying unprotected in the ground.

The Springfield Bronze Casket, made of solid bronze, is hermetically sealed, it is *indestructible*. Water and insect life can never enter it.

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can be obtained through any first class funeral director in the United States.

Our booklet, "The Final Tribute," shows how the desire to keep the dead from desecration has influenced every people since the world began, and illustrates the attempts different nations have made to accomplish this. It will be sent free on request.

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MERIT ALONE
has secured for the
Sohmer Piano
the unsought, unbought indorsements of the world's greatest musicians, conductors and critics.

The best of workmanship and material and the public's appreciation of a perfect piano are reasons for Sohmer Success.

Beautiful Brochure Free
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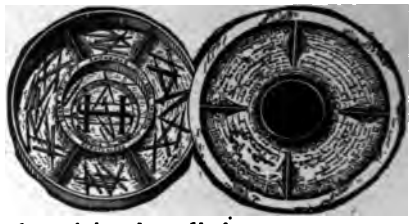
IF YOU OWN A DISC TALKING MACHINE

Remember the wear on records and quality of tone depends on the needles

H. & S. NEEDLES



are the best on the market. Made in four styles, giving four distinct tones.

High Grade, loud and clear
Musical Tone, brilliant and musical
Symphone, medium low, quiet and clear
Scratchless, very low, no scratch

In order that every user of a Disc Talking Machine may be familiar with the superior results that may be secured by using **H. & S. Needles,** we are furnishing a very attractive **Marbleized Needle Box,** which contains 400 High Grade, 400 Musical Tone, 100 Symphone and 100 Scratchless Needles. This box also has compartment for used needles. If your dealer does not handle this attractive and useful article, we will forward prepaid to any point in United States on receipt of $1.00. If you are not thoroughly satisfied with your purchase, return within two days and money will be refunded.

HAWTHORNE & SHEBLE MFG. CO.
HOWARD AND JEFFERSON STS. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ivers & Pond Pianos

Style 507, a new model especially designed for home use.

STYLE 507 is essentially a home piano. We designed it in size, volume and quality of tone and simplicity of case design to fit the parlor or music room of refined homes. We could not spend a dollar more to make this piano better, and we could not have saved a dollar in making it without having sacrificed quality. We are assured from a fifty years' experience in piano-building that a finer piano never was made, and that no piano that approaches it in quality was ever sold at so reasonable a price. If you require a piano that combines highest artistic tone quality, ease and precision of action touch, refinement of case design and phenomenal durability, you can search the world over without finding one that so nearly approaches perfection as our new style 507.

WE can without doubt arrange to place it in your home for examination even though you live thousands of miles from Boston. **OUR PROPOSITION**—If no dealer sells Ivers & Pond Pianos in your locality write for our new catalogue, list of lowest prices and information about our plan of supplying our pianos on deferred payments. Information of great assistance to piano-buyers will be mailed free.

IVERS & POND PIANO COMPANY, 161 Boylston Street, Boston

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Globe-Wernicke

The *monotony* of house-cleaning can be attributed largely to this reason, that there are so many homes designed and built in such a manner as to afford little opportunity to effect any *visible* change even after the irksome part of the manual labor is over.

Such a condition is most apparent where shelves and built-in bookcases are permanent fixtures of the library

Whereas, Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcases are capable of an unlimited variety of arrangements *at any time.*

They can be obtained in most any finish and to fit most any space.

Three different and distinct types are described in our catalogue. Carried in stock by over 1200 exclusive agents. Where not represented we ship on approval, freight paid. Prices uniform everywhere. Send for Catalogue No. 106 M.

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A Complete Book of

Card Rules Free

A Perfect Guide to Whist, Euchre, Poker, Pinochle and all the popular card games

Play with the kind of cards that won't split—won't stick together—won't cause mishaps and misdeals—won't mar the enjoyment of the game—that means

GOLF CARDS

They have unusual pliability—extra smoothness—a highly glazed surface—and they won't thicken or split with use. One deck of Golf Cards will outwear two others.

Try a sample pack. Send us your dealer's name and 25 cents and we will send you a pack of Golf Cards and give you the book of Rules for All Popular Card Games absolutely free.

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FIRST of all—before even the price—ask this, when buying a rug this Spring:
"Is it wool?"

Price can only be judged by the value of the purchase—rugs, only by what they will do.

A *good* rug is always a *wool* rug.

Wool is tough and resilient under foot—enduring great wear.

Wool holds the delicate dyes—is easily cleaned—keeps its richness and lustre.

Imperial Smyrnas are absolutely all wool. As everyone knows, the most common substitute for wool is cotton, which costs much less than wool.

Imperials are woven exactly alike on both sides, and cost from $1.25 to $75.00, according to size. They are sold by over 10,000 dealers.

Send for booklet "Art & Utility" showing Imperials in exact colors.

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Every one should have a saw about the house—why not have the best saw—a Simonds Saw—a saw that the careful carpenter knows, uses, and will recommend. Simonds Saws do the work that a Hand Saw should do, because they are

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Made in a Simonds Steel Mill exclusively for Simonds Saws. When you buy a saw for convenience at home you want an even tempered blade, accurately ground, with a gradual bevel or taper from tooth to back of blade and a true "hang." A well carved handle adds beauty to the saw. Every Simonds Saw is covered by an *absolute guarantee* of perfection in material and workmanship, because whether it is a Hand Saw, a Circular or Cross-cut Saw,

Look for this trade mark etched on every saw.

Simonds Saws are the Best—and They ARE the Best

The skilled artisan will insist on having "a Simonds." Your hardware dealer should promptly supply you with a Simonds Saw of any style, point or size. If your dealer does not keep the Simonds, let us know and we will see that you are supplied.

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This booklet will tell you about Simonds Saws and give other information of real interest and value.

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In order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate an examination of the value of college training for business men, a committee composed of

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman;
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Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan;
Horace White, Esq., New York City, and
Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Clark College,

have been enabled, through the generosity of Messrs. Hart, Schaffner and Marx, of Chicago, to offer again in 1908 four prizes for the best studies on any one of the following subjects:

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5. Industrial Combinations and the Financial Collapse of 1903.
6. The Case against Socialism.*
7. Causes of the Rise of Prices since 1898.
8. Should Inequalities of Wealth Be Regulated by a Progressive Income Tax?
9. The Effect of the Industrial Awakening of Asia upon the Economic Development of the West.
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*Other phases of Socialism were suggested in previous years.

A First Prize of One Thousand Dollars, and a Second Prize of Five Hundred Dollars, in Cash

are offered for the best studies presented by Class A, composed exclusively of all persons who have received the bachelor's degree from an American College in 1896, or thereafter; and

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are offered for the best studies presented by Class B, composed of persons who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college. No one in Class A may compete in Class B; but any one in Class B may compete in Class A. The Committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of $1,000 and $500 to undergraduates, if the merits of the papers demand it.

The ownership of the copyright of successful studies will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as theses for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form.

Competitors are advised that the studies should be thorough, expressed in good English, and although not limited as to length, they should not be needlessly expanded. They should be inscribed with an assumed name and whether in Class A, or Class B, the year when the bachelor's degree was, or is likely to be received, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor, and the institution which conferred the degree or in which he is studying. The papers should be sent on or before June 1, 1908, to

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The Proper Support at Every Point

You don't need a wide shoe if the sole fits. The trouble is not with the flesh, but with the bones of the foot. The Ralston Anatomical Lasts fit the bones. The leather and the workmanship in a Ralston are as perfect as the last.

Comfort Does Not Interfere With Style, nor Style With Comfort in the Ralston Shoe

In each department of the Ralston factory this order stands: "*The Ralston must be the absolutely best shoe on the market—make it so.*"

Stock No. 83
Patent Corona Brockton Blucher, Stamford Last.

Send for Our Spring Catalogue

It shows you a wide range of *this* season's styles approved by those who make dressing a fine art. It explains in full the wonderful construction of Ralston Health Shoes.

We have agents in most places. On request we will send you the name of our agent nearest you, or we will send your shoes direct by mail at the regulation $4.00, plus 25c. for carriage. We guarantee style and fit or refund your money. UNION MADE

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Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

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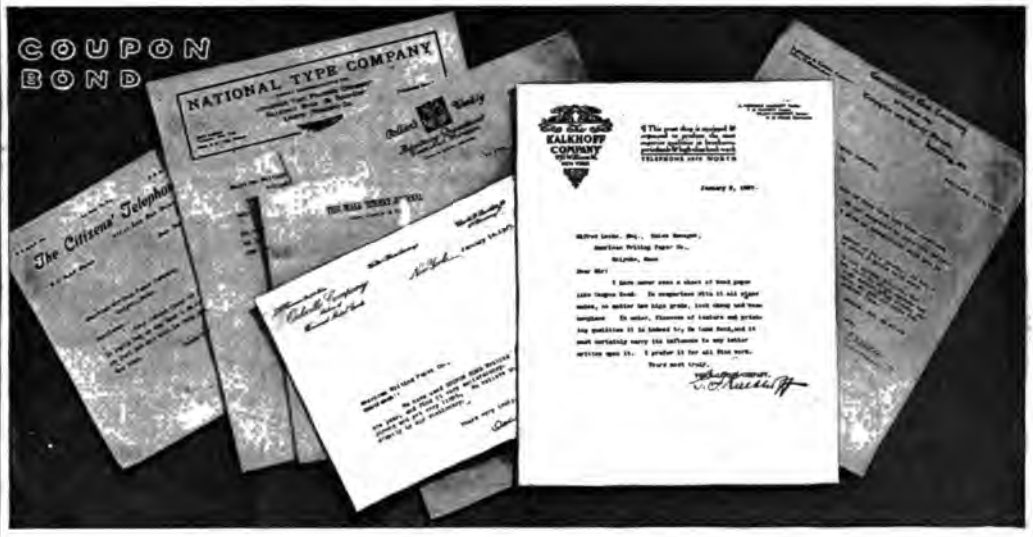

Are your letters dressed up to attract *favorable* attention?

Will they catch your correspondent's eye—and please him—the moment he sits down to his morning mail?

Most of your correspondents never see you—they are bound to draw a certain inference from your stationery.

Do you want that inference *to be favorable*—do you want your correspondents to feel that your business methods *are of the highest class?*

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Clothe your messages to your correspondents in *the best that the printer or stationer can give you.* Print your price lists, letters, checks and envelopes on COUPON BOND. A message on COUPON BOND—like a well-dressed, forceful salesman—is *always sure of a hearing.*

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Remember the wear on records and quality of tone depends on the needles

H. & S. NEEDLES

are the best on the market. Made in four styles, giving four distinct tones.

High Grade, loud and clear
Musical Tone, brilliant and musical
Symphone, medium low, quiet and clear
Scratchless, very low, no scratch

In order that every user of a Disc Talking Machine may be familiar with the superior results that may be secured by using **H. & S. Needles,** we are furnishing a very attractive **Marbleized Needle Box,** which contains 400 High Grade, 400 Musical Tone, 100 Symphone and 100 Scratchless Needles. This box also has compartment for used needles. If your dealer does not handle this attractive and useful article, we will forward prepaid to any point in United States on receipt of $1.00. If you are not thoroughly satisfied with your purchase, return within two days and money will be refunded.

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HOWARD AND JEFFERSON STS. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ivers & Pond Pianos

Style 507, a new model especially designed for home use.

STYLE 507 is essentially a home piano. We designed it in size, volume and quality of tone and simplicity of case design to fit the parlor or music room of refined homes. We could not spend a dollar more to make this piano better, and we could not have saved a dollar in making it without having sacrificed quality. We are assured from a fifty years' experience in piano-building that a finer piano never was made, and that no piano that approaches it in quality was ever sold at so reasonable a price. If you require a piano that combines highest artistic tone quality, ease and precision of action touch, refinement of case design and phenomenal durability, you can search the world over without finding one that so nearly approaches perfection as our new style 507.

WE can without doubt arrange to place it in your home for examination even though you live thousands of miles from Boston. **OUR PROPOSITION**—If no dealer sells Ivers & Pond Pianos in your locality write for our new catalogue, list of lowest prices and information about our plan of supplying our pianos on deferred payments. Information of great assistance to piano-buyers will be mailed free.

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Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

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The *monotony* of house-cleaning can be attributed largely to this reason, that there are so many homes designed and built in such a manner as to afford little opportunity to effect any *visible* change even after the irksome part of the manual labor is over.

Such a condition is most apparent where shelves and built-in bookcases are permanent fixtures of the library

Whereas, Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcases are capable of an unlimited variety of arrangements *at any time.*

They can be obtained in most any finish and to fit most any space.

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Card Rules Free

A Perfect Guide to Whist, Euchre, Poker, Pinochle and all the popular card games

Play with the kind of cards that won't split—won't stick together—won't cause mishaps and misdeals—won't mar the enjoyment of the game—that means

GOLF CARDS

They have unusual pliability — extra smoothness — a highly glazed surface—and they won't thicken or split with use. One deck of Golf Cards will outwear two others.

Try a sample pack. Send us your dealer's name and 25 cents and we will send you a pack of Golf Cards and give you the book of Rules for All Popular Card Games absolutely free.

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IMPERIAL SMYRNA RUGS

FIRST of all — before even the price — ask this, when buying a rug this Spring: *"Is it wool?"*

Price can only be judged by the value of the purchase — rugs, only by what they will do.

A *good* rug is always a *wool* rug.

Wool is tough and resilient under foot — enduring great wear.

Wool holds the delicate dyes — is easily cleaned — keeps its richness and lustre.

Imperial Smyrnas are absolutely all wool. As everyone knows, the most common substitute for wool is cotton, which costs much less than wool.

Imperials are woven exactly alike on both sides, and cost from $1.25 to $75.00, according to size. They are sold by over 10,000 dealers.

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Faster, stronger, smaller, lighter, more easily adjusted than any other shutter on the market

The only between the lens shutter built on scientifically correct and mechanically sound principles.

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Allen's Foot-Ease, **a powder for the feet.** It relieves painful, swollen, smarting feet. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight fitting or new shoes feel easy, It is a certain relief for sweating, callous and hot, tired aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY. Do not accept any substitute.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

"In a pinch use Allen's Foot-Ease"

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address,

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Cut two-thirds size.

Sterling Silver, of special Easter design, sent in a dainty Easter box, by mail, on receipt of 25 cents in coin or stamps. Our beautiful catalogue, containing thousands of Easter gifts, wedding presents, jewelry, fine leather goods, silverware, etc., sent free upon receipt of postal.

THE WARREN MANSFIELD CO., Gold and Silversmiths, 246 Free St., Portland, Me.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

USED BY GOOD COOKS EVERYWHERE.

Genuine has the signature in blue.

THE ELECTRIC HEATING PAD

insures relief from the many bodily aches and pains so prevalent at this time of year. Because of its *constant* flow of heat results are obtained which are impossible by any other method.

Safe
Sure
Sanitary

Endorsed By Physicians

No. 681. Price $5.00

The "Simplex Quality" Electric Heating Pad is soft, light and flexible and may be quickly fitted to any part of the body.

Produces a steady *uniform* heat as long as may be desired upon being connected with the ordinary electric lamp socket.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

SIMPLEX QUALITY

Made in Two Sizes

Send for catalog "D" with full description and price list.

Simplex Electric Heating Co.
Cambridge, Mass.
CHICAGO OFFICE, MONADNOCK BLOCK

Here's an attractive offer to all

Smokers

Spilman Mixture

is the finest smoking tobacco possible.
Hand mixed. Selected leaves.
It isn't cheap. Best things never are.

Without a bite or a regret

OUR OFFER

Ask your dealer for it. If he hasn't it, send us his name and a dollar bill (at our risk). We will send you a 75c can of the tobacco and a 50c kid, rubber lined, tobacco pouch. Try the tobacco. Smoke several pipefuls. If it doesn't suit your taste send the rest of it back and we will return your dollar. Send for booklet "How to smoke a pipe."

3⅓ oz. 75c. ½ lb. $1.65 1 lb. $3.30
PREPAID

E. Hoffman Company
189 Madison Street, Chicago

HEALTH MERRY GO ROUND

Ten feet across—not a toy—but the real thing. No child too big to enjoy and want one—three-year-old can run it—four roomy seats.

Healthful Outdoor Sport—like rowing—for boys and girls, developing lungs straightening backs, strengthening limbs. Keeps children at home and off dusty streets and sidewalks. Endorsed by physicians and parents.

Full toned organ with every outfit, begins playing when Merry Go Round starts. Plays any tune.

Health Merry Go Round Co., Dept. 16 Quincy, Ill.

CHEW...

Beeman's

THE ORIGINAL

Pepsin Gum

A Delightful Confection and good for digestion

All Others are Imitations.

Glass is non-absorbent Why not a Glass Pipe?

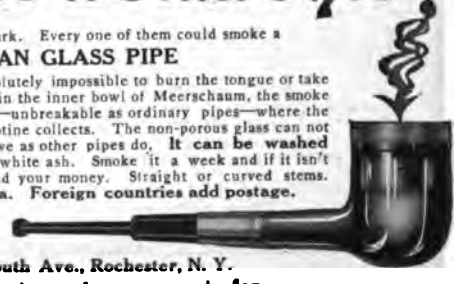
"I wish I could smoke a pipe."

Many a cigar smoker has made that remark. Every one of them could smoke a

TURCO-AMERICAN GLASS PIPE

with keen pleasure. With this pipe it is absolutely impossible to burn the tongue or take nicotine into your system. From the tobacco in the inner bowl of Meerschaum, the smoke is drawn into the outer Annealed Glass bowl—unbreakable as ordinary pipes—where the steam condenses, the smoke cools, and the nicotine collects. The non-porous glass can not absorb nicotine and become strong and offensive as other pipes do. **It can be washed with water.** Every bit of tobacco burns to a white ash. Smoke it a week and if it isn't all we claim, return it and we will refund your money. Straight or curved stems. **Price $1.50 postpaid in U. S. and Canada. Foreign countries add postage.**

Reference: Nat'l Bank of Commerce.
Booklet "Pipe Pleasures" for asking.



DON'T BOIL A PIPE TO GET IT CLEAN

TURCO-AMERICAN PIPE CO., 209 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

A Good Sign For Business Firms

HERRICK CUTS MAKE ATTRACTIVE ADS

Over 300 original one and two color advertising cuts are shown in **"The Herrick Cut Books"** —every one clean and strong—with a headline to help you in preparing your own copy.

If you're a business firm send 25c. and get on our mailing list for all the numbers published within the year. Three ready for mailing now.

If you find there's nothing of real value in "The Herrick Cut Books" let us know and we'll send your money back.

Send 25c to-day.

THE HERRICK PRESS
Artists, Printers, Engravers
960 Fine Arts Building Chicago

18 D. & C. ROSES for $1.00

For over fifty years we have made rose growing a specialty. Once a year we make this special offer of *Our Great Trial Collection of 18 D. & C. Roses for $1.00.* Sent by mail postpaid anywhere in the United States and safe arrival guaranteed. Every plant labeled. Superb, strong, hardy, ever-blooming kinds; no two alike. All on their own roots. Will bloom continuously this year. As a further inducement we include in this collection a strong plant **"KILLARNEY"**—a magnificent pink, hybrid tea rose of unequaled hardiness and fragrance. Orders booked for delivery when directed. Mention this magazine when ordering, and we will send you a check for 25 cents good as cash on a future order. Our

New Guide to Rose Culture

For 1907 is the Leading Rose Catalogue of America. 114 pages. Tells how to grow, and describes the famous D. & C. Roses and all flowers worth growing. Offers at lowest prices a complete list of FLOWER and VEGETABLE Seeds. *It's free.*

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,
Leading Rose Growers of America,
West Grove, Pa.
Established 1850. 70 Greenhouses.

to l YEAI L

Make Money Out of Others' Fun

Pleasing the Public Pays Big Profits and owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds frequently make from $8,000 to $10,000 every year. They seat fifty-six people on galloping horses or in comfortable chariots and whirl away to the accompaniment of entrancing music. Bring in hundreds of dollars daily. It is a delightful attractive, big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work.

Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. We make the finest appearing and easiest running Merry-Go-Rounds manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business, write today for catalogue and particulars.

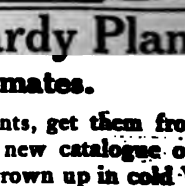
HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
Park Amusement Outfitters
Sweeney St., N. Tonawanda, N.Y., U.S.A.

GROW GIANT CARNATIONS 3 INCHES ACROSS

Bloom in 6 brilliant colors in about 4 months after seed sowing. Fragrance exquisite. New improved strain, producing flowers of **immense size.** Strong, vigorous and wonderfully free flowering. Package 10c, ½ oz. 75c. Send for our

FREE 132-Page Catalog
Explains on page 2 how to get Premium—11 Flower and Vegetable Seeds worth $1, including Giant Carnations—FREE. Write today.

NORTHRUP, KING & CO.
717 Hennepin Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.



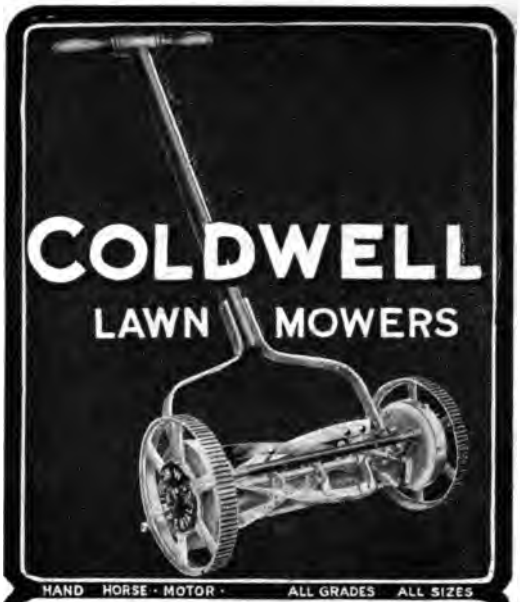
Horsford's Hardy Plants

for cold climates.

When you buy hardy plants, get them from a hardy climate. Horsford's new catalogue offers a long list of kinds he has grown up in cold Vermont: all of which would stand any winter south of Alaska. The best perennials, shrubs, trees, bulbs, hardy ferns, orchids, &c., for sun or shade, wet or dry soil are listed. You can save cost of transportation in price and quality of stock. Send for catalogue.

FRED'K H. HORSFORD, Charlotte, Vt.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.



600 ON THE PARKS OF GREATER NEW YORK

Send for Illustrated booklet. If your dealer does not sell them we will quote you special prices and terms.

ALL OUR MOWERS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER CO.
5 Coldwell Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

Amateur Gardeners

no matter whether their hobby is vegetables or flowers, should have a copy of

Dreer's Garden Book

and use it as their guide to the selection of dependable varieties.

Superb color and duotone plates, and 224 profusely illustrated pages of whatever is worth growing for pleasure or profit.

All the worthy novelties in vegetables, annual and perennial flowers, roses, canas, dahlias, gladioli, etc., as well as the most complete list of those which have stood the test of time.

A copy of
Dreer's Garden Book
mailed free to those mentioning this publication.

Ruffled Pansy "Psyche,"
The finest of the frilled class; color, violet-blue and white.
Packet, 15 cts.; two for 25 cts.

Henry A. Dreer,
Philadelphia.

Racine Incubator

The simple, sure, dependable kind. Used by thousands of successful poultrymen and women.

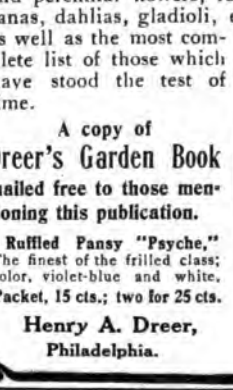
Our free **Incubator Book** tells about them—tells how to make poultry pay. 25 years experience. Don't buy until you read it. Warehouses: Buffalo, Kansas City, St. Paul. Address

We pay the freight

Racine Hatcher Co., Box 74, Racine, Wis.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

1907 tells all about pure-bred poultry and describes and illustrates **60** varieties. **10 beautiful natural color** plates. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs; how to cure diseases, kill lice, make money. This valuable book only 10 cts., postpaid. **E. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.**



To prove they are healthy and vigorous we'll send **Four Trees 3 yrs. old free** to property owners. Mailing expense 5c. A postal will bring them and our catalog with 64 colored plates. Write today.

THE GARDNER NURSERY CO.,
Box 831, Osage, Iowa.

BATH CABINETS

We make 8 styles of cabinets, under our patents, for taking Turkish Baths at home. We sell on approval, and warrant them to be the best cabinets made. More of the best families use the **Racine** than all others together. Write for catalogue.

RACINE BATH CABINET COMPANY,
Box A, Racine, Wisconsin

Flower 8 inches in diameter.

Meehans' Mallow Marvels

New Creation in Hardy Perennials

Combines the brilliant blooms and striking foliage of the tropical Hibiscus with the sturdy growth and hardiness of our native mallow. Grows 7 to 8 feet high and from July until September is a blaze of mammoth satiny crimson, red, pink or white flowers **7 to 8 inches in diameter. Perfectly hardy,** entirely free from disease and insect pests. Not particular about soil or location. Unquestionably the most brilliant achievement of scientific plant breeding for many decades.

Meehans' Manual of Outdoor Plants is a dependable guide to the selection of all trees, shrubs and hardy plants worth growing. Write for a copy to-day. *It is free.*

Prices of Meehans' Mallow Marvels.

We reserve the right to refuse orders for more than ten to any one person.

ONE-YEAR-OLD ROOTS

If given good soil will grow from 5 to 8 feet high, have 2 to 5 stems and **flower this season.**

	Each	Per 10
Crimson Marvel	**$1.00**	**$9.00**
White Marvel	**1.00**	**9.00**
Red Marvel	**.75**	**6.00**
Pink Marvel	**.50**	**4.00**

As it is impossible to show by photograph or engraving the wonderful brilliancy of the coloring of **Meehans' Mallow Marvels,** we have prepared a color-plate leaflet which we will gladly send you.

THOMAS MEEHAN & SONS, Inc., Box G, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor $1

THE ONLY 12 BLADED DOLLAR RAZOR IN THE WORLD

¶ The razor isn't made that is worth $5.00 so long as the *"Ever-Ready" 12* bladed Safety Razor sells at ***$1.00.*** The experience of a million men is overwhelming evidence and our liberal, outright, emphatic guarantee that the *"Ever-Ready"* will shave ***you*** to your ***own*** satisfaction, is all the proof any man could ask for.

¶ For $1.00 you receive the complete set of handsome *"Ever-Ready"* silver-nickeled safety frame—twelve (*12*) *"Ever-Ready" Blades*—the finest known example of blade making—nickeled handle and blade stropper, all compact and attractive, in handy size case. More price could only increase the profits of "greedy" dealers without increasing the shaving value of the razor. You simply lather and shave easily—quickly—safely and with luxurious results. You could shave with the *"Ever-Ready"* blindfolded without scratching the face.

"Ever-Ready" blades can be stropped, but we'll exchange any time, six brand new "Ever-Ready" blades for six dull ones and 25 cents. We send prepaid or your dealer will sell you, extra "Ever-Ready" blades to fit "Star" and "Yankee" and "Gem" frames, or to add to your "Ever-Ready" set—six blades for 50 cents, or **twelve for 75 cents.**

"Ever-Ready" dollar razor sets are sold by **Hardware, Cutlery, Department Stores, Jewelers** and **Druggists** throughout America and the World. Remember it's the "Ever-Ready" razor you want. Beware of substitutes made to please the eye and not the face. **Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of $1.00.** Canadian Price, $1.25.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., 299 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

12 Guaranteed BLADES with each $1.00 Set.

THIS COMPLETE ELECTRIC MASSAGE VIBRATOR $12.50

Try it 30 or 60 days and if not satisfactory **to you** return it and we will cheerfully refund your money without question or delay. Vibratory stimulation produces permanent results, increases your **vital forces** and **nerve energy** in a natural way. Brings the glow and plumpness of youth to faded and sunken cheeks. **The kind that wont come off.** No electric light wires needed—furnishes **its** own electric power from its own batteries. Guaranteed for one year. Free illustrated book (tells a lot) and guide charts showing how to use Vibrator for any desired result. Order one today and remember your money back if you are not satisfied.

SWEDISH ELECTRIC VIBRATOR CO.,

(Our Reference: 1st Nat'l Bank of Chicago) **612 Farragut Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

When you have thought of soap in relation to cleanliness—think of it in relation to beauty.

A SOAP that is a menace to health is also a menace to complexion. It is to complexion that most women owe their good looks.

Not only is beauty only skin deep, but it is also upon the natural and healthful condition of the skin that beauty chiefly depends.

What comes in contact with the skin more often than soap? What is more important to the skin than soap? Therefore, what is more important to you than soap?

When bargain counters and notion counters are covered with nameless, unidentified soaps for which no reputable manufacturer stands sponsor, there is one name which is always a safe guide. It is

Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

There is always one thought which is always a comfort. It is this:

That Jersey Cream Soap is made by the manufacturers of Williams' Shaving Soap; that Williams' Shaving Soap has been a household word for nearly three-quarters of a century; that a shaving soap must be pure and wholesome because it is not only applied to the face, but also forced into the pores with the brush; that if Williams' Shaving Soap were not pure and soothing it could not have obtained its world-wide reputation; and that finally Williams' Jersey Cream Soap is made of the same pure materials and with the same skill and care as Williams' Shaving Soap.

If your dealer does not carry it, send 15c. for a full size cake of Jersey Cream Toilet Soap or 4c. for liberal trial cake.

Special Offer For 25 cents (in stamps) we will send a 15c. cake of Jersey Cream Soap and, in addition, a 25c. box of Williams' Violet Talcum Powder. Only one order accepted from same address and offer not good after May 1st, 1907. Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

FIRE-PROOF Buildings Yield Larger Dividends

than Buildings of Ordinary Construction

Apartment Building fire-proofed throughout under special design and methods of National Fire Proofing Company. This building has been granted an insurance rate of 16 cents per $100.

whether you build to rent or to occupy. The slight additional cost of fire-proofing, which averages only ten per cent, vastly increases the desirability of any structure as a property, and saves in insurance, saves in structural repairs, and gains in renting price much more than enough to offset the additional outlay.

Individuals or Companies contemplating the erection of a Store Building, Warehouse, Hotel, Factory, Office Building, Apartment Building, Bank or Club House; also, authorities of Cities or Institutions considering the construction of School, Hospital, Library, Hall or other Buildings, should

WRITE FOR OUR BOOK

"The Correct Construction of Fire-Proof Buildings"

SENT FREE ON REQUEST

The National Fire Proofing Co. has fire-proofed nearly ninety per cent of all the famous sky scrapers, hotels and public buildings of New York, Chicago, and all our largest cities.

We will demonstrate to anyone the unquestioned superiority and safety and the true economy of our methods and materials for the **Fifty Thousand Dollar Building,** as well as for one costing a million.

Iron and steel are not fire-proof—they must be scientifically protected, and that's one thing our booklet fully explains, with many other facts of vital interest to owners, in plain untechnical language.

Please write our Chicago office for literature and any specific information you may desire, or call at any of our offices. If you desire to talk with a thoroughly posted fire-proofing man, we'll gladly have one call on you, upon request.

Interior view of above building, during construction, showing fire-proof partitions carrying fire-proof floor.

NATIONAL FIRE PROOFING COMPANY

Contractors for Construction Fire-Proof Buildings
Manufacturers Terra Cotta Hollow Tile

CHICAGO, 804 Hartford Building. PITTSBURG, 1104 Fulton Bldg. NEW YORK, 1604 Flatiron Building.
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ST. LOUIS, 504 Victoria Building. WASHINGTON, 804 Colorado Bg. LOS ANGELES, 504 Union Trust Bg.
LONDON, ENG., 27 Chancery Lane.

Twenty-six Factories Throughout the United States.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

JAP-A-LAC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A STAIN AND VARNISH COMBINED

BE SURE IT'S JAP-A-LAC,

the original stain and varnish combined. Don't accept anything but JAP-A-LAC—this caution is for your own protection, as there are inferior articles offered as substitutes for JAP-A-LAC, and claimed to be "just as good". Be sure the name JAP-A-LAC appears on the label. Some imitations have a name ending in "Lac". This is for the purpose of deception. Insist on the genuine. Our name and our trade mark appear on every can. Look for the Green Label.

JAP-A-LAC is used for refinishing everything about the home from cellar to garret. It produces a beautiful, lustrous, mirror-like finish that "wears like iron". JAP-A-LAC will save you many dollars a year by its magical effect in renewing the finish on scuffed or scratched Furniture, Floors, Interior Woodwork, and all articles of wood or metal.

Get JAP-A-LAC to-day. All sizes, from 15c to $2.50. For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers.

Write for beautiful illustrated booklet, and interesting color card. FREE for the asking.

If building, write for our complete Finishing Specifications. They will be mailed free. Our Architectural Green Label Varnishes are of the highest quality.

The Glidden Varnish Co.

443 Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland

If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name and 10c (except for Gold which is 25c) to cover cost of mailing, and we will send FREE Sample, (quarter pint can) to any point in the United States.

Build Warm Houses

—it's cheaper than wasting money year after year in heating cold ones. The fuel waste of two average years in a cold house will buy enough

Cabot's Sheathing "Quilt"

to make it wind and frost proof for all time; and your family will be protected from cold drafts and coal gas and the ill-health and doctor's bills that go with them. Your house will be not only warmer in winter, but cooler in summer—a more comfortable, cozy, and rational habitation.

A penny spent in building a house warm is a dollar saved in heating it afterward, and the untold value in homelike comfort is clear extra gain.

Lined with Cabot's Sheathing "Quilt" for warmth.
Roof stained with Cabot's Shingle Stains. Wilson Eyre, Arch't, Phila.

A full investigation will cost you **1c**—a postal card will bring sample and story. Can you afford to miss it?

SAMUEL CABOT, Sole Manufacturer
139 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Also maker of Cabot's Shingle Stains.
Agents at all Central Points.

Brick Fireplace Mantels

COMFORTABLE.
ARTISTIC. DURABLE. FIRE-PROOF.
ATTRACTIVE.

Our Brick Mantels have all these qualities. Easily set by local masons. When building or remodeling send for our illustrated catalog.

PHILA & BOSTON FACE BRICK CO.
DEPT. NO. 12.
OFFICE & SHOWROOM 165 MILK ST., BOSTON, MASS.

"Now I Want One—Quick!"

"I have just returned from Merwlus at Blue Mountain Lake where I saw your lamps in every room in the hotel," writes Mr. Byron P. Ames, Supt. Ne-Ha-Sa-Ne-Park. "Now I want an Angle Lamp; and I want it Quick! I won't need any 30 days' trial to know it is all right. Just ship the enclosed order at once."

The case of Mr. Ames is the case of the Man who tried on a wager to sell gold dollars at 50c. a piece and failed to make a sale. For Mr. Ames wrote us for our catalog some six months ago. But, because a lighting method is the hardest thing in the world to describe on paper, he simply could not realize what he was loosing in comfort, convenience, and actual cash. So he didn't order until he saw and used The Angle Lamp. Then he couldn't get one quick enough. Now we know that if you could see and use

THE ANGLE LAMP

you too, would "Want one, Quick." **That is why we merely tell you** The Angle Lamp will light your home brilliantly—**probably more** brilliantly than ever before—**but with a quality of light that will cause** your friends to refer to your home as **"the best lighted house in the community"**; that it will prove as clean **and convenient as gas or** electricity and yet save you from ⅓ to ½ **of what your present light** costs; and then we offer to *prove* **these statements to you by sending** any lamp (32 varieties from $1.80 up) listed in **our free catalog "D" on**

30 DAYS' TRIAL.

But whether you are interested in **The Angle Lamp or not you** should send at once for free catalog **"D." Because beside explain**ing the new principles of all lighting employed in this lamp it tells "What is Candle-Power," "Why White Light Causes Blindness," "How to Light Your Home Brightly, Cheaply, and Safely," etc.

ANGLE MFG. CO., Angle Bldg., 159 West 24th St., New York City
Formerly 78 Murray St.

Cook's Linoleum

Printed Inlaid

LINOLEUM was bound to be improved—just as other manufactured things have been improved. Because it *is* the improved, is why COOK'S is trademarked and advertised.

Cook's Inlaid Linoleum is a new process **molded** inlaid. It differs radically from the old inlaid formed by dies. In both, the pattern goes through to the back. But COOK'S is a continuous texture molded in one piece without a joint anywhere; while the old kind is broken by joints everywhere, each color-block being a separate died-out piece. Is there any question which will wear best and longest?—the smooth, solid linoleum, or the kind with joints to open up and catch dirt and scrub water.

Cook's Printed Linoleum shows its superiority first in the hands of the dealer. He finds it pliable, not brittle, like other printed linoleums; he can handle it and lay it without cracking or chipping off. Then it holds its pattern and colors longer, because it is tougher yet not so harsh of surface as other makes. Many bright, beautiful, artistic patterns.

Whether you buy inlaid or printed linoleum, insist on COOK'S. Before you go to the store, *Write for* **"Linoleum Book S,"** with the newest patterns reproduced in colors. Also suggestions of designs suitable for various rooms. **Sent free.**

Cook's Decora for your walls. The original water-proof washable wall cloth that is taking the place of wall paper. *Write for* **"Water-proof Wall Coverings."**

Cook's Table Oilcloth. The most dependable quality made in an endless variety of patterns and colors. *Write for* **"Oilcloth Uses."**

Trenton Oil Cloth & Linoleum Company, Trenton, New Jersey

TRADE MARK

"Porosknit"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

for men. ***It lets your body breathe.*** It floods your body with air through the countless tiny holes in the fabric.

You ***keep*** cool while wearing "Porosknit"; therefore no odor from perspiration or clammy dampness, because it automatically airs the body and dries the fabric at the same time.

"Porosknit" is made of best combed yarns, being soft and elastic with wearing and washing qualities unexcelled.

Ask your dealer to show you "Porosknit". An inspection will convince you.

50c. RETAIL

Look for label "Porosknit" on every garment.

If you can't find "Porosknit" at the store, write us for a free sample of the fabric and our booklet, "INSIDE INFORMATION."

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
12 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

How to Cure a Crooked Collar

The annoyance one suffers when wearing a collar so badly cut or made that it rides *up* at one point and *down* at the other, is best overcome by wearing a collar free from such faults.

ARROW COLLARS

are cut so true to pattern and the parts so accurately stitched together that faults in fit cannot occur. The materials are shrunken *before cutting* both inside and outside plies—by the CLUPECO process used only in Arrow Collar making.

All this accuracy makes possible the quarter size—the collar that fits every man. Ask for the Arrow Collar—200 styles.

15 CENTS EACH; 2 FOR 25 CENTS.

Send for the man's book—"Wash and Wear"—What to wear, when to wear it. Cravats and how to tie them.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 449 RIVER ST., TROY, N.Y.
Makers of the Cluett Shirt—the shirt that fits.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

The Tag and the Shoes—Both Prove

The Regal Specifications Tag proves *before*—Regals themselves prove *afterwards*, in the wearing. And don't mistake this *proof*—it's pretty unusual in both cases, during these days of *high* leather prices and *low* shoe-quality.

The soles of Regal Shoes are genuine Oak-Bark-tanned leather. The upper materials and the expert workmanship that puts them together are the finest that money can secure. We go further than simply *telling* you this is so—we put it down on paper—the tag—and *sign our name.* That *is* proof—and you get it *beforehand.*

New Spring and Summer Issue of the Regal Style Book Free on Request.

Norcross
$4.00

Style 2 P-5—*As Illustrated*—High Shoe, Button Style, Made of Patent Leather.

Style 2 P-6—Same, Except Lace Style. Made of Patent Leather.

1/4 SIZES!

If you do not live near one of the Regal Stores order through the Regal Mail Order Department.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
Mail Order Department:
309 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Mail Order Sub-Stations:—Factory, East Whitman, Mass., Box 903.
London, Eng., 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane.
San Francisco, Cal., Cor. Van Ness Ave. and Bush St., *New Store.*

REGAL SHOES

$3.50 and $4.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN $3.50 and $4.00

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

The Best Watch In Any Case

IS the permanently adjusted Rockford.

Permanent because Rockford parts are perfect, and accurately put together. To prove this every Rockford Watch is tested to run without a hair spring. Adjusting cannot overcome "inside" defects. But there are "outside" influences to overcome. So the hair spring which controls the balance wheel is added and adjusted to counteract the effects of heat and cold, change of position, etc.

Rockford

Time for a Lifetime

Now, since the Watch has been made to run perfectly without a hair spring—this adjustment has to offset "outside" influences only, hence the Rockford adjustment is permanent.

That is why a Rockford Watch keeps time for a lifetime without continual readjusting.

Rockford Watches are made in many styles to suit every need.

If you are not willingly supplied with any type of Rockford Watch, write us and we will see that you get what you want.

Further and complete information sent on request.

Rockford Watch Co.,
Rockford, Ill.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

The Brantford

Button Oxford "Cheral" Patent Colt—Non-Slipping Heels

Florsheim Quality is enduring—Highest-grade leathers and Scientific workmanship make it so.

That's why the FLORSHEIM SHOE costs more, but Style, Comfort and good Service are worth that difference.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most styles sell for $5.00 and $6.00.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"Flexo"
GARTER
FOR MEN
ALWAYS GET THIS PACKAGE
THIS IS A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION
Cannot slip or bind. Keeps the socks tidy. Fresh, new, long-lived elastic.
Price, mercerized, 25c, all colors. Silk cable, 50c.
At leading furnishers, or direct.
A. STEIN & CO., 152 Center Avenue, Chicago.

The first Derby made in America was a C & K

Hats for Men

THE CHANGE

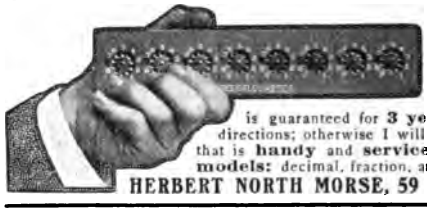
KNAPP-FELT hats are remarkably distinguished in appearance and throughout a long life retain their noticeable elegance of style—the close, firm texture of Knapp-Felt and the steadfast Cronap dye resist hard usage better than any other hat-fabric. Knapp-Felt hats not only wear long—they wear well.

The exquisite Vellum Finish of the Knapp-Felt De Luxe hats marks the highest attainment of intelligent effort in the C & K shop where for fifty years the best hats have been made. Knapp-Felt De Luxe hats are Six Dollars, Knapp-Felt hats are Four Dollars, everywhere.

THE ADJUTANT

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.,
Broadway, corner of 13th Street, New York.



STEEL BRAINS GUARANTEED 3 YEARS

Why let addition, a purely mechanical process, use up grey matter required elsewhere in your business, when

THE CALCUMETER, The Standard Desk Adding Machine

is guaranteed for **3 years** to add with **absolute accuracy,** if used with ordinary care according to directions; otherwise I will repair or replace it free of charge. The only **durable adding machine** that is **handy** and **serviceable.** Thousands in use. **20 Days' Free Trial. $15 to $30. Ten models:** decimal, fraction, architect's, English, India, etc. **Send for catalog 5.**

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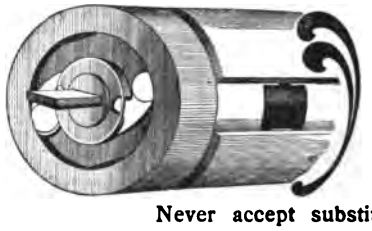


HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

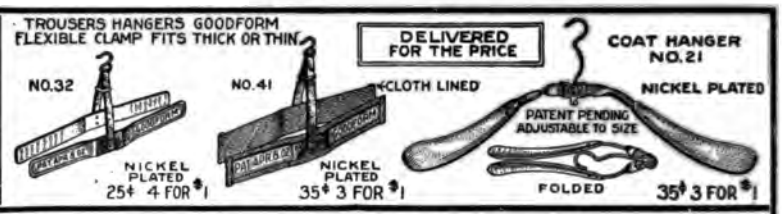
Wood Rollers — Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Get "Improved," no tacks required. — *Tin Rollers*

Stewart Hartshorn

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Many Merchants

have our goods in stock, but you may not readily find them. Send order to us, then you will receive the genuine "Goodform" equipments through the local merchant or from us by prepaid express. **Sold singly or in sets.**



"This Closet is twice as big now!"

Get the Genuine "Goodform"

CONSTRUCTED for you:—to give order, capacity and convenience to the overcrowded closet. How have you done without this so long?

"Goodform" Set for Men $4.50, delivered.
6 Coat Hangers, No. 21, adjustable.
6 Trousers Hangers, No. 41, cloth lined.
1 each Shelf Bar and Door Loop.
1 Shoe Rail, No. 27.
Each set in separate box.

"Goodform" Set for Ladies $3.00, delivered.
6 Coat Hangers, No. 21, adjustable.
6 Skirt Hangers, adjustable.
1 each Shelf Bar and Door Loop.
1 Shoe Rail, No. 27.
Sample Skirt Hanger by mail, 15 cents.

Good garments need good care or money is lost. The new skirt is held in form by our method. Shoulders of coats are reformed every time they are hung up. Trousers are creased just right. Booklet FREE. Merchants keep the goods. Ask for "Goodform" and be sure you get it.

CHICAGO FORM COMPANY, 905 Garden City Block, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Best for the eyes and the most economical.

Don't fall off and break the lenses.

Any broken part of **mountings replaced free** within one year by any optician in the United States.

Ask your optician. Shapes to fit any nose. Write for free book.

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Established 1864. Rochester, N. Y.

WHEN THE WEATHER IS WARM
LOOSE FITTING

B.V.D.

Trade Mark. Registered U. S. Patent Office.

Coat Cut Undershirts

and

Knee Length Drawers

will keep you *cool* and comfortable,

50c., $1.00 and $1.50
a garment.

Identified by B. V. D. Label, which consists of white letters B. V. D. on a red woven background. Accept no imitations. Look for the label.

Purchase B. V. D. Underwear through your dealer. If your dealer will not procure B. V. D. Underwear for you, send us the price of the garments desired, with your waist and chest measurements (in inches), and we will fill direct a sample order for you, postpaid.

Illustrated seven-color booklet, descriptive of B. V. D. Underwear, sent free upon request.

ERLANC ... OTHERS,
Dept. E, 1 ... urch Streets
New Y... City

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Easy Tying Cravats

It is almost impossible to tie a *poor* Cravat and obtain a graceful and effective knot. The fault lies not alone in the fabric, but also in the shape of the Cravat.

KEISER CRAVATS

overcome these faults. Being made of the better cravat silks, with neck bands and ends properly proportioned, Keiser Cravats almost tie themselves—they slip into shape so easily. Keiser Cravats bear the guarantee label—look for it.

Keiser-Barathea staples in black, white, plain colors and figures—also white or black for evening dress.

An illustrated book—"The Cravat"—on the ethics of Correct Dress, sent anywhere on receipt of six cents in stamps.

JAMES R. KEISER,
WHOLESALE ONLY
10-16 W. 20th St., New York.

TRADE MARK
LITHOLIN
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Cleaned Instantly

With a *wipe*, not a wash, and are as good as new. Money, time and trouble saved.

Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs.

Not celluloid, not rubber. They realize the dream of the economist and the well dressed man. Never wilt nor crack. Cost little but save much. In all the latest styles.

Collars, 25c. each. Cuffs, per pair, 50c.

If not in stock at your shirt store, remit to us, stating size, style, and how many, and we will mail to your address, postpaid.

Catalogue, with cuts of styles, sent free on request.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY,
17 Waverly Place, - New York.

President Suspenders

You can move more freely in PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS than in yours. The greater comfort afforded by PRESIDENTS is due to the quick-sliding back. Raise one shoulder & the back slides—straighten & the back readjusts—your trousers stay smooth. PRESIDENTS rest so lightly you cant feel them.

The sliding back also lessens the severe stretch & strain—that's why PRESIDENTS are the strongest easy & easiest strong suspenders.

Dont take a salesman's prediction that you wont like PRESIDENTS. It costs nothing to judge for yourself. You cant get PRESIDENTS at your home store buy of us by mail. After 3 days wear return for your money if unsatisfactory.

50 cents a pair

Light, Medium & Heavy Weights Extra Long for big men. Small sizes for youths & boys.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., 513 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Are Your Sox Insured?

"That's the second pair of sox I've gone through inside of a week. No matter what I pay for them, they seem to wear out just as quickly. Guess I'll have to start wearing leather stockings."

Small wonder our friend is disgusted. He has a right to expect value and comfort for his money.

And he would get it, too, if he only knew of Holeproof Hosiery.

By a new process of combining certain yarns, we are able to manufacture hose which are not only most comfortable and attractive in appearance, but which we guarantee *to wear six months without holes.*

OUR GUARANTEE:

"We guarantee to any purchaser of Holeproof Sox or Holeproof Stockings that they will need no darning for 6 months. If they should, we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within 6 months from date of sale to wearer."

You pay no more for them than the ordinary kind, but get five to ten times longer service.

Holeproof Hosiery

Guaranteed to Wear for Six Months Without Holes

Men's Holeproof Sox

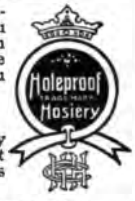
Fast colors — Black; Tan (light or dark); Pearl and Navy Blue. Sizes 9 to 12. Egyptian Cotton (medium or light weight) sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—6 months' guarantee ticket with each pair. Per box of six pairs **$2.00**

Women's Holeproof Stockings

Fast colors — Black; Tan. Sizes 8 to 11. Extra reinforced garter tops. Egyptian Cotton, sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired — six months' guarantee with each pair. Per box of six pairs..... **$2.00**

How To Order

Most good dealers sell Holeproof Hosiery. If your's doesn't, we'll supply you direct, shipping charges prepaid upon receipt of price. Look for our trade mark—don't let any dealer deceive you with inferior goods.



Write for Free Booklet

If you want to know how to do away with darning and discomfort, read what delighted wearers say. The booklet is free for the asking.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
606 Fowler Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin

COOPER'S Spring Needle UNDERWEAR

is in a class by itself. It is original, exclusive, unlike any other. It has imitators galore; competitors none.

Cooper's Underwear has, aside from its great durability, a peculiar elasticity, which is the source of the utmost comfort and satisfaction.

It has "the stretch that goes back."

The wonderful Spring Needle fabric is the foundation of the Cooper superiority. This fabric is exclusively knitted on machines of our own invention and manufacture, and the SECRET of its remarkable elasticity and durability is KNOWN ONLY TO US.

You should wear Cooper's. It is the underwear of character and quality.

Every genuine Cooper garment bears this TRADE MARK

Made in union and two-piece suits in all the various sizes, weights and colors—silkateen cotton and wool.

For Sale by best dealers

Manufactured by

COOPER MFG. CO.
BENNINGTON, VERMONT

Do You Want to Hear

the conversation of your friends—music—singing? Are you "hard of hearing" and denied these pleasures? If you are not totally deaf—nor born deaf—your hopes may revive, because relief is at hand. The Way Ear Drums (which I invented and protect by patents in the U. S., also in foreign countries), gave me perfect hearing after 25 years of deafness. They will help you. If you have tried other ear drums without success, do not infer that mine will also fail. Way Ear Drums are entirely different from any other on the market. They are invisible, do not hurt, will not collapse in the ear and are so sensitive that they catch the faintest sounds. Easily applied. Write me today. **GEO. P. WAY**, 408 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

STAR SAFETY CORN RAZOR

made from the finest quality of razor steel with a neat black handle, by the best surgical instrument mechanics, simple in construction, safe in use, gives instant relief. Price, $1.00 each. Sold by all dealers or sent by Kampfe Bros., 6 Reade Street, N. Y. C., on receipt of price.

Stallman's Dresser Trunk

Easy to get at everything without disturbing anything. No fatigue in packing and unpacking. Light, strong, roomy drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand-riveted; strongest trunk made. In small room serves as chiffonier. C.O.D. with privilege of examination.

2c. stamp for Catalog.

F. A. STALLMAN, 53 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

WHENEVER you see a "Knox Sailor" you will see a woman of accurate taste underneath it. She who wears a

KNOX
SAILOR

may not be beautiful, but she is sure to be correctly and becomingly attired.

Said a woman of fashion, "One often gives much time and thought to gowns that are not always successful, but when I get my Knox Sailor I know I can wear it on every appropriate occasion with a sense of security and satisfaction that nothing else affords."

New York Salesrooms and Agency Department in the Knox Building, 452 Fifth Avenue, Corner 40th Street.

KNOX NEW YORK.

LOFTIS SYSTEM **Diamonds** on Credit

YOU CAN EASILY OWN A DIAMOND OR WATCH, or present one as a gift to some loved one. We send on approval whatever you select from our beautiful catalog. If pleased, pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 monthly payments. Written guarantee given. We make $5 or $10 do the work of $50. A Diamond is a good investment. It increases in value 10 to 20% annually. Catalog free. Write to-day

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Estd 1858 | Old Reliable Original Diamond and Watch Credit House | Dept. D-32 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.

A PEN THAT CAN'T LEAK — SOLD ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL

Money spent for a screw joint pen is wasted—get the "HICKS-SACKETT" Fountain Pen, which can't ooze ink when you write because the barrel is all one piece. Feed stem extending entire length of barrel does away with shaking to start flow. It's always ready for use and is always clean and dry. Can you say this of any other pen?—we think not.

Send us $2.50 for handsomely chased hard rubber barrel with 14 Kt. solid gold point. Try it for 30 days; test and compare it in any way you see fit with other pens—if dissatisfied, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. We have confidence it will satisfy. Write for our free illustrated booklet.

SUTTON PEN CO., (Sole Agents,) 17 William St., New York.

Agents are invited to write for our interesting proposition.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Spring Styles in

MICHAELS-STERN FINE CLOTHING

in all the new fabrics are now ready for your examination and "try-on" at the stores of the leading retailers in nearly every city in the Union. If you want garments of advanced style, artistically tailored and perfectly fitting, ask your clothier for MICHAELS-STERN

Spring Suits and Overcoats
$12, $15, $18, $20, $25 and upwards.

Write today for booklet "K" "Styles from Life," the authoritative guide to correct dress and etiquette for men. It's FREE.

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.
Manufacturers
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

It's on all Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing and identifies it

BEST & CO

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

CHILDREN'S OUTFITTING.

We furnish every article of children's attire in the newest fashions, correct fit, dependable materials, from a stock unequalled in diversity, originality and completeness.

Our new, illustrated catalogue of children's outfitting makes shopping by mail entirely satisfactory—our reliability makes it safe—the easy directions for home measurements make it convenient.

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will be sent for 4 cts. to cover postage.
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We have no branch stores—no agents.

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WE will teach you by mail the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance Business and appoint you

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of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Its representatives are making $3,000 to $10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can make money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. Our co-operative department will give you more choice, salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. A THOROUGH COMMERCIAL LAW COURSE FREE TO EACH REPRESENTATIVE. Write for 62-page book Free.

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The original real estate school—no connection with any other concern of similar name.

"THE ENGRAVING WAS BY PEACOCK—CHICAGO"

WEDDING INVITATIONS ANNOUNCEMENTS

Engraved Copper Plate with name in the most approved Script style, and one hundred Visiting Cards $1.50

"At Home," Reception and Church Cards of the Higher Character.

Free Samples sent promptly **C. D. PEACOCK** Jewelers, etc. Dept. 10. EST. 1837. CHICAGO

This ELEGANT Watch $3.75

Before you buy a watch send your name, post office and express address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome

WATCH AND CHAIN C. O. D. $3.75

Double hunting case beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with a richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper, with long Gold plated chain for Gents, vest chain for Ladies.

IF YOU CONSIDER IT EQUAL TO ANY $35.00 GOLD FILLED WATCH pay the express agent $3.75 and it is yours. Our $5.00 guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Gents or Ladies' size. Address

M. C. FARBER, E 21, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

MEN...

BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDE...

Unsettled Weather

of Spring months, with its raw chill winds, is especially hard on delicate complexions, unless protected and kept soft and clear by daily use of

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum POWDER

A delightful healing and soothing toilet necessity, containing none of the risky chemicals found in cheap toilet powders imitating Mennen's. Just get the habit of using Mennen's every day of the year, after shaving and after bathing.

Put up in **non-refillable boxes**, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's **genuine** and a guarantee of **purity.** Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

SAMPLE FREE

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

AND INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE

Velvet Grip

Sample Pair, Mercerized 25c. Silk 50c. Mailed on Receipt of Price.

CUSHION BUTTON

HOSE SUPPORTER

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

OVER TWO HUNDRED STYLES WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

LOOK FOR THE NAME AND THE MOULDED RUBBER BUTTON

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

THE INTERNATIO... DENTIFRICE

Strong's Arni... Tooth So... p

Antiseptic. Whitens, beautifies the teeth, aids in preventing decay—saves dentists' bills. Makes breath sweet. A popular dentifrice for a third of a century.

The metal package is most convenient for travel. Economical. No liquid or powder to spill or waste.

25 cents at all druggists. Sent postpaid, if yours hasn't it.

Requirements of Food and Drug Act complied with.

Strong's Arnica Jelly

Makes skin smooth, soft, beautiful. Gives clear complexion.

The collapsible metal tube is convenient and unbreakable. If your dealer hasn't it, send to us. Sent postpaid for 25 cents.

Requirements of Food and Drug Act complied with.

C. H. Strong & Co. Chicago, I...

DUPONT BRUSHES

Made of the best "bristles" and "backs" procurable — put together by the most skilled labor, in an absolutely clean and sanitary factory — the largest and most complete in the world.

DUPONT BRUSHES outlast several ordinary brushes — but cost no more

Hundreds of styles in all woods, REAL EBONY, bone, pearl, ivory — for hair, teeth, face, hands, clothes, etc. If not at your dealer's, kindly write us and we will see that you are supplied.

FREE BOOKLET

explaining how to select and take care of Brushes, etc., sent on receipt of your name and dealers.

E. DUPONT & CO.,
PARIS, BEAUVAIS, LONDON
New York Office, 26-28 Washington Place

A SINGLE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU BETTER THAN OUR WORDS OF PRAISE AS TO THE MANY POINTS OF MERIT WHICH OUR FAMOUS LINE OF MEN'S SOCKS ARE MOST HONORABLY ENTITLED TO AND HAVE.

Shawknit TRADE MARK. SOCKS

The STANDARD for nearly thirty years always stamped on toe this mark Shawknit

SOLD BY DEALERS

If not procurable from yours let us send you 6 assorted pairs on trial; **6 pairs** for **$1.50**, delivery charges paid to any part of U. S. upon receipt of price, or 25c. per single pair.

Style 19s9 —Famous Snowblack, will not crock or fade.
" **3S8** —Rich Navy Blue.
" **5P1** —Pure White Inside, Black and White Clerical Mixture Outside.
" **D9** —Navy Blue Ground with Fine Bleached White Hair Line Stripes.
" **19F20** —Black Ground with Neat Embroidered Figures in Cardinal Silks.
" **38F30** —Navy Blue Ground with Neat Embroidered Figures in Light Blue Silks.

When you order direct, state size

Our free catalogue cost us a whole lot of money and we want you to have one. It is very attractive and useful. Beautifully colored and replete with styles, prices, and information. Your name on a postal will bring it.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Smith St., Lowell, Mass.

A Distinctly New Style

For Business or Negligee Wear
For the Tuxedo or Dinner Coat

PENNSY 2¼ IN.

DARTMOUTH 2 IN.

This is a new style in two heights, first introduced by us last fall, and now approved by men of discriminating taste in wearing apparel. Worn with the wide bow shown in the illustration, it has a decidedly new and pleasing effect.

Corliss-Coon Collars make the most "trips to the laundry" because no detail of construction is slighted that will give them stamina. Regular and quarter sizes. 2 for 25c.

At leading furnishers, or if not willingly supplied, order from us by mail. Style book free.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. A, Troy, N. Y.

New Wrinkles in Clothes

AREN'T these clothes "the *stylish* duds?"
Wouldn't I be a credit to a fashion show?
"New wrinkles" I was looking for.
And I've found 'em—by the dozen.

A week ago—when my suit was new—it looked as well as the best.

But yesterday the weather was damp.

And today—you see me.

Fine sight—isn't it?

Went into my clothier's this morning and asked him what he could do.

And he said—"Nothing!"

So—I went across the street and saw some Kaufman Garments—$15.00 to $18.00—guaranteed.

And here are some of the things they are guaranteed for
—up-to-date fabric patterns.
—up-to-the-minute, design—cut—fit—finish
—and
—*shape permanence.*

Of course the fabric patterns are easy.

For this "exclusive pattern" talk of some clothes-makers is—just talk and nothing more.

All clothes-makers buy from the same mills. And all weavers make up the same patterns in different grades of fabric the same season.

So—low priced or high-priced—you get the same fabric effects—checks, stripes, or plain goods—no matter what you pay for your clothes.

As for designs—cut, fit and finish—these are all after the same fashion plates each season.

And all clothes makers give you the same styles.

But the "*shape permanence!*"

That is quite another matter.

For all fabric fibres are elastic and wool is particularly so. It will *shrink.*

And unless this "*shrink tendency*" can be overcome somewhere between the sheep's back and your back, why, it will surely show up in your clothes and make trouble.

Clothes made from fabrics that are not thoroughly shrunk *in advance* are sure to "wrinkle"—or "pucker"—or "hump"—or "bulge"—or "draw in"—on the very first damp day.

No matter what clothes makers *tell* you—no matter what they *claim*—no matter what they *print*—unless the "shrink tendency" is taken out of the cloth *beforehand*, your clothes will look—as mine do now—like a comic valentine.

Spinners won't shrink their yarn, because they sell it by the pound and shrinkage means loss of weight.

Weavers won't shrink their cloth because they sell by the yard and shrinkage means loss of length.

So—it is "up to the clothes makers" to shrink the fabrics.

They know this and do their best but "their best" isn't always very good, and—sometimes—it is pretty poor—as in case of the clothes I have on.

But the Kaufmans use a *special* shrinking process.

Every bolt of cloth that comes to the great Kaufman Tailoring Establishment is treated with what is known as The Kaufman "*Pre-Shrinking*" Process.

And this takes every bit of the "shrink tendency" out of the fabric before it is made up into Kaufman Garments.

This is why Kaufman Garments—at $15.00 to $18.00—always hold their shape.

This is why wearers of Kaufman Garments always look well—are always "stylishly" dressed.

Kaufman Garments wear better because *Pre-Shrunk* fabrics do not "wrinkle," "chafe" nor "get thin" in odd corners.

But only the Kaufmans can give you this assurance.

Other clothes makers cannot give you "*shape permanence*"—at any price—no matter what they say—because they are not allowed to use the only process that takes all the "shrink tendency" out of cloth.

The Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process is owned and controlled by the Kaufmans and they will not allow its use outside their own big tailoring establishment.

Of course shrinkage means loss to the Kaufmans, but they want your trade, so are content with small profits and give you for $15.00 and $18.00 as nobby fabric patterns and fine original style as other clothes makers give—and then—the *shape permanence* which others cannot give—no matter how much they charge.

Why should you pay $35.00 or more for *uncertain shape* in clothes, when you get *shape-certainty* for less money?

If you would look well dressed—in clothes that hold their shape—save your pocketbook—and gain the approval of your own sound good sense—the mark to look for is—

This Garment Made and Guaranteed by
Chas. Kaufman & Bros.
CHICAGO

Dealers in Kaufman Garments have on exhibition unfinished Kaufman Coats, showing just how they are built up, shaped and fitted.

"The Well Dressed Man in 1907" is shown in the new Kaufman Style Book. Ask Kaufman dealers for it.
Or—write to Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago.

Kaufman Garments $15. to $18.

Wachusett SHIRTS

speak for themselves. Our words will not do them justice—they must be **worn** to be appreciated.

Wachusett Dress Shirts

conform in fit, style and fabric to the most exacting demands of Fashion. They are worn wherever faultless evening dress is required, and particular men pronounce them the finest made.

Ask your dealer for "Wachusett" make. Booklet free.

Wachusett Shirt Co.,
Factory 2
Leominster, Mass.

Manufacturers of White, Negligee, Fancy Shirts and Night Robes.

REVERSIBLE
Linene
Collars and Cuffs

Have You Worn Them?

Not "celluloid"—not "paper collars"—; but made of fine cloth, exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. Price at the stores 25 cts. for box of ten. (2½ cts. each).

No Washing or Ironing

When soiled, discard. By mail 10 collars or 5 pairs of cuffs 30 cts. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cts. in U. S. Stamps. Give size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. 10, BOSTON, MASS.

MAN WANTED

who after he has been properly fitted with **Common Sense Suspenders** will wear any other kind

Do not slide from the shoulders. Very easy. Long, medium, and short lengths. Latest invisible Drawers support.

[Send dealer's name]

Price 50c. { At all stores or by mail postpaid

COMMON SENSE SUSPENDER CO. { New York Office, 31 W. Union Sq. Factory, Morristown, N. J.

DEAFNESS

"The Morley 'Phone"

A miniature **Telephone for the Ear,** invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. **There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited.**

Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. B
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This AutoStrop Razor will do quickly, exactly what a razor should,—**shave you perfectly;** that means clean, without effort or science, and most essential, leave no rough or irritating feeling of the skin.

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Because every razor blade progressively dulls with use. It is the dull blade which refuses to cut the beard and also makes the skin smart. Mr. Shaver, you know this to be true with all other razors;—that you must then throw the used blade away; and this even in the midst of a shave.

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The stropper is a part of the frame itself, and is conveniently brought into action as quick as a flash. The illustration shows how easily, without removing any part, a perfect cutting edge is renewed on a used blade (by simply moving back and forth four or five times) requiring no science, no thought, and but a momentary effort.

Convince yourself; we will send you (express prepaid) a silver plated AutoStrop Safety Razor, complete in fine leather case with strop and **12 always sharp AutoStrop blades,** on receipt of the price $5.00 (by comparison worth at least double) or—if you prefer, send us your dealer's name, and we will forward it through him.

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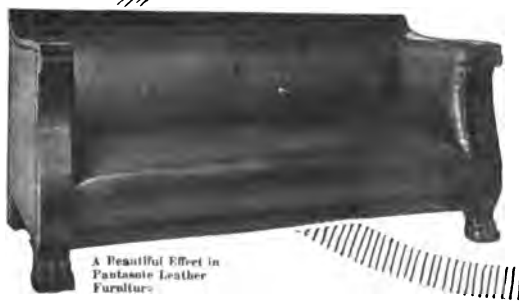

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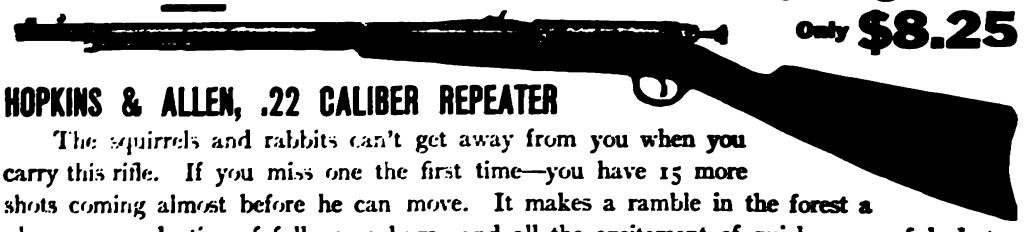

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But Americans are discriminating once given a chance to compare qualities. And Americans are rapidly finding out what Europeans have known for a long time—that a Russian cigaret of quality is the only one in the world worth the attention of connoisseurs. The Russians lead the world in quality and quantity of cigaret manufacture.

Makároff cigarets are blended by Russians, the only real artists at cigaret blending;—men whose traditions in the art are as fine, and high, and old, as those of the wine makers of France.

The Makároff Company of America was organized by a few friends—long importers of the best Russian cigarets for their own use—to avoid the difficulties and expense of importation for these friends and their friends.

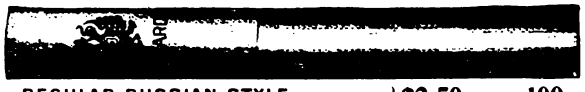
This is a personal business—a connoisseur's business—and will be kept so.

The business has extended gradually, however, far beyond its original scope. For a long time we dealt exclusively with consumers direct, sending them the cigarets by mail in boxes of one hundred, beautifully packed in cedar.

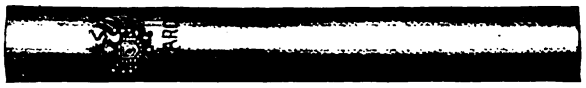
The demand for smaller packages and wider distribution became such that we felt impelled to meet it. Gradually, therefore, the goods are being given to dealers in boxes of ten, at 15, 20 and 25 cents per box. Each grade is made both with and without the distinctive Russian mouthpiece.

Not all dealers have them—but the highest class stores in all cities are being supplied as rapidly as we can reach them, with a necessarily limited output—limited because workmen to make these cigarets are not to be picked up casually in America.

If you do not find Makároffs at your dealer's, send me $2.50 for a hundred made up with or without mouthpiece as you prefer. Smoke them—and if they are not better than you imagined cigarets could be—say so, and your money will be instantly returned—without asking the return of any cigarets. Fair, isn't it? All I ask is a fair trial, at my risk.



REGULAR RUSSIAN STYLE, ROUND, WITH HOLLOW MOUTHPIECE } $2.50 per 100



SPECIAL STYLE, FLAT SHAPE, WITHOUT MOUTHPIECE } $2.50 per 100

G. Nelson Douglas

Special to Dealers:—If you are a dealer with a high-class trade, it will pay you to write me about these goods. The supply is positively limited.

MAKÁROFF COMPANY OF AMERICA,
(G. NELSON DOUGLAS)
Suite 157, 95 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

You would not accept counterfeit money, why accept counterfeit goods

Good money is made by the government in which you have implicit faith and confidence. Good goods are made by manufacturers who are willing to stake their reputation on the quality of the material offered to you through the medium of their advertisements in this magazine. Counterfeit goods are not advertised. The reason for it is, they will not bear close scrutiny to which genuine advertised goods are subjected. Counterfeit money pays more profit to the counterfeiter. Counterfeit goods are offered to you for the same reason.

Insist on the genuine Reject the counterfeit

What makes every kind of roof leak except Genasco Ready Roofing?

SHINGLES? Dampness rots them; or they warp and split.

TIN? Moisture (whether rain or snow or just dampness) rusts holes in it.

COAL-TAR? Sun and air dry it out; make it brittle; and it cracks.

Every kind of roof but Genasco gets leaky.

Why doesn't Genasco leak?

Genasco Ready Roofing is made of natural asphalt, the only thoroughly weather-proof material known. Sun and air cannot dry it out; dampness, rain, or snow cannot rust or rot it. It lives as long as your building.

Weather-proof is water-proof.

Ask your dealer for Genasco. But write anyway for Book O, which gives facts and convincing reasons, and shows the Eighth Wonder of the World, the famous Trinidad Lake of Asphalt.

THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

Largest producers of asphalt in the world.

PHILADELPHIA

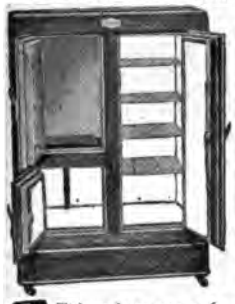
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

The Varnish that lasts longest

Made by Murphy Varnish Company.

Leonard Cleanable Porcelain Lined Refrigerators



This style 33 x 21 x 46. Polished Oak, Round Corners, Quarter Sawed Panels
$30.00

EXCEL ALL OTHERS

The porcelain lining is real porcelain fused on sheet steel and indestructible. This means a sweet, clean refrigerator at all times. The doors are air-tight, which prevents sweat and mould.

Ordinary refrigerator doors lock in one place only. The Leonard door lock (see cut) draws the door air-tight against the door frame and locks it top, sides and bottom so that the air cannot get in around the edges.

YOUR ICE BILLS CUT IN HALF

There are nine walls to preserve the ice (see cut below). The price is ⅓ less than tile lining and the refrigerator is better. For sale by the best dealers or shipped direct from the factory. Thirty days' trial. Freight prepaid as far as the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. Beware of imitations made of white paint. **Write for free sample of porcelain lining and catalog showing 30 other styles.**

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO.,
12 Ottawa Street, - Grand Rapids, Mich.

Nine Walls of Leonard Cleanable Refrigerators

LET ME SEND YOU THE "IDEAL" STEAM COOKER COOK BOOK FREE.

This book literally bristles with prize winning and tested baking and cooking recipes; how to select and prepare meats, fish and fowl, and a hundred valuable hints to housewives. I'll send you a copy free if you write today, because I want to tell you about the wonders of the

IDEAL COMBINATION STEAM COOKER AND BAKER

the modern device that is revolutionizing cooking methods the world over. You simply have no idea what a change you can bring about in palatable cooking, time, labor and fuel saving by the use of our Ideal Steam Cooker until you read this book.

The Ideal comes in both round and square shapes—both have WHISTLES to warn when water is needed. Prices **$2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.50** up. Cooks a whole meal for the whole family, meats, vegetables, custards, everything over one burner of any stove. No watching, no basting; nothing overdone or underdone. Holds 12 one-quart jars for canning fruit. YOUR DEALER SHOULD SELL THEM. If he doesn't we'll supply you direct.

Send for cook book anyway, today.

THE TOLEDO COOKER CO., Desk I 9, TOLEDO, OHIO.
County, State and General Agents Wanted.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

Oven Thermometer

Send Postal for Catalog No. 173.

We save you $5 to $40 on a Kalamazoo stove or range, shipped prepaid, direct from factory at lowest factory price. Over 250 styles and sizes, each as good as can be made, all blackened, polished and ready for use. No trouble to set up. We are actual manufacturers, not merely mail order dealers. You pay only **one** profit. No Middlemen,—Jobbers, Dealers, Agents or Salesmen,—get any part of the price you pay for a "**Kalamazoo.**" Our 360 Days' Approval Test is backed by a $20,000 bank bond. More than 60,000 satisfied customers in 14,000 towns have saved money on our 30 Day Free Trial Direct-from-Factory Selling Plan. Some are in your town. Shall we send you their names?

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS—NOT DEALERS. Kalamazoo, Mich.

ALL OUR RANGES AND COOK STOVES ARE FITTED WITH PATENT OVEN THERM... ...SAVES FUEL—MAKES BAKING EASY.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ... for.

Know Paint —before you Paint

PAINT, to give right results, must be purchased and put on intelligently. You must have a *good painter*—there is no quality in paint that will replace *his* skilled knowledge—experienced judgment. But the *quality* of paint used is a vitally important consideration to your purse and your pride.

You want the paint that has the greatest covering power, spreading capacity, beauty, wearing quality. In meeting all these requirements—

Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Paint

Gives Best Results

It is the paint for you to use, whether the contemplated job is a small or a large one, however experienced may be your painter. "*High Standard*" *Liquid Paint* is made of the materials that thirty years of go-ahead paint-making and earnest search after the real paint truth have proved to us to be the best. It contains nothing that does not need to be in paint for actual working purposes. It *does* contain the necessary materials to give it body, life, elasticity, beauty and wear-resisting qualities.

Mixed and ground by the "*High Standard*" Machine Process which insures the finest paint texture—the most thorough mixing of pigment with oil. "*High Standard*" *Paint* has been proven by actual test to cover thirty to fifty per cent more square feet to the gallon than white lead and oil, and lasts from two to three years longer.

Because of these qualities, it is acknowledged to be the most economical. Other famous Lowe Brothers' products are Vernicol Enamel White, for bathrooms and finest finished surfaces, and "Little Blue Flag" Varnish—the world's best.

Write today for the book, "Paint and Painting"—a whole library on the paint question—and name of the dealer nearest you handling "*High Standard*" *Paint.*

"The Little Blue Flag"

—Your Protection

The Lowe Brothers Company, 450-456 Third St., East, Dayton, O.

New York Chicago Paintmakers, Varnishmakers, Kansas City

The Perfect TOILET PAPER

The exceptional strength and softness, combined with the perfect antiseptic qualities of aromatic Canada Balsam, make

Balsam Sanitissue

the perfect toilet paper. In sheets and rolls. Wrapped in parchment, in sealed cartons. 25 sheets free. $1 worth sent prepaid anywhere.

SCOTT PAPER CO., 515 GLENWOOD AVE., PHILA., PA.

We have a special proposition for office buildings and public places, saving 20 per cent. to 40 per cent.

"The Star" Asbestos Pad For Dining Tables

THE only protection to the most highly polished surface against injury from moisture and hot dishes.

Easy to handle: MADE TO FOLD to convenient size to lay away in drawer when not in use. Made of specially prepared asbestos, covered with double-faced Cotton Flannel to make it soft and noiseless. Made to order for any size table. Leaves for extension if required.

Doily, Chafing-dish and Platter Mats of same material for tables when cloth is not used—round, square, or oblong, 5 to 18 inches in size.

Write for descriptive booklet

L. W. KERNEY & CO., 249 W. 62d St, Chicago, Ill.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

STEREOPTICONS

You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE

comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** and special offer fully explains everything. **Sent Free.**

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Liquid Granite

is the logical VARNISH for perfection and durability.

No matter the temperature or the amount of humidity in the atmosphere, **Liquid Granite** will always give satisfactory results indoors and out.

When used on floors, ceilings, panels, bathrooms, oil-cloths, linoleums, piazzas, steps, wherever a *varnish* is required, **Liquid Granite** will be found easy to apply and ever a gratifying beautifier.

Put up only in cans of convenient size from 1-2 pint to 5 gallons.

Send for samples of Finished Woods and information on Wood Finishing and Home Varnishing,—
FREE ON REQUEST

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

If you cannot get what you ask for, write to us.

Insist on this Can and Label.

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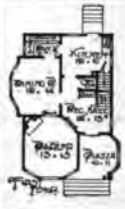
This house has been built over 2,000 times in all parts of the world for $1,200.00 and upwards complete.



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with leather wheels when used with FAULTLESS PIVOT bearing sockets are a success. Particularly adapted for Hard Wood Floors. Indispensable for Hospitals, Hotels and Private Homes. Ask your dealer, or write us for catalogue E.

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Send for Lathe Catalogue and Prices.

F. & JOHN BARNES CO.
uby St., Rockford, Ill.

Economy in Building Construction

When you build—whether it be a small cottage or the largest hotel—*use Sackett Plaster Boards instead of lath.* You will *save time in construction*, your walls will be more *fire-proof*, the plaster *will not fall*, there will be *little* or *no warp to the trim*, and the *cost will be decreased.*

Sackett Plaster Boards come in sheets or slabs 32 x 36 inches ready to be nailed direct to the studding, furring or beams, presenting a smooth continuous surface to which is applied the finishing plaster to complete the wall, as shown above. The saving in labor makes the improvement not only superior to, but less costly than the antiquated lath and plaster construction.

Sackett Plaster Boards are *not* an experiment. Their value has been proved in *sixteen years of use* where the supply has never yet caught up with the demand. They are used in the greatest hotels in the country, in theatres, apartment houses, churches and residences.

Sackett Plaster Board is an efficient and economical fire-proofing between floors and for protecting exposed wooden surfaces. It is also used extensively instead of lumber as outside sheathing under weather boards.

Carried in stock by *up-to-date building material dealers* everywhere.

Illustrated **Booklet** regarding this construction, showing buildings all over the country where it has been used successfully and economically, with **Samples,** mailed free on request to any of the following General Distributers.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM CO. | **GRAND RAPIDS PLASTER CO.**
CHICAGO CLEVELAND MINNEAPOLIS | GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

SACKETT PLASTER BOARD COMPANY, 17 BATTERY PL. N.Y. CITY

Perfect Paint for Every Purpose

FASHION NOTE

The most popular house colors for 1907 will be "Acme Quality" Copper Brown and "Acme Quality" Copper Verde. The first for the body of the house, the second for the trimmings.

Think of every conceivable use, indoors or out, to which it is possible to put paint or varnish, stain or enamel; then for *each one* of these uses picture a perfect finish that has been especially prepared by an expert for *that particular use,* and you have an idea of what stands behind the "Acme Quality" trademark.

And by asking for "Acme Quality" kind, and seeing the trademark on label, it is for the first time possible for you—wherever you live or whatever your experience—to be *absolutely sure* of getting the Perfect Paints for All Purposes.

Your needs cannot be too unusual or too remote, for the "Acme Quality" line includes *everything that goes on with a brush.* And the more exacting the results you seek, the more strongly will "Acme Quality" superiority appeal to you.

A Wonderful Paint Book Free

If you have anything to paint, or wish to answer any paint question, get a copy of "The Selection and Use of Paints and Finishes" and be guided by the experience of practical men who give you the benefit of their work in this, the greatest paint book ever printed.

It is invaluable to painter, housewife, property owner. Tells exactly how to proceed to finish anything of wood or metal, old or new; so simple that you can't go wrong.

Address Dept. D
ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Mich.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Roofing Tin versus *Heavy* Roofing Materials

TO PROVIDE the required support which all heavy roofing materials such as slate, tile, slag and composition roofs require, very heavy and substantial roof construction is necessary. This is a heavy expense which is unnecessary when Roofing Tin is used.

In our experience we have found that Roofing Tin not only provides equal but superior protection, while the cost of construction is naturally far less for the reason that Roofing Tin is so light there is but little roof stress and very simple construction will afford all the support it requires. Therefore, this means a great saving in cost of building construction and should be carefully considered before the final decision is made.

In time of conflagration or earthquake it is found that buildings roofed with Tin will, naturally, withstand the onslaught of the flames or the jar of the earthquake far longer than any other.

Heavy roofs soon give way and crush all beneath, while a roof covered with Tin, even with the supports removed, has many times been known to suspend itself and remain intact, thereby greatly helping the fighting of the fire by smothering the flames.

Such features as these cannot help but interest the far-seeing architect or property owner and we will gladly send more detailed information along these lines if you will write to our President, Edwin L. Seabrook, 2213 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

National Association of Master Sheet Metal Workers

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Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

"Paint" is an elastic word—it covers many different things

Suppose there were no such word as "paint"—no general term for all the preparations now classified as "paint."

Suppose that every can, keg and pail, instead of being labeled "So-and-so's Paint," had to be marked barytes, gypsum, silica, whiting or white lead, according to the actual contents, wouldn't there be more of Pure White Lead and less of the substitutes sold?

It is so easy to persuade one that "paint is paint"—that all paint is about the same thing. It isn't. There's a wide difference in paint. The Dutch Boy trade mark shown below, found on a keg, is an absolute guarantee of Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process—the standard paint material.

So many names and brands are mere *identification* marks—they don't guarantee *what is in the paint.* If you want to buy Pure White Lead and if a dealer wants to sell Pure White Lead, this trade mark makes it safe and sure. This trade mark does not stand for a new brand. It is a new guaranty on our *old, time-tested* brands. All first-class dealers have our White Lead. Look for the Boy.

We Have Published a Book

It is handsomely printed, and illustrated by the celebrated artist, Henry Hutt. It is full of practical suggestions and helps to the intelligent use of paint. We will gladly mail a *de luxe* copy to anyone interested in paint—a postal card request will answer.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

in whichever of the following cities is nearest you:

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.) Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)

All our white lead packed in 1907 bears this trade mark.

Using Pure White Lead does not necessarily mean painting white, as white lead may be colored as desired.

There's Nothing to Fear From the Elements

when your roof is covered with

32 POUNDS COATING

ROOFING TIN

In case of fire from without it does not ignite; from within, it soon smothers the flames; wind cannot get under; rain cannot beat through; a snow load—the worst of all pressures—creates no damage, while freezing and hail will not crack or destroy this superior commodity.

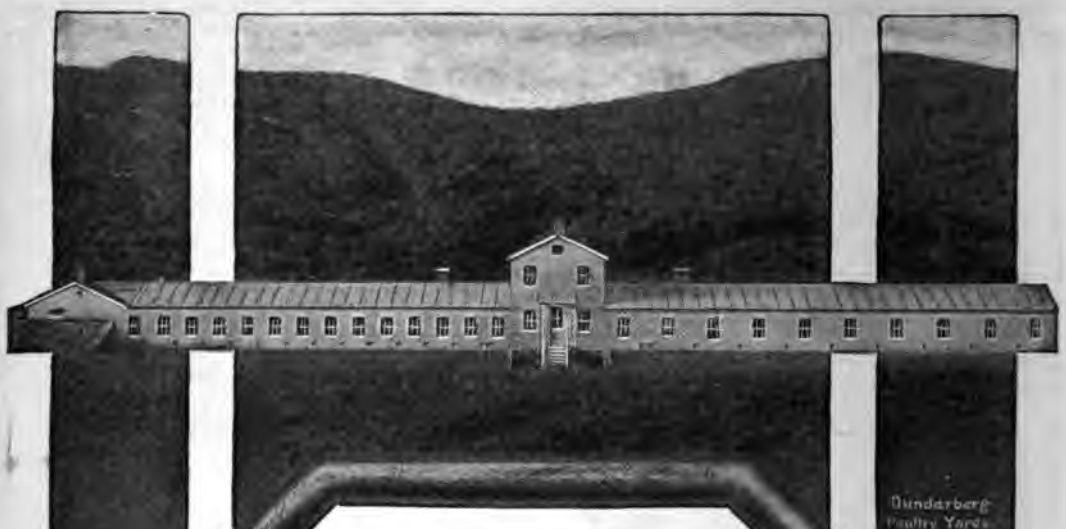
Think over all other roof coverings and see if such claims can be truthfully made for any of them; then take into consideration the moderate cost and long life of MF Tin, and decide for yourself which is the most practical material for you to use.

Our booklet "From Underfoot to Overhead" tells how MF is made. We want you to have a copy, and will gladly send it if you will write us.

AMERICAN
SHEET & TIN PLATE
COMPANY,

1406 Frick Building, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.



REX
FLINTKOTE
ROOFING

is used by successful poultry keepers, not because of its low cost (there are cheaper roofings), but because REX Flintkote ROOFING alone gives the adequate protection from damp and extremes of heat and cold, essential to profitable poultry-raising.

The same properties that make REX Flintkote ROOFING the best for the protection of delicate, young chickens make it the best for the protection of valuable machinery and material in factories and mills, grain in barns and warehouses, and furnishings in residences.

REX Flintkote ROOFING is used on almost every sort of building from small poultry houses to enormous railroad terminals.

WRITE FOR BOOK AND SAMPLES

the book will tell you all about REX Flintkote ROOFING and give photographs of buildings on which it is used, with letters of recommendation from users. The samples will show you what REX Flintkote ROOFING really is and enable you to test its properties. Write

J. A. & W. BIRD & COMPANY
71 India Street, Boston, Mass.
AGENTS EVERYWHERE

This trade-mark appears on every roll of genuine Rex

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Capt. John Ericsson

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

ERICSSON was precocious in childhood; born in 1803, at a small town in the mining region of Sweden, at the age of ten years he designed a pump to drain the mines, and, before his majority, a machine for engraving and a flame-engine. His younger manhood comprises a whole series of inventions. Among them are surface condensation, as applied to steam, and compressed air for conveying power. In the forties he caused a revolution in naval warfare by the application of the screw propeller to vessels of war, and his naval inventions culminated in the construction of the Monitor of national renown, familiarly known as the "Little Cheese Box on a Raft," which went out to meet the Merrimac and to victory on that memorable March day of 1862. This invention compelled the reconstruction of every great navy of the world, along the lines laid down by Ericsson, and was of such wide-reaching effect, as to cast around his name an international fame, so great as to eclipse all other useful products of his wonderful genius. Comparatively few people are, therefore, aware that Ericsson invented the caloric engine, through which hot air successfully takes the place of steam, and at a great saving in expense for all operations requiring moderately low power; as, of course, much less fuel is required to heat air to some expansive power, than is needed for the turning of water into steam. *Herein lies the chief economy of the Hot-Air Pump*, which was really Ericsson's pet invention, and in improving which he spent many years of an exceedingly active life. There are various imposing monuments the world over to the memory of the great inventor and patriot; yet those who knew Ericsson best will testify that the kind of memorial which would please him most, were the choice his own, would be every one of his Hot-Air Pumps, which he knew of, as delivering its Domestic Water Supply into the homes of the civilized world. Is it asking too much then of every buyer of a Hot-Air Pump to give a thought to the memory of its great inventor and what his life meant to mankind?

Over 40,000 Hot-Air Pumps are now in use.
Write to nearest office for Catalogue **G.**

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35 Warren Street, New York
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234 Craig Street West, Montreal, P. Q.
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The Ericsson Caloric Engine or Hot-Air Pump.

CABINET

Glenwood

Combination Coal and Gas Range.

Snug, Plain and Handsome.
The Most Complete Cooking Range Made.

Everything is get-at-able at the front Ash-Pan, Broiler Door, Grate and Cleanout door—all are handy. Kitchen doors do not interfere in setting this range, for either end as well as the back may be placed squarely against the wall.

The Gas Range Attachment has three burners in top, a large baking oven and a handy compartment for broiling, fitted with dripping pan and rack. The heat in both coal and gas ovens is registered by the wonderful Glenwood Patent Oven Heat Indicator which shows at a glance when to put food in oven. Being really two ranges in one, it saves room in the kitchen.

If a large amount of baking is required, both the Coal and Gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for meats and the other for pastry.

Write for handsome booklet of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood Combination Coal and Gas Range to Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

Heats Water HOT On the Run

No need to wait for a tankful—or to wait at all. Just apply a lighted match to the burner of the

Humphrey Instantaneous Bath Water Heater

and before you can get the faucet open—even before the match goes out—the water is steaming hot. When the tub or bowl is filled with hot water, or you have enough, shut off the water and you shut off the gas too.

The Humphrey Instantaneous Heater will last a lifetime, can't get out of order, and is the cheapest, handiest, most satisfactory source of hot water you can have. To make it easy for you to know that every word we have said is TRUE, we have decided to send the Humphrey Heater anywhere on

30 Days' Free Home Test

We'll send it to any houseowner freight prepaid. Use it 30 days—prove every claim we make for it, and if it doesn't "make good," isn't exactly as represented in our Guarantee, send it back and get your money. There'll be no delay—no argument about it.

For General Use We Recommend Humphrey Bath Heater No. 6 Price $29.00

But get our Books and other literature and make your own selection. **Write today.** Remember, any Heater you select must satisfy you after 30 Days' Home Test at our risk.

MPHREY CO.
Crescent Street,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

"Old Hickory"

Andrew Jackson Chair

$2.75

Comfortable, serviceable and stylish. Fine for Porch, Lawn and Out-door use, weather can not affect it. Made entirely of genuine white hickory with beautiful natural bark finish. Exact duplicate of **Old** Andrew Jackson chair. Seat 17 ins. wide, 15 ins. deep; height over all, 36 ins. Price $2.75. Two for $5. Freight prepaid east of Miss. River. 120 other pieces of furniture from $1.50 up. Be sure to get "**Old** Hickory" Furniture. If your dealer will not supply you, remit to us. Write for new 48-page Illustrated Catalogue and **Special Introductory Offer— FREE.**

Style No. 32 "The Original 'Old Hickory' Furniture Manufacturers."

The Old Hickory Chair Co.
44 Cherry St., Martinsville, Ind.

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Why not supplement your income by selling the

"Square Deal" Disability Policy

covering every accident and every illness in full; **no casualty insurance education is necessary. Responsible representatives** wanted east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio Rivers. Liberal terms.

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$300,000 Capital. Philadelphia, Pa

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EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 845 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Home-made Gas-Light for Country Houses

TAKES about one hour's work *per month* After that you merely turn a tap whenever you want light, touch a match to the burner, and, presto—*light.*

Yes, brilliant, beautiful, *white* light too, that spreads *around* a room like daylight.

A light that gives sparkle to every polished article it falls on—gleam and glisten to white table linen—and a genial, cheery glow to everything it illuminates.

Just like putting varnish over a faded picture—this *glorifying* Acetylene Light.

Now that is cold *fact* which I'll prove up to your satisfaction or no pay.

Wouldn't *you* like to get rid of the everlasting smell of Kerosene or Gasoline in your home?

Wouldn't *you* like to know that *never again* would you have filthy Kerosene Lamps to clean and fill, wicks to trim, chimneys to wipe, and the permanent dread of fire?

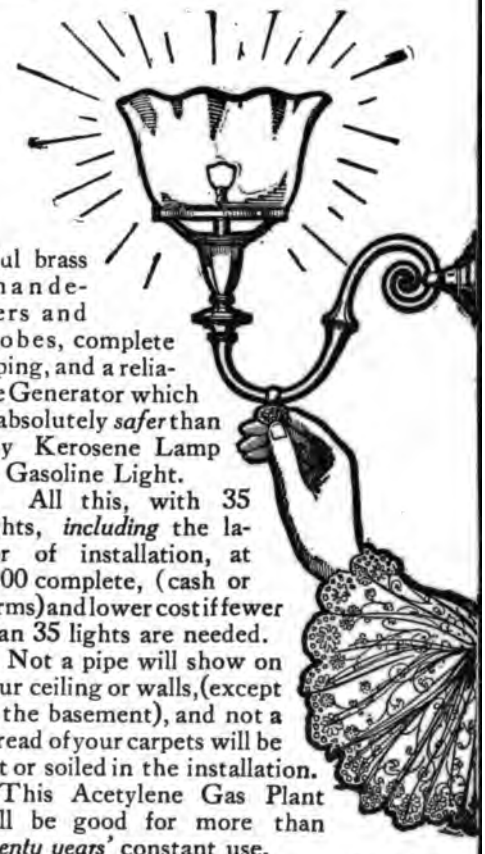
Wouldn't *you* like to know that in every room you had a pretty brass fixture firmly attached to ceiling, or wall, where it *couldn't* be tipped over by the children—where it was never in the way, and was always *ready* to touch a match to when you wanted *light*—little or much?

Wouldn't *you* glory in the absence of soot, smell or danger?

Wouldn't *you* like your visitors to find in your home that smart "city style" which Gas-lighting gives, that beautiful, soft radiance shining down from the ceilings where it does *not* get in your eyes like the glaring light of sooty, smelly Kerosene Table Lamps?

Well, Madam Householder, you *can* have all these at *less cost* than *kerosene* costs you now, when once installed.

In about two days' time an eight to ten room house can be completely fitted, from cellar to garret, with beautiful brass chandeliers and globes, complete piping, and a reliable Generator which is absolutely *safer* than any Kerosene Lamp or Gasoline Light.



All this, with 35 lights, *including* the labor of installation, at $200 complete, (cash or terms) and lower cost if fewer than 35 lights are needed.

Not a pipe will show on your ceiling or walls, (except in the basement), and not a thread of your carpets will be cut or soiled in the installation.

This Acetylene Gas Plant will be good for more than *twenty years'* constant use.

And from the day your *own* Acetylene Gas Plant is installed it will cost you *one-third* less for the most beautiful, softest and *whitest* Light than it ever did for the same candle-power with smoky, ill-smelling, dangerous Kerosene or Gasolene.

Just drop *me* a line to-day, stating how many rooms you've got, and *I'll* tell you just about how much it would cost to light them properly with this beautiful *white* light.

And, I'll send you "Sunlight-on-Tap," a book full of mighty interesting things about House, Store and Hotel Lighting.

Write me to-day, giving number of rooms and number of lights needed.

"Acetylene E. Jones,"
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The right selection of the hardware trimmings is an important point to be considered and is one of the artistic details that should be decided according to your own taste. Although the cost of the hardware is trifling in comparison to the cost of the home, it is one of the most important of the permanent decorations.

SARGENT'S Artistic Hardware

combines decorative beauty with durable utility.

Our beautiful Book of Designs, which is sent free on application, will enable you to select a pattern to harmonize with any style of architecture. It will give you practical assistance and prevent the annoyance that always comes from the careless selection of inferior locks and building hardware.

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(For fashion plate in colors, see "*Collier's*" for March 30th)

Fashions in paint are a direct reflection of the exquisite taste that has made the American woman the world's best-dressed.

This spring the "American Beauty" will wear a Copper Brown frock and, if her voice rules, her house also will wear a COPPER BROWN dress, with a harmonizing trim of COPPER VERDE.

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Sold by all first-class dealers, *in sealed cans only.*

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Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask [illegible].

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For Floors, Furniture and Interior Woodwork
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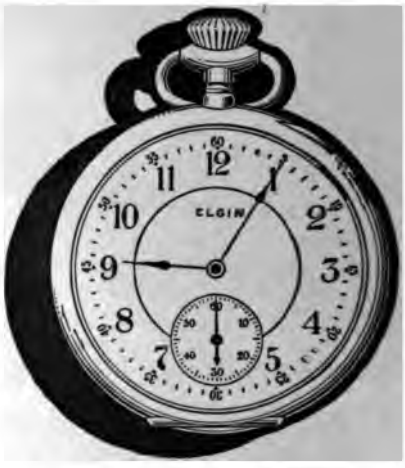

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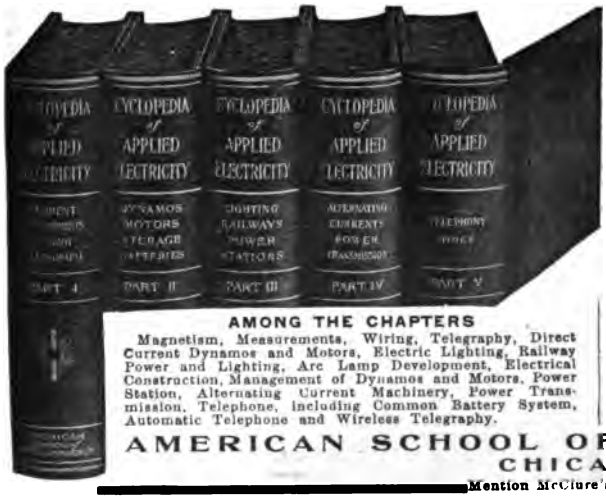

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JELL-O

they want. The more they eat the better it will be for them. Will give them rosy cheeks and keep them strong and well. Better than cake, pastry or other rich foods.

Jell-O is also an ideal food for the sick and convalescent; nourishing, appetizing, and can be retained by the weakest stomach. Especially valuable in typhoid fever.

STRICTLY PURE. Complies with the National and State Pure Food Laws.

JELL-O can be prepared instantly. Simply add boiling water and set to cool. 7 flavors.

Illustrated Recipe Book Free

showing dozens of different ways of preparing dainty desserts from JELL-O

10 cents per Package. At all grocers.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.
Le Roy, N. Y.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

For dyspeptics, invalids and convalescents. Horlick's Malted Milk does not tax the weakest stomach. It is quickly assimilated and gives needed nourishment to the system.

A glass of Horlick's, served hot before retiring, prevents sleeplessness.

Sold and served by **druggists** everywhere.

Ask for Horlick's—Others are imitations.

The ideal food-drink for all ages.

HAIR ON APPROVAL

Send No Money Until You are Satisfied

I am the Largest Manufacturer in the World of Hair Goods and Toilet Requisites.

Switches from $1.00 up

2 oz. 22 in. switch	$1.25
2½ oz. 24 in. switch	2.25
3½ oz. 26 in. switch	4.00
Lightweight wavy switch	2.50
Featherweight stemless switch, 22 in long, natural wavy	4.95
Natural curly pompadour	2.50
Finest wigs, made to order	$15.00 to $50.00

Gray, Blond and difficult shades cost a little more.

Book on Hair Beautifying **FREE**

We will send to any address our interesting and instructive book telling all about correct care of the hair, proper styles for dressing, and how to become beautiful. The book also describes upwards of 500 complete lines of switches of every description.

E. BURNHAM
Dept. 7, 70 and 72 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

You Can Make $3000 TO $10000 A Year IN THE Real Estate Business

We will make You prosperous

NO matter where you are located, or what your former occupation, write us to-day. We will teach you the Real Estate Business by mail, appoint you our *Special Representative* and assist you to become a successful and prosperous business man.

No business, trade, or profession in the world offers better opportunities to honest progressive men without capital. Our original and practical system of co-operation has opened the doors everywhere to profits never before dreamed of. We are the *oldest* concern in this line and the *originators* of this system. We have more agents and a larger variety of choice, salable property to list with you, than any other concern.

By our plan you can commence making money almost immediately without interfering with your present occupation. Write at once for full particulars and absolute proof of our statements. *Do it now* before you forget. Address

H. W. CROSS & CO.

Western Offices 327 Monon Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

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At Easter time the mind naturally turns to the subject of memorials. Those who set up

WHITE BRONZE MONUMENTS

know that they will always endure, never become moss-grown nor require refinishing. This material costs less than marble and granite. It is in every way superior.

State the amount you wish to expend and we will send you designs and testimonials.

Reliable Representatives Wanted.

MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.,
354 Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

Joy and refreshment follow the opening of each bottle of

WAUKESHA *Arcadian* WATER

The sparkling mineral water of crystal clearness — a revelation of healthful goodness and effervescent purity — the choice of the *bon vivant* everywhere.

The famous Waukesha Arcadian Ginger Ale is made from this world-renowned water.

BLUE LABEL SOUPS

Why are they the Best?

Because the meats and vegetables that go into them are the very best that can be had and because these fine ingredients are cooked by chefs who are soup specialists.

Blue Label Soups

are the result of the skill and excellence that none but a millionaire could afford for his kitchen.

Ready to serve after heating. They have neither too much or too little of anything in them.

Better than any home made soup—

20 KINDS.

Send for our book of original recipes, free.

We are *always* glad to show visitors our kitchens and methods.

INSIST upon having

Blue Label Products

Curtice Brothers Co.,
Rochester, N.Y.

Bissell

Carpet Sweepers are almost absolutely essential in sweeping the sick-room, convenient in sweeping up the crumbs around the dining-room table, or in sweeping up the ashes in the smoking-room—while nothing picks up the clippings, threads, etc., from about the sewing-room as quickly and easily.

Then, too, as an investment, a Bissell's costs less than two cents a month, and will save many times this every month in carpets, time, labor, besides saving human energy, preserving the health.

Buy a Bissell "Cyco" Bearing Sweeper now of your dealer, send us the purchase slip **within one week,** and we will send you **FREE** a fine quality card case with no printing on it.

BEWARE of frauds who claim to be sent out by us to repair Bissell Sweepers.

We employ no agents of this kind.

Dept. 40 A.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

(Largest and only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

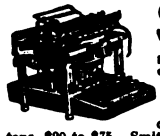
FAIR AS A LILY

Thousands of noted women everywhere enjoy complexions that are free from blemishes and are as fair as a lily. They are the users of **Lablache.** Its peculiar perfume which is extracted from flowers adds to its healthfulness. It is invisible. It makes the skin clear, smooth and youthful. It is a wonderful beautifier.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail.

Send 10c. for sample.

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. 19, 125 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.



Save $50 On a Typewriter

Our Big Annual Clearance Sale now in progress—astounding Bargains in Slightly-used Typewriters—been operated just enough to put them in perfect running order. Better than new—Shipped on approval for examination and test. Judge the quality for yourself. 400 brand new Visible Shaker Machines, built to sell for $100—only $45 each. Remingtons, $20 to $75. Smith-Premiers, $25 to $75. Caligraphs, $20 to $60. We rent all makes $3.00 per month and up.

FREE Send quick while sale is on for free Bargain Catalogue and save big money. Write today.

ROCKWELL-BARNES CO. 905 Reliance Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Electrical Engineers are not looking for work. The work is looking for them—at wages which leave a margin for enjoyment and savings. ***Write to-day*** for our free 200-page book describing our courses in Electrical Engineering.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

To plan a great trunk line, or a vast park or lay out a city is a task of the highest order. The opportunity to master this profession lies with you. ***Write to us to-day*** for our free 200-page book describing this and many other courses.

CARPENTRY

There is many a doctor and lawyer not earning as much as a good carpenter. There is always demand for skilled workers. Master the trade and give yourself an independent position in the community. Send for our 200-page book describing 60 correspondence courses. ***Write to-day.***

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

There is a simple, inexpensive way to prepare yourself for entrance to resident Engineering Schools without losing a moment of time from your present work. ***Write at once*** for our 200-page book describing this course.

MECHANICAL DRAWING

Is agreeable work and opens the way to great opportunities. It will pay you well, and you can master it at a little expense. ***Write at once*** and we will send you Free a 200-page book, describing 60 courses of instruction.

STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING

Tunnels, bridges, canals, subways (the age of subways is just beginning)—somebody will be engineering their construction 20 years from now. *Why should it not be you?* ***Write without delay*** for our 200-page book describing our courses. It is Free.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

The Motor Car Industry alone has opened a new and profitable field of employment for thousands of mechanical experts. We teach you by mail. Our 200-page book illustrating Courses in Mechanical Engineering is free. ***Write to-day.***

AMERICAN SCHOOL of CORRESPONDENCE
CHICAGO

Pushing the World Along

It is a fact of common knowledge, as well as of history, that as a rule, the men — and the women — who have been, and are to-day foremost in "Pushing the World Along," were Self-Educated for their tasks.

The world owes much to the uplifting influence of popular and public education by the Schools, Colleges and Universities, but the fact remains that the Great Captains of Progress have been chiefly drawn from the ranks of self-made men specially quipped by self-education for their work in life.

This is true, not only of the Great Leaders of men, but also of the great army of Individual Brain and Hand Workers, in the vast industrial commercial and financial enterprises of to-day. Read the open record of thousands of these men, in any great business centre.

"Great luck!" you say. Don't you believe it! It was *self-education* in mastering the principles and details of their chosen calling, prompted and backed by ambition, enterprise, and pluck, in "*Pushing the World Along.*"

Harmsworth Self-Educator

Magazine gives you your opportunity. Published fortnightly. Fifteen cents a number. $3.00 a year.

Start your subscription NOW.

HARMSWORTH
SELF-EDUCATOR MAGAZINE
234 Fifth Ave., New York

ew Edison Records

THE delight with which you heard the first Record on your Edison Phonograph returns with every new Edison Record that you buy. Every month twenty-four new Records are added to those which are available for your enjoyment. They are on sale at all Edison stores on the 27th of the month. The new records for April are especially good. Go to your store the day they are ready and hear them. You will not leave the store without at least half a dozen to try on your Phonograph at home.

The April List

On Sale at All Edison Stores on March 27th

9506	Gambrinus Polka (Bial)	Edison Concert Band
9507	Let It Alone (Williams)	Ada Jones
9508	Captain Baby Bunting (Helf)	Byron G. Harlan
9509	Angel's Serenade (Braga-Hasselman) Harp Solo	Charles Schuetze
9510	Farewell, Killarney (Edwards)	Irving Gillette
9511	The Precious Name (Doane)	Edison Mixed Quartette
9512	If Anybody Wants to Meet a Jonah, Shake Hands With Me (Hoyt)	Arthur Collins
9513	National Fencibles March (Sousa)	Edison Military Band
9514	Far Away (Richmond)	Harry Anthony
9515	When Bob White is Whistling in the Meadow (Rosenfeld)	Harlan & Stanley
9516	If You Want to Pick a Fuss, Wait till the Sun Shines (Furth)	Bob Roberts
9517	The Silvery Brook Waltz (Braham)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9518	That's What the Rose Said to Me (Edwards)	Louise Le Baron
9519	My Kickapoo Queen (Reed)	Collins & Harlan
9520	Ida-Ho! (Von Tilzer)	Billy Murray and Chorus
9521	Popularity March (Cohan) Banjo Solo	Vess L. Ossman
9522	The Tale the Church Bell Tolled (Van Alstyne)	Harry MacDonough
9523	How Matt Got the Mitten (Original)	Ada Jones and Len Spencer
9524	The Bowery Grenadiers (Kelly)	J. W. Myers
9525	Sunbeam Dance (Rolfe) Bells Solo	Albert Benzler
9526	Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do (Burt)	Edward Meeker
9527	Flanagan on a Broadway Car (Original)	Steve Porter
9528	When the Roses Are in Bloom (Nattus)	Edison Male Quartette
9529	My Mariuccia Take-a Steamboat—Medley (Original)	Edison Military Band

THREE BOOKS FREE

If you wish to know what each one of these Records is about, write for April Supplemental Catalogue. If you wish to know more about the new Records write for the April Phonogram. If you wish a complete list of all the Edison Records, write for Complete Catalogue. Write to-day so as not to forget it, but all three will be mailed any time after March 27th.

TRADE MARK
Thomas A Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 20 Lakeside Av., Orange, N. J.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

"ON with the dance; let joy be unconfined." A home dancing party, informally impromptu, and therefore, all the more enjoyable, can be pulled off so easily with the Edison Phonograph. The other alternatives are hiring a small orchestra with expense and bother and taking up the room, or some girl tied down to the piano to grind out waltzes and two-steps.

But the Edison Phonograph likes to play dance music. It never gets tired. It gives you the music of a brass band or a stringed orchestra, as you like. Just go to that music store where they sell Edison Phonographs and hear the Edison Phonograph play a good swinging two-step.

We will be glad to send Free to anyone who asks a booklet illustrating and describing the various styles of Edison Phonographs.

National Phonograph Company

20 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

WE WILL SEND YOU A SAMPLE CAN

enough for eight cups

FREE FOR YOUR GROCER'S NAME

Barrington Hall
The Steel-Cut Coffee

READ THIS INTERESTING TESTIMONIAL:—

Chicago, Ill.

Baker & Co.:—Since using your coffee I could not refrain writing you of its merits. It certainly is more than you modestly claim and is deserving of the highest praise. We have never been able to use coffee in our house in the past but Barrington Hall leaves no bad results (doubtless due to the removal of the foreign matter). Success for Barrington Hall is assured if I am not mistaken.

Yours, Mrs. I. S.

BARRINGTON HALL is pure coffee of high quality, prepared by our patented process, which cuts the coffee into fine uniform particles, removing from it all chaff, dust and foreign matter and leaving only the best and strongest parts of the coffee berry. That this is an improvement is shown by the fact that the tannin-bearing chaff and dust, taken out by our process, if steeped alone, is positively undrinkable.

On the other hand, the small, even, refined particles of Barrington Hall make it possible to produce a cup, pure, wholesome and delicious, free from the objection which eminent medical authorities agree comes from over-steeping the small particles of unevenly ground coffee to say nothing of the tannin-bearing skin and dust left in all coffee ground in a coffee mill. Thousands agree with Mrs. S. that they can use and enjoy Barrington Hall without ill effects.

Another reason why

IT EXCELS OTHER COFFEES IN FLAVOR

is because, by our steel-cut process, the little oil cells in the coffee bean are not crushed as in grinding; thus the rich aromatic oil (Food Product) which makes coffee flavor, is conserved to a very remarkable degree. This also explains why one pound of Barrington Hall will make 15 or 20 cups more of pure, full strength coffee, than will the same coffee ground in a coffee mill.

A sample can (sent on application without any expense to you) will convince you more quickly than any argument.

Price, 35c to 40c per lb., in sealed tins only, according to locality. Your own grocer may have it now, but if not, let us tell you where to get it.

CAUTION. Barrington Hall is imitated (what article of high quality is not?) Do not judge our coffee by its imitations.

When writing for free sample can

USE THIS FORM

and address nearest point.

BAKER & CO., COFFEE IMPORTERS,

212 2ND STREET NO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

118 HUDSON STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me free sample can of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet, "The Secret of Good Coffee." In consideration I give my grocer's name.

THE ONLY FRUITS IN THE WORLD WITH $1,000 PURITY GUARANTEE ON EVERY JAR

BISHOP'S CALIFORNIA PRESERVES

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

BISHOP & COMPANY
LOS ANGELES
15 JAY ST. NEW YORK

6%

We don't want a dollar of your money if we can't satisfy you of the absolute soundness of this institution—

Safety is the first consideration.

This company has been in business over 13 years—It has depositors living in every state in the union—Its deposits are absolutely secured by first mortgages on improved real estate placed in trust with one of the strongest trust companies in Baltimore—

It offers you

6 per cent interest on certificates of deposit running for 2 years—5 per cent on savings accounts that can be withdrawn at any time.

Write today for the booklet.

Calvert gage Deposit Co.,

1053 Cal altimore, Md.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

A Successful Prize Contest

THE prize letter-writing contest intended to make people better acquainted with Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum, although it does not close until April 20th, has been the most successful contest of its kind ever held.

First, because this new paper is so good that everybody who tries it likes it.

Second, because of the large number of competitors who have entered. (The picture shows only one day's mail—over five thousand letters.)

Third, because everyone who entered this contest has already received one prize—the actual experience of writing upon a sheet of

Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum

becoming acquainted with the most luxurious writing paper in the world. If you have tried this paper, you are well repaid for your trouble, even should you not be one of the successful ones to win the five-hundred-dollar prize or any of the cash or consolation prizes.

Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum, together with Eaton's Highland Linen and Eaton's Berkshire Linen Fabric make a trio of fine writing papers from which anyone can make a satisfactory selection. All good dealers carry these papers in stock. We will send you our booklet, "The New Style in Writing Paper," and samples of each of these papers, if you will send us the name of your stationer who does not carry them.

EATON-HURLBUT PAPER CO., Department 15, Pittsfield, Mass.

How the Imitators are Barred

LOOK FOR THIS

Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes was the first flaked corn—it is the original. When we produced it we knew that it would have imitators. We could not prevent these, for we could not prevent the use of corn. So we produced a flavor so good—so different that it could not be imitated.

It was this delicious flavor that made Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes the greatest cereal success of the age. The imitators have used every conceivable method to deceive the public. They have copied the name. They have made so called "Corn Flakes." But they cannot reproduce the flavor. So, to make sure that you get the real Toasted Corn Flakes, call for and **insist on Getting**

Sanitas
TRADE MARK

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

and look for the signature of *W. K. Kellogg* on the package. At all grocers 10 cents. West of the Rockies 15 cents.

Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co. Battle Creek, Mich.

Heating that Aids Rent or Sale

The statement: "This building heated by Steam" or "by Water" is now generally understood to mean that cottages, mansions, stores or offices thus outfitted are made so comfortable with so low a fuel cost and little care as to insure quicker sale or higher rental (usually 10% to 15% more).

AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS & BOILERS

will prove a permanent, dividend-paying investment in buildings — OLD or new, FARM or city. Outfit soon pays for itself in fuel savings, in absence of repairs; while ashes and coal gases are not puffed into living rooms to destroy furniture, carpets, draperies, etc. Tenants or purchasers expect to pay more — owners thus get higher rentals or better sale price.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are made on the unit or sectional plan and may therefore at any time be easily and quickly changed in size should rooms or building be altered (65% of all buildings are remodeled). Unlike stoves or hot air furnaces, IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will outwear the building — can always be made larger or smaller for any changed heating needs.

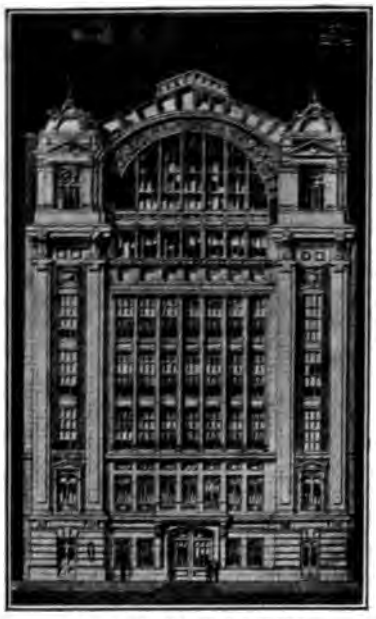
ADVANTAGE 4: All fire surfaces of IDEAL Boilers are at such pitch or angle that they are practically self-cleaning. Further, these heating surfaces are so arranged or inclined that the heat rays are brought directly against every inch of their area. Hence the high value of these heating surfaces, all of which are backed by water. Note that a deposit of ¼ inch of soot, which is a non-conductor of heat, requires 50% more fuel than when the heating surfaces are clean.

Cross-section view of fire-pot of IDEAL Boiler, showing self-cleaning fire surfaces

Write to-day for valuable catalogue (free) setting forth all ADVANTAGES. Sales Branches and Warehouses throughout America and Europe.

Dept. 21 **AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY** CHICAGO

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.



NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS:
Accommodation for 600 horses; 400 carriages.
The finest building in the world devoted to the sale of Horses, Carriages, etc.
Inspection invited.

TICHENOR-GRAND CO.

FINE HORSES

NEW YORK — **Broadway & 61st St.**

CHICAGO — **Paulina & 59th St.**

Show Horses; and others for the moderate buyer

PRIVATE SALE DEPARTMENT:

Brougham Horses	Carriage Pairs	Four-in-hands
Victoria Pairs	Ladies' Pairs	Tandems
Gig Horses	Saddle Horses	Runabout Horses

Cobs, Polo and other Ponies

AUCTION SALES

in our New York establishment every Wednesday

Horses, Carriages, Harness, Automobiles and equipment

THE ACKNOWLEDGED BEST MEDIUM

For all particulars, Catalogs, etc., address Department C

Chiclets

A Chiclet is a tiny, firm morsel of delicious chewing gum enveloped in a dainty candy coating, flavored by six drops of pungent peppermint—a remarkably appetizing combination. In five and ten cent packets and in bulk at five cents the ounce, at the better kind of stores all over the United States and Canada. If your dealer can't sell you Chiclets send us ten cents for a sample packet and booklet.

CHICLET PALMISTRY. Look at your hand: if it is marked like the one above you will have an unusually long life. Note how the Life Line starts from under the Mount of Jupiter (the cushion at the base of the first finger) swings out into the palm of the hand, with semi-circle around the thumb toward the wrist, with almost an unbroken line.

Note the tiny single line on the Mount of Jupiter itself; that denotes Success.

The three lines on the wrist are well-defined. They signify Health, Wealth, Good Fortune—a smooth, easy existence.

You can read any hand with the CHICLET PALMISTRY Chart—sent free with every ten cent packet.

FRANK H. FLEER & CO., INC., 513 No. 24th St., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Fish, more than any other dish needs careful seasoning. It is rendered more appetizing by

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a delightful seasoning for Scalloped Oysters, Broiled Lobster, Cod Fish Balls and Steaks, Deviled Clams, Fish Salads, etc.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

BENSDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

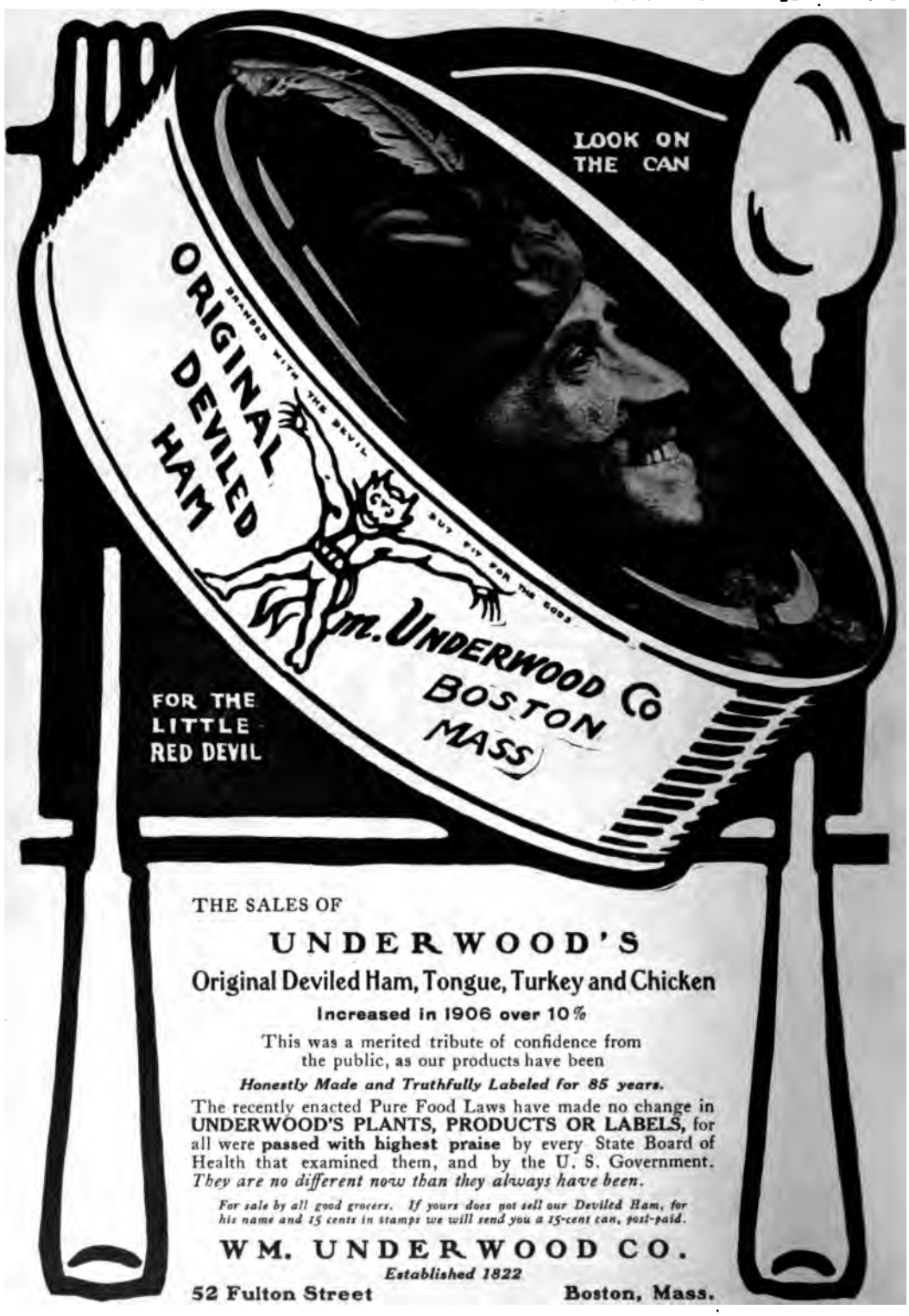
You can absolutely depend on the **Cocoa in the Yellow Wrapper.** It's pure, wholesome and nutritious. Its Double Strength insures economy, and saves (1/2) your cocoa.

Send 10c. for trial can.

Stephen L. Bartlett Co., Dept. H, Boston, Mass.

(Price has not advanced.)

Branded with the Devil—but fit for the Gods



THE SALES OF

UNDERWOOD'S

Original Deviled Ham, Tongue, Turkey and Chicken

Increased in 1906 over 10%

This was a merited tribute of confidence from the public, as our products have been

Honestly Made and Truthfully Labeled for 85 years.

The recently enacted Pure Food Laws have made no change in **UNDERWOOD'S PLANTS, PRODUCTS OR LABELS,** for all were **passed with highest praise** by every State Board of Health that examined them, and by the U. S. Government. *They are no different now than they always have been.*

For sale by all good grocers. If yours does not sell our Deviled Ham, for his name and 15 cents in stamps we will send you a 15-cent can, post-paid.

WM. UNDERWOOD CO.

Established 1822

52 Fulton Street **Boston, Mass.**

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

)uaker Oats Quality

in cereal foods

)u needn't be told the health- d strength-giving value of 'eals; but there's something to ' about quality.

)u may as well be sure on that int; and the Quaker is your ide. Look for the Quaker; : for, and insist on, Quaker .ts Quality.

)aker Oats The perfect Oatmeal; most used and best known. The standard tmeal quality. Large package 10c.

)aker Rice One of the most valuable of all the cereals; cooked in its own ture; delicately browned, ready to eat; a whole- :, delicious breakfast food. Large package 10c.

)aker Cornmeal You'll have a new experience with cornmeal when try this; you "didn't know cornmeal could be so].'' Three-pound package 10c.

Quaker products are for sale by grocers everywhere. Ask yours.

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

for the
Baby
Marion Stotler Geidt, Waynesboro, Pa.

EGG-O-SEE
10¢
Keep Step with Nature
Take your cue from nature when Spring sunshine and birds announce the warmer days. Lighten the diet from heavy meats and indigestibles and tempt the fussy appetite with Egg-O-See, the food with a relish to it. Let the appetite and digestion adjust themselves to natural food perfectly prepared. The Egg-O-See process takes selected wheat and makes it delicious and digestive. It gives energy at first hand. Children take to Egg-O-See and every one is delighted with it. Warm it in a pan before serving.
10 Liberal Breakfasts 10c
In Canada the price of Egg-O-See is 15c, two packages for 25c.
How to get well, keep well by natural means—bathing, exercise, food, etc.—and how to use Egg-O-See for every meal in the week is told in our expensively prepared booklet, "-back to nature," sent free. We are glad to send it. You will be glad to get it.
EGG-O-SEE CEREAL COMPANY
841 American Trust Bldg., CHICAGO, U. S. A.
-back to nature

Mellin's Food *for the* Baby

Marion Stotler Geidt, Waynesboro, Pa.

Your baby will thrive on Mellin's Food. May we send you a Sample Bottle of Mellin's Food, Free, to try?

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Keep Step with Nature

Take your cue from nature when Spring sunshine and birds announce the warmer days. Lighten the diet from heavy meats and indigestibles and tempt the fussy appetite with Egg-O-See, the food with a relish to it. Let the appetite and digestion adjust themselves to natural food perfectly prepared. The Egg-O-See process takes selected wheat and makes it delicious and digestive. It gives energy at first hand. Children take to Egg-O-See and every one is delighted with it. Warm it in a pan before serving.

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EGG-O-SEE CEREAL COMPANY
841 American Trust Bldg., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Buffet of the
Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia, Pa.

You can't compare the flavor of the Murad with that of any other cigarette, because the Murad flavor is distinctive—original—incomparable.

MURAD CIGARETTES

represent the highest skill in the blending of rich Turkish tobaccos—a smooth, mild, mellow smoke which gratifies the taste of every smoker and which has established the Murad as

"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Ave., New York

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

Drink
Pretty Creature
Drink
Clicquot-Club Ginger Ale
(Pronounced Click-O)
This, the only national American ginger ale, is made by the most cleanly, hygienic, sanitary process, of pure carbonated water and real ginger.
It has a most gratifying flavor, and is unvarying, but above all is recommended for its purity.
It will be found almost everywhere; but for a dealer's name who does not carry it, we will send you a little gift and booklet free.
CLICQUOT CLUB CO. - - Millis, Mass.

The Time to Act is NOW

As long as death is certain and its coming is uncertain, every man with responsibility must admit that the time to act is now. In its sixty-four years of history the Mutual Life has paid its policy holders 738 millions because they acted on the idea that the time to act is now. This vast sum would have been vastly greater had it included the patronage of men with equal means, in equal health, with equal needs, who failed to apply the truth that the time to act is now.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

has done untold good, has brought untold comfort to the needy as it has faithfully discharged its accruing obligations, but it has no way of helping the man who does not come to realize that the time to act is now. Let us show you what can be done to-day.

The Time to Act is NOW.

For the new forms of policies consult our nearest agent, or write direct to

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, N. Y.

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HEINZ
Tomato Soup

Everybody thoroughly enjoys a rich, smooth, delicious soup, but it's so much trouble to make it and get it right. None can be prepared more savory and appetizing, more tempting to the palate, than Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup.

The tomatoes in it are especially grown for this product—plump and perfect, taken red ripe from the vines and prepared while fresh. No meat or stock is used in Heinz Tomato Soup—it is enriched solely by pure, sweet cream. The spices are of the highest standard of purity—and the precision exercised in seasoning this Heinz delicacy is not excelled in all cookery.

It is this careful blending of materials, our improved methods of cooking, painstaking care and scrupulous cleanliness that make Heinz Tomato Soup what it is—superlatively good and wholly unlike all others.

The special Heinz sanitary tin will bring the exquisite flavor of the original direct to your table. Just heat and it's ready to serve.

For sale at all grocers in tins of convenient size. Other Heinz dainties are: Baked Beans, India Relish, Sweet Pickles, Mandalay Sauce, Tomato Chutney, Pure Olive Oil, etc. Let us send you a copy of "The Spice of Life."

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

New York Pittsburgh Chicago London

30,000 visitors were shown through Heinz Pure Food Kitchens last year.

HEINZ
57
VARIETIES

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.

$140,000

First Mortgage 5% Serial Gold Bonds

OF THE

VULCAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Coupon Bonds of $1000 each. Dated April 1, 1907. Maturing in Series as below. Redeemable on any Interest Date at 105 and Accrued Interest. Principal and Semi-Annual Interest Payable at the Office of the FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK, CHICAGO, TRUSTEE.

MATURITIES

Amount	Term	Date Maturing	Amount	Term	Date Maturing
$14,000	1 year	July 1, 1908	$14,000	6 years	July 1, 1913
14,000	2 years	July 1, 1909	14,000	7 years	July 1, 1914
14,000	3 years	July 1, 1910	14,000	8 years	July 1, 1915
14,000	4 years	July 1, 1911	14,000	9 years	July 1, 1916
14,000	5 years	July 1, 1912	14,000	10 years	July 1, 1917

Contract Price of Steamer Securing these Bonds, $280,000

These bonds are the obligation of the Vulcan Steamship Company, composed of well-known bankers, iron merchants and steamship owners of Cleveland, whose names are a guarantee of continuous and profitable freight business for their vessels.

The bonds are secured by a first mortgage on the new steel steamship WILLIAM B. DAVOCK, 440 feet over all, 420 feet keel length, 52 feet beam, 28 feet depth, with an estimated carrying capacity of 7,500 tons, on a mean draft of 19 feet of water. The steamer is built according to the very latest type of steel construction, and engine room and other equipment is of the most complete and modern character.

The history of bonds secured by modern steel steamships on the Great Lakes is unsurpassed by that of any other form of investment security. After the most careful investigation, in which we have consulted the best authorities, **we have been unable to find a single record of default in payment of either principal or interest on securities of this character.** In fact, past history shows that a large percentage of such bonds are paid off long before their maturity, at the standard redemption price of 105 and interest. The reasons for this excellent history are at once apparent, viz:

First. The conservative character of the loan—one-half of the actual contract cost of the security.

Second. The rapid reduction of the debt, one-tenth each year, and the consequent steady increase in the margin of security.

Third. The permanent character of the security, the life of a steel steamer being not less than twice that of the bonds.

Fourth. The profitable character of lake freighting, and the absolute necessity of modern steamers to present day ore and coal transportation requirements.

The standard of excellence to which such bonds have attained is indicated by the recent action of the Michigan Legislature, making these bonds *a legal investment for Michigan Savings Banks.*

PRICE, Par and Accrued Interest. **Send for Circular No. 504**

Peabody, Houghteling & Co

[Established 1865]

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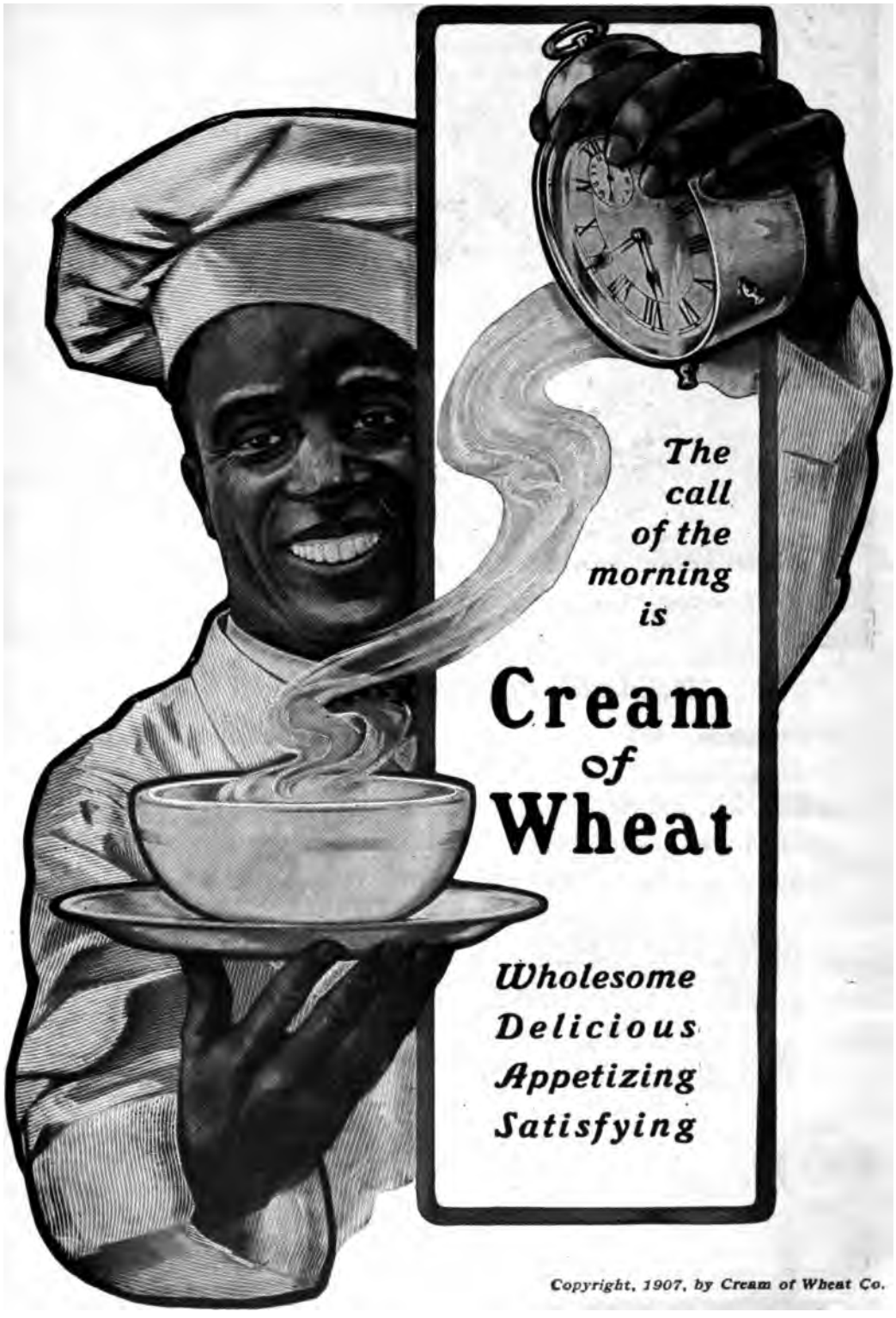

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"Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware

in the home. For the sanitary equipment of the bathroom, bedroom, kitchen, laundry "Standard" Ware is a constant guarantee of satisfaction, and its life-long service distinctly increases the property value of your home, while the china-like purity of its white enameled surface is a constant source of pleasure and delight in usage.

Our Book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject, and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

The ABOVE FIXTURES, Design P-38, can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating $70.00—not counting freight, labor or piping—and are described in detail among the others.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "GREEN and GOLD" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all our nickeled brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

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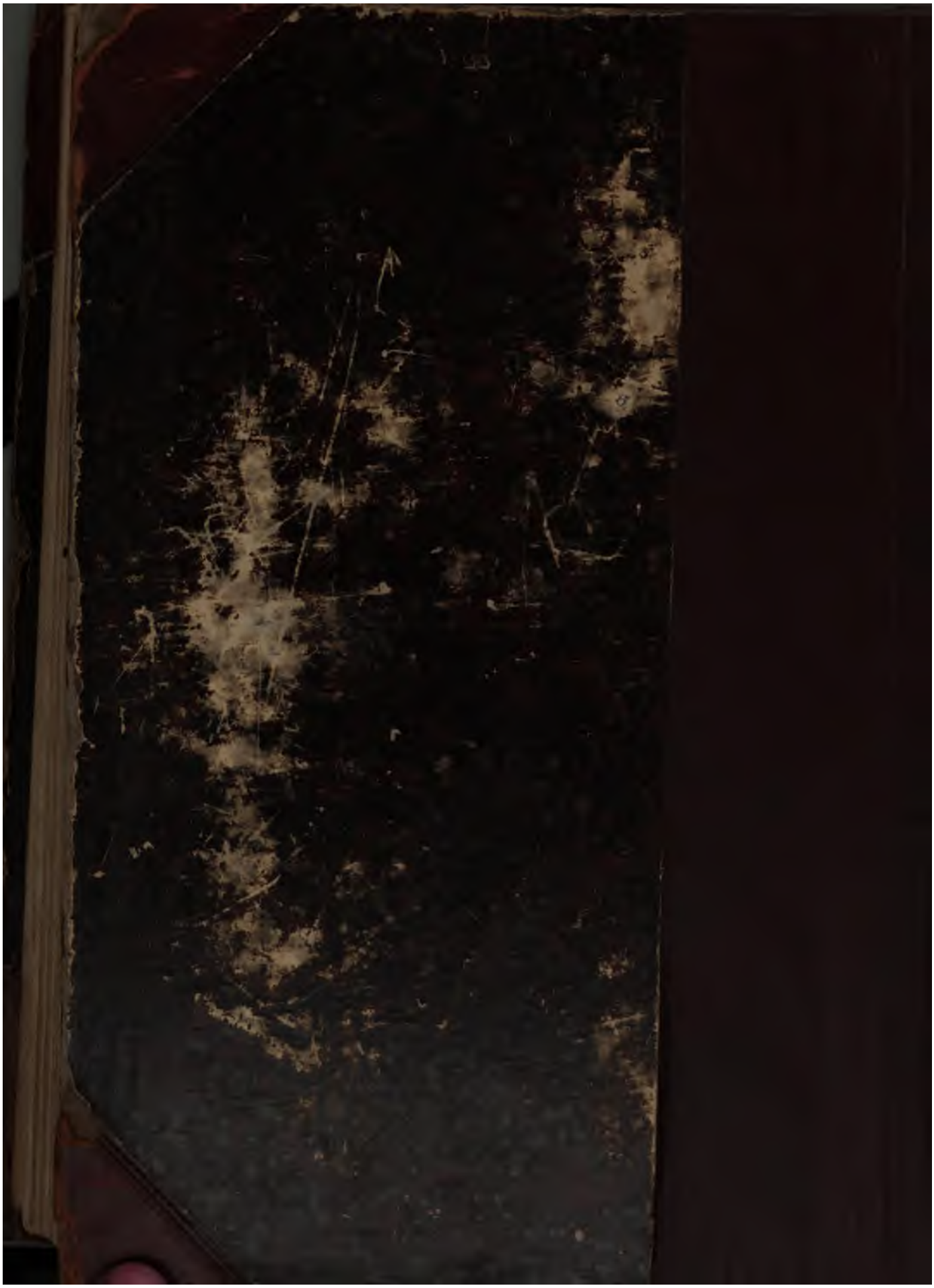
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